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### The East Texan, 1917-03-08

East Texas Normal College

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COMMERCE, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1917

## Baseball Boys Elect Captain

You can not keep E. T. from going on and doing things that ought to be done. The baseball team met en masse and, after looking over the crowd and considering their best interests, they elected C. E. Johnston captain.

Johnston has been here a long time, knows baseball and knows players. With Johnnie Garitty coaching the team, we are sure that we shall have a successful year in baseball.

The new park is just about in condition for practice and is now being fenced. Let's support Johnston, our team, and E. T. N. C.

## Our Soldier Boys Get Promotions

Some may remember when Bob Caton, Shelby N. Ragland and Willie Music left E. T. N. C. which is almost one year ago. They donned the khaki and marched out under the colors of U. S. A.

Mr. Caton was with us Sunday. He was granted a fifteen days furlough. He said he could not spend those fifteen days without spending a part of that time in E. T. N. C.

We noticed that Bob was wearing three stripes on his arm, which means that he is a commissioned officer (sergeant) and the other two boys have received similar promotions, one being promoted to sergeant-at-arms, and the other mess sergeant.

Mr. Caton's promotion was due

to him on the account of his effective service at the border. Ragland's promotion the result of his knowledge of handling men, and we all remember that Music could bake beans and bread so that a king would envy us while we were eating them, and that explains his advanced position as mess sergeant.

We hear every day of E. T. N. C. boys and girls "making good," and in all professions.

Anyone wishing to send either of these young men a card of congratulations, they may be reached by addressing it in care of Camp Wilson, San Antonio. I am sure that they will appreciate any communication with them.

### Not Term Finals But as Good.

A very important and interesting line of work has been going along for several months, though no great noise has been made about it.

A representative of each literary society speaks in the Auditorium every two weeks. These speakers who are chosen by their respective societies two weeks ahead receive aid from the Expression and English teachers. Of course each tries to represent his society to the very best of his ability and in doing this, rivalry of the most wholesome kind must naturally follow—that rivalry in which each tries to see who can best succeed. Honored is the one who is chosen by a society to represent them before all other societies. Members of the graduating classes are not eligible to this work.

The following is the program for last Saturday evening:

#### AMOTHENIANS

Expositions, The Time Keeper of Progress—Miss Forrest Loafman.

#### FRANCES WILLARD

Fact and Talent—Miss Estelle Earhart.

#### EXCELSIOR

Speech and Silence—W. E. Terry

#### LIGHTFOOT—SEC. A

The Courage of Woman—G. F. Hudspeth.

#### LIGHTFOOT—SEC. B

Phrigenia, the Model of the East—P. T. Brown.

#### PHILOMATHEAN

Imagination, a Means of Napoleon's Success—H. M. Dyer.

## Girl's Reading Club

The Girl's Reading Club met in the Art Studio Sunday afternoon. The study of "Sohrab and Rustum" was pursued with much enthusiasm. Miss Moulton gave a very interesting sketch of the selection before a formal study was begun.

The Club members get much enjoyment from these interesting meetings, and are quite satisfied that the time is profitably spent.

Prof. W. B. Stone was away last week on business. We are extremely glad to see his smiling face again in our midst.

Rev. Berry, father of Joe, Charlie, Gus and Bester, all reputable young men, showed that he still had large interests in the school and came over to see us all. He made us a very enthusiastic chapel talk.



# The East Texan

Published weekly by Students of East Texas Normal College, Commerce, Texas.

## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief..... Burr Cameron  
Assistant Editor..... Miss Myrtle Morris  
Alumnal Editor..... B. H. Miller  
Athletic Editor..... Allen Ritch  
Locals..... G. F. Hudspeth, Miss Lucie Moulton  
Subscription Managers, E. L. Taylor, Miss Jewel Tuttle.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Beginning March 1.....35c

Address all business to The East Texan, or to Circulation Managers.

