

BIG LEAGUE CALIBRE

Fellow Sophomores, has it occurred to you that we alone have the peculiar opportunity of comparing our college life to a nine inning game of baseball? Three terms in our Freshman year and two each in our Sophomore, Junior and Senior years make nine terms or nine innings in all; however, the analogy can be extended further. We are now, as you know, in the last of the fifth. It's time to wake up before the game's over and the umpire gives the fatal decision. It's bad business to wait until the last of the game to make all the runs.

Suppose we take a look at the scoreboard. Does it tally up or does it show that we are becoming tailenders in the race? We will make a brief resume. In the first three innings, although we suffered some severe attacks and were often rattled, yet with a grandstand play we prevented any scoring. In the fourth we note a marked rise in our batting average; but no scoring. And now for the fatal fifth, there is no mistaking it, we have a score chalked up against us. How did it happen? Well, all we know is that because of a hit, "a very palpable hit," a man was ushered across the alley to the muchly sought-for plate.

Did we make any bingles, costly errors, or bone-head plays? Perhaps we did and we had a worthy foe to take advantage of them. But all that is past and now is the time to cover ground, to scoop up everything, to hit the ball on the nose, and to make some grandstand plays. And remember that the lucky seventh is coming. Do you fully realize that the fifth is not yet over?

The game is now half way over. Hereafter we are going to be noticed on the paths and when we get on the paths let's show the old vim and vigor that will wake up the corps into seeing that we are big league stuff and not bushers. We've got to have the spikes sharp, slide feet first with Ty Cobbian plunges and make them all get out of the way. We must get the decision, win the game, and get the applause. And remember, remember, that the game is never over until the last man's out.

'22
JUNIOR POETRY

A Sophomore has discovered that some Juniors have poetic instinct. The discovery was quite "accidental." Several weeks ago—the week of the Junior Banquet, to be exact—two Sophomores had occasion to inspect, with the purpose of ascertaining the location of certain very desirable documents, the personal belongings of that well known inmate of Leggett, Red Thompson. The bottom of the trunk was reached and there in the lowest corner was found a piece of carefully folded paper. From its mass the Sophomores knew that it contained weighty matter. Accordingly, it was tucked away and a silent retreat made to a light. We admit we held the sack that time! But we're good holders and just to show you the pill that we drew, we handed this document to The Battalion hoping that it will be printed.

Red Thompson's famous speech last fall just before Thanksgiving, on the beauty that he first saw when he broke down in a car in the Brazos bottom and whom he pursued to Arkansas or somewhere, and finally succeeded in enticing down to the Thanksgiving Hop—who doesn't re-

member his eloquent description of that comely maid in her rustic surroundings! It is believed that Red, under the stress of waiting for the Sophs to abduct him, gave vent to his feelings and his mind, with poetic license, went back to that late evening on the Brazos. He had evidently been reading Kipling:

By a weather-beaten farmhouse,
where the Brazos winds her way,
There's a dark-eyed girl a-sitting—
and I'm going there some day;
For the sun's behind the tree-tops,
and the bugle seems to call
"Come you back, you Farmer lover,
come you back from Milner
Hall."

Come you back to where I dream
and the evening dusk's a-gleam
With a million fireflies dancing,
where the moon shines on the
stream.

Oh, I miss her very frown,
In her country evening gown,
Where the bull-frogs croak like Dur-
hams in the Brazos 'cross the
way.

Her petticoat was yellow and her
hair was out of gear,
And her name was Mary—but that
doesn't matter here.

And I saw her first a-playing with a
dog whose hair was red,
And a-wasting Christian kisses on
that nigger cur dog's head—

Just a low down nigger cur dog,
And he wagged his tail at her.

Oh, I miss her very frown,
In her country evening gown,
Where the bull-frogs croak like Dur-
hams, in the Brazos 'cross the
way.

When the night fell on the bottoms,
and the sun was dropping down,
She looked up as a sun's ray, slant-
ing, shut her eyes into a frown.
She couldn't see me standing with
my feet stuck to the ground,
And my heart up in my thorax, with
a funny thumping sound.

I couldn't move or speak
And my knees were sorta weak,
As she hugged that nigger cur dog,
and kissed him on his beak.

Oh, I miss her very frown,
In her country evening gown,
Where the bull-frogs croak like Dur-
hams in the Brazos 'cross the
way.

Ship me somewhere 'way from Col-
lege where there ain't no O. D.
shirt,

And there ain't no Sunday chapel,
and a man can chase a skirt!

For that dark-eyed girl is calling,
and 'tis there that I would be,
By the weather-beaten farm house
with her brown eyes fixed on me;
Eyes that speak to me of heaven
And a home built just for—
seven—

But I've got my half demerits, and
no pass to me is given!

Oh, I miss her very frown,
In her country evening gown,
Where the bull-frogs croak like Dur-
hams in the Brazos 'cross the
way.

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Caruso Crawford, the silver-
throated slyphorn artist of the band,
states that electricity sells for \$10
a quart in Mt. Pleasant. We wonder
if he means the white "lightning"
variety.

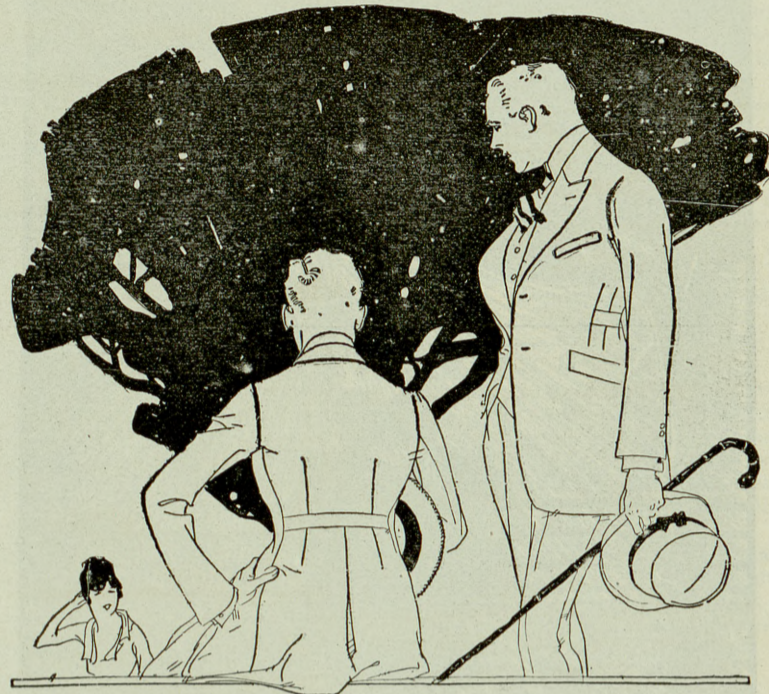
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In Fort Worth recently, a paid
choir singer was arrested for work-
ing on Sunday. At that rate, the
band breaks the law five times every
Sunday.

'22

He: Now my brother is just the
opposite of me.

She: How I'd love to meet him!



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