

FISH HEAVEN

I had an awful dream the other night, it really was too good to be true. I dreamed that I had visited old A. and M. College in the year 1920 and there I saw my fellow classmates acting in authority as Seniors. Prexy had called us together and asked us for advice which we wisely gave him. We gave him permission to allow the Sophomores to hold their annual banquet and the Juniors to catch the Sophomore toastmaster. However, these conditions were made: If the Juniors failed to catch the toastmaster the Fish could chase them to the wild and woolly swamps surrounding the Campus, but if the Juniors acught the toastmaster, the Sophs would be run off while the Fish enjoyed the feast they had prepared. The Seniors were to hold the sack as if they were snipe hunting until the toastmaster was chased into it.

Prexy asked the presiding officers to, be more lenient and not to rule so harshly but the Fish held their ground. The order was read out in the Mess Hall on the morning of March 22, by Fish Wall Nut, Kernel.

Then I saw the results of the clash between the Juniors and the Sophomores, and, believe me when I say it, it was a sight never to be seen on the Campus again. On looking over towards Milner Hall I saw the Seniors ganged up like a bunch of sheep and holding the sacks. The Juniors chased the toastmaster into the sack with all the grace and awkwardness of a soph clapping in on a Fish at the Thanksgiving Hop. As I have said, the Juniors chased the toastmaster into the sack but lo, and behold, the sack had a large hole in it and he escaped. The Fish immediately offered a reward of 1000 licks for his return, dead or alive, but it was of no avail. As the Fish had been beaten out of the feed they had expected, they wrought their vengeance upon the unlucky Juniors. I heard the Juniors howling for mercy until far into the morning. After this night peace reigned supreme on the Campus until the night the Fish, Veterans of the Lost Cause, held their annual festivities. All the angels appeared from the heavens and danced with light hearts to the music rendered by Venus.

After these festivities were over, I saw my beloved "Fish-mates" wielding the wicked hickory upon the carcasses of the Sophs. This was to keep them fit for the vacation. Also I saw my friends leaving with looks of sorrow for they knew that they would have to take the places of the upper-classmen the following year.

'23

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Prexy leading the grand march at the R. V.?

A. and M. losing the Southwestern Championship?

Mr. Miller securing a snappy entertainment for our amusement?

Mr. Pratt shooting craps with Charley?

Casey selling cakes for a nickel?

The Profs forgetting about the last monthly exams?

Sbisa accidentally feeding us an extra piece of cash?

"Catfish" in the graduating class?

Putting one over on General Love?

Wrinkles playing any position besides sideline coach?

Felming Moore getting married to his "ideal"?

Lowery Hall across the Military Walk from Leggett?

A Fish with Senior privileges?

Prof. Gunter misspelling a word?

The College furnishing our rooms with electric fans?

Our hydrants giving 4 per cent beer?

A student going to class with his lesson prepared?

The S. O. R.'s getting up for reveille exercises?

It raining on drill day?

Something worth while at the end of the Bryan-College car line?

Mr. Brackett losing his speech?

"Catfish" in a girl's school?

Prexy in a track suit?

Napkins and finger bowls at Sbisa's?

An upper classman Sunday School formation?

A Fish staying on the Campus the night of the Junior Banquet?

"Catfish" asking the blessing at Sbisa's?

'23

HERE'S TO OLD A. AND M.

Here's to old A. and M., here's to her name,

Here's to her flag, long may it wave,

Here's to her colors, dark red and white,

Here's to her courage, though hard the fight.

Old friends must part boys, old friendships wane,

But Queen of our hearts boys, long may she reign,

Bright star to guide us, through out the years,

Here's to old A. and M., three rousing cheers.

Here's to old A. and M., here's to her name,

Here's to her teams, that have gone down to fame,

Here's to the old school, we are her boys,

Here's to old A. and M., her sorrows and joys.

We must depart, boys, each on his way,

But A. and M. will stand boys, she'll stand for aye,

Bright star to guide us, throughout the years

Here's to old A. and M., three rousing cheers.

'23

THE SENIOR PLAY.

The Senior Play, "Strongheart", a production in four acts written by Cecill de Mille and put on by Mr. Brackett, famous producer of Kitty, will be given on May 21 in Bryan. This promises to be a greater success than "The Fortune Hunter" which was declared by expert critics as superior to anything every before witnessed by them.

The scenery is much more expensive than that of last year's, and is being designed by W. H. Fowler assisted by P. C. Franke, Naschke and other rare artists.

The scene of the play is Columbia University, where the audience is given a thrilling exhibition of college life in the great eastern universities; full of college atmosphere, college pranks, suppers, social gaiety with the intermingling evils of betting and gambling. It is a thrilling heart tragedy, and a gripping race problem that will hold the audience in perplexity between tears and laughter throughout a hundred minutes of kaleidoscopic situations of powerful actions.

The play involves comedy which is put across by one of the cleverest



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teams of comedy actors that ever walked the boards. Miss Lovell who was leading lady in Fortune Hunter and whose phenomenal successes in Kitty won more than local fame will play the leading part opposity Mr. Kennard, one of our gifted seniors who is playing in one of the main leads.

The other leading parts are to be played by Dudley Moore as Dick, Scott Alexander as Buckley, and E. S. Wilson as "Nash." This is a ring of strong actors which is hard to beat.

The young ladies, noted for their beauty and ability who have consented to appear in the play are Miss Neville Higgs, Miss Lois Bethea, and Miss Jesse Kate Lyons. The Columbia football team is coached by "Cat-

fish" Goodman, who also directs the yells. This team may be seen in training down at Sbisa Hall along with its coach. According to "Catfish" anyone desiring dates with the members of this team will inquire at stage door immediately after the play.

'23

Soph: Where can I find Fish "Squirrel?"

Fish: Go up on the fourth stoop and talk nutty.

DR. A. BENBOW
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