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THE FRESHMAN BATTALION

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THE SIMPLICITY OF COLLEGE LIFE

It is a common thing to hear people say that college life is one of toil, and endless trouble; that there is never a time for rest, recreation or conversation with one's fellowmen; that all is either study or hurry and bustle from six in the morning until eleven at night.

But, alas! my friend, I beg to assure you that such is not the case at A. and M., for here troubles are strangers and study is a fleeting fancy which resembles story book pictures more than an actual reality. All is quiet, peace, leisure, and pleasure. Even time is plentiful. It is sold by the hour and costs four demerits per. It is true the price may rise as more is bought, but this is an inevitable result of the law of supply and demand, and therefore such a trifle should not be noticed in this haven of bliss.

But perchance, my enchanted reader, you are getting anxious to know about a few of the little things connected with this heaven on earth. Perhaps you want to know of a few of those smaller creature comforts which tend to make life a never-ending pathway of geraniums.

The smallest of these mere trifles is the thirty hours per week of recitations. This is so small that it really does not deserve mention. But it serves to give employment when time begins to hang heavy on the hands. In fact, none of these recitations require over three hours of preparation, while the average is a paltry little two. And the instructors never make any difference in one's grade if he neglects this minor detail altogether. But then it is such a pleasure to perform these little tasks that every voice is raised against dispensing with them. For what is more restful or recuperative than to come in from an hour at drill or sentinel duty and plunge into the preparation of tomorrow's lessons?

But to explain each individual excellence of these courses, which are intellectual and physical developers.

For example, take English. Just one theme a week is all that is required. And this is truly one of the greatest luxuries known at this school. Why, we are told that Longfellow, Poe and Macaulay wrote such little trifles at the ages of four and five and that it was common for them to write them as fast as one usually reads a book. But writing such little masterpieces of prose so thrills the imagination of the average A. and M. cadet that he never thinks of spending less than three hours upon each of them, and is truly sad when they are finished.

But then a student at A. and M. has the supreme privilege of continually turning from one pleasure to another; for he can go from English to the enthralling intricacies of algebra, trig-

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For the first time during his career the Freshman is allowed the privilege of having a say all his own. Heretofore he has been forced to hear of Junior banquets and Sophomore dances, and wondered when his time would come. At last he has his desire granted. He may have a "Bat" of his own and with the mighty pen he can, for once, even up for the many tricks of which he has been the goat.

However sweet revenge may be, the Freshman does not edit his "Bat" with the sole idea of getting even with the Sophomores or anyone else. Should he do so he will suffer in the end, for the Sophomores also have a "Bat" of their own (not to mention a "reg." belt).

The Freshman appreciates the honor of a special issue in his name, and in getting it up has found a pleasure; but it is a greater pleasure to present it to his fellow cadets.

The staff of the Freshman Battalion desires to express its sincere appreciation to every Freshman who has contributed articles and drawings for this paper. Much credit is due the prompt manner in which the members of the Class of 1916 aided the business manager in financing the issue. Thanks are due to the members of each company who aided in the collection of the amount contributed by each Freshman.

O! Joy.

Of course you have seen him. The little fish just about so tall in F company. The original smiling human—that's O. Joy

A FRESHMAN'S LETTER TO HIS CHUM

College Station, Texas,
September 28, 1913.

Dear Old Jim:

I feel that it is my urgent duty, as a cadet of this grand institution known as the A. and M. College, to write you a letter relating my experiences since you saw me last, waving good-bye to my girl from the rear platform of the train.

If, after reading this letter, you will think deeply about the things I am going to confide in you, next year when you start on your maiden voyage to this college you will not be as "green" as I was when I left home.

After the train went over the hill just the other side of "Bud" Simon's old barn, and I could no longer see my girl's handkerchief waving its last farewell, I went into the cars to capture me a seat. I went through the whole bloomin' train three times hunting a good seat, and was finally obliged to take one in the smoker, just across the aisle from a bunch of sporty-looking fellows.

I took my hat and coat off, threw my bag up on the shelf, and pulled out the "Tip Top" which you had been so thoughtful to purchase for me. I hadn't read more than three pages when I was grabbed by the fellows who sat across the aisle. They asked me where I was going, who I was, and every other question imaginable. I recited my pedigree off to them, and told them I was going to college.

One of the men asked me if I was a "fish," and I told him "no," that "I was a lobster going out to the graveyard to get married." Now, you know that would make the folks in Monkton almost die laughing, but those fellows didn't seem to see anything funny about it. I guess I must have made a mistake when I tried to be funny, for before I could think of a thing I found myself on top of a seat with the whole derved bunch hollerin' for a speech.

I couldn't think of anything to speak to them about, so I recited that old oration I used to say at school, entitled "I've Had Just Enough to Make Me Want Some More." Well, it seems that it was just the way they felt about it, for they then told me to sing them a popular song. I told them I wouldn't sing for anyone unless I wanted to, and it was a cinch that I didn't want to sing for them.

They immediately jerked their heavy belts out and, placing me over a seat, began to play ragtime on the seat of my pants. The conductor came in to take up our tickets, and put an end to their playhouse before they had played as long as they wished to. They sat down and talked matters over for a few minutes, and finally told me they would leave me alone for the time being if I would tell them when the train reached Wellborn. I

TO COACH MORAN

He is quiet, easy fellow, with his pants tucked in his boots,
His voice is deep and powerful, and to evil he never stoops.

He has "handled" several ball players in rustling days gone by,
And although he seems so pleasant, there is a devil in his eye.

When he starts to correct a player, he calls him by his name
In that confidential manner that suggests the bunco game.

If the player is not willing, and takes exception to the plan,
Our coach gets the drop, sir, and he likewise gets his man.

Oh, it's powerful persuading, is his fist right 'neath your nose,
"Come on, you got to go, 'Monty,'" and 'Monty' he ups and goes.

He is generous, brave and courtly, but he's a dangerous man to sass,

For his manner is suggestive of that sign, "Keep off the grass."
"Hyars looking at yer, Moran!" "Come, boys, let's drink her down,

To the most important man, sir, of this College Station town." H.

It is rumored that the cadets of Company K have turned in a petition to the faculty to have the halls of Milner Hall enlarged so that Fish Malloy can walk through them without knocking his feet against the walls, and that he may go about without waking the boys up from their beauty naps, which have to be postponed on his account. This is to let the public know that he is 4 feet 5 inches in height and wears a No. 12 shoe, to say nothing of a yard-wide sombrero.