

ABEYANCE

(Continued from Page 1)

militant authority in exercising the basser vocal chords to warn all that "everything has gone far enough—this must stop right now."

The juniors ask the assistance of the Fish, but before the Fish can cogitate, the suspecting Sophs outside rush the door—a Junior grabs an easily seen dagger on the door facing and rushes out—there is much noise and commotion—all hollering like wild Indians in a bunch of Sbisa's scrambled eggs—a shrill shriek like a Sweedish Turk swallowing a prickly pear is heard in the hall—there is total silence—everyone crowds—a dead man lies on the floor—all are aghast—one first year cadet passes out from fright.

The seniors come to the rescue and instruct the juniors to conduct the fish to their rooms, on the way to which they pass by the bloody body. The body is removed and soon the Top Sergeant and one senior go to each of the Freshmen's rooms and accumulate a flower fund.

In the court room we find an army captain as judge assisted most honorably by the Fish Sergeant, Bugler and Drum Major, the two low-lifing corporals of the class of '33, and a "doctor" and a "reporter" in a surrounding of boots, spurs, and three-bar men. Here each Fish is brought from his respective room and tried separately. Each is condemned for his inactivity in carrying out his authority, the Fish non-coms being relieved of their stripes, in a tragetic manner with the judge using all his

wit and intelligence to bring about an immediate punishment of the guilty. He suggests that the flower fund was used by the seniors to help the murderer get away.

The judge then calls the freshmen in as a group and gives them a condemning lecture as a group and states that unless someone speaks up immediately, he will take all of them to jail. None speak. He tells them to wait a minute. He opens the door—the band captain, the murderer, and the murdered walk in.

Sidney Galt, member of the Field Artillery regimental staff, was seen shopping in the Exchange Store last week.

Our advertisers make this paper possible. Show appreciation and give them your patronage.

SLANTS AT THE CROWD

The campus is besieged with military officials. One can't help seeing them, coming in contact with them and, to climax it all, being "rammed" by them. Some of them have two stripes—others, three; while one has the largest chevrons in seventeen states which adorn his right and left sleeves. Needless to say, the chevrons are all upside down—probably through some mistake or oversight of those in power who bestowed them upon our first year cadets. If all the rams I've received this past week from our newly appointed corporals, sergeants, and what nots go into effect, I'll be on the the "black list" for the next six months. The sophomores seem to be the only ones on the campus who give them much trouble—I've seen three riots in the last few days.

The group picture of our royal family was taken one day last week on the front steps of Milner Hall and—I learned about poses from them for I was lucky enough to be among those present. It was a cute picture and should be preserved in the annals of this college.

This home "town business" is getting into my system. After hearing at least twenty-five speeches this week in a Public Speaking class on the subject of "My Home Town" there is no small wonder for my feeling this way. I've learned more about cities, towns, and "flag-stops" in the State of Texas during the week than I expect to learn during the next year unless I make a careful study of the subject. It was all instructive as well as entertaining to the class—I didn't say entertaining to the instructor for that would be assuming too much. Here's something new we learned about Fort Worth: It has a million dollar smell—at least that's what Dorsey said so it must be correct.

Dallas, it seems, just couldn't receive enough praise from one or two members of the class. Perhaps it deserves it. Who knows? It pays to be patriotic however and if we don't blow our own horns someone else will blow them for us. Some were apologetic about their respective municipalities; perhaps they had reasons for that but one must remember that it takes a good man to appreciate a good town and it takes a better one to make a good citizen of such.

All aboard for Fort Worth. This is a bit early, perhaps, to begin talking about it but the early bird catches the worm and so, if you don't like worms, there may be something else that is calling you toward the Panther City. As for me, I have my own private, specific, and purely personal reasons for being so enthusiastii about the trip. Some of you may be in the same condition. In fact, I'm sure of it. The game's the thing, we're all aware of that fact, and we're going there with the grim determination to make the first conference game for a victory. But, on the other hand, there are some other things too—and it isn't merely to take a ride on a street car but it will be for the specific reason of taking us somewhere in

(Continued on Page 16)



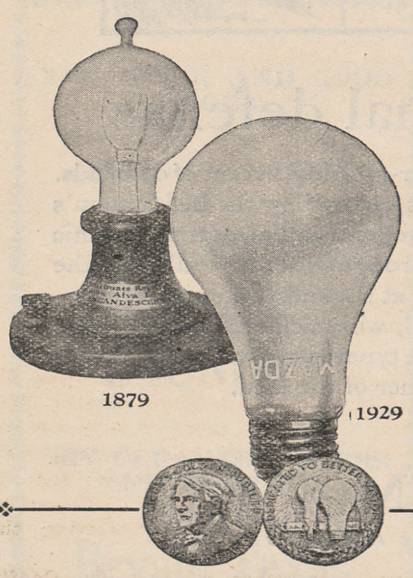
From an engraving of the time in Harper's Weekly

Autumn of '79

WHILE Yale and Princeton were battling to a tie at Hoboken, New Jersey, a small group of scientists, directed by Thomas A. Edison, was busy at Menlo Park, only a few miles away. On October 21, their work resulted in the first practical incandescent lamp.

Few realized what fifty years would mean to both electric lighting and football. The handful who watched Yale and Princeton then has grown to tens of thousands to-day. And the lamp that glowed for forty hours in Edison's little laboratory made possible to-day's billions of candle power of electric light. In honor of the pioneer achievement, and of lighting progress, the nation this year observes Light's Golden Jubilee.

Much of this progress in lighting has been the achievement of college-trained men employed by General Electric.



JOIN US IN THE GENERAL ELECTRIC HOUR, BROADCAST EVERY SATURDAY AT 9 P.M., E.S.T. ON A NATION-WIDE N.B.C. NETWORK.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

95-717DH