

STRANGE TO SAY

Dr. Bizzell's attention has been turned of late, to a study of industrial problems and labor unions.

T. C. U. outplayed the Praying Colonels the first quarter last Saturday, but, unfortunately, played the last three quarters against the praying Colonels.

And a Merry Christmas was had by all. Too bad that "Chick" Evans had to spend New Year's Day on the train but you know classes were resumed last Monday.

California State clearly displayed last Saturday that she has next to the best football team west of the Brazos when she "laid" Ohio State down with a "goose-egg."

A STORY—C?

The scene opens in the great out-rooms as the hero named Sherrill rides up on his trusty steed and dismounts Under(a)wood to Reid.

(Scene two has no bearing on the story but shows our hero as the dreamer he is.)

The hero is dreaming of his Foster brother who had been lost in the woods but had been found by a Miller. He also dreams of how he used to drink Casa-Day of Ginn and how Hardy a Cooper his father had been before his wife used to P(a)e'er Son.

(The third scene is the most thrilling.) The villain says to himself, Howell we kill her unless we P(O)lger full 'o bullets.

He then goes toward the main building and sees the heroine snatched up by the dastardly villain. He gives fight and the miscreants retreat faster than a Gatlin could shoot.

(Note: All blackface type indicates the name of a man in Co. C., infantry.)

FISH QUEER.

AFTER DINNER OBSERVATIONS.

Well, anyhow, we are assured that when our sons come to A. and M. they won't have any trouble working their way thru school, since there will be always plenty of work in cleaning up the mess left by the burnt down M. E. Shops.

The height of our ambition is to read a letter from our oldest boy in which he states that he climbed up the water tower and painted a great big glorious 44 all over the thing.

Tomorrow will be the first day in the history of A. and M. that two hundred and fifty students will each have fifty dollars in their pockets; and it's a shame that you won't be able to say the same thing on Monday.

Far be it from us to be knocking the Air Service, but we really believe that they are serving us enough of it already—and hot at that.

Customer: "Bowl of oyster soup, two scrambled eggs, coffee and brown bread."

Ex-S. A. T. C. waiter: "Marines in the mud, two squads, deploy 'em, cup of reveille and colored shock troops!"

BULLETIN BOARD

A Company Paragraphs.

"Top-Kick" Carruthers had a birthday the other day and celebrated the event in Bryan. Ever since the Y banquet he's been finding some excuse to go to Bryan every night or so.

It has been rumored that Sgt. "Duck" Styles borrowed Sgt. Rea's R. V. cap to have his picture made in "Duck," we wondered what made the picture look so "military-like."

A certain sergeant in this organization escorted a very handsome "he-woman" to the lyceum the other night. We congratulate you "Sarg," for your shrewdness, also for your feminine taste.

WANTED—One "Human Maxim-Silencer" for Sgt. Wendt. He makes so much noise at drill we can't hear the captain's commands.

Don't worry "Fishes", you needn't write Santa any letter. You'll get just lots and lots of presents even before Christmas.

Troop B Notes. The Squadron football team is lining up and it's going to take a good outfit to tame the troopers.

The weekly "Round-Up" took place Saturday night. The "equipment" race was pulled off in record time. In wrestling, Slime Willig was sensational and he threw the noted Omsler by his famous Japanese toe-hold.

When we canvassed the Company in an effort to find someone who had some ideas that could be developed into news items for The Battalion, Fred Wilson said, "Tell them that I am going home Saturday."

Davis tells us that the only two jokes in the company are the two who room with him, Tippet and Crane.

Thompson and Forsythe to visit the Border. In the near future these two daring characters will depart for the wild and woolly land of Mexican bandits.

All the old men are rejoicing over the fact that their old top-kick of last year is with them now as 1st Lieutenant. T. B. stands ace high with E Company and the other companies had better look out for the flag for they are sure after it.

"Hoot-Hoot" Hallmark says that he dreamed that he was moving in his sleep the other night and woke up in the middle of the drill field. We think that this calls for an explanation.

"Dang-Berry," "Wang Wootus," "Craps," "Peaberry," "Dang Pootus," "Bootlegger," "Jimmie," "Moonshiner," "White Lightning," "Pootus" Deberry says that he will publish his new book "The Latest and Most Improved Methods of Making and Selling Moonshine," during the Christmas holidays.

"Jew" Miller, the well known profiteer of Bizzell, states that he expects to have the rubber market cornered within the next six weeks.

"Barnyard" Henderson has submitted a petition to the dietitian at the Mess Hall requesting that sausage be served at least twice a day.

The Chronic Bull Pen, 151 Bizzell, will open at 6:30 p. m. in the future instead of 6:15 as has been the custom lately. This delay is due to the fact that the meal hounds say they must have more time at the Mess Hall.

