

P. A. DWYER (JAYBIRD)
Vice-President

Pat, our vice-president, entered school in the fall of '17 and was known as the best Fish on the campus that year. Many were his deeds and acts of that year, but probably the most notorious of all was his attempt to spy on the birds of the air from an advantageous perch in a small tree behind Leggett Hall. It was from this adventure that he gained the name by which all Fish know him—"Jaybird."

In '18 Pat played on the Aggie basketball squad to such perfection that he was awarded this position on the ALL-SOUTHWESTERN team. His smashing, driving tactics and ever persistent fighting spirit stamped him in the minds of all A. and M. students as the best of rushing guards. He came back to us after a year's service as an officer in the "army" and took his old place on the team. His playing was again above reproach and all that can be expected of any human. To him is due much of the credit for the small scores of our opponents and but for ineligibility at the start of the season would undoubtedly have been named by all critics as the other ALL-SOUTHWESTERN guard with Floppy. He is now playing first base on our baseball team and will soon be one of the seven to have made letters in two major sports.

Pat, we are proud to have you as our vice-president. May your happy laugh and cheerful smile continue with you always. Your sunny disposition is worth a million dollars and your congeniality is the true basis of your many friends. We have chosen our second in command wisely.

—'22—
C. W. THOMAS
Historian.

At the annual election of officers of the Sophomore Class, C. W. Thomas was honored in being chosen as class historian. Thomas came to A. and M. as a freshman in the Fall of 1918. His freshman year presents little in the way of stirring incident or varied experience to attract the casual reader; it was rich, however, in the experience of the mind—he has accomplished the almost impossible—he has never made less than an "A" in English.

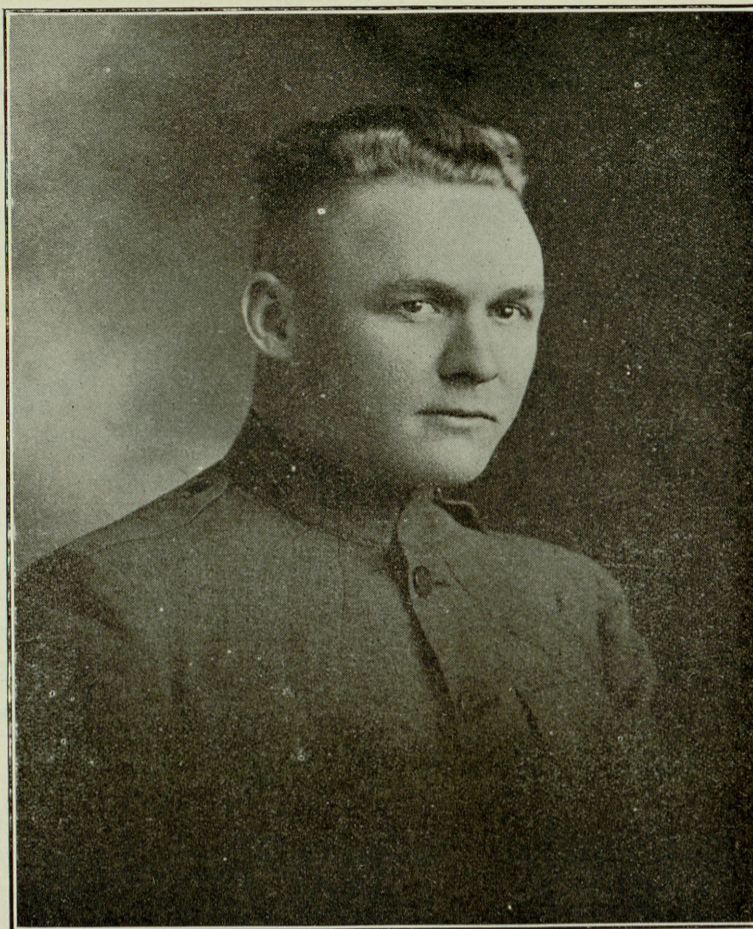
But dear reader in order that we may portray other sides of his accomplishments, let us lead your eyes through the pages of last year Freshman Bat—he was editor of that.

Most of you remember the days of watchful waiting before the Junior Banquet. Thomas was one of the watchful seven, not in the sackholder sense, however. His sound judgment, with that of the other six, did much to capture the Junior Toastmaster, almost.

Now let us turn to a gentler side of our hero. Nothing could picture him better than "The Arrival of Kitty". This shows him going at top speed, and in full action.

But aside from being a man of great studential ability, a charming personality, logical mind, and gentle disposition, he is a tireless worker in anything he undertakes, and a true friend to everyone.

The Sophomore Class is proud to have you for their historian, and we are expecting great things of you in the future.



R. L. CARRUTHERS
President Sophomore Class.

Bob Carruthers is a man. First and foremost, he is that. After that, he might be called a Chemical Engineer. Carruthers never loses his balance and is an excellent example of the old saying that a man must govern himself before he can govern others. For Bob is a natural leader. Quiet and self-contained, his is not the type to tickle the fancy of the crowd with blatant wit or blustering self-assertion. But, rather, he has that subtle force of character that we call personality. There is no need for him to force himself on men; men make him their leader.

