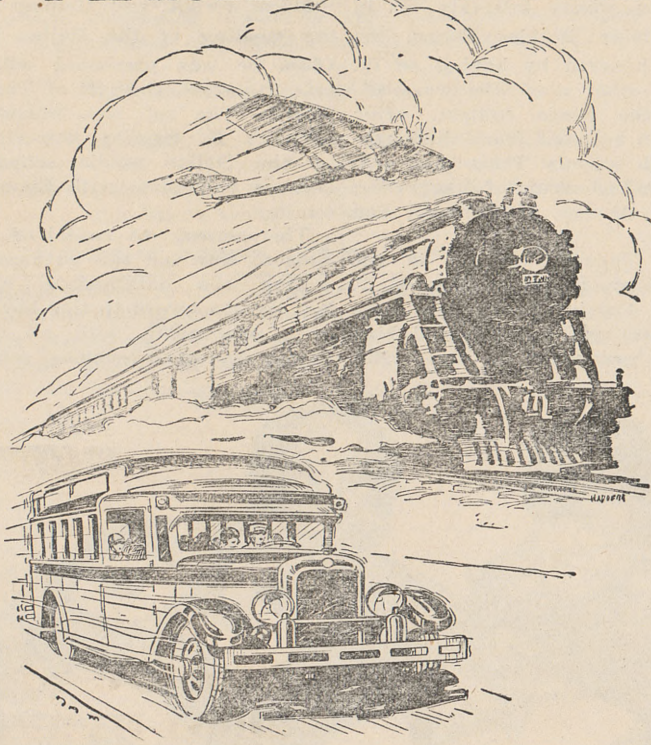


TRANSPORTATION AND THE PART IT PLAYS IN THE MACHINE AGE



ANALYSIS of our so-called "Machine Age" civilization would require volumes, but it can be summarized in a few words. The average citizen today enjoys, as a matter of course, ordinary daily necessities that were beyond the reach or even the dreams of Egyptian Pharaohs, the Greeks in their "palmyest" days, or Roman senators in the hey-day of their ascendancy.

These things are made possible as a result of mass production by the use of machinery—power driven—and our system of communication and distribution which is, of itself, more marvelous than any development of our present-day, complex scheme of things. And that distribution has been made possible by and absolutely is dependent upon our railroads.

In any final analysis we come back to first principles. Without the railroads our frontiers could not have been extended, vast reaches of our country could not have been developed—our rural populations, at great distances from the centers of industrial production could not have enjoyed the benefits of this mass production, and our great industrial population centers could not have been supplied with even the raw materials of manufacture, to say nothing of food from our farms and the basic commodities for clothing and shelter.

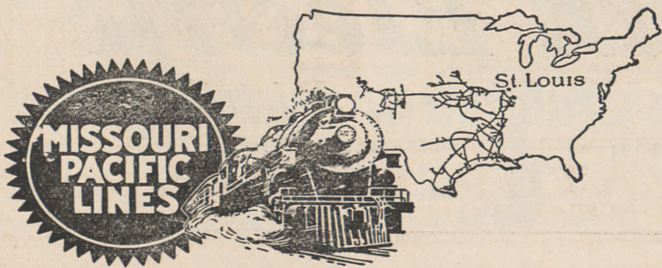
More than that, if specific examples are sought we need only to look at the spectacle of California products competing with Texas and Florida in New York, and Florida products successfully competing with those of other sections in the middle west and north, while those of Texas compete successfully at the very doorsteps of both California and Florida. All this is possible wholly and solely because of our railroad transportation.

All of this progress and amazing development—our "Machine Age" civilization—is based primarily on widespread general prosperity and the prosperity of each region, community and group is vitally dependent on railroad transportation. General prosperity is dependent on purchasing power and that, in turn, again, is dependent on adequate and dependable transportation by rail.

The railroads are willingly and gladly carrying their full share of the burden and cheerfully contributing a full measure of their quota to the whole situation. They expect to continue to do this. And to this end—

I solicit your co-operation and support.

