

SLANTS AT THE CROWD

You poor misguided, mistrusted, downtrodden upperclassmen. Sing a song of sorrow—and be sure that you chant it loud enough for all the campus to hear. It's just a melancholy story, isn't it? After all these long years of squalling your lungs out and yelling 'till you're black in the face for a first year cadet, you must now dispense with the practice. There is one consolation though—you can save the strain on your vocal chords and install an electric bell system. That would be the latest from Paris. It might meet with instant success and Thomas Edison would be proud of the invention. Some of you E. E. sharks rig up a good outfit, get a patent on it, and you'll sell all you can manufacture. There's your chance to make your home-town proud that they can call you their very own.

Notice the bland smiles on the class of '33. You can't blame the young fellows. Just how long that smile will last is all a matter of conjecture. It would be too bad if it were erased—but that surely won't happen. OH NO... So smile Fish, as though you never had a care in the world.

Perhaps the most original event of the week in regard to the abolishment of "Fish Calls" was staged Sunday afternoon by Battery E. It was a sad and impressive ceremony in which funeral services for all "Fish calls" were held. After a lengthy meeting in the hall, the procession of mourners (led by the solemn, chanting parson) moved toward the cemetery. The deceased was carried by willing freshmen pall-bearers in a large black box. Arriving at the burial ground, "Archie," and "Agnes" were tenderly laid to rest and last solemn rites for them were executed amid the mourns of the freshmen. The latter at the present time, are sincerely hoping that the ghosts of the deceased never resurrect but that they remain in their graves until the end of time.

A word to the cotton men: I was nearly mobbed by a few of your devotees the other day for making a crack at you last week in this column. I'm afraid I'll have to hire a body-guard to keep me from being waylaid and blackjacked by one of your ardent members. Be nice now and don't fight—I didn't mean to hurt your 'tittle feelings last week. I can't raise the price of cotton anyway. To tell the truth about the matter, I was very glad to get a response from you, even if it was in a negative way.

Had the good fortune to read this week "The Skiff," a weekly publication at T. C. U. And right on the front page, mates, is an article that should make all of you sit up and notice. Swing low sweet chariot while I whisper it to you. Here's some of the details of the story—if I remember it correctly.

Since the A. and M.—T. C. U. game, the correspondence between the students of the two schools has increased at a rate, rapid enough to cause one to wonder how it all could happen. One hall (to be specific—

Jarvis Hall) receives on an average fifty letters a day from this cadet corps. It's occupants correspond with eighty different universities but our own dear Alma Mater walks off with the loving cup with ease. Texas University is second in the contest.

Highly decorated envelopes are said to be the vogue for a large percentage of the Aggies. Anything from a picture of Barney Google to Little Red Riding Hood. This must be from the more artistic gentlemen here such as those Architectural night owls.

Some of you, it was stated in the article, speak of your tender feelings in foreign languages. That's rather odd it seems to me. If you can't say it in English, now is the time to start—you never will learn any younger. Perhaps it is caused by a desire on the part of some of the Aggies to practice for their foreign language class on the following morn. Cease practicing and get down to business. Pardon—proof reader's error.

The secret of the Farmers success, as it was stated, is that "you keep 'em guessing." You may be fooled, boys in khaki, you may be fooled. The chances are that you are the ones that are being kept "guessing." And you may still be doing it a year or two from now.

Some brother Aggie got drunk when a T. C. U. shiek beat his time in Fort Worth. Ole' Aggie spirit personified. There is a question in the minds of many if this was the only one that had his social aspirations dampened. Better luck on the next corps trip—perhaps that same T. C. U. shiek may have a chance to know how it feels to be ditched. Avaunt there villian.

Considering Future

How often is the present considered? Is the future ever considered? These are the two main questions considered by Dr. A. L. Van Houtte in his talk to the European Physical Society at its meeting in Amsterdam last month.

Nearer to home than this ideal European rice growing plantation, but in the same field of study, we find the physics department of the A. and M. College striving continuously for better present conditions with which they make future physics more complete for those individuals possessing a trait of farsightedness. No students but those who have had a course in physics can appreciate its value when they come upon subjects of which it is an unrecognized prerequisite.

The Brazos bottom was relieved of some pin oak lumber two years ago and last summer Professors Vezey and Tarney of this fundamental scientific department constructed 10 new cabinets for instruments used in lectures at a cost of some \$150.00 each. These were in addition to the seven previously placed in the storeroom of the main floor to protect the electrical experiments equipment which has been added 11 new variable resistance boxes representing an expenditure of \$575.00.

A year previous, 12 ceiling fans were installed in the lecture room for treatment of insomnia cases during lecture hours.

SEMANTICS MALAPROPOS

Though it is not generally known, it is rumored that our legislative assemblies, which hold the center of interest in all parts of the world during the greater part of every year, are "Bolshevik menaces," when one's car depreciates it increases in value, and this article because it is mediocre was written before the Renaissance.

One has only to refer to papers handed in by our learned freshmen when they took their vocabulary examinations on entering the college to learn these astounding facts and many more—for example, a parasite is a prehistoric animal and a certain family of plants at the same time,

or that Hop Reynolds has etiquette since he holds prestige in the conference as a yell leader.

Sully's Monument, so long gracing the campus in front of the Administration Building is a statue; a noonday parley is a luncheon; that sweet and charming girl at home is precocious; an optical instrument is a surgical instrument; to elude is to hamper; to have inestimable value is to be worthless; to be normal is to attain the maximum; to make a spurious statement is to be authentic; and to be impartial is to be absurd (good philosophy in a way). These are some of the many things we find in that storeroom of knowledge written by the members of the class of '33.

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