



THE BATTALION POWDER PUFF



Published Weekly by the Students of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

VOL. XXIX.

COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS MARCH 11, 1921.

NUMBER 23

DEAN ANNOUNCES CO-ED COURSES AT A. & M. COLLEGE

375 1-2 Girls at A. and M., All Reports to the Contrary; Referred to Dean for Detail.

By official count there are on the A. and M. Campus exactly 375 1-2 girls. On every hand they are to be seen, especially when classes change and when the mail is being assorted. We think perhaps the frequency with which the Mail Hounds frequent the limited space around the Faculty Exchange is partially, at least, due to the repeated assaults which our fair (?) Three Hundred make upon the post office. Judging from the number of trips made daily by these maids one would surmise that the mail was distributed at least twenty-five times per.

But back to the Co-Eds. Aggies will put theirs up as being the most industrious in the wide, wide world. They can chew gum with most remarkable rapidity. They can dance seven nights in the week and look as fresh and beautiful as Aurora Borealis. They can make the double length of the Military Walk just seventeen times during the noon hour. With astonishing farsighted policy they can keep an unlimited number of cadets on the string—not all on the said string are necessarily Fish.

The principal courses in the curricula of the A. and M. Co-Eds are: Esthetic Gum Chewing, (U. Smack-em, head of department).

Modern Methods of Warfare, (A course in Baby Talk, Spit-Curls, Deb Stare).

Private Speaking, (Paul Whisper Drummett, A. D., B. C., head of Department).

Automatic Chauffering, (Shorty Sherrill, M. S. R. Y., head of Department).

Fine Arts, (This course includes proper application of the lip stick, powder puff, and painting in general).
plant to cultivate of the above course fully stimulating. D. (Professional mirrors be conferred, with robes and ceremony.

Particulars address, THE DEAN, College Station, Texas.

MY OPINIONS OF A. AND M. C.

I have entertained my varied opinions since I first knew of A. and M. College. When I was a very little girl, I thought that A. and M. was a college where boys went to learn how to be better farmers, and how to make and use machinery. Several years later, I decided that all A. and M. boys did was to go from place to place and play football. It was not until I entered college, and began receiving the weekly Battalion that I changed my mind again.

Now, I think of A. and M. as a college where real men are graduated I think of them as being developed in mind as well as in body. But I did not get this point of view until I read "With the Old Timers". In what I saw that A. and M. boys immediately on graduation took positions of responsibility and prominence. I saw where A. and M.'s prominent athletes were holding high positions as contractors and engineers both at home and abroad. I met several successful farmers who were A. and M. alumni. All this showed me that they played the game of life equally as well as the game on the gridiron.

QUEENIE'S QUESTIONNAIRE ON SELECTED SENIORS.

Did you know that Denny and Pete are rabbit hunters par excellence? Cop Forsythe is very unsuccessful at the same game? "Doug" Thomas is in favor of marriages to the extent of financing them? "Hound" Murphree's future should be a cook of quality and quantity, mostly quantity? Bill Frame resembles a character doll but a live one? Wagstaff declined to be married off? Hatley is called "Baby Boy"? "Squirrel" Denning is called "Papa"? Doubting this you have my permission to question those concerned.

—Kaveda.

POLITICS MEET WITH DISFAVOR

No West Texas A. and M. Desired By Young Ladies of Bryan and Vicinity.

By far the greatest political issue which has come before the State Legislature according to the thinking of Bryan girls, is the question of a West Texas A. and M. To be or not to be—that's the question those goggle eyed ward politicians are whetting away at. To many citizens of the State, the question is one of little interest, but to the young ladies in a radius of five or ten miles of the campus, it is most pressing.

Why in the world do they insist on this West Texas propaganda, anyway? Think of how we will miss from the ranks of our uniformed (also uninformed) admirers those wide sombreras and clinking spurs of western origin. From the ranks of our Aggie Fish will be gone the champion broomstick equestrians. The Cavalry will lose its choicest broncho busters. From the social calendar of our erstwhile merry springtime will be gone the West Texas Club Banquet with its "plain" atmosphere.

