

SAY AGGIE

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out the game. Every one of us loves a clean fighter, and THE BATTALION voices the sentiment of all of A. and M. in congratulating New Mexico University for being represented by one of the cleanest football teams that has ever played on Kyle Field.

Isn't it a lot of fun to kick a fellow when he is down and make all manner of fun of him? That is the way we used to do when we were children—and perhaps it was permissible then because we were too young to know better. But is it becoming to a college student to razz football players when they have done their best against a much mightier foe? What right have we to say slighting remarks to the men of the opposing team when we ourselves, if we'd be frank, are too much afraid of getting hurt to join in the game. This fits those who are such poor sports as to do the razzing. If we can't do any better ourselves, then let's keep quiet. I'm sure the players from New Mexico were well impressed with the hissing remarks from us when their own men were fighting their best in the game. Be sports, fellows; It takes hearty cooperation to keep up the standard of sportsmanship that should characterize A. and M. Shall we have it?

There is something else that would be rather amusing to one of those wild west ranch owners we've read so much about. That is the weekly stampede into the mess hall for Sunday morning breakfast. From the way the animals scrouge and fight, one would think a den of rattle snakes were in their midst—yet it's only a bunch of fighting Aggies afraid they won't get enough to eat. Or is that really the reason? Animals do that way because they know no better. Can the same be said of us human mortals? And sometimes steers are killed in a stampede. Would we care to see one of our own men hurt seriously by being trampled under foot?

A TRAVELING UNIVERSITY

If Abe Lincoln could have lived in this day and time, he would have thrown away his fireplace, his shovel, and his charcoal, and worked out his problems on a calculating machine. Such is the progress of modern education that the latest thing, "the floating university," promises a rare chance for knowledge, travel, and amusement in a concentrated dose. This university has an enrollment of some 500 students and a faculty of about 60 professors, and the campus consists of a huge liner. All that is necessary is to "ante up" the required fees and board the ship, which shortly sets out on its maiden voyage. The only trouble, from the standpoint of the cadet, is the expense. It might be entirely feasible and certainly would be very educational if this college would institute something of that nature. Why not a trip down the Brazos in a fleet of scows?

Aerial transportation between Japan and China started Thursday, October the seventh with the arrival at Shanghai of two commercial airplanes from China by way of Mokpo, Korea. The airplanes were passenger machines belonging to the Nippon Aviation company, a Japanese concern. Three planes started from Osaka, but one was delayed at Mokpo.

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SAY BO! DIDJA'

Say Bo! didja ever get a Letter from a beautiful Damsel at C. I. A. telling You how cute she thought a certain Dashing young major was, and how She'd love to have you come up? And didja put on your war togs And sally forth in quest Of the unknown? Then didja find yourself forced To date another girl Who knew of your predicament and Who enjoyed your discomfort hugely? And didja spend all afternoon quaking In your boots for fear of discovery? Say Bo! Didja? Everett Shelby did!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

How does a cadet spend a Sunday afternoon? The answer is "variously." The same fellow will spend each Sunday afternoon differently, and no two will often spend the evening the same way.

Sunday afternoon as a rule is the hour of rest and relaxation it is purposed to be. Some fellows are glad to forget the week past, glad to be out from the prim chapel exercises. They get into regalia cool, sleep the hours away in quiet; that is, unless another next door is not moaning on a saxophone or humming and strumming on a "uke" or guitar.

Another fellow enjoys to muse of "the one and only," to sit for hours concocting witty remarks to include in a very special letter; maybe he illustrates his letter with a few caricatures. A few, I am sure, prefer this particular hour of the week to write to mother.

Some fellows like to spend the evening in mild exercise. They play tennis, polo or golf.

Some few are fortunate enough to have an agreeable date in Bryan, where the hours are pleasantly spent. Similarly, this is the time when "the folks" motor over from far and near to see how "son" is looking. "Son" gets his one, two, or three "rummits" and feels supremely happy in lovingly caressing that familiar old wheel and breezing along, showing the "folks" the campus from every angle.

Many fellows enjoy a long stroll in the woods, with several intimate friends in the party, the sunshine and shadows for company.

The clear sunny Sunday afternoon is inviting to come out and take pictures. Particularly do the Freshmen enjoy this occupation. For them the different campus scenes are yet unfamiliar, they have fresh charm, and they send many off to the girl, mother and dad, others remain dear keepsakes for the memory book.

Sunday evening at A. and M. is a pleasant time.

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