

CASEY'S CONFECTIONERY

Is Behind Everything Worth While
at A. and M.

R. V. BLUES

This is Sunday afternoon and she left this morning. I haven't had any sleep for three days and I'm tired and I can't sleep as long as I've got these blues. I took her down to the station this morning but it wasn't much use of my doing that, because about fifty sack-holders gathered around me and I couldn't even see her half the time. And the train came and I didn't get to tell her something I wanted to and I couldn't ride even to Bryan with her because I didn't have a blouse on and that dear, darn, conductor got griped and shoved the train off before it got good stopped. And I was inside trying to find my girl a seat where there wasn't any seats when he started—I mean the train—and I jerked the darn cord three times and stopped the train and then took time to tell her goodbye with a handshake. By that time the conductor was cussing and I can't blame him; they get in the habit of doing that every time they take on cadets at College Station, and I felt like saying something myself. I got off the train and looked back at the station. I saw a whole drove of what looked like a bunch of German prisoners after Pershing had licked them. There was that same hungry look in their eyes. Everybody had an arm around somebody else—shows what state of thinking they were in. I fell in beside one about the size of my girl—but lord, it didn't satisfy any more than Sbisa's substitute steak does. And then I thought of that doggone ticket agent that didn't have change for that twenty spot she gave me to buy her ticket with; and I had to unpack my roll of ones and buy it myself. And she lives in El Paso.

I wondered if she was pulling the

same thing on me that I tried with a ten-spot on the conductor when I rode in from Bryan one day. And now I've got to write to my old man for another installment on this uniform Charlie Nitch is going to make for me some day. But I've got to get some sleep before I do that.

I didn't have any breakfast this morning and after the train pulled out I went over to the Mess Hall to feed. There never had been anything there except cush and some body had cleaned every table of that. So I filled up on ice water that was .1N and came on down the Military Walk. The only person I saw was "Floppy" Hartung sitting on a bench and he had about given up hope of seeing even a calico skirt pass in a Ford. He said he was going to make the 3:15 train and then go to bed for the night.

I came on down to this room, and lord, it's in a mell of a hess. So am I, so we fit. I'm supposed to have a theme for tomorrow, but I couldn't put two words together correctly if my "C" in English depended on it. I want to do something and I don't know what it is. I'm tired and I can't sleep. I can't move and I don't want to sit still. I see a cadet taking his girl down now to catch the south-bound H. & T. C. He looks happy, doggone his soul; but in an hour he'll be just like me. This is Sunday afternoon and she left this morning. And I've got the R. V. blues. I quit.

'22 HEINIE WEIR

We feel that an account of the Junior Banquet fight is incomplete without a mention of the man whom the Sophomores chose as their "Chief of Staff"—"Heinie" Weir. He had to aid him a staff of six men and to them goes much credit. But

it was Weir who was responsible.

Carruthers as President of the class, assumed, of course, an equal responsibility and together the two worked out the organization that has won the commendation of all who saw it working. It was no easy job. They had practically no system of organization of former Sophomore classes on which to base their own plans. Perhaps it was because they had to work out the whole scheme from the very bottom that it was so thoroughly and uniquely planned. The Junior Class always has the initial advantage, they are in possession of all the necessary knowledge on which to base decisions. The Sophomores must work "in the dark", figuratively and literally, and lay plans upon conjecture. Weir and Carruthers developed a wonderful information gathering organization and it is almost unnecessary to say that we knew more about the Banquet four days before it came than did the Junior Class. And right here let us correct an impression the Juniors have: The programs were not found in a safe. You will never know where we got them, but if there is truth among men, we speak it when we say they were not found in a safe.

Weir showed himself to be a clean, hard fighter in this class scrap as he has on the athletic field. The confidence that the Class placed in him was earned. He did all that man could do and when the Goddess of Luck brought his plans to naught, it seemed, he took it like a man. No one knows just how much time he put in on the Banquet plans. It was no easy thing for him to lose. But we want him to know that the Sophomore Class can appreciate the kind of work he did and that his is the type of man that we admire.

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Us getting that eighteen in the next week or so.

"Slim" James failing to meet his class.

"Doc" Douglas forgetting to have those cards on hand.

"Bobbie" Smith failing to ride his wheel.

'22

EPITAPH

Tread easy, boys, here lies a Prof.
No more he draws his breath,
He never pulled an ancient wheeze,
And so was loved to death.

'22

Prof. of Chemistry: "I will now take some hydrochloric acid...."

Voice in Rear: "It wouldn't be a bad idea!"

'22

A mannish young lady namer Penn;
Had a room that resembled a den;
She knew where to scratch
When lighting a match,
She learned how by watching the men.

There is nothing peculiar about Miss Penn

Who learned to strike matches by watching the men.

They now have boxes imported from France,
And strike 'em on them instead of their pants.

'22

The noon train Thursday was late.
Look what it had on it!?!?

'22

By the way, did you notice that the cast of "Kitty" were Sophs? The leading lady, too, is a Soph, even if she did help entertain the Juniors at their Banquet—but we furnished quite a bit of entertainment ourselves.