

# The Battalion

Published every Wednesday night by the Students' Association of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Subscription Price \$1.75 per year.

ALL ADS RUN UNTIL ORDERED OUT.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Bryan, Texas, under the Act of Congress March 3rd., 1879.

Member of National College Press Association

All undergraduates in the College are eligible to try for a place on the Editorial Staff of this paper. Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors who are interested in journalism for its own sake, are urged to make themselves known to some member of the staff.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

L. W. JOHNSTON	Editor-in-Chief
S. C. GIESEY	Associate Editor
Y. B. GRIFFIS	Associate Editor
P. A. DRESSER	Sports Editor
C. WILLIAMS	Associate Editor
F. R. McKNIGHT	Assistant Sports Editor
R. L. HERBERT	News Editor
C. V. ELLIS	Associate News Editor
W. G. CARNAHAN	Assistant News Editor
J. A. BARNES	Assistant News Editor
M. H. HOLLOWAY	Columnist
S. A. ROELOFS	Columnist

## BUSINESS STAFF

LESTER HANKS	Business Manager
D. W. SHERRILL	Assistant Business Manager
J. A. REYNOLDS	Circulation Manager

An editorial on this subject is not yet justifiable but rather we deem just a word at the present time enough to call attention to the existing condition. The senior sections in the Assembly Hall are not being observed properly by under classmen, and unless improvement is shown further measures will be taken.

## THE INTELLIGENCIA

Every community has a certain element which is known as The Intelligencia: the driving power of the community, and every factor of development passes through the hands of this particular savant group. Our campus is a community and its inhabitants lead a different existence than the normal community—we live apart from the rest of the world. Our minds soar above the world in an ether which is free and pure! "Untrammelled, we deal in vast abstractions." The passing years may cause the ether to vanish and may bring disillusion to us, yet we shall never wish to forget these college days. Disillusion may come in later years, but no one can deny that this community of ours has its intelligencia and that we are governed by its leadership and guidance. The highest ideals of the real man are represented in this group and when they act, everyone falls in the rut and follows. We are not referring to the faculty, but to the students: the student's intelligencia and after a brief but accurate analyzing, we find that group to possess those qualities which make our campus and college shine in scintillating features and activities far above the colleges and universities throughout the land. You know who comprises that group for they perceive and we act and insensibly we take on new ideals that the intelligencia possess. Look about and around you and notice each member of that group and when you find one, notice his actions, his characteristics, and leadership, and then psychoanalyze yourself to see if you are like him in any way. Indeed the qualities of our intelligencia are not perfect, but aren't they far reaching? It should be the high ambition of every man not only to be a leader in his business or profession, but, because of his public spirit and unselfish devotion to the student body to be justly called "our leading student," and his title of a "leader" comes only because he surpasses others in the quality of his work.

## AFTER WINTER GOES

It is happening. We feared this, but there was nothing much for us to do about the event. Spring will be here pretty soon; it is hard by in the sunny Southland, and last week we saw the Doodle birds flying north where they will be presently referred to as "harbingers" on every editorial page. There is a suspicious lassitude permeating the campus, and only today we saw a friend staring intently at a collection of dangerous curves . . . Just walking along staring and thinking of nothing at all . . .

It is all unreasonable and distressing. Why should this period between Winter and Summer transform lousy sparrows into harbingers and make pretty girls prettier? Why should every embryo inkslinger lurk, pen in hand, in waiting for the returning cuckoos? Why do bards, great and small, invariably choose this time to voice their shrillist song? Why should we sleep through classes—why should profs attempt to keep us awake when they realize fully that we are mentally, if not physically, asleep? Why are

we writing about Spring when April is two months away?

But Spring is imminent. It is coming—it always has, we suppose, and, as we ventured to state above, there is not much that can be done about it. There is a green mist shrouding the landscape even now, and this includes the vast mud-tundras surrounding College Station. Second term bullpens have started and our roommate is in love with the blonde again—she threw him over last term. This is not to be doubted because he used six sheets of our stationery yesterday. But it is not his fault. It is Spring.

This season has heretofore been hailed by us with delight, but we are getting educated now and it happens along too regularly. We can study in the rain that deluges us for nine months, but who can concentrate with a raging spring fever? It is time to stop this folly and start taking Spring for granted. Girls can be pretty in Winter, even if they do wear more clothes, and birds have been birds since the Jurassic period. Poets are eccentric, but there is no sane reason for them to be more painful in April than in any other month. Oh well, we have protested. Spring can come now if it wants to.

## ROBISON CRUSOE LIVED A LONELY LIFE

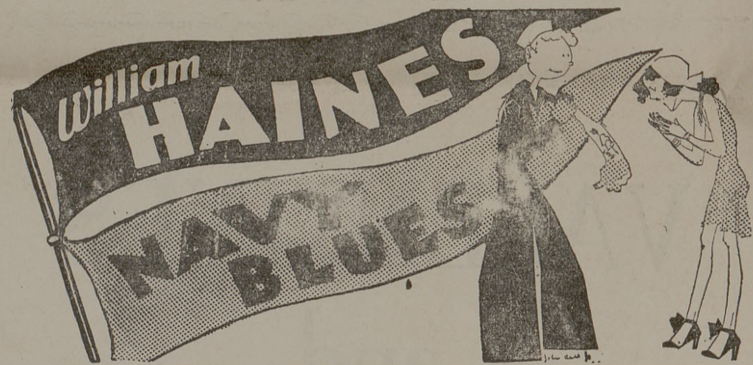
How a photograph would have cheered him. Is your sweetheart a Robison Crusoe? She will appreciate a photograph of yourself and no doubt you have other friends who will like one also. Made from your Lorghorn negative or new.

AGGIELAND STUDIO

## Palace Theatre

Thursday . Friday . Saturday

All Talking



SATURDAY 11 P. M. PREVIEW:

"Romance of Rio Grande"

## THE CAMPUS BARBER SHOP IN THE "Y"

Where Service and Friendship Meet

BERT SMITH, Prop.