

**DERE  
RUMMITT**

Oil Can, Oklahoma.

Dear Rufus:

Your's just received and the news that you have been charged with cheating all because your foot went to sleep in class and accidentally kicked your book open fills me with poignant and remorseful grief. To my mind, your only alibi is that you were not looking over the lesson but only kicking over the footnotes. You should consider yourself fortunate that both of your feet were not asleep for then you would have been sound asleep and no telling what you might have done then.

In regard to the job, Old Deah, I spoke to the Sup't. the other day about you and told him what you could do. It was nothing so don't thank me too profusely. I told him that you were steady (but not that you were Millies steady) and he said if you were as steady as I am that you must be motionless. Nevertheless he said if you wanted a job that he would line you up doing the same kind of work I started out doing—and incidentally, am still doing.

Boy, I know you will enjoy the work because there is a keen little Indian Pocahuntas working in the same office where I am supposed to work. Oh! boy! She is so keen that I've got a date with her tonight. To be perfectly candid, Rufus, I enjoy being her pale-face immensely. She calls me her pale-face I presume because my mouth is usually ajar.

As a stenographer, old student, her type can't be beat. Hair as black as Stygian night, the tresses of which fall in such graceful and symmetrical folds that Archimedes spiral in comparison, looks like the bow-leg of a first year cadet after he has tried on his first pair of spiral leggings; with large black eyes, that speak the language of the soul, peering out from an exquisite sepia mould of feminine charm and with a smile that makes you pity the Mona Lisa for being hairlipped.

These are the reasons my mouth was ajar the first time I cast my orbs upon her visage and it is now paralyzed in that position. I would be half right if I now say that I have an honest and open face.

It certainly is interesting to watch her talk about Indian woodcraft and the habits and customs of the Red Men. Son, she knows more about Indians than the governor of Indiana.

Rufus, did I tell you about the excitement up here over the organization of the Ku Klux Klan? There is a rumor running rampant that a certain man who worked for our Company last January was soliciting members for the K. K. K. and that he was either a Wizard or Kleagle.

If he is the same man who took his meals across from me in Chow Hall I am inclined to think he was Grand Goblin.

Nevertheless they have organized pretty strong in these parts. The proprietor of the Oil Can Oil Cloth and Dry Goods store told me confidentially that he has sold more night-shirts in the past month than ever before in the history of the dry goods business in Oil Can. Also, the farmers are complaining that some of their chickens haven't got enough feathers on them to tickle you under

the chin with. It is easy to deduct from these facts after viewing one of Oil Can's leading bootleggers traveling down main street at a high rate of speed dressed up like an ostrich that there is something to the K. K. K.

Well as news is scarce as that bootlegger was trying to make himself I will close for this time.

Your "old woman",  
William.

—A.M.C.—


**SOCIETY**

New social stars have presented themselves at the Aggie Land Spring Social Training Camp, and some of the new material bids fair to give a few of the regulars a merry chase for berths on the all time social team. The first evidence of these outcroppings came during the recent inspection trip made by the chemical engineers and at the present rate of progress it is hard to predict just when the newly made social hounds will cease their ravings.

Just as a matter of information to the unfortunate students who refused to take Ch. E. four years ago a few of the happenings of said trip are published below.

When an A. and M. man arrives in his home town you know a social tide arises which even the seasoned mariner finds hard to steer, especially if Houston or Galveston happens to be the city under consideration. But Currie, Williams, Hartung and other native Houstonian chemists had foreseen this inevitable hour of depots crowded with nervous fair ones, who are just dying for a glimpse of that olive drab and big boots, and planned a social stunt which served as a bumper for the sudden shock. Now one or all of these aforesaid gentlemen, through some irrelevant means, has a host of policemen friends in Houston and it seems as if a mutual agreement had been made between the two groups whereby a good peaceable entertainment might be had. It was listed as a policeman's ball and happened at the magnificent Houston city auditorium. The crowd due to inclement weather was much below the expected number and when the roll was called only eight thousand of the numerous invited guests answered to their names. However, in this bunch the chemical engineer with his shiny boots and spurs was a conspicuous figure and this mild form of entertainment served as a stepping stone for some of the more timid aspirants who were soon to follow a much faster step than that of the study cap.

This latter chance came when the crowd anchored at Galveston. Most of us have a vague idea of the Island City, being merely a village inhabited by fisherman and deep sea divers but if you are ever inspecting in the city you will find it different from that. In fact you will perhaps see an array of beautiful school girls all set for a boat ride on some big ocean liner. That is what greeted the cadets who took part in Galveston Saturday morning, and about this boat ride it was a real boat with huge masts and flying a real American flag, fully equipped with a long smooth deck and a good orchestra. Under these conditions what were these college boys supposed to do? Well they selected a native daughter



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who seemed to glide on the air and preceded to do a few dancing tricks that would be the same to a corps dance that a banana peeling is to a pedestrian. It was here under the influence of this cool sea breeze that wafted above the decks of that ocean liner that these A. and M. boys put Galveston to wondering just whether A. and M. is an Engineering or a dancing school.

Each member of the party seems to have been imbibed with this social spirit and they all returned to College with a determined look in their eyes and a pledge to give Bryan society a new rush within their hearts.

—A.M.C.—

**Reveille  
Reminis-  
cences**

Didja  
Ever tank up on a little  
Of this Bottled in Bond swagger  
Into a snappy cafe and order  
Everything on the menu that  
You couldn't read  
The waiter brought you about  
A Thousand Dollar check  
And thats what started

The argument. After attracting  
The attention of everyone including your girl's Parents  
You decided that a dignified  
Settlement was necessary. You  
Called the manager to help  
You out—and he did—  
With his foot.  
I wanta know.  
Didja?

—A.M.C.—

**RIDDLE.**

Why is it so difficult to get rid of a habit? Because if you take away the "h" you still have "a-bit," if you remove the "a" you still have a "bit," so you take away the "b" you still have "it," and if you remove the "i" you have it to a "t". —Ex.

—A.M.C.—

A watch may have a gender,  
But you can't efface  
The fact that nearly always,  
There's a woman in the case.

—A.M.C.—

**A Difference**

Joe—"Surveying a little?"  
Sunshine—"No, surveying a lot."

—A.M.C.—

Mary had a little curl,  
Which hung beside her ear.  
When she went to bed at night,  
She put it on the chiffonir.