

CAPTAIN EDWARD D. HOPKINS

(Continued from Page 1.)

States Inspecting Officer, Colonel Honeycutt, remarked that Battery A was one of the best batteries he ever saw in action.

In 1915 Hop joined the ranks of the '19 Fish over in D Company. He made the football and basketball teams of that company and was always a great asset to those teams.

At the end of his junior year Edward entered training camp at Fort Sheridan, where he was commissioned in the Artillery which necessitated his transfer to Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, at which post Uncle Sam kept him until the close of the war.

No officer ever endeared himself to his more than "Hop". There is not a man in the battery who would not fight for him. And nothing has drawn his men to him but his wonderful personality. It will be with sad hearts that "Hops" many friends will bid him farewell in June.

CAPT. WINTHROP W. LEACH.

(Continued from Page 1)

relieved, after having taken a very active part in the defense of, and later the Allied offensive in this sector.

Ordered back to the States, promoted to the grade of Captain and assigned to the 71st F. A. at West Point, Kentucky, September 22, 1918. This regiment was mustered out of the service in February 1919. Assigned to the 83rd F. A., Camp Knox, Kentucky, in February 1919, and finally ordered to A. and M. College, March 11, 1919, as assistant instructor of Field Artillery with the R. O. T. C. unit at that College.

'Oh, the happy, scrappy
Always snappy, Battery A is here
Its pieces front or counter-march
An dkeep the traces clear
And every dirty driver
And bloody cannoneer
Is here to say
That there's hell to pay
When Battery A is here.

The rarin', tarin', cussin', swearin'
Bateery A is here,
The illin', drillin',
Made for killin'
Battery A is here,
For we strike like flashing lightning
Then its limber front and rear
And clean the way
Or there's hell to pay,
When Battery A is here.

HOME FOLKS ATTENTION

"—the craving for sweets that
always comes with exercise."
(From statement by Maj.
Crane, F. A., U. S. A.)

"AS YOU ARE" BY "ONE OF US."

"There are" said one great college president, "four classes of men—the man who know and knows that he knows; the man who knows and does not know that he knows; the man that does not know and knows that he does not know; and (fool of the lot) the man who does not know and does not know that he does not know."

College students may be classified likewise. There is the guy who knows and "blows"; small in number, large in presence; ever in evidence. He announces himself everywhere. Recognition is instant. His target is nothing in particular and his occupation is "gold-bricking." So he blows all he knows.

Happily we have the silent type. He arrived entirely unannounced. For quite a while we were unconscious of his presence. He rose in our opinion just as often as he rose on call in class. As his course became more difficult, and the explanations more complex, he stood ready on call to clarify the situation. Such a man become a leader of men. His opinion is sought, and his advice heeded.

"To the rear, March! By the right flank, March!" And our third type greets us. He stalls around. His shoulders are stooped. (Did you ever think just how much the position of the shoulders and the nap of the eye decided your judgment of a man's mental ability?) You recognize him at once. His type is predominant, whether "in" or "out". He follows meekly, quite content that he is alive, which condition of mind is contrary to the accepted definition of the true A. and M. spirit. He brings up the rear of the "Push, Pull and Pep" Brigade.

Then there is the fourth class. How he got here we do not know; who sent him we would like to know; where he is headed we all knew when we first saw him. His salute resembles the letter "Y", his courage a question mark, his mental processes that of a certain species of prolific parasite, which has recently been discovered in wholesale quantities near the vicinity of "Fort" Foster.

THE SHATTERED SIGNAL CORPS PLATOON.

We monkey with the buzzer and the alidade sight,
We try them both a thousand times and never get them right.
We get low marks in Semaphore.
Its a class we hate like h—l;
An out upon the drill field
We're strictly S. O. L.

Chorus

Glory, glory, to the Signal Corps platoon,
In mem'ry of our honored dead
We sign this mournful tune.
Our rolls are on a postage stamp;
We haven't got asquad.
For nature made us by the inch,
But they grade us by the yard.

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