

IDLE RUMORS

In deriding fellow snoopers, we pause to relate the actions of another one of the slime-slinging sect. Little Bennie Wiederman, New Braunfels beer baron, was asked to help keep the "peeping Toms" away from the windows of the chorus girls' dressing room after the show last Friday night. And from latest reports, we hear that little Bennie is suffering from a severe case of eye-strain from trying to keep one eye on the peepers and the other on the dressing room window. He must not have known that "he who glances must play the peeper." But from the satisfied look on his face during the performance of his duties he must have succeeded fairly well in doing two things at once. Wiederman! Whataman!

As was to be expected, last Friday's burlesque show did not fail to supply us with amusing incidents. Tommy Walker, who has this year been striving to break all records for slovenliness, showed quite a change of form last Friday night



"No thanks Joe, I'm on the wagon now."

at supper. The reason is evident, Tommy heard that the chorus girls were going to eat supper on the staff tables and therefore set, what was for him, a "new high" in nattiness. So of chorus he was disappointed when they didn't show up.

"Jess" Willard, new first sergeant for the RV's, came back from the Christmas holidays with a gash on the top of his head as large as the mouth of that old evilsayer, "Gash" Anderson. "Jess", true cavalryman that he is, claimed he was injured while practicing horseback riding at home, but old Dame Rumor has it that he received the wound as a result of a bottle affray at one of those Giddings brawls. Guess his theme song is now "After the Brawl Is Over."

Did or did not you lads fail to observe last week that while announcements were being read over the "mike" in the Mess Hall one was given out with wording somewhat like this: "All cadets interested in learning how to dance come to 206 Bizzell after dinner today." Investigation revealed this to be the room occupied by Joe "Goose" Henderson. Ah, there, Millionaire, we now dub thee "Gigolo", a name which you can add to that long string of pseudonyms which you have garnered this past year. And if you don't quit garnering them, there's garner be a shortage of nicknames for you.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear of one wild ride of three Engineers—with apologies to Paul Revere, of course, but you see it was this way: Trygve Bogevoid and Bert Whaley were out, last Sunday morning, receiving instructions from "Brownie" Joyce on equitation. Apparatus: three government issue re-mounts. Teacher Joyce made the first bad move when he tried to go around a tree on the opposite side from the one the horse intended to go around. They took the average ordinate, but Joyce was the only one that hit the tree. Bogevoid also experienced difficulty in choosing directions for his horse. All three horses broke into a gallop without being bidden, and there was naught these mighty men could do but follow (as well as they cou'd). Old number 38452z (Bogevoid's mount) decided to turn to the right on a crossroads but Bogevoid wanted to go to the left. And so they parted company, and Trygve landed in a nice, juicy, mud puddle. He mud the best of a bad bogging, eh?