

HISTORY OF JUNIOR BANQUET
OF 1920

Once per annum there occurs at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, an exoteric occasion whereby the Juniors are filled with Sbisa, the Sophomores are filled with ambition, and the woods are filled with "Fish."

This is the most momentous moment throughout the collegiate year. Junior Banquet!! What a myriad of hopes, aspirations, fears and doubts are disguised in those two words!!

Does it not mark the only occasion of the year where students actually fight to get in the Mess Hall? Does it not mark the only period of the year where the haughty, blatant and bizarre Sophomore attains a speed above a donkey trot? Is it not the propitious occasion for "Fish" to leave the Campus with haste as to make a rapid-fire gun feel like it had a bad case of slow fever? Why, even the waiters in the Mess Hall feel a change!

This is the most revered moment of the Junior's life.

Early in the season, before the Ides of March were nigh a collection of eminent Burlap magnates convened and formed what is known as the "Amalgamated Order of Burlaps" and chose the motto: "Rome was sacked twice."

The following officers were elected: Patrick (Jaybird) Dwyer and "Itchrick" Anglin were chosen as high men with "South-papa" Matthews and "Mewl" Davis as subsidiaries. The electing of other sack and office holders was postponed until their next meeting because the "first year men" came over to use the Airdome.

One week later the Amalgamated Order met and, after reading their minutes and appointing their seconds, they concocted against the unsuspecting Juniors.

Bob Carruthers, who drives a Ford with one hand, made a motion that all the jitneys in Bryan be chartered—this was their first motion against the Juniors and was a rattling good one.

A collection was then taken up in one of their largest sacks.

As there was only thirty (30c) cents in the crowd, everyone was exhorted to write home for money.

"Itch" Anglin then voiferously and magniloquently presented the purposes and desires of the Sophomores so loquaciously that even the most phlegmatic understood perfectly what he was **anglin** at.

These remarks straight from the shoulder showed Anglin's earmarks. No one, however, thought that he meant to be **dirty**.

It was next decided to pitch pickets around Milner Hall each night and every Sophie swore to do his (guard) duty.

A few weeks later the Junior Class decided to hold their Banquet in Sbisa Hall. They complacently arranged to the selecting of a toastmaster and other small details necessary to the joyous occasion.

Little recked they that at that very instant there was an element striving to undermine their plans and mar a gathering around the festive board. Probably their seeming indifference to these odious moves may be attributed to the fact that the mosquitos have been numerous this year.

Finally the ill purposes of the hitherto unnoticed Corporation of Sackriligeous Individuals came upon us like taps and a bolt from a clear sky.

A surging armada of jitneys and

gasoline vehicles appeared from upon the Bryany Deep. Studious, peaceful and docile Juniors were treated armeniangly. We were in the throes of amateur Bolshevists.

The majority of the Junior Class were kidnapped from their educational pursuits and given "field practice" by the furious rabble.

Chaos and pandemonium reigned supreme.

But from this temporary reversion toward the primeval cave-man there arose men equal to any occasion.

Foremost among these comes the rival to A. Conan Doyle's most fantastical imaginative creation. I refer to "Hawkshaw" Fitzgerald, a self-made man in the art of purloining. "Fitz" has never taken a correspondence lesson in "How to be a detective."

"Hawkshaw" can catch a chicken, without a cackle, whether it is laying upon the highest roost or on an egg—provided it is that kind of a chicken.

Under the direction of the "ways and means committee" of the Junior Class it was not long before all of the abducted class-mates were safely returned to the fold.

Nevertheless the hour for the Junior Spread drew nigh. 'Twas the night before Tuesday that Dame Rumor, on tiptoes, whispered into the sophisticated sophic ear that the Junior toastmaster would journey homeward from his locus of rendezvous.

A call meeting was held and the Sophomore Class en masse braved the chill night air with the purpose of **crumbling** the toastmaster. Dictographs, buzzers, flash-lights, telescopes and microscopes were included in their equipment.

