

"FISH SMITH"

Memories of our Fish days of last spring were revived last week when the R. V. drew down from S. M. U. Miss Loring Smith, better known and loved by the Sophomore Class as "Fish" Smith. "The Fish" has dropped her engineering course and now is conquering in academic work at S. M. U. She says S. M. U. is a great place and she has a perfectly wonderful time up there, but we noticed she said, "Didn't WE take Texas down in football and basketball!" We can't blame her for feeling that way—there isn't a man or woman that ever came to A. and M. who doesn't keep that old spirit of love and loyalty.

During the interview with this cub reporter, Miss Smith waxed confidential. We promised not to quote her words, for she talked of so many things at the same time that we could hardly have paraphrased them as we learned to do under Mr. Gunter as per section 88, Handbook of English. We couldn't help but draw some conclusions. It seems that it is not as easy sailing at S. M. U. as t'was at A. and M., where a smile was good for a 10 any day in chemistry. We likewise concluded that Miss Smith is not pursuing her researches in the chemical laboratory, as private assistants are scarce up there. But she knocks them dead and performs the funeral service when one of the masculine S.M.U.s very thoughtfully states that he is seriously thinking of taking up mechanical drawing if he has the time necessary for such a stiff subject. "Oh, I had that, incidentally, in Descriptive Geometry last year at A. and M.," very nonchalantly remarks Miss Smith.

We are all glad to see the "Fish" whenever she comes back; only "Cac-fish" says he wishes she wouldn't make her first appearance on his line of march to the Mess Hall and cause half the Cavalry to fall out. We don't believe that Miss Smith has overcome the feeling that she is still one of us and we hope she never will. Our Fish year has a lustre and brightness around it, when we look back, that we are sure no other Fish year has had. We were indeed favored of the Gods in having with us, to know, and admire, to have our days made brighter by "The Fish." May she always feel toward the Class of '22 as we do toward her—that she is one of us.

'22 A SOPH'S ROUTINE OF STUDYING

- 7:30—Fall in blows.
7:35 — Sits down comfortably placing feet on table. Picks up book.
- Glances through book for next lesson.
 - Finds out that he doesn't know what the lesson is.
 - Hastens madly up to third stoop to get the desired information.
 - Gets in bull-pen and argues on when we will get that \$18.
 - After a couple of hours he remembers that he has a long lesson to study.
 - The members of the bull-pen swear that they don't know what the Doc assigned.
 - Struggles across the hall and finds the rest of the gang talking about Wild Women.
 - He spends the middle lap on arguing who is the wildest.
 - Inquires around aimlessly and finally finds lesson.
 - Back to the comfortable position and starts to study.

k. Glances at HER picture and his mind shifts to other scenes.

l. Tattoo, 10:45. Turns in.
NO STUDYING DONE!

'22 THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

"I am glad to give expression of my appreciation for the splendid spirit of the Sophomore class as shown throughout the "duration of the war", or period of the Junior Banquet activities. Except for the fact that the excitement continued over too long a period of time the entire program of both classes was about as ideal as could be desired.

"The organization of the Sophomore class was thorough and the committee under the direction of the class president, "Bob" Carruthers, and "Heinie" Weir conducted a remarkable campaign. Without detracting one whit from the success of the Junior class I must say that I never have seen a campaign more splendidly organized and conducted, nor have I seen a better type of class spirit than that of and demonstrated by the class of 1922."

IKE ASHBURN,
Commandant.

'22 JUNIOR BANQUET

The Sophomore Class admires the spirit of the Juniors in victory. We are sure it would have been as admirable in defeat. Needless to say, we did our best to give them a chance to be good losers. But fate decreed otherwise. We could not hope to escape the experience without being dubbed by some honorary titles. We have accepted these as a matter of course, but we appreciate as no ordinary thing the spirit that the Juniors have shown toward us since the battle.

To our way of thinking, the Junior Banquet affair of 1920 was carried out in a spirit that was ideal. No one can say that either class lacked pep and fight. Yet thru it all was the spirit of real men, who, losing or winning, fight clean and hard. It is the spirit that should pervade every class fight. The Sophomores lost the toast-master, but there is no bitterness in us toward his class. The Juniors won, yet there is no arrogant spirit of the victor to fan class rivalry into hate.

When in after years, we look back at all this class fighting and time has given us a proper perspective of the whole of our college life, we believe that the realization will then come to us that it mattered not so much whether we won or lost but that we played the game fair as men do and took the result as men should take the result of every fight in life. There is no bitter taste to linger from a fair defeat. We admire both the Sophomore's fine acceptance of the result and the Junior's frank acknowledgment that we are men.

'22
Dean Kyle, to the Farmers and Bankers assembled in the Stock Judging Pavilion: "The next and final number on the program will be a grand parade of all livestock headed by the College Band."

'22
We always laugh at the teacher's jokes,
No matter what they be,
Not because they're funny, but
Because it's policy.

'22
Chas. Nitch says he got Cap. Watkins' truck half full of burlap out of the clothes of the Juniors the week following the Banquet.

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