When West Texas boys stay at home to attend a West Texas A. and M., our moonlight nights will no longer ring with the silver-tongued serenaders with their cowboy songs. Our moonlight nights will then be still—while the westerners are in moonlight stills. With Senator Parr as president, the rank and file of our West Texas students will bow before booted and spurred West Texas girls.

In other words, we're agin' a West Texas A. and M. In fact, we're ready to put up a bonus to keep those West Texas cadets at College Station.

Their handshake's a little stronger, their hair's a little blonder, their ways a little fonder.

We're for one A. and M., now, henceforth, and forever. And when it's moved from College Station, we have our plans to fold our tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal along with you.

A BRYAN CO-ED.

WE WONDER WHY?

1. There is so much agitation about short skirts? We like them.
2. A. and M. doesn't have a glee club to make us a-visit?
3. Boys don't use more brillantine?
4. Men think we've lost our appetites?
5. Austin College doesn't live up to its name?
6. Why don't all become man-haters and suffragettes? —K. K. Kellogge.

BY THEIR DECLARATIONS YE SHALL KNOW THEM!

"I love the light in your eyes!" —E. E.
"In my sight you are perfect!" —C. E.
"I cannot analyze my love for you!" —Ch. E.
"I'm just a tool in your hands!" —M. E.
"Around you I'm weaving my dreams!" —T. E.
"For you alone I have made these plans!" —Arch.
"You are like unto a beautiful butterfly!" —Bughunter. —Kaveda.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

KIDD-KEY has seemingly a mania for bobbed-hair which DOESN'T

end all of the shortness of fashion round here. We LIKE two shakes—no hairnet—Hurrah for BOBBED-HAIR!

A LADY MUSTANG TO TO CUE-BALL'S PRIDE

Big little, bad little, brown little worm Tell me for goodness sake—what makes you squirm?

Why do you wiggle your head around so? Tell me, old worm, do you really know?

There now, you dear little fortunate worm, All you can do is to wiggle and squirm; Mortals must study and suffer and strive, While all you need to do is to just be alive.

—Annajane.



ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR 1921 SUMMER SESSION CO-EDS

Coach Bible and Major Warden On Instructional Staff; Vamping, Walking, Talking, Etc.

The Summer School Bulletin are now off the press and may be obtained for fifteen cents by calling at the Less Change Store.

The course which bids fair to attract widest attention is the course to be given by Professor Bible entitled "First Steps in Vamping." This course carries three discredit hours and is required of all Heads of Departments and is an elective in all courses and departments.

Major Warden will be in charge of the Department of Military Walks and Talks. Classes will be held each evening when Luna is out as this was thought the most appropriate time for the loons to be out. Major Warden has had considerable experience in moonlight porchtivities as last summer's Co-Eds can testify. This course carries no theoretical credit but requires diligent practice.

A course that is attracting more or less, mostly less, attention is the course Meet-her-ology. Star-gazing will be stressed in this course, and the accompanying arts will be given dew notice. The stellar Co-Eds of Summer School will shine in this particular course.

"T" CLUB SECRETS.

The following is an exact copy of a "night letter" received by a member of our "T" Club, and a certain slimy Fish. It was composed and sent by two Texas University girls, whom these two A. and M. boys fondly claim as "private property." Judge for yourself: Austin, Texas, Feb. 6.

Mr. _____ Hall, College Station, Texas. Dearest M— and S—: Have just moved into our new home, ten four east ninety first. Landlady advocates out-of-town visitors. Large fireplace, big chairs, dark corners, Divans, porches, swings. Everything settin' Jake. When shall we expect you?

H— and L—. Now, we ask, would you go? Well, M— and S— have just returned!

ALIMONY

I came, I saw, I pressed her hand! I begged her for a kiss. She blushed, looked down, I stole the prize; It was a dream of bilks.

I've wakened from my dream since then, That kiss has cost me dear; I'm paying alimony now For it, twelve times a year!

MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION FORMED BY GIRLS

Will Make Adjustments Between Local and Home Girls and Love Affairs.