Logs were rolled upon all highways, by-ways and lanes in order to check all transients, Ford cars and other "itinerants."

All vehicles were carefully inspected as to contents and if they could pass inspection they were permitted to go unharmed—to the next log-pile. These inspections proved invaluable to the Sophomore A. H. sections.

They say all roads lead to Rome, but should anyone have started roaming that way they would have been confronted by the lumber problem.

'Twas a beautiful night—a soft and caressing zephyr from out of the golden west west gently blowing its breath in the moon-shine. A full moon shown overhead and after it had gotten pretty low a weird and unearthly noise made its imprint upon the ever alert ear machinery of the faithful legions of the Sophies who guarded the Bryan Highway as faithfully as did Horatius of old. What Horatius did by the prowess of his sword the Sophies were able to work out by the use of six place logs."

Nearer and nearer drew the origin of commotion. Closer and closer drew the valiant Sophies each to each.

However, from this group of close friends there drew away one, yclept "Hoots" Williams, ready to do or die.

By this time the origin of discord could plainly be discerned. It was the "golden fleece" of the Sophies Jason (pronounced "chase on"). It carried the Junior's toastmaster and cooked the Sophomore's goose.

Just as "Hoot" Williams hooted and his flash light flashed a flash of light, the faithful Maxwell also flashed—into the air and went over the log pile as if it was no worse

Fiscal Department of A. & M. College of Texas

College Station, Texas

April 1, 1920.

Cadet O. U. Money

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than the old widow woman's kindling pile.

Touching terra firma only at high altitudes the charging Maxwell (which had been bought by a Dunn) settled beside Milner Hall.

The toastmaster and his aide-de-biscuit under cover of darkness and disguised as tamales then betook themselves by the foot to the domicile of the Mess Hall waiters where a place had been prepared for them.

Here the day was spent in "watchful waiting" and only occasionally did they have cause to worry when cadets would appear with sacks over their shoulders. They proved to be student laborers, luckily.

Finally night again put the day and the Sophies in the dark. The Mess Hall was completely surrounded on all sides and on top with Sophomores lead on by the unquenchable desire of victory.

The doors were barricaded with such ingenuity as could the Sophies' mind devise. Even the key holes were plugged.

At length the Junior signal for the spring drive was given and, before the multitudinous gathering of on-lookers (with the possible exception of the Freshman Class), there was enacted the most informal gathering of students ever staged at A. and M.

The Juniors were met at the entrance by a reception committee composed of the Sophomore Class and a get-together meeting ensued. The return of the prodical son and his father's fall on his neck is only a singular instance of such devotion. The student who fell on his neck in this instance considered himself fortunate.

While this joint session in the foreground of Sbisa's Stadium was in progress the toastmaster and twelve swarthies had torn down all

that remained between them and something to eat and backwardly entered the Mess Hall. Once inside, the Junior Banquet with a presiding toastmaster became a reality, and, thus birth will be given to some of the cleverest alibis ever dropped from the lips of man.

A. AND M. TERMS DEFINED

RINCTUMS: A barberism; the pass word to get a-head; something that goes to the head and is not intoxicating.

PROFITEER: Bill Sparks.

HOT CAKE: A substance whose specific gravity is indeterminate and if worn internally may produce an ache not in the head.

COOTIE: A louse in military training.

BOOM: A report requiring smoke. (Remedy—carry Bull Durham).

ORDERLY: One who wins the Sweepstakes. That is, one who sweeps and takes rams.

LOCAL ATTRACTIONS: Stenographers on the Campus.

HAZING: Too hazy and dim to define. (Obsolete).

SACKHOLDER: One who holds the sack. (Collectively: The Sophomore Class).

PLUCKS: A hair-raising event.

CIVILIAN COMPANY: Utopia.

JUNIOR BANQUET: An annual event where Juniors hold sway, Sophomores hold sacks, and "Fish" hold out.

Much obliged, Sophomores, for publishing our Banquet Programs! You must admit you found them in a safe place.

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