

## LET'S FIND OUT

She's a senior now—three years ago she took the campus by storm. The inevitable look of bewilderment and helpless quandary so characteristic of every freshman was not hers. That air of arrogant superiority and those determined actions proclaimed to the world in careless conceit that Aggieland was hers to take. There was no careful entrenching, no planning of strategic campaigns, no consultations with trusty aides—single-handed was the job done in one glorious onslaught. The fruits of the victory? A station never before held by any one living thing, a position she has been plainly proud to carry. Yep, she's known from the Panhandle to the Gulf as Reveille, mascot of the A and M Cadet Corps, once just a plain black dog without a purpose, but now a famed personality given respect and admiration by all for her untiring efforts in all Aggie endeavors.

But have you noticed it? She seems given over to reminiscing and bits of brooding more and more often. The mischievous twinkle is gone and the nervous barks of canine joy are becoming less frequent. Are these the ear marks of the burden of passing years, or is it a feigned display of quiet dignity that seniors are often excused for effecting? Or is it—and **this** is the question—because of an oppressing sadness that her seeming indomitable spirit is being slowly broken by the fear that her pep and enthusiasm are out of date, not really wanted any more?

Perhaps we—the corps—are to blame. It is possible that we've let "Rev" down, haven't come up to those standards to which she was accustomed in her underclassman years—a fightin', yellin' bunch of guys that doff their hats to no one and admit defeat to none?

Saturday A and M plays TCU, a game any of the seniors, "Rev" included, would give their right arm to win. Let's put the old gal to the test. Is it actually age taking its toll, or have we been to blame? There's only one way to find out.



## MONEY, DRUMS, and FIGHTING

As the steady cadence of time beats out year after year, ever-present and recurring problems impinge themselves against the elusive harmony of civilization. Social, religious, and economic, they rip the peaceful mantle of quiet orderliness.

The younger generation alternately quails in terror, and laughs in disregard. And the older generation, just as alternately, calls the young cowards, and then fools. The old are wise.

Yes, the old are wise, but they are also the biggest cowards and the biggest fools, for life is a disillusioning process, and as the years strip idealism from the individual, he emerges into a paradox of wise foolish-

ness.

Today, the whole of young America is afraid of the probability of war; afraid, in spite of the oceans of patriotic ballyhoo with which they have been gorged since the days of elementary school "my flag—your flag." Patriotic ballyhoo, supplied by the old, which has never been anything but sugar-coated nationalism.

Why shouldn't they be afraid? Who wouldn't rather live for himself than "die for his country"?

Of the thousands who will die in future wars, very few will be fortunate enough to "die for their country." They may die for Wall Street, or the munitions manufacturers, when the whole pity of the thing is that they ought to die for **humanity**—if for anything.

Senate investigations have disclosed that Allied munitions manufacturers during the World War supplied arms not only to the Allies but to Germany as well.

The old are wise. They make money, buy drums, and spill the blood of their own offspring for more money—and the young die for their country.



## BOQUET TO THE CORPS

The Corps is to be commended for the fine spirit in which they have acquiesced to the order prohibiting smoking in the Assembly Hall. Let us hope that the acceptance of the rule can be counted as evidence of a general realization that the regulation was made for the benefit of the student body as a whole. It would be tragical to think that the Corps had **grumb'ingly** submitted—just because someone had said, "No".

With the absence of ventilation, forcing everyone to utter discomfort before the end of any Assembly Hall performance, the utilization of every possible agency for physical relief becomes a necessity. If the smoke from your cigarette, cigar, or pipe doesn't choke you, it will certainly stifle your neighbor.

And from the standpoint of health! Tobacco smoke, human breath, human bodies, and no ventilation are far from a healthy combination.

One might think of the possibility of fire, too. The Assembly Hall is made of aged and bone-dry wood—not asbestos. Let's **keep** remembering not to smoke in there!



## THOROUGHBREDS

Recently I saw a motto hanging above an executive's desk that appealed to me. Here it is: "Organization is the art of getting men to respond like thoroughbreds. When you call upon a thoroughbred he gives you all the speed, strength of heart and sinew in him. When you call on a jackass he kicks."