

gon, Riggs, Mims, Weir.

120 yard high hurdles—Frazier Denny.

220 yard low hurdles—Frazier, Denny.

High jump—Barmore.

Broad Jump—Steele, Weir.

Pole vault—Barmore, Denny.

Shot put—Keen, Mahan.

Discus throw—Keen, Dinwiddie, Mahan.

Javelin throw — Mahan, Keen, Frazier.

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THE AUAO BIOGRAPHY OF A SLIME

(By A. Fish, B. V. D.)

For the sake of those readers who man not guess it, I am a Freshman—no, a FISH. To be sure a much sadder and wiser man than in the days of long ago. Yes, 'tis a sad story, mates.

I came to this institution of learning with a high school diploma and the somewhat erroneous idea that the world was my apple. Was I not to be a college Freshman—a man of Destiny, with a great and glorious future ahead of he? William the Conqueror had nothing on me. Well, to continue my tale, I left my native village one day last September, after a number of more or less fond farewells. I had boarded a fast limited train on the I. & G. N., so it was only a few hours until we hove into College Station—in the wee small hours. Following the crowd of noisy young men who arrived on the same train, I located the College and found a room in Ross Hotel, on Military St. Turning my toes to the sky and listening to the lazy hum of the mosquitos, I soon drifted into Dreamland. At last



I was a College Man! Ah, the sweet sleep of innocence. Next morning at Sbisa's Cafe I got slightly acquainted with "sky-juice," "cow" "punk," "grease," "regulator," and all of those little things. Judging from the chow we had that morning I drew the conclusion that the cook must have overslept several hours. That day I learned that I was a Fish instead of a Freshman and a bug-hunter instead of an agriculturist. I learned to my surprise that there are no Freshmen at A. and M.; that they all left here in the year One. They are all deep-sea slimes.

I was assigned to a room having a lovely underground or basement view, a set of assorted mice, and a non-lockable transom. Little did I

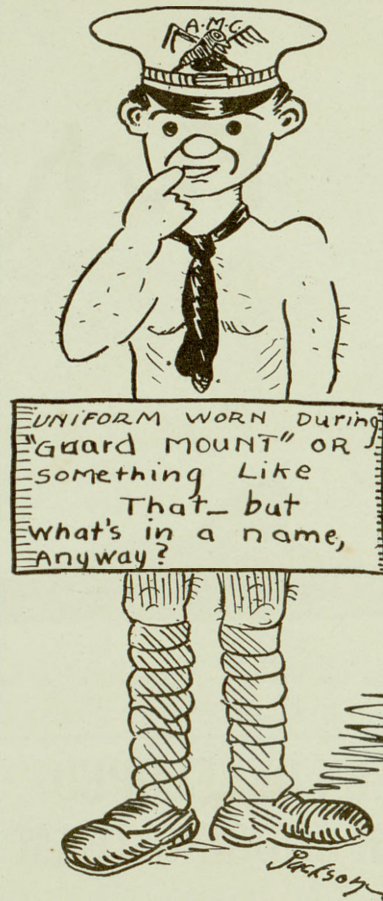
realize the importance of little things like transoms in A. and M. life. Well, that night, I made my acquaintance with the genus Sophomore. I was quite forcibly impressed several times with a due sense of their importance. I received a most cordial invitation to a "bull-pen" that night just about the time I was ready to sit down and write to my girl. Yes, they called it a bull-pen. Now for the benefit of the uninitiated, let me say that a bull-pen is not what you might think it is, but something else. It is an aggregation or congregation of two or more A. and M. men of one or more classes or rank, gathered together for the pur-



pose of educating the Fish present in the mysteries of "How to be a Fish", or for the purpose of discussing from every possible standpoint everything from Greek Philosophy and the Chinese school tax to compulsory chapel and the high cost of Bevo. Well, in this particular bull-pen, we slimes seemed to hold the floor most of the time. Many were the cute little stunts we pulled that night. Yea, verily, I was beginning to see the light—the light that dawns on every good slime about the first night of his Fish career. We all learned a new word that night. Oh, ye gods and fellow citizens, but old Noah Webster overlooked a bet when he left the word "pooch" out of his dictionary. I learned that night too, what an inspiring and uplifting little song is found on the side of a Prince Albert can when sung to the tune of "Home Sweet Home."

