

FISH FEATHERS FROM C. I. A.

The Fish of C. I. A. extend greetings and best wishes for a grand finish of this fish year at A. and M. Yea, and even more, a brilliant future during the next year, your Soph year and ours.

The Staff of the Freshman "Bat" has asked for articles from the pens of some freshwomen of this, our College of Innocent Angels, otherwise known as "No Man's Land." And the latter title is no hyperbolic figure. It conveys the infallible truth in regard to the voidness of men, as readily as the long-lamented, but ever-existing, "Old Maid's Ball." Yet all this might have been different had our forefathers dating back eighteen years ago the same point of view regarding the location of C. I. A. as we ourselves now hold. It would have thrilled everyone of you khaki clad lads to the she strings if only you could have been present at a recent College Assembly. There was a distinguished speaker for the occasion, and by way of introducing him, a few of the facts about the phenomenal growth of our College were presented.

The speakers voice echoed distinctly throughout the hall. "And", said he, "There were fourteen sites for the location of the College of Industrial Arts considered." As the last words of his sentence was uttered a groan of baffled desires and despair rose from the throats of the fourteen hundred. "And among those earnestly considered was Bryan." Nthaniel said it: "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: it might have been."

A. and M., we simply can't leave you out. You are ever present in the minds of all of us. The Sophs, in their annual Majestic stunt, pulled a good one on you. It was enjoyed too—although it was at your expense. An old negro woman was speaking, "Yassuh," she said, "I'se got two chil-luns, Yassuh. What's dey names? Oh dey got puty names. Oh! what is dey? W'y one's a gal and her's is Mirandy Mellissa Mandy.

T'other's a boy and his'n is Adolphus Achitophel Albert. Yassuh, dey is pow'ful long. What does I call 'em fo ev'day? W'y suh, I sez, sez I, 'Come heah A. an M.'

Oh well, what's the use? "You know what I mean." Here it all is a few concise (?) words.

Here's to you and your folks from me and my folks

For if you and your folks like me and my folks

Like me and my folks like you and your folks

Then there never will be folks as long as folks are folks

That liked any folks, like you and your folks

And me and my folks.

'23

RE-VERSE BLUES.

I took her to the station
And pretended to be gay
Though she was going to the R.V.
And I had to stay away.

Oh, drat those old demerits, (irony of fate!). The giver thereof chaperoned us to the station and I couldn't tell Claire what to tell him. And Claire was happy and smiling and I had to smile—my pride made me—when I wanted to cry. And then the train pulled out with the girls waiving good-bye and the passengers smiling in sympathy. A sob was wrung from my saddened heart. Oh,



MISS DANA GLASS FAIRCHILD
President of the Freshman Class, C. I. A.

If all C. I. A. Freshmen have as much pep and initiative as their president, whose picture graces this page of our Battalion, they are young ladies demanding our highest respect and admiration to say nothing of our brotherly (?) love and affection. From time immemorial or since the creation of C. I. A., we have had much in common, and the present Freshman Class desires above all things to continue this mutual interest until death do we part. We are sorry that we are not per-

sonally acquainted with Miss Fairchild, as well as with all other members of C. I. A.'s Class of '23. We are sorry that we do not know more about our friend. We would like to be able to tell our readers something of her charming personality. Our entire class wishes to thank Miss Fairchild for her interest and cooperation in the publishing of this our issue of The Battalion as demonstrated by the material that appears on this page. We extend our best wishes to Miss Fairchild and her class.

death where is thy sting? And I turned in the direction of C. I. A. and another demerited derelict on the sea of sorrow grabbed me by the arm and we stumbled along together and neither of us could see the way. And then I wished I were with my brand new organdy instead of Claire's being with it. I got back to the dormitory and thought. I thought of the agony of sending that last telegram to him telling him I couldn't come, but most of the time I just thought of him. And I saw him promenading with some pretty girl (how I hate her!) and I saw her in his arms in some dreamy, rhythmical waltz and I swooned and wished I was dead. And this continued for three days—three eternities of excruciating pain and martyrdom—and I couldn't even eat, which made me grow wan, and thin and ethereal, which made me want to be at A. and M. all the more.

