

THE LIBRARY PAGE

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Those wishing to contribute to this page turn work in to any member of staff, or mail to Editor at 94 Students' Exchange.

The following contribution the editor submits to the readers of the Library Page as a fair example of the type of articles and editorials on religious subjects often presented by extreme fundamentalists as pernicious collegiate cynicism. The writer of this bold piece of iconoclasm takes what seems to the editor to be a very rational view of a subject that is seldom treated rationally, and expresses, he believes, a viewpoint commonly held in the student body. It is a rather typical example of the current discussions on the subject of religion and ethics.

A Students Credo

Yesterday, while strolling about over the campus, enjoying the intoxicating and stimulating air of an approaching Spring and being in a meditative mood, I was taken with an announcement on the Denominational Bulletin board that stands near the student's exchange. I do not even recall which church presented it, but it has as its theme, "A Students' Credo," under which were several "I believes," namely, "in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Bible, in prayer and in moral order." And while there was nothing impellingly original or conducive to spontaneous thinking about the thing, I decided, being, as I said, in a meditative mood, to turn the subject over in my mind and to earnestly distinguish my opinions on those several points and write them down in one short statement, if possible.

Therefore, instead of taking the topic as a settled statement I have added a question mark, for it is always easier to answer a question than build up a proof. Naturally, in the short space available, I cannot give a detailed or finished answer, nor am I attacking any belief of any individuals or group of individuals, for I do believe in religious freedom.

I believe in God?  
 Yes, I believe in God, the Force of Life, the Life Urge, or whatever it may be that is both living and dead, but not in God, an individual who's eye is farseeing and who's control of destiny is an assured power. As God is everything, I am part of God, and it is My duty to live Life to the fullest possible extent.

I believe in Jesus Christ?  
 Yes, as a great humanitarian, who's doctrine of Love of Fellowman is essentially one of the idealistic state of social consciousness; and as a Son of God, only as the rest of us are Sons of God.

I believe in the Bible?  
 As undoubtedly a magnificent piece of literature, rich in beautiful poetry, abounding with common sense and good ethics, and sonorous in a powerful history, and possibly the

outstanding book of the Ages, but it would be beyond reason to accept every word as literally true.

I believe in Prayer?  
 I do not know. Seemingly the amount of prayer offered up exceeds the quantity of returns by several thousand fold. Sometimes I pray, but not out of fear, and I cannot rationalize my position in doing so, and do not try, for it is a psychic relief at times.

I believe in moral order?  
 A very difficult question on account of the twisted and hollow interpretation of "moral order." Morality within reason is my belief, though I do not adhere to my principles at all times. Every individual has the right to do in private life as he wishes, as long as he does not interfere "within reason" with other individuals. Of course, if they purposely get in his way, he is justified in disregarding them.

Now having answered the questions I will add that not one of them is a fundamental basis in my life, except perhaps the last. My religion is essentially one of Living, a philosophy of Life, and might well be summed up in the words of Swinburne. "This thing is God: To be man with thy might, to grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out thy life as thy light." And I believe that Jesus Christ said the same thing.—Contributor.

Not so very long ago one of the members of our staff, as well as one of the most frequent contributors to this page, left our merry crew to saunter forth into the Philistine wilderness of Houston and San Antonio and points North, South, East and West, there to wrench from the soil or its occupants a livelihood. Since most of the readers of this page have become familiar with the verse produced from time to time by Mr. Wrenn, you will probably be interested in noting the effect wrought in his attitude by his contact with the cruel world, if any be apparent. We have this week two samples of his verse, straight from the battlefield.

MOVING ON

Where is the creak my new shoes had?  
 Mixed with the dust of the streets my lad.  
 And where is the jingle I had in my pants?  
 Into the hands of the "sorry I cants."  
 And where is my "shine," my trouser's crease,  
 My overcoat, and my new valise?  
 I stopped one day at a "joint" to eat,  
 To rest my tired and aching feet.  
 My hat walked on with the surging mob.  
 Another tired bum in need of a job.  
 The cops sing sweetly, "Move on, move ON!"  
 A furtive shadow, a patter, I'm gone.  
 A bum on the move, a pavement pounder.  
 A filthy brute, a dirty bounder.  
 Well walk with me for a day or so,  
 You that ride in your big cars slow,  
 And you shall see that the winter wind  
 Is never so cold as the stares of men.  
 You shall see how they turn and sneer.  
 You shall see and you shall hear

Why I keep moving, shuffling on.  
 A furtive shadow, a patter, and gone.

—Geo. M. Wrenn.

LONELY MEMORIES

When the city sleeps and the street cars  
 Rattle to rest in the "Barns,"  
 When the raucous calls of a "New-sie"

Tells tomorrow's murder yarns,  
 When the city sleeps and I  
 Toss tiredly in my bed,  
 Softly a phantom memory  
 Floats in my weary head.  
 A gnawing pain from the past,  
 As saddened memories creep,  
 Then the ache you cause is deadened,  
 Drowned in a tired man's sleep.

— Geo. M. Wrenn.

CADETS WILL PERFORM

(Continued from Page 1)

An immense crowd will assemble on the campus in those three days estimates of which run from twenty-five to fifty thousand people. One purpose of the convention will be to give visitors a first-hand inspection of the college, its departments and

activities. Undoubtedly the school will derive much good from the inspection.

The pageant on the night of Monday, May 5th., will be the high point of entertainment for the convention. Sixty-seven counties of this division of Texas will each be presented at the pageant by a princess. The Queen of East Texas will preside over her court of princesses (who will be escorted by A. and M. cadets. Here is a chance for some of our handsome modern warriors to become brave medieval knights.) Hundreds of persons will participate in the gorgeous affair. Further particulars and a resume of the program to be carried out in the pageant will appear in a later issue.

Everything possible will be done to entertain the visitors during their stay. One of the principal accommodations will be a caravan of busses which will travel continually between college and Bryan to facilitate transportation during the three days.

A program of the events of each day, a resume of the pageant, and further particulars concerning the convention will appear in a later issue of the Bat.



It wasn't Luck

THEY say Jim Lee's been lucky . . . with 240 acres of the best land around here. But I can remember just a little while back when they said he was crazy . . . paying a lot of money for purebred bulls and such before he even had his farm paid for.

"I remember when he first started feeding a balanced ration . . . about 10 years ago. People said that high

feed would break him up.

"Jim still feeds that same checkerboard feed. He told me yesterday it was one of the things that had helped him pay for his farm.

"He feeds Purina Checkerboard Chows to every head of stock on his place.

"Look at that farm. Look how it's built up. Good improvements. Good fences. It wasn't luck. Jim looked ahead 10 years ago. No wonder he still believes in Purina Checkerboard Chows."

PURINA MILLS, 959 Gratiot Street, St. Louis, Mo.

PURINA  CHOWS  
 POULTRY . . . COWS  
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 . . . HORSES . . .