Well, the first few nights passed with a number of similar bull-pens and then one night between tattoo and taps, we had a beautiful and artistic little ceremony known as guard mount, or something like that. Anyway, what's in a name? That night I decided to devote my life to writing a book or perhaps a set of books on "The Trials and Tribulations of a Fish."

All this time my military education was not neglected. I learned the manual of the bayonet, and scab-



bard, how to growl, look mean and register an expression of disgust at bayonet drill; learned the meaning of recall and mess call; and after I learned the Fish general orders I was permitted to guard the flagpole occasionally against all civilians, casuals, and enemies whomsoever. I also learned two meanings of the word "military". "Bull-ticks" I learned to adore.

It wasn't long 'till the captain, realizing what a military man I was, gave me a position as his valet and room orderly. Also the first day we went out to drill I made such a good showing that I was advised by one of the sergeants that I should put in my application for corporal—which I did. You know the rest.

Of course it wasn't long until I began to get wise to a few things. One day the top sergeant sent me over to a sergt. in another company to see if he could spare him a little skirmish-line and about a half-pint of reveille oil. This other sergeant said that he had just used the last he had that morning, but that I could probably get some over at F Company. They didn't happen to have any either, but sent me over to Milner Hall to see the Reveille Sergeant. Well, there didn't seem to be any reveille sergeant in Milner Hall so I gave it up as a bad job. By

this time I began to see that something was rotten in Denmark.

About the hardest thing for me to get accustomed to was the table etiquette (-) which prevails in the Mess Hall. It was a long time before I could remember which was "shotgun" and which was "winchester," without stopping and pondering a little while. The first word I learned was CUSH, and it was almost the undoing of me. About the third noon, I completed the first three courses (?) of the meal, and leaning back in my chair, I yelled "Shoot the Cush!" A sudden hush spread over the table and all eyes turned toward me. The Junior on the end of the table looked at me a minute, and then he proceeded to hold a council of war with the other old boys as to what should be done with such a slimy specimen of the finny tribe. The outcome of it all was that I became a different man from that day on. I realized that a Freshman's cush was about as sure and dependable as Texas weather.

Another popular sport of the Mess Hall, I mean popular among the old boys, is the Prune Race. This little ceremony was introduced at A. and M. about the time the first Fish class got to be Sophomores, and will continue as long as the prune tree beareth fruit. We slimes are dealt about eight or ten prunes apiece and at the signal "get set—Go!" the race starts, and it is woe unto the man who finishes last or doesn't finish with the same number of seeds as he had prunes. It's a hienous crime to swallow a seed.

The weeks and months sped by and with the coming of the Christmas holidays the popularity of the Fish increased in inverse proportion to the number of days till Dec 20. Many were the invitations I received to little informal tea parties and things in Soph's rooms, and right merrily did the fish-killers play "Home Sweet Home" and "Merry Xmas". The old boys just couldn't bear to see us leave without telling us good-bye and giving us some little token to remember them by.

After the holidays things were pretty dull until the time for the long looked-for Junior Banquet drew nigh. We had heard numerous blood-curdling tales and hair raising narratives from the Sophomores about what had happened to Fish in previous years on that night of nights. Of course I had no reason to doubt what they told me, and to say that I was a little bit nervous during those days is expressing it somewhat mildly. I felt like I was driving a Ford truck of nitroglycerine over a rough road in the dark of the moon. Every time the Sophs would gather around in little bunches and let out a few war whoops I

