

# THE BATTALION

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We often hear the remark from both  
cadets and members of the faculty  
that the social life on the campus is  
not what it should be. Graduates  
often say that they do not know how  
to act when they are in society.  
Everyone expresses a wish that this  
condition might be changed, but it  
seems that little progress is being  
made. We are wondering if this is  
not due, more or less, to the fact that  
the students never meet their in-  
structors anywhere except in the class  
room, and if this condition is not the  
fault of both the instructors and the  
cadets.

How often do you see a cadet in  
the home of a professor? How many  
cadets have met the wives of their  
professors? When we hear a pro-  
fessor's or instructor's name mention-  
ed all we think of is a man who meets  
our class, calls the roll, hears our  
recitation, grades our papers and  
passes or flunks us in the course. We  
seldom realize that he is a common  
human being just as we are. We  
seldom meet him outside of the class-  
room or his office. No doubt when  
he thinks of a certain cadet he only  
thinks of him as a student who makes  
"B" in mathematics or "C" in Eng-  
lish, etc.

If the student and instructor met  
each other oftener as man to man in  
a social way, no doubt there would  
exist a more friendly relationship.

However, the corps is partly to  
blame for this condition of affairs. We  
have seen boys sneer and make fun  
of a fellow classmate when he would  
speak to an instructor about some  
subject not related to the class work.  
To be frank about it, the term usually  
applied is "sucking." This draws a  
sharp line between instructor and  
student which should not exist. Again,

when professors invite students to  
their homes, very few of the boys will  
go. Many times a professor has had  
members of the senior class at his  
home for dinner and invited them to  
call again, but the boys would ignore  
the invitation. Such treatment would  
dishearten anyone. However, it does  
seem that at last the senior class  
should know their instructors and pro-  
fessors better. We all look forward  
to the new Y. M. C. A. as a solution  
to this problem, but we wonder if the  
faculty and senior class could not get  
together and devise means of bringing  
the students and their instructors into  
closer touch with each other.

## THE HERO OF YESTERDAY.

I watched him one day from the  
bleachers, a King from the Van-  
ished Past;

One of the old-time wonders, the star  
of an all-star cast;

Blazoned in ball-dom's annals, held up  
to fame and renown,

But crowded at last to the Has-bens—  
A Dub in a Bush League town.

One of the Legion Historic, crowned  
in a far-gone day;

Where thousands and tens of thou-  
sands cheered as he passed their  
way;

Wherever the echoes thundered, roll-  
ing from flat to flat,

As he leered at the paling pitcher and  
swung with his mighty bat.

Pride of a Northern city, king of a  
cheering State;

One of the age's heroes, one of the  
Deathless Great;

One with the mien of monarch, cast-  
ing a mystic spell,

With the eye of the Great Gray Eagle,  
the speed of the wild Gazelle.

Brave as an Indian tiger, daring in  
every fight;

Quick as the Western panther, with  
brain that as quick as light;

Hailed as a great game's leader,  
crowned with a great game's  
crown,

But crowded at last to the Has-bans—  
a Dub in a Bush League town.

What were his dreams, I wondered—  
Over what vanished track

Did memory lead through the ages  
where a million stood at his back

When up from the crowded grand-  
stand a throng of the long ago

Leaped with a crashing tumult as he  
swung for the home-run blow?

Now that the arm had faltered, the  
arm that had carried far;

Now that the eye had faded, placing  
the final bar

As he fanned with a vainless effort or  
run with a labored tread,

I wondered if, in his dreaming, he  
heard what the bleachers said?

Faded and slow and aging, jeered  
with a thousand knocks,

The star who had driven Clarkson the  
Wizard out of the box;

Did he hear the snarl of the bush fans,  
taunting in endless flow,

Or only the echo of cheering from a  
game of the long ago?

## THE CHICAGO STOCK SHOW CALLED OFF

On account of the outbreak of the  
foot and mouth disease in certain  
parts of the Nation the Chicago Stock  
Show has been called off, but Prof.  
Burns will continue the training of  
his men and finally select a team just  
as if it were going to Chicago, in order  
that the A. H. men might lose no  
practice because of it.

We make your watch keep time. Absolute  
satisfaction; no unnecessary delay

# PARK THE JEWELER

Postoffice Block  
"At It Since '82"



Among the members of prominence  
of the class of '15 is the lieutenant  
colonel Velpean C. Denton.

Denton was born in the tropical  
land of Florida in the year 1890. We  
have no approved data on his early  
life other than that his chief youthful  
pastime was to explore the numerous  
lakes and recesses of the everglades.  
It is surmised that these adventures  
caused him to realize the importance  
of bridges and canals in that portion  
of the tropics. From this he got the  
idea to prepare himself for that  
branch of work which provides for  
such necessities.



Part of his boyhood was spent in  
Tennessee, but Texas claimed the  
greater portion of his recent life. He  
graduated at Lancaster high school in  
1908. He went to Texas Christian

University one year while the institu-  
tion was in Waco and another year  
after it was moved to Fort Worth. In  
the meantime Denton's youthful ambi-  
tion to become a civil engineer had  
not left him. With that object in view  
he entered this college in 1911 as a  
sophomore "fish."

Instead of returning with the re-  
mainder of the corps after the strike  
in 1913 he did civil engineering work  
until the opening of the next college  
session. The experience he received  
was sufficient to teach him the neces-  
sity of securing a better preparation  
for the profession. Therefore he re-  
turned to A. & M. with the intention  
of finishing the course. While Denton  
was out of college he did civil engi-  
neering work for Stone & Webster  
Engineering Corporation, Field Engi-  
neering Company, Phoenix Construc-  
tion Company and Fred A. Jones Com-  
pany.

At the present time Denton is lieu-  
tenant colonel of the regiment, presi-  
dent of the C. E. Society, president  
of the senior election committee, asso-  
ciate business manager and associate  
editor of the Long Horn, student mem-  
ber of the athletic council, and chair-  
man of the Y. M. C. A. membership  
committee.

The strongest point in the lieuten-  
ant colonel's character is his con-  
stancy. He will not undertake to do  
a thing unless he knows he is right,  
and once started he will finish it.  
When the going is hard he makes it a  
point to go a little harder.

## ALPHABET OF THE NEW WINTER DANCES.

Awfully attractive;  
Boldly begun.  
Carpishly critised;  
Daringly done.  
Easily enemied;  
Fearfully fly!  
Gracefully gyrated;  
Horribly high.  
Impishly innocent,  
Joyously jimp;  
Kickily kittenish,  
Luringly limp.  
Merrily mischievous,  
Naughtily nice!  
Obesity's order,  
Prosperity's price.  
Quietly questioned,  
Rampantly railed;  
Sinuous serpentine,  
Twinkingly trailed.  
Undue undulations  
Virtuously veiled.  
Willowy wavering,  
Xpertly xprest;  
Young yielding youthfulness,  
Zigzagging zest.

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.