

THE BATTALION

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FOR THE EDIFICATION OF CERTAIN ASPIRING YOUNG JOURNALISTS

Dear Old Aggieland, my Alma Mater, for long enough have you been put upon by this "clique of radical, dissatisfied editors," and at last one of them has seen the error of his ways. Henceforward and forever, or at least until the mood wears off, he is determined to follow the righteous paths of "optimism, co-operation and tolerance" prescribed by little freshman Pollyanna.

In running over some of our files he has picked at random some of the "gripes" of the year, and is now preparing to give his views as a convert of the freshman's glad-game group.

One vicious young man hinted, in an editorial titled "Civilization" that the general conduct in the Mess Hall wasn't quite up to the standards required by decency. Why the idea of such a thing! The boys are all hungry when they reach the dining room, and it would be asking entirely too much of them to require any pretense at decency. It's all for the best anyhow—such hurried eating will kill most of them off in a few years, and think of the good that will do the more civilized portion of humanity.

Another says that our present system of hat-cord elections is just a bit off color. Certainly that is absurd. If a man is in the Infantry he must vote for the man in the blue hat-cord, even though he knows the other nominee to be the best—it has always been done that way.

Some one of that bunch had the nerve to accuse the corps of gossiping. Everybody knows a secret is safe in the hands of a brother Aggie—just as safe as a pickled herring at a cat-fight. And then that editorial hinting that Aggie Brotherly love wasn't all that it seemed on the surface—oh deah, deah, what calloused souls those creatures must have.

Lastly, to quote our literary leader: "It appears as though the members of the editorial staff are a group of confirmed pessimists." Realizing that to say anything of the dictional and grammatical faults of this sentence would be ungentlemanly, we pass that over. However, the sentiment we just can't seem to swallow so easily. We are sorry to say that most of the men responsible for these pernicious articles laughing at the little campus idiocies and incongruities lost their rose colored glasses with their fish stripes and swaddling clothes and have found life here pretty satisfying without them. The trouble with the glad-game is that it requires so many hours of serious effort and so many ounces of stolid determination.

CHAPEL—AS IT LOOKS TO AN OUTSIDER

Much has been said by members of the A. & M. student body about the "boomerang" effect of the compulsory chapel system enforced here by "the powers that be," but, coming from students, these expressions have either been ignored or passed over with a frown or remark which would leave no doubt that the critics were wrong.

It is not often that we have the opportunity to read or hear the comments of "outsiders" on our chapel system and the following expressions of Miss Lillian E. Horlock, president of the Student Council of the Episcopal Diocese of Texas, show the impression left by one visit to the Sunday convocation services at Guion Hall. The extract is from a letter written by Miss Horlock and published in "The Texas Churchman" for April:

"Everyone is compelled to attend 11 o'clock service in the chapel. I never saw so many soldiers in my life, all of whom marched stiffly into the chapel to take seats in the balcony and prop their feet on the rail. Was this church? I turned to the secretary of the Episcopal Student Club, Frank Dwyer, and asked why they were so disrespectful and why they actually read newspapers and magazines in church.

"O, it's an old Spanish Custom. You see, the Aggies, are compelled to go, so they sleep or read or anything."

"So and so didn't go. Will he get rammed?"

"No, he rates. He's a senior."

"Oh."

There was no particular form to the service in the chapel because there were all different denominations assembled. The mob stood up to sing a song and then after singing something about 'being led like sheep' some several thousand of feet shuffled, found rest on the back of the seat in front and perched there to settle down for the sermon. The military rules pulled the brown wool over their eyes by force so that they could not possibly see the Light of God. A visiting Episcopal minister from Ft. Worth delivered a good sermon, however unbeknown to most of the magazine devourers."

Surely very little, if any, good can come from a system which will call for remarks like these from a religious worker.

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