For the benefit of Bryan girls and the "girl he left behind him", a bureau of information has been formed. This bureau will keep a dis-card index list of A. and M. cadets and will strive to show no partiality whatever in the dissemination of information. For the benefit of the girl at home, at tab will be kept on each sassity killer as to his social moves in and around Bryan. Vice versa, the Bryan girls will be able to know just who is his latest engagement in the home town and what the chances are of busting it up.

This plan, it is believed, will ureclude the possibilities of promiscuous heart-breaking which has become conventional with the Aggies.

If you're interested, girls, address Mis-Information, care Battalion. All business will be strictly confidential and no charges will be made for services rendered—(strictly cash basis).

LIFE IS MADE UP OF ONE D— THING AFTER ANOTHER

If times are hard and you are blue, Think of others, worrying too; Just because your trials are many, Don't think the rest of us havn't any.

Life is made up of smiles and tears, Joys and sorrows, mixed with fears; And though to us it seems one-sided, Trouble is pretty well divided.

If we could look in every heart, We'd find that each one has its part, And those who travel fortune's road, Sometimes carry the biggest load.

1914 WINE, WOMEN AND SONG.

1921
Near Beer, Chickens and Jazz.

Laugh and the faculty laughs with you, As long as you laugh at the students alone.

But when you get a laugh on the teachers— You are sure to be sent home! (Adopted—With due apologies to the poets).

OUTCLASSED.

A party of University girls were in the country for their vacation and they had gathered together to discuss the events of the day.

Peg: "That young farmer boy tried to kiss me, saying he had never kissed a girl before."
Helen: "What did you tell him?"
Peg: "That I was no agricultural experiment station."

What we want to know is: does "Red" Thompson tell all the girls the same thing?

RISE AND FALL OF A COLLEGE VAMP

Or Confession of a Former Campus Queen As Told In Utmost Confidence.

I was first drawn into the vortex of college society when sweet sixteen (at that time I could truthfully say I had never been kissed), and for the space of several years I was rushed, aired and carried out, and even axed as a part of my special college education.

I was greatly in demand, although I laid no claim to great intelligence or accomplishments. My great power lay in my personality and affectionate disposition. Some said I was popular because I had completely disarranged the sweet simplicity of my youth (Miss Neverwillbe Popular started this bit of gossip) but I shall here cite some of the many reasons for my increasing (would that it were never-ending) popularity:

I wore extreme clothes (extremely short and scanty) cultivated a taste for semi-risky stories (to the extent of subscribing to that well known little magazine published many miles from a railroad, but which by the way, I have very opportunely forgotten the title of) and I was considered very adept in the art of vamping. I weeded my brows, marcelled by blonde locks, even dyed it when fashion decreed thusly and artistically applied the natural coloring (sometimes fooling others but most of the time vice versa). I even went so far as to reduce when overweight in my bathing suit in order that I might retain my usual startling appearance in evening dress. I wore hose that called forth comment from great "clock" manufacturers, and others, that caused spiders to run green with envy when they thought of the competition in "weaving." (Thank goodness I didn't meet Mack Sennett on the street anytime). Now won't you agree with me that my sweet young life was just one thrill after another?

Alas! Behold me now, supplanted by the younger generation (even younger in ideas than years), although I could (if called on) display the usual amount of pep, chatter a "good line" and dance the very latest (I'm not rheumatic and still carry insurance on my shoulders). Because of my sudden fall I do not "gripe", but why is it that when I am lost in the memories of some sweet recollection (say my first proposal) that I am suddenly interrupted with the assurance: "Peggy, you have been (sounds like 'hasben') a good sport." And behold this cometh forth from a present day social lion (or tea-hound) rocked by me in cradle rocking days! 'Tis truly a voice from the past. Oh, death, where is thy sting?

"Original—But Anonymous."

COLLEGE BREAD.

Some folks think that by college BREAD, We mean a four year's LOAF, But to the college girl and boy I dedicate this toast.

Before we start our college life We KNEAD a little DOUGH And when our parents ROLL it out, We then prepare to GO.

