

THE BATTALION

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COLLEGE PUBLICITY

Very truly a tree that falls in the forest is never heard. This college possesses qualities which would give it a great boost in the minds of the people of the state and of the whole country as well if they were sufficiently noised abroad. We are back in the tall timber alright, but even as it is, this College gets a pitiful amount of publicity. Nearly every other College of size and reputation in the state is located in some fairly good sized town. All the papers give their pet school a hand up the ladder at every opportunity. The great Agricultural and Mechanical College of the Lone Star State of Texas which represents an investment of \$1,000,000 in the state and has a faculty of 100 and a student body of 1,000, is content with a very paltry amount of publicity. It is a pity that the lines stuck back in perhaps the most inconspicuous place in the whole paper. Moreover, one of these things comes out so seldom that A. and M. men jump upon them with voracious haste and frame them. Every time we get crossed with an outside school, a paper of large circulation takes up the hatchet against us and proceeds to make our reputation throughout the state a minus quantity. We always console ourselves with the highly commendable and virtuous sentiment that we are in the right and that the Bryan Daily Eagle is on our side. Considering the difficulties to be confronted, we ought to have a publicity department composed of a

whole host of fearless and aggressive bruins instead of a cub or two.

It is with the deepest feeling of regret that the student body learns that Coach Edmonson is leaving. No man has ever so completely gained the confidence and respect of the student body in such a short time as Mr. Edmonson has been here. His work in developing this year's track squad has been nothing short of marvelous and it is the opinion of the student body that if he could remain next year's team would be unbeatable. Altho we are sorry to see "Heck" leave we are glad to see him secure a somewhat better position and under somewhat more favorable conditions. Our best regards and deepest friendship go with him.

The corps seems to have forgotten how to express themselves in a decent manner. The customary way now is just to turn themselves loose and yell at the top of its lungs if anything is pleasing. The fair sex even is not excepted, but is especially bested. There is also the tendency to just give way to any restraint whatever and say anything that pops into the mind. No doubt the welcome given some of the performances of aspiring female entertainers is quite flattering, but anyone who is not familiar with conditions, would at once say that we are the most uncivil bunch he ever saw. This is merely one result of the state of mind existing. There may be good grounds in some cases to call the attention of all the military walk loungers to some fellow and the dainty young thing hanging rapturously upon his arm, but it is more or less a rough-neck trick.

It will no doubt be a surprise to many to learn who are the most guilty. Would anyone for a minute believe that it is the much discussed who are outstandingly guilty? It sounds like the victorious and aggressive shout of a man who has come into his long lost heritage. Surely is there no way in which the code of right demeanor can be impressed upon the sinners?

MOTHER'S DAY.

Who was it that did most toward winning the war? Was it the gay soldier who marched away with the kiss of his sweetheart fresh upon his lips? It was the mothers of the fighters who bore the real burden of the war. Theirs was not the glory and glamor and laurels of citation for physical bravery. Existence for

them during the war was a nightmare.

This being a military school, it was very fitting that Mother's Day should be observed to its fullest extent. Again it was left to the fair sex to make the day a success in its fullest sense. The flowers pinned by them upon many a proud chest were a constant reminder throughout the

day of Mother and all that they owe to her. There was a further reminder in the musical program at the Chapel. Although there was no need of it, President Bizzell urged the cadets to deny themselves one short afternoon and write home. Considering everything, due respect was paid the day in a befitting manner.

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