Entered as second-class matter Jan. 12, 1917, at the post office at Commerce, Texas, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Beginning with next week's East Texan, a regular column will be given to ex-students who are not graduates. Among this group of former students are found many of the institution's warmest and most enthusiastic admirers. Heretofore they have been somewhat neglected by the East Texan, but we want them to feel that they are looked upon as a great part of the school's strength and support. Any information you may have will be gladly received and that this column will be a medium of information to all, is the hope of the East Texan.

## OLD TIMES.

The following will be especially interesting to those who have been out of school for a long time, but whose hearts still warm up, at the thought of pleasant memories of young manhood and womanhood:

Sulphur Springs, Texas,  
3, 6, 1917.

Prof. W. L. Mayo,  
Commerce, Texas.  
Dear Sir and Teacher:

I had a copy of the college paper and it brought up so many pleasant memories that I had to go thru some of my old manuscripts. Among which I found the inclosed lines. I am sending

it to you to put in your paper if it is worth the space.

You will recognize Lucy Chapman, Mary Taylor, Hugh Wynn, and myself.

I have lost sight of most all my mates, but in my mind, teachers and mates are clinging to my memory still.

I am teaching once more, and I am much pleased with the work. But of course I can never do the good that you and other educators have done. However, I am conscious of the fact that little made up the big things.

With best wishes, I am,

Respectfully,

GID. W. SMITH.

MARY DOWN THE LANE.

I sat with little Lucy  
Conversing as of yore,  
Commenting on her beauty  
As oft I'd done before,  
When thru the college window  
Her laughing eyes did gain  
A glance at Hugh's Miss Mary  
Sweet Mary down the lane.

I looked and saw her coming,  
Her bonnet gay and white,  
Her steps like banjoes tumming  
Were falling fast and light.  
We knew she was a deary  
Her happy eyes aflame  
For love of all had Mary,  
Sweet Mary down the lane.

The boughs which hanged above  
her  
Were barren from the cold,  
Tho stripped of all their verdure  
Were mossy, grey and old.  
But still the birds were merry,  
Which o'er her head did hang  
In glee they sang for Mary,  
Sweet Mary down the lane.

(Composed and written by Gideon W. Smith, Dec. 15, 1895.)

F. S. Keahey spent a few days at home last week. At least he said that he had been there.

Misses Alpha and Grace Gray and Messrs. R. G. and Willie Gray have been in Commerce for a few days on account of the death of their father.

H. O. Day's father paid him a surprise visit a few days ago.

Gus L. Berry paid E. T. a short visit.

Corporal Bob Caton of the National Guards visited us a few days ago. He was called to the border from here last spring.

E. G. Crowson is back in school. Measles and the regular close of his school ran him out of the sticks.

## Announcement S

There is a new set of reference and supplementary books on biology, botany, zoology, chemistry, physics and mathematics in the library now. I would be glad to aid any student in outlining supplementary reading.—  
K. K. Eason, Librarian.

Beginning March 7, the library will be kept open until 9 o'clock p. m.—Librarian.

## Standing of Society Subscription Contest

The change in the basis of society subscription contest brings about quite a little shake-up, but 100 per cent doesn't decide who is winner, for counting those out of school will let the average run above 100. (Girl society reports not in this week.)

Society—	No. in School	No. Subs.	P.C.
Amothenian .....	50	16	32
F. Willard.....	69	16	24
Excelsior.....	9	9	100
Philomathean ..	40	26	65
Lightfoot.....	78	38	50

## ATTENTION ALUMNI

Will you not please write a personal letter to the Alumnal Department, East Texan, and tell us where you are and what you are doing? If you will do this you will help us keep our readers in touch with you.



# Prominent Football Men At E. T. N. C.

No. 5. H. E. RITCH.

The writer feels as if he should offer the same apology for this article as Tacitus did for his Life of Agricola. But if we only knew that it would everywhere meet with the same approval as that sketch by the Roman Historian we should feel no hesitancy in sending it out to its readers.

Hugh Ritch is a native of the State of "Goober grabbers," spent part of his life in Tennessee, but for a long time he has lived in Texas. His first Texas home was near Whitewright, and accepting his short school days he remained on the farm and worked for several years. He has fought pitched battles in the streets of Knoxville, and has pulled one end of a cross-cut saw for all day with a "two hundred pounder" on the other end although he was quite small.