And then—Claire came back. Claire told me all about it, and he was with some pretty girl and I wished I was dead again. And she hasn't quit telling yet, and my pillow is mildewed from my salty tears—which I hope won't be discovered till after June 1. But he wrote, in answer to my

cheerful missive, that he didn't care a hoot for beautiful girls—he preferred me every time. I'm blue and doubtful and I'm going to wait next year until after the R. V. to wear non-uniform uniform, and get demerited and campussed, woe is me.

'23

THE TALE OF THE FISH.

The Freshmen, fresh from the fields of fads, foibles, and flirtations, entered the College of Industrial Arts with a firm step, sober heart, and expectant eye on September 17, 1919. Our life after our entrance can be thus well rendered:

I. Matriculation.
II. Club Initiations.

III. Our remodeling begun by Juniors, Seniors, Sophomores and Preps.

IV. Our rejuvenation completed by means of chapel talks, mass meetings, and demerits.

The exceptional qualities of the Freshmen were first demonstrated in their "Negro Minstrel Show" which was declared by the students of the College to have been one of the best ever seen. The versatile toes and vaudeville voices of several of our Deep-sea-Fish did much in delineating

those jolly old negro characters who once shinily starred in our now almost extinct "Southern Minstrel."

Our triumphs in the athletic field consist in the winning of the Basket Ball and tennis championships. Baseball is as yet neutral. Our prowess as bootblacks was mighty. We rolled up our sleeves in December and applied the brush and Shinola. Even the stubbed shoes of the ditch-digger came in for their share. There was a motive behind that brush that made it an all powerful instrument; we wanted to and we did send our class Representatives to the Des Moines Convention.

A finer Freshman class (with all due respect to its Brother class) than this one has never come from the hands of its MAKERS. Some of us have even now begun to receive the honors which are going to be heaped upon us in the future. Rare and worthwhile talents have been discovered: Artistic, Literary, Executive, Social and otherwise. Even Crushes came into being. Surely we are not encroaching upon the antique privileges of the ancient prophets when we say that this class and its Over-alled Brother Class are going to contribute wondrously to the world's good. Some of us will be:

C. I. A.

1. Society Belles.
2. Dignitaries of A. and M. and C. I. A.
3. Cultured Boot-blacks.
4. Female Paderewskis.
5. Cooks of the Nth degree.

A. and M.

1. Cynical Lounge Lizards.
2. Professors of Pretentious Philosophy.
3. All round Farmers.
4. Engineers in the fields of electricity and society.

And some Hamburger Vendors.

Yea!

'23

FISH PHILONDERINGS.

I'm just an humble little Fish; I don't pretend to much. I get my lemons handed me regularly and I don't need to worry. Most of these sharks around here are all the time baitin' me up and temptin' me to nibble at everything that floats by—most of the time I do—but I'm not afraid to get caught—I know I'm too green to fry. So I just lie content down here where the still waters run deep and try to see all I can.

I guess I must live in the River Styx for there are so many of this Collection of Innocent Angels on the one side, and such Awful Monsters on the other. But you know the funniest thing about that is the way they try to get together. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but I've even seen with my own fishy little eyes, some of those Awfuls up here among the Innocents, and once, not so very far back up this stream of Time, they had one of those impish celebrations over among the Monsters after they had captured some Angels—they had a hop—and the Angels joined in!

Oh, yes! I see lots of things with my little fishy eyes. I've even seen a burning note passed across the bridge that separates the two. I was kind of worried at first—about the bridge catching, you know—but it seems that that was a different kind of fire consuming that red-and-blue stamped letter. I've seen those awful monsters that get away with so much on a track field and never tremble,

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