

AGGIES INVADE THE BEARS' DEN, GET THE BACON

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parcels and baggage had been checked with the Commercial Club's representative, the parade was started, headed by the A. and M. Military Band. The regiment moved to Austin Avenue where they were met first by the civilian students from Aggie Land in all the regalia of canes and derbys and A. and M. colors, second, by A. and M. rooters from Baylor Medical University at Dallas and other schools of the state, and finally by the throngs of both A. and M. and Baylor supporters who filled the sidewalks, windows, and even the telegraph poles. The Maroon and white of A. and M. was displayed by overwhelming numbers.

The parade continued up third St. from Franklin, to the Square, turned up Austin Avenue and passed the reviewing stand at 8th St., where honors were received by Col. Muller and Major Whitesides. At 10th St. the column of platoons fell into column of squads and the march to the Cotton Palace was completed at route step to the tune of "Hail, Hail" and other peppy songs and yells.

Arms were stacked at the Cotton Palace and the ranks fell out to enjoy themselves until assembly at eleven p. m. as soon as meal tickets had been issued by the Waco citizens. A rush was made for the short order establishments and cafes, and not since A. and M. visited the Cotton Palace in 1917 have the hash-slingers been so over-worked! It would take lots of argument to convince the Waco restaurateurs that the Sbsia feeds the Aggie mission and M. College including the Order of the Cane and Derby and Federal Students inside thirty minutes. (And feeds 'em, too, 'bo.)

When the appetites of the Aggie multitude had been satiated for the time being, the feminine attendants at the Cotton Palace were passed in review and in a short while not an A. and M. man was lonely. Thanks to the girls... and the Old Mill. The Palace displays were thoroughly inspected before the hour of the game and when two o'clock drew near, the O. D. and Derby crowd swept toward the gridiron like a tidal wave. Once inside the gates and the fight was on!

"Catfish" Goodman and his crew of assistants in snowy white uniforms got a tremendous amount of noise from the A. and M. section in spite of the fact that the management neglected to reserve the section strictly for A. and M. students. There were numbers of others scattered among the college boys and while their sympathies leaned far to the Maroon and White, the organized yelling was somewhat decreased in force. But at no time was it possible to hear Baylor's "Block that kick!" and "Yea, Baylor!" From the first burst of pep in the A. and M. section as

the band tore loose on "Wildcat" when the Farmer eleven ran on the field, the grandstand was with us and every yell from "Execution" to "Liz-zie" brought noisy applause.

As the half ended the cadets flooded the field in a column of five abreast and under the direction of "Catfish" and staff formed the famous A. and M. "T" of twelve hundred uniformed cadets. While in this formation the "Sky Rocket," "Sireen," and "Rickety Rock" yells were effectively given and the applause echoed and re-echoed as the Farmer gang returned to their seats. The Baylor snake-dance met with some applause but the half-hearted spirit of the "macked out" Bears was not in keeping with the heart-and-soul variety of pep peculiar to A. and M. of all the state schools.

The Aggies rooting section held up their pep throughout the game, whether their fighting squad met with success or reverses and they were royally repaid by the 10-0 victory that made more dopesters and sport writers sick than any epidemic that ever reached the borders of the Lone Star State! We had never doubted the outcome of the Baylor game, but the state dopesters had never included A. and M. in the championship race until this game's results flashed over the wires. Since the close of the game our principal mode of entertainment has been in reading the various alibies that have gone to press as excuses for such poor judgment.

After the game came the evening meal and there were not enough Manhattans, Elites, and Raleigh Cafes to go around for the best wasn't half good enough for the Farmers that night. Then came the A. and M. dance in the Coliseum, which had been reserved for the Farmer delegation from 7:30 to 9:30. Everybody was there. And when there wasn't room for all the Warpath occupied the attention. Baylor girls forgot their Orange and Green standards and were royal hostesses to the Maroon and White. The dance was the crowning event of the day and the men from College Station heartily appreciated the occasion.

With Conway's last number the Warpath took care of the crowd and the Shoots, and Falls, and Figure Eights, and all the rest of the attractions were experienced. Not a single tow-headed giant, or wild girl from Mexico was overlooked. Not a single Kewpie baby went longing for a daddy. Even the Old Mill was run at double time to accommodate the O. D's and Derbys. "Stella" was the central and favorite attraction for the College Station crowd! And well might she be—it was superhuman the way she did it! The only trouble was that ushers only allowed a man to witness the performance once—Safety First!

First call for the return sounded at eleven and ferris wheels, lovers' baskets, and all the other accommodations for a spoony couple were emptied hurriedly and many were the fond goodbyes said in haste as the Aggies beat it for their arms and formation. Then with parting yells for Waco and the Cotton Palace and even poor old defeated Baylor, the companies and Batteries in route order and the Derbys and Canes in all sorts of disorder began the first lap of the homeward journey with the Bear Meat well salted down in cold storage. The crowds at every corner were greeted with hearty yells and songs and as the tired pleasure-seeking Wacoites sought their homeward ways, they wondered how on earth the boys from A. and M. found

Hike Lunches

Can be made up at

Boyett's Store..

Let's all stay behind that team Saturday in Waco.

it physically possible to remain always at the highest point of pep and spirit. Which fact is very simple to us — it is natural with the breed! And will always be so. A hundred fold on Turkey Day!

When the corps arrived at the depot there were a few moments of delay before boarding the trains and although the midnight hour was past and the day had been long and strenuous with the ground inches deep in mud and water, not an iota of pep was lost and Waco was told goodbye with resounding cheers after entraining as the specials moved College Station-ward. And every station on the long homeward run was aroused by the A. and M. yells and even in the rural homes many farmers miles from town rolled over in their beds and remarked that that Farmer Eleven had licked the sox off of Baylor just as they expected.

At five fifteen, just a few moments over twenty-four hours since reveille had sounded the Farmer Battle Cry on the previous day, the first of the Specials reached College and in half an hour all Aggie Land was wrapped in the soothing arms of Morpheus with the contented feeling that they had come to the end of a Perfect Day! And Sunday was the quietest of all daylight hours since the school began—the powers that be setting aside this seventh day as a day of rest and the 1500 victorious warriors with their Fighting Squad of Maroon and White slept peacefully until retreat! But this was only a "test case" and the real Farmer day is yet to come—on the 27th day of November 1919, when State invades our fields to battle for the honors of the Southwestern Conference. Nevertheless, the Waco voyage and the Cotton Palace and the poor old Baylor bruin will linger long in the memories of 1500 Farmers!

ARKANSAS CLUB ORGANIZED

On account of the unusual attendance of Arkansas men at A. and M. this year, both in numbers and ability, an Arkansas Club has been formed.

The club consists of eleven members and is starting in a very auspicious manner. The officers for the present year are: D. J. Finn, president; H. Dougherty, vice president; C. C. Clark, secretary treasurer.

The Razorback Club has been decided an appropriate name and all indications are that it will be a permanent organization.

Fish: I've got a new job now.
What's that?
Fish: Feeding Mike Mullane yeast so he'll rise at reveille.

Campus Barber Shop

Seven chairs. One of the best equipped shops in Texas. All kinds of tonics for sale. Come see us.

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EASTMAN KODAKS AND FILMS

We Do First Class Developing
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