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## OFFICERS ELECTED FOR 1916 LONG HORN

In the recent election of officers for the 1916 Long Horn the following men were chosen: S. B. Haynes, Editor-in-Chief, C. M. Easley, Business Manager, and J. D. Brown Art Editor. The editor appointed as athletic editor H. E. Runge, and W. K. Hanson as expert kodak man. Due to the fact that there is a vast amount of work for these two men to do during the remaining part of this term, they were appointed sooner than the other members of the staff, who will not be selected until the beginning of the college year.

The management of this book earnestly desires that the edition of this annual be made strictly a class year-book and not be edited entirely by the staff as heretofore. With the co-operation of such a class as we have in the present Junior class, there is no reason whatsoever why the 1916 Long Horn should not be the best book edited in the history of the college—even standing above the book published by the Class of 1912. With such prospects, why not get busy and pull together? The editor and his staff have got an early start and are making good headway in their line of labor.

In our editor-in-chief, S. B. Haynes, we have a man who has had some experience in the publication of a class annual. He was editor-in-chief of the first high school annual of Port Arthur, Texas. This book alone shows that our editor has the proper qualifications and is easily capable of performing the duties of literary demon of our Long Horn.

The ultimate success of any college annual rests upon the shoulders of the business manager, for he is the individual who is responsible for the financial outcome of the publication. The class could have made no better selection than C. M. Easley to fill this position. "Speck" has had considerable experience in financing college affairs, all of which were great successes.

The neat appearance of the book is directly due to the talent and ingenuity of the art editor. The artistic manner in which the book is arranged is subject to more criticism than any other part of the publication. The work of J. D. Brown shows his adaptability for this position. He de-

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Then all was jolity;  
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,  
Piping and playing, minstrelries and masking,  
'Till life fled from us like an idle dream;  
A snow of mummery, yet with a golden memory ne'er to be forgotten.

## FRANK D. STEGER MAN AND LEADER

If you do not know this man, you should become acquainted with him at once. For he is willing and anxious to serve you, and he represents a cause that extends a helping hand to the world.

Our secretary, Mr. Frank D. Steger, has been at the A. and M. College almost five years now. And he has put in his time well. The school has not had a man that has given it a more valuable service than Mr. Steger has during this time.

He has very materially helped the school by building up a good, live, hard-working Glee Club, which has been a credit to the college. Of course, others have helped, but Mr. Steger has been the deciding factor, and the result speaks well for him. The Glee Club finds plenty of opportunities for service every week, besides making many friends for the college on its annual trip over the State.

Athletics at this school has found a friend and most ardent supporter Mr. Steger. He has encouraged athletics, and especially in the realm of basketball, has he been of signal serv-

ice to the school. For had it not been for him, basketball would probably never have been started as early as it was, and the team would never have received the excellent coaching that it has. During the last season, Mr. Steger was voted a "T" by the Athletic Council for services rendered. But the organization of the college tennis club was also his idea, and it is due largely to his efforts and inspiration that it is succeeding as it is.

Mr. Steger has taught a Sunday school class regularly, managed the Chapel and other religious services, has aided the social life of the campus in every way, and has helped in many places that others had not been thoughtful enough to fill, and for which he has oftentimes not been given full credit.

When our Y. M. C. A. secretary came here the association had no building, nor organization, nothing. Now a large, new and commodious building is about to be completed, and the association is being strongly supported from every quarter of the school. One man's genius and inspiration, combined with plenty of hard work, set in motion the forces which have brought this about.

But a word must be added in commendation of Mr. Steger's straightfor-

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## VETERANS MAKE UNIQUE SHOWING

Shortly after dinner on the third Sunday in February a "fish" on the third stoop of Ross Hall sat and gazed through the window, and and over the flag pole; sat and gazed until his sight mingled with the distance and was lost; sat and gazed, and thought of the days that are no more. Slowly his eyes shifted and sought the ground near the flag pole. There he saw a creature moving. One glance was enough! His hair bristled like a cat's in a dog fight, and uttering one piercing shriek he sought a secluded spot beneath the bed. Here, mute with fear, the "fish" huddled, and in that short time many long, long thoughts thought he. Soon there sounded a "rowdy" bugle call, and hearing other noises slightly resembling those made by humans, our "fish" crept again to his erstwhile place and peered forth; a motley crowd was gathered. Other "fish" had already abandoned their refuges and were slinking about this wiera gang, their faces showing much wonder and glee. Our friend forgot both his fear and the stairway, stepped through the window, and hastened to join the strange throng.

It was soon spread far and near that the Veterans of the Lost Cause had assembled for their annual parade. Every Vet was there, bedecked in an individual uniform, which ranged from No. 5 to thirty-seven.

The first object which had appeared and caused so much consternation was none other than the Right Hon. John Vance, captain of the Vets. This gentleman, surrounded by a score or more of pillows, was trying in vain to fill a pair of "Fatty" Saper's purple striped pajamas. A coat made of cigarette coupons covered the upper part of his anatomy; two daggers and a revolver protruded from one boot and a couple of horse pistols gleamed wickedly from the other. He wore Russian headgear, and from his belt trailed a saber much larger than the ones which the Senior privates are now trying to wear.

Pat Crooney (alias Gene Lyne) was there, wearing a black eye and red whiskers. His bottle of schnapps was suspended from his neck by a short cord so that it could not be passed around too large a circle. Mike Mur-