

FISH TAILS

Suppose, dear reader, that you should awake one morning and find the sun still unrisen. And "Soupy" should blow for dinner and the sun still unrisen. Would you be surprised? You say, "Tell me something improbable." Then suppose you should see one morning, the Military Walk with Charles E. Friley walking down it in a pair of trousers with a hole in the seat. Would you yell S. O. S.—meaning "Seamstress, O, Seamstress." Or suppose someone should start the rumor that Prexy was going to be on the Campus for three consecutive days. Would you be any more shocked than if you caught "Bull" Mueller shooting craps with Charles Firth in his woodshed after taps? What would you think of the veracity of the man who would slip up behind you and whisper that Pe-tah Livingston once kissed a girl? Could you express your opinion in words as fluently as Mr. Riffenburg does to Miss Smith? Perhaps words would fail you, and you would give vent to your feelings in as graceful an aesthetic dance as we are sure Dr. Rathjen would trip off. Or maybe you would just give an Asa Hunt ferocious frown. What would you think of these questions, dear reader? Are they as queer as set as these Drawing Profs? The answers are almost as hard as Dr. Randolph is to understand. But seriously now, do you think that you

turns" as is Fish Frede. And he isn't nearly as cute as Sis Hopkins when he halts his "Batter-ry" like a gatling gun. And none of them can compare with Mr. Peterson's cute little "Chimmey." He just wavers—just as does Mr. Chapelle's opinion of Beaumont.

You've heard 'all about "Give me liberty or give me death." But Dutch Eschenburg said something worse than that about his beer when they took it away from him. However, Mr. Randolph soon soothed him to sleep in the English class. We heard an awful blasphemy yesterday: someone said somebody else told a friend of a friend of his that he had heard that Mr. Gunter misspelled a word during his freshman year at college. But we do not believe it any more than we believe the old gag that Dr. Bizzell used to wear his hair a la' pompadour—when four years of age. We can tell a permanent institution when we see one; we saw Sis Hopkins at Freshman Chemistry last week.

Someone said yesterday that Prof. Thomas's house resembled fly-paper. However, we think that it looks more like a fish hook. If you will carefully examine Hoots Williams' hands and feet you can ascertain for yourself.

Mr. Bowersox practically accomplished a miracle last week when he almost made "Dutch" Stolz study his physics. However, we mustn't judge "Dutch" too harshly as people in love are said to study but little. Floppy Hartung flunked six exams the week after he met Miss Smith. Fish Smith was heard to remark the other day that Mr. Humphreville might take off his hat when he talked to her.

Tada Forbes has a bad cold. He says that Saturday night he got so awfully hot at the airdome and then cooled off so suddenly that it seriously affected him. He shouldn't try to go to a picture show before a dance. But you needn't worry. "Tada"; remember Doc Ehlinger is a member of the All-American M. D's. as well as of the baseball team.

Suppose, dear reader, that one of our fair visitors should come up to you at the Graduating Dress Parade and lispily ask the meaning of that "awful grunt Major Goodman gives"; and you will turn red trying to explain to her that that is the military method of saying march? That was too easy; we should have asked you if you had ever seen "Cop" Forsythe getting a shave. Its a wonderful sight—something on the order of a picture of a nigger taken at midnight—there just isn't (anything) to it.

A young lady told us last week that she thought Mr. Cofer should have a P. D. Q. after his name—Precise Darling Quick. But we had applied for a pass at that time—to escape the humiliation of being implicated with those noisy boys after taps," so our pass read—which the Bull approved after two days deliberation; so we couldn't see Prexy about having the P. D. Q. degree conferred. While at home we heard our legislator say that they certainly did push Dr. Small around at Annapolis when it came to appropriations. No win.

But we are off our subject. I intended to ask you only one question, dear reader. Would you, if the sun had risen, get up at twelve-thirty a. m. and parade the Military Walk for two hours? And here's our point, wouldn't you feel cheap if a voice would sound down from a fourth floor window: "Say, Bill, don't you know when you're whipped?"

P. S. We forgot, somebody asked an awfully silly question yesterday. Three hundred and fifty Fish answered, "No." It was, "Will there ever be a number on the Stand Pipe higher than the '22'?"

FISH— THE PLEA OF THE STAFF.

Have you a joke that's clever,
That will make us laugh forever?
Send it in.

Can you write a good short story,
That will banish care and worry?
Send it in.

Have you heard a bit of news,
That might perhaps amuse?
Send it in.

