



The BATTALION



*At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.*

OUR LETTER TO SANTA

Long years ago, before that cruel sophisticated person shattered our belief in the funny little fat gentleman with the red and white fur coat, the frost-covered beard, and the bulging sack, we used to be good children all through the year, mind our parents explicitly, wash our faces regularly, and lie awake on Christmas Eve listening for the jingle of the sleigh bells. Our first efforts at composition were letters to Santa Claus evolved only after much painful thought and chewing of pencils. The puzzling thing was that our parents always took it upon themselves to see that the letters were mailed. We are just now beginning to suspect that most of them had their final resting place in the dead letter office, and we have heard some of the coldly-calculating engineers of the college remark that they were not even mailed. Alas, that with education should come disillusionment!

Our childish hopes were first threatened when that accursed scientific attitude gained a foothold in our reasoning processes. We found ourselves wondering by what queer freak of nature a man some several feet in diameter could worm his way down a soot-covered chimney only two feet square, and yet be as free from dirt and soot as the pictures represented him to be. Little by little fallacies arose, until we finally arrived at the heart-breaking decision that Santa Claus was one of those things often talked about, but never seen—like the Einstein theory.

With college has come a new faith in the existence of Santa Claus. That marvelous invention, the radio, was the cause of our new hopes and, incidentally, the cause of our deciding to write a letter to Santa Claus again and make up for lost time. While we were listening to the customary bedtime story the other night, we heard once again the wonderful news that there is still a Santa Claus who heeds letters from deserving boys and girls. Witness the proof of the revival of our faith:

December 17, 1924.
(Two more days).

Dear Santa Claus:

We don't want so very much for A.



and M.—not more than you can carry with your fresh string of reindeer. Maybe, as you go through Detroit, Mr. Henry Ford will let you have a Ford to haul some of our things to us in. On your way down from the North, please see if you can find us a great big library at some of

those Eastern schools that have an extra one. You can put it in that vacant lot just north of our Main Building and we will move it wherever is best.

Oh, yes, Santa, we sure do wish you could slip a few more chairs into the room where the Discipline Com-

mittee meets, so if we ever get some student representatives on the committee they will have a place to sit. Please don't forget this, Santa Claus.

If there are any great big igloos up there around the North pole, please bring us the biggest one you can find. We need it for an Armory for "Satch" Hyland. And also bring along about one hundred little igloos that we can use for dormitories until some are built. Don't forget to put in each igloo at least three great big fur-lined coats and several stoves. As you go by Austin you might stop and visit the State Legislature and tell it that you left us some new buildings, and that we hope our legislature will be as generous and considerate as you were. This is not asking too much of you, is it, Santa?

Now Santa Claus, there are just a few more things we want. Please leave about a thousand train-loads of new and better food in the rear of Sbis Hall—that big building with the smoke coming out of the chimney. Mix up the kinds of eats and be sure there is variety. You needn't go to any great trouble to find any breaded veal chops or potatoes a la onion to bring us. We already have plenty of that.

And now Santa, we want you to bring us those things which don't cost a cent, but are nevertheless the hardest to obtain. We think maybe that if you leave for us the spirit of harmony between all the students here now, and among us and the ex-students too, that will be one of the best presents you can give us. We want to maintain our newly-acquired position as one of the recognized Southern colleges, and we want our military efficiency to increase. And please leave us some more liberal courses of study.

Finally, Santa Claus, you might leave some popguns at the homes of those Aggies who have been doing their part to improve the college by running around making all the noise they can and keep some of the others from doing anything at all.

And as a last wish, Santa Claus, please leave just lots of happiness and contentment at Aggieland.

Hopefully,
THE STAFF.