He never could attend school very much on account of circumstances. But always used all the strength he could muster in combatting the arising vicissitudes. To him was left the management of the farm, the running of reapers, the breaking in of colts, and the driving of the wild horses; to him was left the breaking of the land and he has used everything from a turning plow to a nice big tractor. From early boyhood he shared the labor with his father and was quicker to take up and "catch on" to his West Texas life than his father. His father died when Hugh was fifteen, leaving a widow and nine children, the oldest perhaps eighteen and Hugh as the oldest boy. Also he left debt and poor crops and many needed improvements, for they had just taken

up their home in Texas. But now, partly at least through his efforts, they own a nice farm and a cozily improved home.

But at what cost was this purchased! Hugh was taken from a much needed country school and tied to the farm. Never fond of school, the outside years had made him indifferent to the appeals of knowledge. But when first he attempted to decide what he should do in life, he realized that he needed the training and schooling offered by our colleges. His straight rows and fine maize wouldn't solve the problem. He attended Winters H. S. but the cares of the farm absorbed all his attention and his time was being wasted. He went to Simmons College and found out for a certainty that he ought to go to school.

He was advised by his friends to come to Commerce. Upon arriving in school he began on his work with fire and zeal, and is now taking B. L. course.

He has sold books during several summers, and then his ability to "get by" was confirmed. He doesn't seem to depend on anyone for his ideas. His stubbornness and longheadedness give him a distinct personality and one not leaning on another for support. Probably if he had used his temper more beforehand the writer would have received several more thrashings and would have been more prepared to "get back" at him.

But lets take up his athletics. There part of his heart lies, the rest probably is controlled by some of the girls.

He, upon his arrival like many others found Society Athletics taking the day, although not a baseball player he worked on the Philo team and his luck startled even himself. On the track few were more speedy and few stronger. He played on the '16 basket ball team and proved a strong hand at guard.

But on the gridiron is his picnic. There lies the joy for him, for football holds for him its charm. He has played for the past two years, each time on the line. At tackle his great strength besides his agility and small size make him an opponent to be

feared, one even to be dreaded. He made many brilliant shoe-string tackles behind the line and made many spectacular recoveries. While his opponent planned to deal his crushing blow, Hugh would dive in like a war-horse and carry him off his feet. His strength, speed, skill and "stickability" make him fit for any team.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Reflections of an Outsider.

Miss Tuttle sat by a shaded light  
And worked and toiled till late in the  
night,  
Old Tacitus refused to be read,  
So she closed her book and went to bed.

Prof. Gaines sat nodding in an easy  
chair,  
And ran his fingers through his thin  
red hair.

Judging by the looks of his bean,  
There was no room for a peaceful  
dream.

He dreamed of trouble that morning  
in class,  
For he couldn't pump Latin into the  
head lass.

She dreamed of home and woke with a  
shout,  
In the midst of the happiness Latin  
was left out.

He came to class with a ray of hope;  
She came as one who had run out of  
soap.

To stay in class one courage must need  
And first he asked Miss Morris to read.  
She read a little and fainted away.  
Woe to his class the rest of that day.

Old Taylor stopped as one astute,  
When asked to parse an "Ablative  
Absolute."

The trouble all started when a question  
was put.

"Now Ritch what would you do with  
that little word 'ut'?"

MORAL.

Some things are silk and some are  
satin,

But you sure can't dodge a teacher in  
Latin.

P. S.—Destroy immediately after read-  
ing.—Contributed.

The atmosphere of the home  
in which the wife puts on more  
airs than the husband can afford  
is never what it should be.



## Alumni Doings

Mr. Charles H. Finley, B. S., is principal of Central School, Texarkana, Texas. He is making a good showing in his new field. His Supt. says that while he has not sounded the men yet he is quite sure that all the women and children are dead in love with him.