M. B. ...
President



"A Service Institution"

sides this first award, four more scholarships were given, smaller in scope than the first. To each state representative was awarded a deluxe radio set, and it was this prize that Evans won. The interesting details of the whole contest, speaking for Evans, are as follows:

Each boy was selected by his high school principle and sent to Austin to compete in the state contest. Little or no preparation could be made for the examinations, since the nature of their content was not known. However, before leaving for Austin, Evans says that he brushed up a bit on physics and chemistry, and later on was glad that he had done so. At Austin, the fifty-five boys entered in the Texas competition, were examined by a board of three men—Dr. Silvey of Texas A. and M., Dr. Bonar of Texas University, and Dr. Boone of Southern Methodist University. Written tests were taken in physics, intelligence, general knowledge, and on technical questions. All but fourteen boys were eliminated, and these fourteen came back later for a second examination in which Evans was chosen to represent Texas in the final competition held at East Orange, New Jersey. On this trip, all expenses—to, from, and while there—were paid by Mr. Edison. One week was spent in East Orange, and the boys were examined in a manner similar to the state contest, by such famous men as: Edison himself, Col. Charles Lindbergh, Mr. Eastman of Eastman Kodak Company, Dr. Perry, Henry Ford, and Dr. Stratton. The winner was the representative from the state of Washington. The chances are, that he will be regarded at some time or other, with the same gentle skepticism that has characterized the attitude toward Mr. Edison's now famous plan and idea of choosing the outstanding American boy.

The proposition between Evans and his three brother contestants, and A. and M., should be a give and take one. We are honored that they chose our school; they will give us a certain something that every school strives for—prestige. In return, A. and M. gives them the best technical training in the state, and an "esprit de corps" that is found nowhere else in the world. The exchange should be of mutual advantage. And by way of comment, on noting that Evans is an electrical engineer, we will say that if he "chases coulombs" half as well as Thomas A. Edison did, then we will again and more forcefully proclaim loud and long to the whole wide world that he is ours.

SLANTS AT THE CROWD

It's all over, Army, its all over. Please note the melancholy tone of the sentence; surely it can easily be seen. But the memory of the corps trip to Fort Worth in 1929 will linger in our minds for many, many moons. The game—the girls—the hospitality of the city in general; all of these combined to form one of the most pleasant experiences in the life of all of the Texas Aggies.

I haven't fully recovered from the effects of the past week-end yet and I suppose at the end of two more

weeks I shall still be dazed. Like Ted Lewis I'm "Walking Around in a Dream" so if I say anything this week in this column that is incorrect, out-of-place, extraordinary, or vague, please overlook it and don't blame the humble author; just lay the blame where it belongs and that is nothing else than the Corps Trip. If you're not still thinking about it then you're not human and your temperature is below normal. You need to be examined by a physician and let him locate the missing mechanism of your individual anatomy. There is something evidently wrong with you, if you can't remember, at the end of this week, everything that happened.

It's true that we were disappointed in one thing—that is, we didn't win the game and this was the one accomplishment we wanted to do. It was too bad; but there's nothing to do about it except to work harder for the next one—and pull the bristles out of the Razorbacks Saturday and have pork for supper.

Even though we lost the game it did not seem to keep the Aggies from enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. But who could help it? A devout pessimist would have had difficulty in not having an enjoyable time. Even a man with two cork legs could have found something to do. It was there for you and if you did not have the sufficient vitality to find that elusive thing called happiness it was your own darn fault. You didn't have to go far to find it.

Even C. I. A. came up to give the farmer boys a "glad hand" and to pull for that 'ole Aggie team. That information came from a reliable source so don't dispute the statement. If all the student body of C. I. A. is as strong for A. and M. as two young ladies who were so kind as to transport four certain Aggie brothers to the T. C. U. campus, this school would need no further backing; it would have a sufficient amount. We could start erecting three new dormitories immediately. We are deeply indebted to Misses Frances Louise Lewis and Harriet Rushing, both of Fort Worth, for such a pleasant journey to the campus. It must have been that friendly Fort Worth spirit at work. It was an obliging reception to say the least and quite different from the one we received at Dallas last year.

According to the best statistics available at the present time, only four hundred and twenty-nine dollars and thirty-two cents worth of collar ornaments and other sundry articles were left in the fair city. The Exchange Store should do a thriving business this week replenishing the wardrobe of those poor, imposed upon "kaydets" who lost them. Isn't it sad? But there, little boy, don't cry—why you did a good deed; you made a heart glad; you served your school well and upheld all of its old traditions in doing such a thing. Be glad that you could do it and if your old blouse looks rather forlorn without the insignias it will be proud of the man that wears it. You should be glad that you did not leave your Sam Browne belt—your Number one cap—your tie—or even your—(Censored by the editor). You can bet your last can of Prince Albert on one thing though: those collar ornaments that you