

edges of the team and these are rapidly being worn off.

The line-up:

First Game.
A. and M. Baylor
McQuillen (Capt) Burch
Right Forward
Ehlert Covington
Left Forward
Forbes Tabb
Center
Williams Porter (Capt.)
Right Guard
Hartung Smith
Left Guard
Substitutes: A. and M.—Pierce,
Keen, DeLee, Glezen, Burkes.
Baylor—Scott, Cairns, Lyons, Hill,
Schulte.

Second Game.
A. and M. Baylor
McQuillen (Capt) Burch
Right Forward
Ehlert Covington
Left Forward
Forbes Tabb
Center
Williams Porter (Capt.)
Right Guard
Hartung Smith
Left Guard
Substitutes: A. and M.—Pierce,
Keen, DeLee, Burke, Glezen.
Baylor—Cairnes, Hill Schulte.

CO. A, S. C. FISH ENTERTAIN

On Friday, December 19, the Fish of A Company, Signal Corps, announced that they were going to give a banquet in honor of the old boys of the company. The same to be given at the Shirley Hotel at 7:30 that night.

Accordingly, at about seven o'clock, the meal hounds of the company were on the half-hour came, and the present except Privates Schmidt and Purdue.

When everyone was about to give up hopes of eating, a certain Mr. and Mrs. Bunion came in and began to shake hands with everyone. Some say that this worthy pair was none other than the two missing privates Well, it may be that Purdue could have acted the part of Mr. Bunion, but it is hard to believe that Schmidt could have posed so well, because, Oh Boy! she was a wild woman. If you don't believe it, ask Cop Forsythe.

Among those present was our friend Lieut. Colonel Franklin. It is a piece of luck that Mrs. Franklin was not present, for Mrs. Bunion's captivating ways and sweet smile waylaid the Colonel, and he marched boldly up to her and waltzed around to the tune of his own singing.

At one time during the prologue Sergeants Scudder and Legg began telling jokes about the two eggs or something of the same class, and got Joe Woods and Fitzgerald so interested that someone tied their ties together without attracting their attention.

After Mrs. Bunion had greeted everybody, the doors were opened, and the company and visitors strolled into the dining room at almost quick time. Place cards marked the seats, and very little confusion was caused in finding seats, in spite of the fact that some of those present had not gone to supper. And let us say right here that we will put our Fish Beale up against all comers as a place card artist.

The dining room was appropriately decorated with a large Christmas bell and loops of College colors.

The banquet, which was served in courses, consisted of fried chicken,

gravy, biscuits, coffee, cream and other things which will not be mentioned for fear of causing Sbis's discomfort. After the meal cigars and cigarettes were passed around more than smoked. Smuggling was allowed.

Between the first and second courses, Fish Parke called for Corporals report. Three Fish reported. The reports were such as: Scott taking music lessons from Drummet, and Beerwagon (alias Bierschwale) Speeding. Parke then introduced Fish Newah Scrogins, sometimes known as Farrel, the Slimy toast-master. Neewah called on Major McManus, Captain Allen, and other officers to speak to the crowd. These worthies made short appropriate talks. Fitzgerald was asked to shimmy for the crowd but declined. It must have been the inclement weather that caused him to refuse. At least he did not give an excuse. Fish Palmer gave a toast to Major McManus. We regret to say that the pressure proved too great, and Mac excused himself and left.

Colonel Franklin furnished quite a bit of amusement by his large repertoire of songs. We are reminded just here of a little poem learned in the grammar school about the "Owl and the Pussycat." Colonel Franklin's courtship must have been something like this, judging by the number of sentimental songs he knows. Oh well, Colonel, we remember that you said something about persimmon beer. Who can blame you if you tapped the old jug before you came to the banquet?

Some of the Fish say that the cigars didn't last long enough for them to get any. It will be remembered that Murphree and Flinn had a charge at them. Nuff said, Fish broke up, and went back to Mitchell, all feeling that the Fish had put the banquet over with the old time pep.

THE BEST SCHOOL

(With Appologies to Edgar A. Gerest.)

If I knew of a better school in this glorious country of ours Where a boy gets a better schooling and has better working hours, If the Mississippian or the Oklahoman had a better school than this I'd pack my goods this minute and I'd start out for that bliss. But I notice when a non-Texan wants a school of pep and cheer And a future for himself he comes and settles here.

Here's the glorious school of freedom! Here's education that glares!

For the "co-ed" of Texas and the long subjected Bears.

It is here the sons of South America and the boys of Mexico turn,

For the future comfort of their bodies and the wages they can earn.

And with all that the boys complain of and all that goes amiss,

There's no happier, better school in our broad land than this.

So I'm thinking when I listen to the wails of discontent,

And some restless, weary Freshman speaks his evil discontent,

That the breed of hate and envy that is sowing sin and shame

In this glorious school of Texas should go back from whence he came.

And I hold it is the duty, rich and poor, of everyboy

Who enjoys this school's bounty to be all for A. and M.



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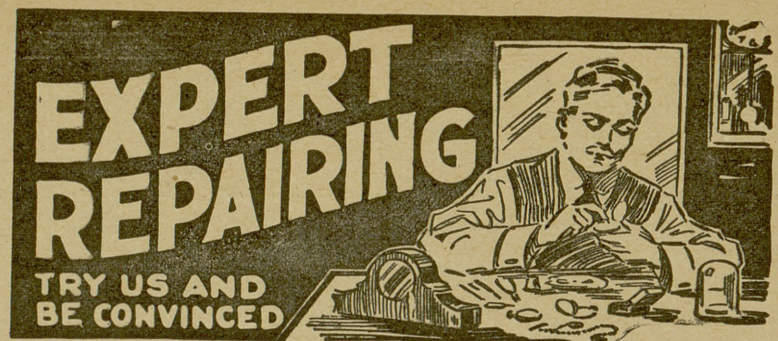
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