Mr. E. M. Safford, A. B., is teaching in the High School at Childress, Texas. E. M. has made a good record at Texas University since leaving here.

Dr. Walter Shaddix, B. S., is practicing medicine at Marietta. He is building up a good practice.

Rev. E. A. Manus, B. L., is pastor of the M. E. Church at Atlanta. He is remembered especially for his stentorian voice.

Mr. Russel Holderness, A. B., is making a good record in his work in the Medical College at Galveston. He has accepted an internship at Detroit, Mich.

Mr. H. E. Taylor, A. B., Supt. at Stratford, Texas, spent the holidays visiting his friend, Miss Eshtool Durham, at Scarritt Bible Training School, Kansas City.

Miss Myrtle Cochrell, B. L., is teaching at Roscoe, Texas.

### AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

In the United States every citizen is a part of the greatest social organization upon the face of the earth today. A citizen is a part of society and the interests of the nation are committed to his keeping. Upon the citizen rests the ultimate responsibility for the welfare of the institutions that characterize our republic. To the institutions that have sheltered, guarded and enlightened

us, we owe that fidelity that will cause us to act so that they will ever stand as they now stand—milestones on the way to the accomplishment of the highest ideal of national greatness that has ever been stamped upon the hearts and minds of a people.

### Keep Fishin'.

Hi Somers was the durndest cuss;  
Fer ketchin' fish he sure was great.  
He never used to make no fuss  
About the kind of pole or bait,  
Or weather either; he'd just say,  
"I've got to ketch a mess today,"  
And toward the creek you'd see him slide,  
A-whistlin' soft and walkin' wide.  
I says one day to Hi, says I,  
He gave his bait another swishin',  
And chucklin' says, "I jes' keep fishin'."

Hi took to studyin' law at night,  
An' purty soon, the first we knowed,  
He had a law-suit, won his fight  
And was a lawyer, I'll be blowed.  
He knowed more law than Squire McKnab,  
And though he had no gift of gab  
To brag about, somehow he made  
A sober sort of talk that played  
The mischief with the other side.  
One day when some one asked if he'd  
Explain how he got in condition,  
He laughed and said, "I jest kept fishin'."

Well, Hi is Gov'nor Somers now,  
A big man 'round the state, you bet—  
To me the same old Hi, somehow;  
The same old champeen fisher, yet.

It wasn't so much the bait or pole;  
It wasn't so much the fishin' hole  
That won for Hi his big success;  
'Twas just his fishin' on, I guess:  
A cheerful, stiddy, hopeful kind  
Of keepin' at it—don't you mind?  
And that is why I can't help wishin'  
That more of us would jest keep fishin'.

—Selected.

### Happiness.

When we look about us and see man, surrounded as he is with luxuries, master alike of the earth and her waters, her latent energy and her unlimited resources; when we read of his marvelous deeds and contemplate the vastness of the scope of his activities, we are inclined to forget, after all, life is largely a struggle for a peaceful and happy existence. It is the ultimate aim of man to be happy, and happiness is indeed quite indispensable to complete living. To be happy is to be able to feel and appreciate the good

and the beautiful in all; to understand the unbroken harmony of nature; to see the hand of the Infinite in the picturesque grandeur of the babbling brook, the brimming river, springing flowers and singing birds; to hear the musical note of the gentle zephyrs that lull the verdant forests into peaceful slumber as they sing their lullabys through the tossing boughs of the gigantic trees where the dancing elves bask in the mellow beams of the silver moonlight that succeeds the departure of the retreating light of the dying day.—Selected.

### Old Mothers.

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,  
And kindly eyes and lips grown softly sweet  
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.  
There is a something in their quiet grace  
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;  
A knowledge in their deep unfaltering eyes  
That far outreaches all philosophy.  
Time, with carressing touch, about them weaves  
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,  
While all the echoes of forgotten sons  
Seem joined to lend a sweetness to their speech.  
Old mothers! as they pass with slow-timed step,  
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength;  
Sweet mothers as they pass, one sees again  
Old garden walks, old roses and old loves.

—The Century.

### ATTENTION ALUMNI

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