



EXTRACT FROM FISH JAMES  
BUZWELL II'S DIARY.

April 1. Altho it's my holiday the chem. prof. picked on me as usual. He asked me where the Transvael was. I don't know why the whole class laughed when I answered India. I guess they never learned geography. The prof. looked rather sleepy today and never exploded when I told him silver had a valence of five. I guess he must have had a letter from her today, because he kept turning back his book and peeping in; then he'd chuckle and nod his head without hearing a word of my most valuable recitation.

April 3. I know I'm the chem. prof's. pet now. He always starts at the end of the lesson. I always get the first question and give him plenty of information they forget to bring. Today he asked me the formula for acetylamino-bencenesulfonamide. I told him  $H_2O$ , because that's the only formula I've mastered in his course. I guess it wasn't right, because he spent the remainder of the period putting C's and H's on the board and connecting them with lines. I guess he was trying for a map of Texas, but it looked more like Louisiana.

We are using a very excellent text book written by Mr. Smith. We know it's good, because the prof. says so. I don't believe he ever reads it however, because he always gets all red in the face when we ask him any questions out of it. I turned clear to the back of the book today and looked for a compound with big formula. Then I called the name of it and told the prof. my uncle wrote me about it since he had heard that one of the prof's used it to restore falling hairs. I thing my uncle said his name was Prof. Rock. The prof. told me to look it up so I'd remember it.

April 8. I bumped into that other prof. they say's in love. He has a very sad look and spends many hours gazing toward the extension building. I don't see how a lean hungry prof. could get that way. I heard another deep, red secret. O! mother scandal tear out mine eyes if it is not said this same learned man was seen supporting the hand of a fair maiden while awaiting the inter city limited.

They say this fever which comes with the Spring is very bad in the chem. department. It's reported that the little grandma who guards the organic chemicals is now engaged for the nineteenth time. I could not believe such scandal, had I not seen him touring the city of Bryan in the front

seat. She had both hands on the wheel however.

April 9. I went to hear a sleepy chem. lecture today. I was just beginning to snore when I heard the roof going up. I revived in time to see Prof. Brayton rounding the corner of the lecture room in less than 10 flat. I think he must be used to dodging explosions. My heart goes out to the poor man, because he's only been married three years and looks as if he'd been hen-pecked for forty.

April 13. Dad came to visit me today. He put up in the livery stable called Shirley Hotel. He said he saved a life that day. A cock roach nearly drowned in the syrup on the table cloth. Since dad was feeling charitable, he pulled him out by the whiskers. Now he's afraid mother will make him spend the winter in the barn. He gave me a quarter and pledged me to silence in regard to his new acquaintances. I think the Shirley Hotel is the center of the universe. The cock-roach Bible says the Eve cock-roach ate the apple in the Shirley garden. All the grandmothers still remain, but the more active generations have been transported, without railway strikes, to the four corners of this good old, round globe, called the earth.

April 14. I went to chem. lab. as usual. The prof. gave me my fourth unknown. He's fooled me everytime with distilled water and indigo. After I finish my analysis, he always says there were some metals in the water. I go thru the cook book they had us buy, but it doesn't work; so I always guess water. Today I fooled the prof. and gave him a regular menagerie of metals. He said, 'Very good James Buzwell only those are not the right ones.' Then he put a mark where my O usually goes. It read—70. I guess that is just as good as anything, but my average might fall below 0. Dad might not realize how much I'm learning about agriculture.

April 17. I found out how to pass my chem. today without even a D exam. Graves put me next to that member of the fair sex whom they say has a stand in with all the single prof's. I sent her a stick of candy bearin a note, telling her how much I love my prof's. I hear they're going to try a new book in chem. next year. I hope I don't have to add another to my library. Dad says he doesn't know what they do with all the money they 'rake off' on those books every year.

April 21. O! back to nature to seek

the self adjusting engagement ring. It is reported that one of the chem. prof's. has been found with a heart which is Moore Wood than Stone. Last night we held a smut session. The topic of the evening was "How will Robert Sheare get his Mustache trimmed if the barbers raise the price of hair cuts to seventy-five cents?" Prof. Stone's class is presenting him with a bottle of herpicide—sh-sh—they doped it with arsenic—to save him from that going-going-gone feeling. It bears a proviso for the sharing with Scheare to help those carefully counted whiskers with a coming-coming-come feeling.

April 23. O! vile slanderous tongues. They say Prof. Spieth got vamped last week, but just at the Edge of following Prof. Riffenburg nearly suffered a change of heart

when he found a handsome 'Fish' in competition. He's contemplating a job in a woman hater's monastery for next year.

May 8. The wildest rumors are still circulating. The chem. prof. took in the R. V. hop and has worn smoked glasses ever since is said to have only temporarily injured his eyes since the scholarly man was not used to such sights.

May 22. I took the prof. to the picture show before he got the papers graded.

May 23 I FLUNKED. Ready for the battle next year.

'23

CAN THE FRESHMEN SHOOT?

The competitive drill between companies disclosed some interesting facts. The Sophs and Juniors did well, but the Freshmen came out of the contest with a higher percentage of marksmen than any other class. There are forty men competing on the rifle range and fifteen of these are Fish. What percentages does this make when one considers the fact that the Sophs and Juniors have had years of experience?

Fish Walker, Bartholomew, and Murray represented the Fish on the College Gallery Team which shot in the Southern Department Competition of the R. O. T. C. Fish Parke, A. L., held high place in the company competition with a score of 175. The following Freshmen were selected to compete for places on the Range Team: Bartholomew; Bridges, A. J.; Castle, W. S.; Cunningham, J. F.; De Stefano, Dick; Fenstermaker, J. M.; Helzapfel, R. O.; McDonald, H. R.; Murray, W. B.; Newman, L. P.; Park, A. L.; Walker, W. W.; Wilson, E. B.; and White, W. B.

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