

JELLY BEAN EPITAPHS

Beneath this mound  
Lies Henry Sound.  
He died from unknown reason.  
He tried to neck  
On a rowboat deck  
When it wasn't necking season.  
\* \* \*

Here lies the body  
Of hapless Johnny Parr,  
His girl said, "Stop!"  
But he merely stopped the car.  
\* \* \*

Pity the dust  
Of Jimmie Shankel,  
He stared too long  
At a passing ankle.  
\* \* \*

A fresh cadet from Quannah,  
Disdaining the scholarly maunah,  
Neither goes near his books,  
Nor into them looks.  
So his profs say he'll soon be a gaunah.

REGISTRATION  
FOR FIRST TERM  
NEARS 2400 MARK

Record Set for Total Registration for  
First Term.

With a total up to date of approximately 2400 students, we are steadily gaining, year by year, over earlier records, according to information given out Tuesday at the Registrar's office. This shows a decided increase over that made up to this time last year.

Of the entire list, approximately 1000 are Freshmen, and 1400 are old men. The latter figure also includes graduate students.

As a matter of course, in the next

few months a number of those now registered will drop out, for various reasons, but also a corresponding number will be taken in so that the number will be kept at approximately the same mark. Then too, at mid-term, there will be a large number of new men to register which will bring the total for the year far past any mark yet set. The total of last year's enrollment was 2499, and judging from the increase already shown the record of last year will be crushed in defeat by the precedent set this year.

THAT AGGIE SPIRIT

Many things about A. & M. and the cadet corps have become noteworthy, but the most widely known and celebrated thing about all Aggie-land is that "Aggie Spirit." Although this Aggie Spirit is a very definite

thing, it is very hard to describe. To begin with, you either have it or haven't it, and the only person who can tell that is yourself.

Now just a word to the Fish: You cannot be too early in getting that Aggie Spirit. All of the old boys have it, and before the year is over every Fish must be heart and soul behind the team. When you feel a thrill at the sight of the team coming on the football field; when you feel that you would give anything to be out there fighting with them, and give your life even rather than see them lose, then you have that Aggie Spirit. Or, as one old Aggie, has put it:

When there is a tingling in your spine,  
And your heart beats with a thump;  
When the flow of tears makes your eyes grow dim,  
And in your throat there's a lump;  
When your heart goes out to the team that you love,  
And your soul cries out to win,  
You will be paid for all you have spent,  
For victory will come in the end.

The Co-ed's Prayer

I want the men, I want the wine,  
I want the lights that brightly shine,  
I want the fun without the price,  
I want to be naughty and yet to be nice.  
I want the thrill of a long-drawn kiss,  
I want the things that "good" girls miss,  
Won't someone give me some good advice  
On how to be naughty and yet be nice?

\* \* \*

Marie is an obliging girl  
With really most delicious knees,  
She sits up in the foremost row  
To show off her abilities.

\* \* \*

"Have you read the new book on college-petting?"  
"No, what is it?"  
"It is called 'The Wanderer of the Waistline.'"

\* \* \*

Helen: What are you knitting, Alice?

Alice: Something to cheer up the boys.

Helen: Why, the war was over long ago.

Alice: This is a bathing suit for me, my dear.

\* \* \*

Heard in the Bridal Suite

The bride was very much disconcerted at seeing twin beds in their bridal suite.

"What's the matter, dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought that we were going to get a room all to ourselves."

\* \* \*

"Ah. For forty years I have sought you. Give me back my grandfather's papers."

"What papers?"  
"Them cigarette papers."

\* \* \*

Student (at show): Say, can't I get in here on my face?

Ticket Snatcher: Yes, get on your all-fours, hold your ears up and have someone lead you in.

\* \* \*

"Did you go to the Follies?"  
"Naw, I happened to pass by a girls' tennis match and decided it would be cheaper."

\* \* \*

"They say that each kiss shortens life three minutes."

"What say, kid? Let's kill a coupla years."



P.A.  
is some  
little  
cheer-leader

EVERY pipe is a Sunny Jimmy-pipe when it's packed with P.A. The tidy red tin chases the blues—and how! Why, you feel better the instant you open the tin and get that marvelous P. A. aroma. Every chore becomes a cheer, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then you load up and light up. That taste—that never-to-be-forgotten, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as a cut-in from the stag-line. Sweet as retaliation. Mild and mellow and long-burning, with a balanced body that

satisfies, right to the bottom of the bowl.

You find that P. A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how often you stoke and smoke. Get on the sunny side of life with a pipe and P. A. Buy a tidy red tin today and make the personal test. Pipes were born for tobacco like this.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!