

ECHOES FROM THE DEPTHS.

When one stands on the beach and looks upon the rolling waves, he little realizes that there is an undercurrent beneath the surface. On the surface, the affairs of a college seem to move in one direction, but if one will go into the depths he will find that there is an undercurrent. Each student forms a definite opinion concerning every question concerning the college in general long before the question has been given to the outside world in the newspapers. The outside world is told those things that the college authorities and students (?) want it to know.

A great man comes to speak before the student body. The papers say his address was greatly enjoyed by all, but the student's opinion says it was a sore disappointment. If you would get the students' ideas, go mingle with them. You will see that the undercurrent flows and that there is a "student wireless" more powerful than that of Marconi. A message may be filed in Milner Hall, and in a very, very short time, all the "student wireless" stations on the campus are in operation. All messages, be they ever so frivolous, terminate in the "bull pen". If you would know the true meaning of the term, go to your dictionary, and you will find that the word "bull" comes from a Latin word "bulla" which means "anything rounded by art." The word "pen" is a "small enclosure." The questions which concern the college are "rounded by art" of the student's tongue. "small enclosures, com- first year men" "closures, com- the Airdome.

One week later titles of the "Bat- Order met and, are the "bull pen." Even the saying and news of the College's greatest daily do not escape the sharp censorship of the artists. Through long observation one comes to realize that there are mediums which transmit the wireless waves better than others. These mediums are known as "bull artists" because of their quick and easy response to the decisions of the "bull pen." Every company has one or more official "bull artists". They are not recorded as such in the Commandant's office, but in the minds of the students they have deeply engraved their titles. It may seem somewhat strange, but of late it has been discovered that a large number of the professors are septic, and transmit the waves as readily as students. Due to this fact, several very fine courses in "bullartism" are now found in the College curricula. Records in the office of the Registrar show that few students have failed to pass the courses.

Would it belittle you, dear reader, to come with me and sit in at a regular Saturday night meeting of the censors? No! Well, come and we will proceed to the most septic atmosphere for the propagation of this strange phenomenon. We stop; we enter. Yes, it is Milner Hall, dear reader. We feel our way to a corner room, and enter without knocking. The light of the 200 watt globe is somewhat dimmed by the excess of tobacco smoke, but after our eyes have become accustomed to the light, we are able to make out the occupants of the "pen". A Cadet Fish stands in the middle of the room, and seems to be delivering a lecture on the "Similarity of Chemistry and Hades." A Senior from the corps has the seat of honor. He is sitting in the swivel chair with his natural supports resting gracefully upon the mahogany

table top. Semi-occasionally he draws a vast amount of smoke from a worn out piece of well rope. As in the days of Nero, a Junior from the Sons of Rest is reclining on the regulation couch. A sergeant is mounted on a trunk in the corner. A Soph from the corps is resting on the other bed.

On the walls of the room are vast and sundry collections of paper and cloth. One side of the room resembles a rogues gallery at a glance, but upon close observation we see it is a collection of the world's most famous and beautiful movie queens and dancers. On another side of the room rests the spoils of war and otherwise. From a strip of moulding near the ceiling is hung pennants from most of the colleges in Texas. A Baylor skull cap is suspended by Baylor ribbons. Ah! There is one of those orange and white overseas caps. Here is a Baylor arm band, and a Texas one is hung over a small card reading, "A. and M. 7—Texas 0." On a third side of the room we see the "home sector" so to speak. Here is a picture taken when in high school, another of the annual picnic of the high school. Yes, and here is the old fish company picture. In the center of a group of fair "chickens" is the "only one." This, dear reader, is the atmosphere in which the wireless waves operate most successful, but let us break in on the meeting.

"Hi, men' don't let us interrupt."
"Have a seat," says the Senior officer, and we make ourselves comfortable on a trunk.

"Well, how did you like that movie, tonight?" I question in hope of getting the machine to working once more.

"That was pretty good, but say did you see that one last Wednesday?" comes from the bed.

