

It has been the custom for years to have something from C. I. A. in every class edition of The Battalion. One night some weeks ago the editor of this edition was stretched out puzzling over what he could do to fill up the pages. He went to sleep puzzled. And in the night there came to him a dream—no not one fair of face and form. He saw a heaven that had inscribed on it in flaming letters, "Completed Sophomore Edition." And from this heaven there descended a ladder. On this ladder there were ten bright angels whose names were the names of ten colleges of Texas. And as they came down they sang, each of the deeds of the Sophomores of that college. And in the morning the editor woke, and knew not what to make of his dream. So he told his room-mate. And his room-mate be-thought himself in this manner: "You darn fool, it means you ought to make the Sophomores of the colleges of Texas write The Battalion!" That sounded like divine inspiration.

And the more he thought of it, the more and more he liked the idea. He even began to reason out that it was his duty to the collegiate world to keep A. and M. in touch with the other colleges in Texas. He himself had been to high school with many of the men and women who had been perverted from the true path so far as to choose another school over A. and M.—that is, the men had gone astray: the girls didn't have much chance to do the right thing. Nevertheless the editor still felt an interest in them. And despite many battles on the athletic field there was still a sort of brotherly feeling toward them. So, considering all things, he sat down and dictated to his private steno, furnished by the Sophomore Class for the occasion, a letter to ten of the colleges of Texas. He told them to write of anything and everything; and they did as he said. And so, with the greatest of pleasure, we present this page to the Sophomore classes of Texas.

'22

TEXAS UNIVERSITY

The Sophs at Texas University were so occupied with their own troubles, and their time was so taken up with settling their own difficulties that they were unable to send a prepared article recounting their recent activities, and so they sent us a few newspaper clippings from which we gather that the Sophs and Fish have been waging a small war between themselves over in Austin, and that some 470 men are casualties as a result of this conflict. Men from all classes, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen are numbered among the fallen, and to the Special Discipline Committee goes the honor of wrecking the happiness of these young men.

It seems that it was all brought about by the Frosh Reception and the attempt by the Sophs to carry off the president of the Freshman class, an annual affair. The fight began on the evening of March 1 at the K. C. Hall. It seems that the hall was guarded by a number of Freshmen and that the Sophomores, in a formation, attacked the hall. They evidently did this in a strategical manner, for the first attack was made from the second story of an adjoining building. This contest was successful, and the Sophs got inside of their objective, when the fight was waged more furiously and fiercely than ever. All the improved and latest implements of class warfare were in evidence and the conflict is said to have been of a somewhat



MISS GLADYS BATES
President Sophomore Class C. I. A.

For centuries, more or less, there has existed a close kinship between C. I. A. and A. and M. We don't know just how it started, unless it be that our antecedents in this race of life thought that a farmer couldn't consider his equipment complete without a cook for a wife. However, both schools have passed the stage of turning out only cooks and farmers. So that we suggest that a Chemical Engineer needs a certificated dietitian to regulate his calories per day. However that may be, the fact remains that we still claim to be—what is it? Brothers and Sisters? Cousins? Or no real kin at all, just—you know—just rather intimate-er-FRIENDS. By whatever name you may call it, the feeling is there!

Miss Gladys Bates is President of the C. I. A. Sophomores—our particular kin. We really haven't had the pleasure of knowing Miss Bates since

sanguine nature. The end of the fight saw the Sophs in possession of the hall and the Freshmen all hog-tied and carried away in trunks to secluded places for safe-keeping. Since the president of the Freshman Class had been forcibly detained, President Bob McClendon of the Cophomore Class led the grand march of the Frosh Reception.