If your subscription is not paid,
Nor a small deposit made,
Send it in.

If you have a dollar bill,
And of eats you've had your fill,
Send it in.

—Ex.
—FISH—
All hail the power of the Sophomore's name,
Let all fish prostrate fall;
Bring forth a bale of burlap sacks,
And crown them kings of all.

The Soph is a peculiar animal. When he is your friend he will go the limit for you, but as a rule he is a skeptic and temperamental to boot.

He also possesses very large boards, and is sometimes entirely devoid of humor.

When meeting a Soph for the first time, one should approach him diplomatically. Always keep a mean eye on that board too, for just as you are well set to shake his hand, he may decide to start "action rear" withoutasmuch as a by your leave. But after all, he's a pretty good fellow, and remember we'll be Sophs next year.

—FISH—
Have you noticed all those showers
Let up with the morning hours.
Though its raining heavily
It stops at five—for reveille,
And also drill.
Gosh, this weather's queer, eh, Bill?
You tell 'em.—Ex.

FISH— ANARCHIST CAUGHT.

West Texas is still as wild and welly as Bill Hart, at least Colonel Mueller thinks so. In the wild search for vagrant ammunition Tuesday night, "Soph" Thomas, who hails from the West, was caught with two cap pistols of very large caliber. The weapons were confiscated and carried to the office of the Commandant.

An item is going the rounds of the Canadian press to the effect that a New York State paper is being sued because a comp. made an obituary conclude, "May he roast in Peace."

—FISH—
If Prexy is very anxious to do the Cadet Corps a colossal good and save the Freshmen of next year, much tiresome begging and still more tiresome physical excruciation, he might install a automatic match machine on every floor on the Campus. Future Fish will rise up and call him blessed.

—FISH—
These Sophomores, if you will notice, aren't such bad boys after all. Their name is about the only thing against them, except that their dispositions have a tendency to run towards bayonets and belts. But we are afraid they are neglecting the reading of ther Bibles. For we find in the fifth chapter of Ezekial, the first verse: "And thou' O son of man, take thee a sharp knife, yea take thee a barber's razor and cause it to pass upon thy lip; then take the balances (the prophet evidently for-saw the delicate instruments of the modern laboratory) to weigh the hair."

—FISH—
Extract from minutes of the Campus Women's Study Club:
"After the Women's meeting Mrs. Clark read an article on personal devils. Seventeen were present."

—FISH—
"Catfish" Goodman, in debating class: "You may force me down, honorable opponents, but I will rise again." And then he sat down on a tack.

Floppy: "Do you approve of the modern way that dancers hold their partners?"

The Fish: Oh, they might do away with holding one arm out to the side."

—FISH—
Ad, in the Reveille—Don't kill your wife. Let the College Laundry do the work.

—FISH—
Dr. Bizzell: "I just left him hung up on the telephone as I came over here."

—FISH—
Soph, calling squad: "Right about, Face!"

Fish: "Thank heavens, I'm right about something."

—FISH—
There little Sophomore, don't you cry,
You'll be a Junior by and by—
maybe.

—FISH— GENERAL ORDER NO. 1313.

For being kind and courteous to a Sophomore without asking my authority to do such, Cadet C. R. Clark is hereby assessed a sum of .001 demerits and will be required to withdraw from the college on June 24, 1919, and remain away until the beginning of the fall term of 1919-20. The officer in charge will be required to report to him as per General Order No. 1313.

—FISH—

—FISH—
The Brennan Club held a banquet the other night. "Bull" Mueller before starting, arose and stated that, since the effects of the war are still felt by some, he would like to suggest that all present put a bridle on their appetites. "Prexy" at once arose and stated that a bridle would not be strong enough; he, on the other hand, suggested that they put a bit in their mouths.

—FISH— ON AN AIR LANE VIEW OF AUSTIN HALL.

(Apologies to Thomas Gray).
Ye Distant spires, ye antique towers
That arise amid buildings new,
Where youthful memory still embowers

Remembrances given but to few:
I feel the mean that doth arise
From thy dumb walls up to the skies—
A protest that, in thy declining days,
Crumbling with the weight of slow-
consuming age,
Thou shouldst be burdened with the
ways
Of non-descript Casuals.

Say, Austin Hall, for thou hast seen
Full many a gray uniform;
Say truly, has there ever been
Men, within thy walls, more forlorn
Of dress, more gay and carefree of
mien?

Then from thy walls let wisdom
stream
Into their brains—yet, no; they must
be this:
Thought would destroy their para-
dise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.