

# THE BATTALION

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## QUEENS OF THE MAY

In a little conference over in the stable of the Father of the Herd, recently some two or three hundred of our lithesome drill field dancers were chosen for the eight day May Fete, starting May first. Of course, original as always, the college, is making variations in the usual system of symbolic gambolings for this festival of fertility. Instead of the usual silly virgins dancing around the phallic pole, we symbolize the same great fact of nature in a much more realistic manner. In this case each and every one of the participants gets a pole of his own and dances a slow and painful pantomime upon the drill field green. Now isn't that appropriate, I ask you?

## FIRE

Among the other pointless jokes in a recent collegiate publication, appeared the following questionable bit of humor (the question is whether or not the writer realized the humor):

"The Spirit of Aggieland is a fire which burns in the hearts of true men; honest and real men; men with courage, and with a will. It comes from a die formed by time and tradition combined. The noble and clean are bound together by it into a conscious brotherhood which goes out into the world to feed and develop mankind. This is the Spirit of Aggieland!"

Three more years here may cause this same young writer to see his celestial fire more as a pale and sickly yellow flame flickering fantastically in the black forest of mental darkness, around which one sees at certain times a group of savages, foul, dirty and absolutely uncivilized, dancing a silly pantomime of the more glorious orgies of the fore-fathers.

It is needless to say that both pictures are decidedly overdrawn. There is something to the so-called spirit of the place, but just what, after four years of searching, the present writer has failed to discover. There are friendships, numerous and strong, which bind one to the place. There are many good things which one runs across at times which make life here more pleasant and worthwhile than in many places in the world. In fact, the writer, after several years at the place does not honestly regret his coming here. It has been better than one might imagine.

But at the same time, just how many of your classmates or acquaintances could you honestly say were "true men, honest and real; men with courage, and with a will?" They are all far too human to fit such an ideal definition. Then too, in this place, with its overbearing crowd, action and though, the men who are avowedly at a tangent with the group need more courage than all the true and loyal sons of old Aggieland combined. There are many things here which any person making pretensions to civilized life would abhor. The brutality, both in thought and action, the barbarity and utter thoughtlessness of the many little things that go to make up life here are senseless, useless and practically intolerable. It is these little things that should be killed out, and must be before the general trend of life here will be less irritating.

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