Our work and play should be WELL MIXED, Our work should be WELL DONE, If we add some "pep" to our college life, We will have a lot of fun.

We should not loaf our time away. Our aim is to DIGEST. College BREAD is not a four year's LOAF, If each one does his best. —MARY ARNOLD.

OR THE FENCE.

She sang and she sang: "I will hang my harp on a willow tree, I will hang my harp on a willow tree," each time breaking on the high note.

Finally the patient father from the next room ventured: "Better hang it on a lower branch, Liz."

OR HEADACHE?

"I would like some powder please," said the young miss to the drug store clerk.

"Yes, miss. Face, gun or bug?"

Why is a ship like a lady? Because the rigging costs so much, and she always has a man on the lookout.

POWDER PUFF VITAL NEED IS FEMININE VERDICT

Calcimining Is Essential to Feminine Charm. Say the Girls.

We do not assume to know nearly all about the nature and uses of a powder puff. Our friend, Mr. Webster, defines powder as a substance in dry particles such as are produced by grinding, and a puff is a soft ball used to apply this powder to the skin. Powder, of course, may be used for many purposes. There is the powder used for explosive purposes. This, if applied to the skin might become dangerous because many of our A. and M. friends smoke. Those of us who have friends who chew may consider ourselves lucky if we happen to use the explosive sort of powder.

Then there is the powder that in itself is as harmless as a dove. It is the sort that makes "A skin you love to touch" and therein lies the danger. When powder becomes a touching subject, it is time for our mothers to interfere—and they generally do—hence the boys who have not ridden in just to hear us sing, do not come back.

We wonder just what sort of powder the co-eds all over the state use. We are quite sure when we look at the C. I. A. beauties that theirs must be some sort of home brew—for nowhere else on earth have we seen any maidens who look just like them after they have put on their complexions. The S. M. U. beles use "Djer Kiss" we're sure—they are without a doubt the dearest ones ever kissed. Those of us who have friends at Prairie View can swear that our dusky damsel there uses "Lilly White". The snobbish little Rice lassies—are as usual—a little different from the rest of the world and use pure unadulterated rice powder. Take it from them, they want no substitutes. But whoever we are and where ever we're from—your boys must know you like us heaps better after we're all calcimined up. You don't want us in the "raw" so to speak. "There are rocks on the mountains, And fish in the sea— But the powder and paint Made a belle out of me."

LATEST CLASSICS—WITH HELPFUL EXPLANATIONS.

AS WE LIKE IT. (Only one Texas A. and M.)

MIDNIGHT SUMMER'S DREAM: (A foolish Fish who thought of cash).

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD: (It all depends upon the girl in the case).

TEN NIGHTS IN THE BAR ROOM: For further details see Crippen, Clayton, Park, Hubby, and Dinan. P.S.—For the explanation of those concerned we will state that the supply is entirely exhausted).

BEN HUR: (He saw some girl pass in the other guy's car. Said it might have BEEN HER but he did not believe that she'd do him that way).

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE: (That's the "line" that goes to the girl back home, written on his night "off"—from Bryan sassity. He may know what it means to be lonesome, but Bryan girls think they have the dope).

MERCHANT OF VENICE: (For particulars see Heinie).

THE PRICE SHE PAID: (A puncture, three flats, and two blow outs—all for one Sunday afternoon airing out for her overworked Wearer of the Putts).

THE GRAVE DIGGERS: (Concrete example: Agronomy Seniors out soil mapping).

LA CORONA: (Only sixty-five cents, Lt. Denison).

REVIEW OF REVIEWS: (Sunday afternoon retreat).

PRESENT DAY CIVILIZATION: (Seeing Sunday trains go through).

THE CALL OF THE WILD: (That's the honk of her auto as she passes your dormitory).

THE RE-CREATION OF BRYAN(T): (When the shekles are collected from 1800 cadets each Saturday afternoon.)

OR THE POLICE.

If big feet, knock-knees and bow-legs won't make a girl wear long skirts, what chance has modesty? —Burr.

Why are young ladies so partial to sunset and twilight? Because they are daughters of Eve.