

## CASUALLY SPEAKING

Many years ago a great Scotch poet pointed out the advantages of seeing ourselves as others see us. This year the A. and M. Casuals have a very good chance to see themselves from the viewpoint of others and to hear about themselves as well. The mirror as held up for us by the cadet corps does not reflect a very flattering image on the whole, but at least we know our defects and that does some good.

The concensus of the opinions freely and sometimes profanely expressed by Pershing's understudies at this institution, brings out the startling fact that we are the greatest budy of gold-brickers, reveille-shunners, sons of rest, exponents of the noble art of bunk fatigue, hoboes, tramps, I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviki, and pure, honest-to-goodness down-right loafers in captivity.

Although we cannot say that we quite agree with our friends and well-wishers, still we think that such a noted society as ours ought to be maintained up to its highest standards as a curiosity, if nothing better. It is a very great distinction to be able to say that one belongs to such a collection of choice individuals, to say the least of the pleasures to be derived from the privileges extended to the organization as a whole.

In our defense we can say that the requirements for admission to this noble Band of Dalliance are as strict as those of the cadet corps. Anyone able to distinguish call to quarters from pay call, or recall from assembly, anyone who feels a severe muscular contraction of the right arm when passing an Army officer, or anyone who has ever used military hairbrushes, is not one of us. In fact, anyone showing the slightest sign of militarism is not capable of holding down a berth in the Royal Order of Casuals.

Right here we wish to express our commiseration for those dapper youths who are so lucky as to be able to officiate in the early morning calisthenics exercises. We are sorry that our rising hours prohibit observing these and also numerous other privileges which we are told are very healthful and invigorating, and which develop self control, co-ordination and self-esteem, to say nothing of manly grace and a military carriage, whatever that be. Our sidea of a military carriage is a caisson, a buckboard or an escort wagon, but of course we are not supposed to know anything about such matters.

From our observations, we have seen quite a few of our number who still retain their characteristic gait, and we often have to remind ourselves that there are no cotton rows on the Military Walk when we see some veteran of the Safe-At-The-College war circulate past, head up, chin out, arms swinging like a negro minstrel performer and abdominal muscles trying to stimulate a corset-like shape.

Were it not for the interest taken by the Casuals in the noble and nearly lost art of horizontal engineering, that science would be as extinct as the dodo in this institution. We must pause here to pat ourselves on the back for preserving such an art, which will be so useful to posterity. Surprising and sensational results have been obtained from recent laboratory experiments made at a great sacrifice of time and labor, and we expect soon to publish the results in book form so that the

world may know the secrets of long life and tranquility.

We have suffered the loss of several of our members, but as they seemed to be a type of heretic, we must be content. Maybe they got what they were looking for and maybe they didn't. Those wayward ones who mistook the Cavalry for a snap and hastened to join it in hopes it would be a close second to the Casual Company were probably disappointed and certainly lead astray. Since then, however, we can boast of 100 per cent loyalty, for the rest of our members realize that the best place is home sweet home, where one may rest undisturbed as long as he desires without any evil influences or any demoralizing outside effects. To say the least, the privilege of cussing the bugler to your heart's content is worth the price of admission alone. In my opinion, the faculty ought to charge admission to the Casual Company, as it will be a very popular organization after this year. Most of our august body this year are casuals by virtue of service, (in the Y. M. C. A. Replacement Battalions, Jewishmaster Corps, and elsewhere), but we predict that the number claiming exemption next year will increase to such an extent that several other dormitories will be needed to house our most honorable body of gold-brickers and horizontal engineers.

While we are making suggestions, we might say that as so much honor and social distinction goes with our organization, it would not be a bad idea to provide us with a social secretary or probably a couple of them. It is a shame the Cadet Corps cannot be as popular with the ladies as we are, and as they may feel neglected, we will provide amusement for them at least once a year to kill the pangs of homesickness.

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## "T's" FOR MEAL-HOUNDS

There is a rumor being spread broad-cast that "T's" will be awarded to several of the students at A. and M. in recognition and in honor of their abilities to store away "chow". It is not known yet who is going to award the "T's", maybe the Athletic Council, maybe Coach Bible or Coach Driver, maybe even Prexy himself. However, we think the awarding ought to be done by Mr. Sbisa. It is such a great advertisement for his wholesome and appetizing food.

And just think, some of the fellows even "Gripe" about the food they get to eat. If one would only come into either of the Mess Halls at any meal hour and watch the performances of any of the expert sword swallows—watch the dishes being rapidly emptied—watch the waiters as they hasten to the kitchen with empty dishes and return with full ones, only to have to repeat the action with never a breathing spell, one would nevermore "Gripe", and one would joyfully vote "yea" instead of "Nay" with regard to awarding "T's" to meal-hounds.

Note the expression "If one would watch these things." That is just the trouble. Each one is too busy getting his neck just as close as possible to his own plate and consuming as much food as possible, to pay any attention to his fellow chow-consumers in action. Why, if a man were to stand at one end of the Mess Hall and fire a pistol two inches above the shoulders of the man directly in front of him, the bullet would go clear to the opposite wall,

and never touch a mans head, the men are that concentrated upon filling the empty chasm above their belt line. That good old saying, "Pull in your neck," seems to have no place in Sbisa's Mess Halls.

But as we started out to say, there is a rumor that "T's" will be awarded to several meal-hounds in this College. God pity the poor judges! There will be keen competition. Andd from the looks now, it would seem that only those men on the training tables do not deserve them, and they would, if they were eligible.

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## THE GRIPER'S CLUB

Fish Take Notice:

Another chance to get into the limelight! Another chance to become in time one of the "Big" men of the College. Don't join the Debating Club or go out for athletic teams where previous experience and hard work count more than anything. Here's your chance to become one of the "big" men with absolutely no effort on your part. No previous experience required. Just join and the rest will come natural to you. Join the Griper's Club—absolutely the latest thing at this College, and it's bound to grow. Get in now and grow up with the institution. Of course, the Seniors will be



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the Chief Gripers, as they have been here the longest, and consequently have the most experience. But just think how you will develop, if you take them as a model of what to do, and take the Sophs as a model of what not to do. Freshmen, can you not see on what an exalted plane you will soon be, if you will just use the Sophs as an example of "What not to do to Succeed?" Come on out to the next performance of the club and listen to this discussion by A. Soph: "I object to living on a steady diet of sawdust and shavings even though I am a blockhead." You will see from this that this is your long looked for opportunity to eventually achieve distinction in College. Then come ont and work for the little wooden hammer which is to be awarded to all distinguished gripers, and which will soon over-rate a mere "T".

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