'22

RICE INSTITUTE

The Class of '22 has had "hell to pay" ever since it landed at Rice. The S. A. T. C. interfered at first but things did certainly hum in the Spring of 1919 when we became ungovernable, and some how it looked like we just got in the way every time the Class of '21 tried to do anything like giving a dance or playing a practical stage joke on the '22s when they had a theatre party. Just between you and me it looks sort 'o like some of this year's Juniors haven't gotten over it yet, Oh, boy! Say, when we were Freshmen

her infant days and so we find it difficult to pull anything about what her mother said when the first tooth appeared. We are sorry we can't tell you all about how she led her class all through school, and finally decided, since A. and M. was not co-ed, to go to our nearest kin. But we do know that she is the most popular girl in the Sophomore Class. And from her likeness and from graphically illustrated accounts in mildly eloquent ravings—we heard this first hand—we surmise that she is rather good looking. She is the head of our band of sisters, and that alone would make us appreciate her kindness in consenting to have her picture on this College Page. Through her we thank the Sophomore Class for their write-up and send to them the very best wishes that this brotherly affection can send from this desert where no feminines are.

we dared challenge the whole rest of the school to a track meet and as luck would have it they went and beat us, but it was by a very small margin; wonder what would have happened if we had won the thing?? Nothin' I guess. However, we went the whole year through without many more of our class getting thrown into the bayou than any other class before us, pretty good, don't you think?

As Sophomores the Class of '22 is known as the best class for working together. Some characteristic, I say. When a movement starts the whole class backs it and it does look as if we had some real capable men and women too. The Sophs literally walked off in class football last fall. They've got more men on the varsity football and track teams than all the other classes put together but they won't let the letter men participate in the class games, so the rest of the class jumps in and goes right ahead with the work. The Soph issue of the Thresher was judg-

ed the best of all and we know darn well that the Soph issue of The Battalion will be the best, so send us several copies, will you? I don't guess the other classes like to hear all about us but, gee, that's a shame, cause look what they will miss—ahem! Incidentally, the Sophs darn near pushed the other classes off their seats in the Mess Hall when this overall movement started and the president had called a meeting of the class to arrange for the denims before the President of the student body could call for a discussion; say, it took wonderfully and now we are regular Hiram's. We lost the class track meet to the Juniors, but pretty soon we will pull the Freshman Tug-'o-War team into the bayou.

But the fellows are not in it when it comes to the ladies. The female '22s just can't help winning debates, it looks like and they always boost the rest of the class no matter what they do. Bet a dollar they will be the first to appear in aprons. Oh, by the way, the Sophs are giving an overall and apron dance soon—stray on the scenery, hick music, and favors of corn-cob and snuff-boxes.

Best of luck with that paper.

'22

BAYLOR COLLEGE

The Sophomore class is the best class in Baylor College this year. Everybody says so, and all the other organizations wonder where they get all their spirit and unity. The most representative girls, the most popular girls, and the girls who hold the most responsible offices in Baylor are Sophs. Among them are the president of the Athletic Association, president of the Oklahoma Club, College Yell Leader, Business Manager of the College paper, half the Student Government Council and half the Y. W. A. and B. Y. P. U.

In the fall the Sophs began the fun with a get-acquainted-breakfast on the creek. At Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving and every other holiday they had a party. Not long before Christmas, President Fanny Mae Witten was called home and Hazel E. Sturgeon was elected in her place.

The winter term was mapped out into a program of five two-week periods. During the first two weeks, the Sophs raised two hundred dollars for their scholarship girl. At the end of the second week, they presented their class play, Vanity Fair, a beautiful mixture of poetry, music, folk dancing, and costumes, all composed by members of the class assisted by the physical director, Miss Ovilto Wood, the Class Sponsor, Miss Lera Mae Thackeray, the Vocal director, Miss La Verne Askin. In addition to the class play, they gave the best minstrel show that Baylor-Belton has ever seen.

In the third period on St. Valentine's Evening, the Sophs gave the most brilliant reception of the college year. At the end of the fourth two weeks the Sophs' edition of The United States with the literary supplement appeared. Some of the teachers wondered if the Sophs could really put out such a fine paper. In the last two weeks of the winter term, they headed a series of mass meetings making plans for the spring term's work, and getting together on yells and songs.

During the first four weeks of the new term, every Sophomore spent all her energies and ingenuity to money-making for the class. (They'll be Juniors next year, you know.) All

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