TORO

(Continued from Page 5)

on for hours until every one became unconscious from either hot air produced in enormous quantities from a platform, or froze into an oblivious state of mind from the howling north wind which was on duty that night.

After calling the opponents everything that could be thought of under the stars, they started all over and called the signals again, getting more spirited each time. But far be it from me to criticize such action. Some of the spirit was really fine, it brought tears to the eyes—just a whif of it. So end the rally.

Next day at the game a new system of huddling was used. Not by the team but by noticeable groups in the grandstand who would fag occasionally, then suddenly go into a huddle, and with a gurgle and penty of fire in their throats come back yelling. Some of these players were so exhausted after the game was over that they were helped from the stadium by their more fortunate brothers. True it was a sight to see them walking arm in arm away from the game, slightly swaying to their exhaulted feelings and calling playfully to those who would gladly have run over them. But such is football, and such the football game.

Old but nevertheless it fills space: A prohibition lecturer trying to bring out the vital point of the greater appeal and healthfulness of water over whiskey said.

"Over in the corner of the platform I have a pail of filthy whiskey, in the other corner a pale of life-giving pure water. I now lead one of the famous beasts of burden in, say the Ass, for instance. Now which pail will it go to?"

Man in back of audience: "To the water."

"Why," shoots back the lecturer masterfully?

"Because he's a Jackass," replys our hero.

* * *

I get this authentically. So true to his old customs and nationality is one of the popular members of the Aggieland, (plays Sax.) that at Waco last week; think of this, in a high-class cafe, he orders sourkraut mit pinapple bie.

* * *

Oh, oh, the day is ruined. I busted the old lady's fountain pen. And already three days over due on a library book. Oh, death, where is thy sting. Oh, fourth-year cadet, where is thy rifle? Throw no bricks, this is not St. Patrick's day. Joe Cohen.

'31 BATTALION PAYS ALL DEBTS.

And another of Aggieland's old traditions has gone by the board.

For years it has been customary for the Freshman class to issue an edition of the Battalion in the spring, and for years it seems to have been customary for the freshmen to go heavily into debt on the deal.

It then remained for the great, noble, honorable, magnificent, wonderful (our vocabulary is limited, but the freshmen are sure to know what is meant) class of 1931 to break the ice between poverty and riches, and to even go so far as to make money on their publication.

A recent checkup on the financial end of last year's Fish Bat shows a gratifying number of healthy dimes nestling in the Fiscal Department for the future use of the present Sophomore class.

Recapitulation.

Bal. from Fist Bat.....$ 3 09
Acc't. Soph. pins $25.80

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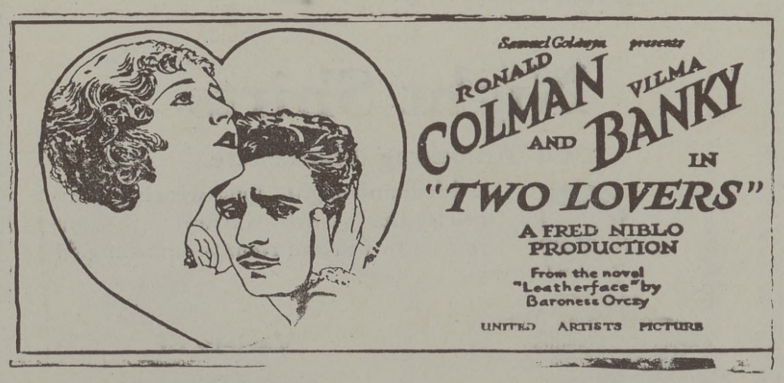
PALACE
Thursday - Friday - Saturday



Friday QUEEN Saturday
"The College Hero"
The Madness of Youth in a Whirldwind of Romance and a Daring Dash on the Gridiron.