Those of us who were closely associated with Carruthers in the trying days of the Junior Banquet know how hard and willingly he works for the interests of the class. He showed himself to be a wonderful extractor of secrets and would work in sixty-one different ways to get dope that he pieced together and based his opinions on. But, however sure he was of his position, he never tried to put his plan over someone else's, until the committee as a whole decided that his was best.

Bob is not exactly what the dictionary calls a ladies' man. Yet he believes strongly that the single man is not blessed of Jove. At times he develops strange sympathies for certain fair ones and was known to bestow a "T" pin upon one for bravery in action. Whether or not he made the presentation a la' Foch, Bob never told. However, he said it was "easy" to do.

Football is Bob's chief delight and Chemistry his principal diversion. If he were as successful in one as he is in the other, he would be either a good football man or a good Chemist. We won't tell in which one he is successful; but he made his "T" on the all-Southwestern football team of 1919. Carruthers was a demon Thanksgiving against Texas and play-

ed the veteran Green to a standstill, and even more. We pick him for an all-State tackle next fall. Bob hasn't announced his plans for the summer as yet, but we heard him recently quoting a line of Kipling's—at least, he said Kipling wrote it.

And I'm learning here in College what the ten-year driller tells, "If you've heard the oil a-calling' you won't never heed naught else."

Confidentially, we thing Bob uttered the above in our presence, hoping that we would print it where Prof. Thomas would see it; in one of his darkest hours of despair one day he told us he had to do something to get a drag with his English Prof.

Carruthers came to A. and M. from Fort Worth, where he was quite famous. He made his "T"-second in football in his fish year. As Historian of the Freshman class and a good fish, he was "popular" with all the old boys. (Note—See A. and M. dictionary for definition of "popular") He was raised right and had strongly impressed on him the fundamental governing bodies of this college. Bob is the kind of a man that grows in ones estimation in direct proportion to length of acquaintanceship, and when last fall came 'round he was the unanimous choice of the Sophomore class for its President. His personality has had, perhaps, more influence in shaping the spirit of the Sophomore class than that of any other man. We know that the class of '22 is the best in history and we are glad to say that Carruthers typifies our spirit. Clean, fair, and hard-working, he is the logical as well as the official leader of the Sophomore class. We take credit to ourselves for the clearness of judgment to see his qualities and make him our President.

O. FRAZIER
Secretary-Treasurer.

This secretary-treasurer of ours is a very striking man. He can do most anything he sets out to do. Perhaps this is because, back of all his good humor, he has a quality of determination that is popularly ascribed to such noted characters as Napoleon and George Washington. For "O" is above all a working man. He works his Profs. and everyone he runs across. Even now he's figuring on working his way to Central America after camp this summer. Just how he's going to get to camp he hasn't said as yet. However, most any old wild-haired plan may be expected.

But, seriously, it would be difficult to find a harder worker than Frazier. 'Way back in his high school days he took a liking to track and a certain young lady and he's been sticking to both ever since. We can't trace for you his progress with the last named. But his track record is open to public inspection. With his brother, "Mule" Oscar used to come down and carry off the High School Meet. Then he decided to take off a few colleges and came to A. and M. to do it. His Fish year was taken up with football and track. In the first he won a "T-second", playing in the back-field. In track he won his "T" in the dashes and hurdles. Oscar came back in the fall of 1919 and repeated his success in football. When wrestling was started he took that up, but had to drop it for his track work. "O" hurt his ankle last fall and has not been able to reach his best time in the hurdles so far this year.

"Hyroxide" Frazier is a bughunter, but he has leanings towards the chemical side of his course. In fact he waxes eloquent whenever "Geology rocks" is mentioned. So far, no Fish has been persuaded to ask him the whyfore of his wild outbursts. For they've all seen him twiddling his sixty-pound bar to keep his fingers nimble. To make this physical prowess seem more marvelous, "O" declares that he has never touched a drop of nuxiated iron or tanlac in his life and furthermore, that he will never permit the manufacturers of the above named "kicks" to use his photograph or signature to advertise their wares.

"O" isn't a loud "bird" at all. He's rather quiet and impresses himself on one by his sheer worth. He is going through life on purpose and not just because he happened to be born. Those who are intimate with him know there isn't a cleaner, finer man at A. and M. And on top of this he has an open, frank disposition that never lacks a smile and a passing word. Frazier has a mania for freak expressions: "Well, I dunno," "whose horse," but he "olive oil-ed" the whole campus last month. It's hard to tell into what channel his lforid imagination will next turn. We are hoping that the wild women of Havana won't vamp him this summer, for Frazier is the kind of man we need and want.

—'22—
THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Class of '22 began its days at A. and M. under trying conditions. The S. A. T. C. caught us as fish—and we passed a hard winter. The spirit of some of the shave-tails over us was arrogant in the extreme,—as witness this punishment: For a petty offense, a fish was made to carry a bucket of water from the basement of Leggett to the top floor with a
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