

THE BATTALION

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CHANGE

"Change is not always progress but progress is always change." In this issue of the "Bat" a change is proposed that bears all the earmarks of progress. If the plan proposed by the Senior Court meets with the approval of the Board of Directors and is put into effect it will mark the closing of a chapter in the history of the school and the opening of a new one. In the past, efforts have centered on the retaining of the customs, traditions, and environment of the preceding classes. Any change was looked upon as being "radical." The general attitude was not conservative but reactionary and the school suffered from the inertia that was the result. Perhaps in the future this unwarranted and undesirable feature of college life will change and the attitude will be one of open-mindedness and a clear realization of the fact that change is a necessary part of progress. It is not too much to suppose that the proposed change, if put into effect, will mark the first paragraph in a new chapter of the school's history.

MALICIOUS MURDER

Monday evening during the delightful little spring shower and electrical display a sinister figure stalked our fair campus, and under cover of the dark, protected by the furor of the wind and rain, perpetrated one of the foulest of deeds. This wild and vicious stranger murdered in cold blood one of our oldest and most honored friends.

Rumor, the degenerate offspring of Malicious Intent and Ignorance, had slugged Dean Puryear and left him to drown in the gutter. Strange how these things will spread.

MAUDLIN TEARS

Now that the end is but a few weeks (eight or nine) off, the standard quip about the Senior at the final review who lost his onion is now in order. Few things are more disgusting than a six-foot sap shedding sentimental spouts of salt water and wheezing out sighs that sound for all the world like a government jackass with the heavens over leaving something he has been forced to spend from four to ten years with, and which he has cursed bitterly and escaped as often as possible. What could be more foolish than to come down here for four long years, cursing the place and swearing undying hatred for all its various departments individually and collectively, and then forcing out a salty sea of tears and a series of fog-horn sobs on the day of departure.

Another thing we will have to put up with, it is to be supposed, will be the company commander who evinces the utmost surprise at receiving the watch he has known for years every company would give to its commander. Then comes the great day when all the seniors line up and walk down the ranks of the company and weep down the sweating necks of the underclassmen they have rammed and beaten and cursed the whole year long. It is on such times as this that the true brotherhood of old Aggie-land comes to the surface with a vim.

The only thing that bothers the writer on such times as these is the wonder, just a small vague wonder, if this is all quite as real as it seems. Do these men really love each other with an undying love? Does this captain really feel surprised that his men are giving him the same gift that generations of Aggies have given their proud leaders? And why, oh why, should said captain shed real crocodile tears and blow boisterously into his handkerchief just because the expected has happened?

It might be added, that the writer, along with many of the readers

of this bunk, will probably find out June 4th. just what this is all about. We still have our doubts, but if anybody cries, we only hope it isn't done merely as a matter of form.

REQUEST POEM

The following poem written by Mrs. Duke Burgess of Fort Worth, Texas, was read at the banquet given in that city in honor of Coach D. X. Bible, and is herein published by request.

How can we do without our Bible,
That we've trusted so very long?
How can we do without our Bible?
How can we ever tell right from
wrong?

This Bible takes a bunch of raw recruits;
Men without training, seemingly
without heart.

Men that are gauky, men too stout,
How in the world can they even
start?

But how this Bible does inspire
those men.

He uses their talents in every way.
Such wonderful teaching, very little

They learn for a lifetime every day.
This Bible teaches the big game of
life,

To co-ordinate the brawn with the
brain.

And if the goal they will reach
In the straight and narrow path for
it they must train.

This Bible tells us o'er and o'er that
should we win a game,
By any means but fairest play,
We've lost and ruined our name.
When the last quarter is nearly end-
ed,

And we note the mounting score,
We utter a prayer of thanks for this
Bible,

Whose influence shall be hallowed
evermore.

This thought comes to me,
And it to you I will tell;
This Bible leaves us another com-
forter,

And this comforter is Matty Bell.

MRS. DUKE BURGESS.

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