The Married Men's Club met and elected their officers for the year of 1921 last Thursday night. Hotcake Brown was unanimously elected president, Maggie McGee was elected vice-president and "Corporal Grover" was elected secretary-treasurer.

to defray this noted lecturer's expenses.

"Iron Willie," the great man of E Company will give an exhibition of the strength of iron as compared to concrete.

Last Saturday evening the entire company were the guests of Soph Dickson for a wonderful roof party given at the new Hotel Bizzell Roof Garden.

Everyone proclaimed the evening great and bid their host a cold night and cleared out just as the first notes of Taps sounded. Young Dickson remained on the roof and ate the rest of the soup until he was called away by his captain who found the lost key to the garden—namely, a 20 foot rope well tied.

Company F Notes.

Before this issue of The Battalion comes from the press, the first inter-battalion football game will have been played and won. It is between the Cavalry and the 3rd Battalion.

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We hate to print this, but it is something that ought not to be kept from the public. The following letter was sent to the Midnight Mail on the night of Wednesday, the 15th: "Dear Dad: Due to the fact that Prexy or someone changed his mind, holidays begin on Saturday instead of on Wednesday."

THE KISS

"But"— "No." "Just"— "No." "Once"— "No." "Please"— "No."

"A Tuscaloosa girl is suing her employer for \$5,000 damages on account of a most peculiar accident which occurred in the home where she is employed as a domestic."

It is rumored that J. Hadley Edgar failed to receive a letter from his girl this week. We extend our sympathy to him, not that we know how it feels to be in this fix, but because we might be in such a fix someday and need sympathy ourselves.

Company C Notes.

The flag, its silken folds, does fling, Flag of the state we love so well; No room is there for the ne'er do well, No room for the one who will not sing Of Company "C", Pride of the Campus, again to be.

Even "fish" are proud of the record made, Proud of the men who did so fine, Proud of the long unbroken line That won the last hard parade. And you shall see, We'll win again, will Company "C".

We had the best drilled men of all, And for their work we won the flag; In work or play we never lag, Our record and our glory have no pall. We'll always be The same old honor Company "C".

Other companies drilled very well; They did their best but that was all, They played the game, we "held the ball." Such was their luck, but, "Oh, Hell!" Old Company "C" Can't be beaten by any company. That time is gone, this time is here,

We'll fight for the flag again. We'll fight for the flag and win, Not only now but again each year. That flag shall be The permanent property of Company "C".

You should oughta seen 'em pulling Ogle's chin whiskers out with a pair of pliers down in the C.E. Lab the other day.

WRESTLING MATCH

Bill Schober, America's World Champion, Failed to Throw Leon Smith, Champion of A. and M. College

Thursday night in a wrestling match between Billy Schober, America's World Middle Weight Champion, and Leon Smith, champion of A. and M. College, at the Woodman Hall, Schober failed to throw Smith twice in thirty minutes, or to be exact, he failed to throw him once in thirty minutes.

Smith is one of our home boys, being a mail clerk on the Santa Fe railroad, and his many friends here did not know he was a good wrestler as he proved himself to be last night. They had only seen him in one match before and that was with Oscar Burnett of Henderson, in which there wasn't a fall in twenty-five minutes.

Mr. Schober came from El Paso to Wichita Falls and from that city to Longview and caught cold on the long trip and said that he was not feeling well as he had a very severe headache, but would try to work it off during the evening's entertainment.

Before the main bout several very clever and interesting preliminary matches were engaged in between the boys here. One boxing match was staged between two lads of about ten summers. These little fellows showed that they had the "makings" of boxers in their systems, as they gave and took blows freely.

The evening's entertainment proved to be very interesting for all who attended and no doubt a much larger crowd will witness the next bout that is held here.

Mr. Schober left today for his home in Chicago, but said that he hoped to visit our city again in the future and have another match here. —Longview Clarion.

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WACO NEWS!

The uniting in marriage of Mr. E. B. Fason and Miss Dorothy Deaton came as a surprise to everyone but we wonder why it turned out to be a joke after they had all of us believing it was true.

A few doses 666 break a cold.

A COLLEGE SONG.

In the Christmas issue of The Battalion a suggestion was made that A. and M. have a mascot and "Wildcat" was appropriately mentioned. The need of this College for an Alma Mater song was mentioned. It is high time that we bestirred ourselves in this opportunity. The following is submitted as a battle song for A. and M. The tune is march time. Reynaud can play it for you. How about this? Aggies forward march to victory, Aggies lead the way, Aggies forward march to victory, This is the WILDCAT'S day, RAY! (Yell the word Ray). Aggies forward march to victory, Fight with brain and brawn, We'll leave old T. U. lying in the dust, As we go marching on.

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