"No, how 'bout it?"
"Well, boy, I tell you I have seen some rare ones in my time but never did I see one equal to "The Very Idea."

-----And thus the wireless is started to operate. From movies the censors pass to the feats of the College Dramatic Club, stages, scenery, and to the College's building program. The stadium to be constructed at Kyle Field is a topic that one must not miss

"Say, did you see that picture of the grandstand they are going to build? It didn't look much like what I would have expected," remarked the Casual Senior, who had drifted in unnoticed.

"Naw, that thing is a 'punk' as those seats we had to sit on in Waco" comes from the Soph.

"Say, men, don't talk about that thing that way, don't you know that some freshman architect spent many long hours drawing that thing," says the Sergeant.

"Well, it will keep the rain off, I guess, but if I was running things I would see that nothing went up unless it had some artistic beauty about it," concludes the Senior officer.

In the process of the discussions which follow we learn that one student in the assembly had knocked "Wheezy" a deadly blow. "Cueball" was still putting out the little ole quizzes. "Notion" was still with us, and we would long remember him when we came to minister to the ignorant. The "Ball" was still rolling, and "science is exacting". The future geologist of the United States have been taking some excursions down the rivers near the College for the purpose of observing the great works of nature. And so conclusions

and news items were set off into space at the regular meeting of the "Society of the Golden Bull."

-----This, dear reader, is the life at A. and M.

WE WONDER IF—

Prof. McDonald is drumming for Sears, Roebuck and Co.

"Reg" Walker is a representative of "Cheatem"

There are wild women in Georgia

We will ever get our 18 bucks for uniforms.

The old spirit will ever return.

Sbisa will start serving ice cream.

"She" will come as promised.

The price of Bryan movies will ever get back to 15 cents.

The "profs" ever went to college.

Pa will send that check before the R. V.

The corps will buy Gov. Ross a straw hat.

We will ever go home?

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING

A cadet was gloomy and sad He had tasted the Commandant's will,

This was why he was feeling bad, Because he had to drill.

A smile lit up the student's face, He tasted an Ehlinger pill.

This was why he was feeling good Because he had to drill.

JUNIOR BANQUET WEEK.

The Junior Banquet's very near,
Ye Sophomores,—beware!
We feel it in the atmosphere,
And also in the air.

Wild running to and fro we see,
Excitement everywhere;
Autos racing secretly
In the wild goose chase to share.

Dame Rumor holds her sceptred sway
'Midst the excited throng,
Classes and drill and all give 'way
To help the cause along.

Gone Fish tranquility,—Ah me!
For shelter they do seek
To climb the woodland oaken tree,
Lest Sophies vengeance wreak.

Wildly they're rushing to and fro,
The cars from Bryan town.
Confused, not knowing where to go—
Just racing up and down.

On guard they stand at every gate,
Inspecting passers by,
For hours and days they sit and wait,
Resolved to do or die.

Oh, sleep, though 'tis a gentle thing,
Beloved by Seniors—Fish,
All night long they'll challenge fling,
Till Juniors serve the dish.

It's good it comes but once a year,
This Sophomore-Junior fight;
The Fish would pass away, I fear,
In pell-mell wild-eyed flight.

The rest of us would nutty be,
If this come twice a year,
The Bull might lose his dignity
And get on his pink ear.



Big Shoe Store

Shoes, Hosiery, and Gents' Furnishings
of the better quality.

Special attention to the College trade.

Gibbs & Hare

The New York Cafe

ALEXANDER PAPPASPIRON, Proprietor
OYSTERS ALL STYLES, SHORT ORDER MEALS

CHOICE LUNCHES

Come in When You Are in Town, You Are
Always Welcome

Campus
Barber Shop

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

J. F. LAVINDER, Prop.

UP-TO-DATE WORK DONE
AT THE

CAMPUS
SHOE SHOP

Prices Always Right
Your Friends

HOLICK & SON