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Thanksgiving

Over three hundred years ago the sturdy pioneers of the Plymouth Colony crossed the stormy sea and hewed from an unfriendly nature their mere existence. Their work was hard, with a myriad of unforeseen hardships bruising their morale and spirit, but they realized their dream—peace and freedom in a new land where they might live and do according to their own consciences. They trusted in their Faith and held on with a tenacity that would equal that of the ancient Spartans. Their victory was an almost inhuman accomplishment.

Summer finally followed that pestilence-infested winter, a winter that had taken for its toll over half of the tiny band. Crops were planted, and with fall came a harvest that meant life itself. The holy people looked at their rewards, and then—and then? To themselves? To their strong arms and sturdy backs which had actually accomplished it? To their own spirits and dauntless morale that had so relentlessly battled with nature? To themselves? No. They turned their faces upward, toward their God. They took not one whit of praise for themselves. They accounted it all to an indomitable spirit within them that kept working when feet were bleeding and fingers were frozen, the spirit that made them defeat the preposterous obstacles they encountered.

And in paying a just revenue to this inner spirit, they merely bowed their heads and prayed on bended knee. They humbly gave their thanks to Something that aided them to turn a seemingly bitter defeat into a sweet victory. A thanks to Him for success at last, for a long-sought peace of mind and freedom of will. That was the first Thanksgiving.

Today? Will it hold the same meaning for us? Will it mean a bowed head, a bended knee, a silent prayer—and an humble "Thanks?"

Welcome Texans!

We, the Texas Aggies, take this opportunity of welcoming the student body, faculty, former students, and supporters of Texas University to Aggieland. We sincerely hope that your stay on our campus will be a happy one, provided a football victory is not essential to your happiness.

The Thanksgiving Day football game between Texas University and Texas A and M marks the perennial climax of a friendly rivalry between the two schools. This annual occasion is the tie that binds the two greatest educational institutions in this state. The game itself is regarded by the entire Southwest as its football classic of the year; in color and enthusiasm it may easily be compared to Yale-Harvard, Dartmouth-Cornell, and Army-Navy football contests. Each year, regardless of the conference standing of either team, tremendous crowds attend what they know promises to be a most spectacular show; that in itself is no slight compliment to our two schools and their representatives on the gridiron.

You will find that the entire cadet corps and every person connected with the College are most anxious to retain your friendship except for those "sixty" thrill-packed minutes in Kyle Field. Again we say, Welcome Texans!

GOOD LUCK---

TO THE AGGIES!

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INFORMATION

A AND M HEADQUARTERS—

Y M C A will be headquarters for ex-students and friends of A and M College. The lavatories on the second floor will be reserved for ladies. Men's lavatories in the basement.

FOOD—

Mess Hall: Will be given over to visitors. The doors will be open from 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. A forty-cent hot lunch will be served. Fully 8,000 persons can be served in the Mess Hall if the time is utilized.

AGGIELAND INN: The dining room and coffee shop and terrace of the Aggieland Inn, just across from the Mess Hall will be open all day.

Casey's Confectionery: In Y M C A building, lunches served all day.

Aggieland Pharmacy: North gate of campus, lunches and drinks.

Mrs. Wright's: Upstairs in the Aggieland Pharmacy building. Hot lunches and sandwiches.

Mrs. Parkhill's: One block northeast of Aggieland Pharmacy. Hot lunches and sandwiches.

REST ROOMS—

Mess Hall: Lavatories for ladies in the basement of the Mess Hall Annex.

Y M C A second floor parlor: Parlor and lavatories reserved for ladies.

Stadium and Memorial Gymnasium: Both ladies' and men's rest rooms.

CHECKING STANDS—

Checking stands may be found at the Mess Hall Annex and in the Y M C A building.

FIRST AID—

The college hospital will be open for emergency treatment. A drug store is located at the north gate of the campus.

Gopher Hole Gazette

Luther Wintergrass, Editor

GILLINGSBY REMEDY SALES STRIKE ROOM AND CUSTOMER CONTENT

In all his days at the practice of medicine, reports Doc Gillingsby, he has never seen a more contented customer than a lady who called into Doc's office Tuesday last and asked if he were the one who made the famous Gillingsby Patent Tonic.

"That's me," said Doc warily, producing a bottle. "And you'll find it good for man and beast." "That's just the stuff" cried the delighted lady. "I want something for my husband."



PERSONAL IF SO

The Fitchey has invented a new horn for hunters, which is supposed to emit the sound of a duck. However, he is in some doubt as to whether to patent it, since Saturday when he blew it to test it he looked in his front yard and found two cows, three cats, a traffic officer and the Central Station fire truck.

Little Hector Gabby has rejected a suggestion of the school teacher that he put in some time trying to improve his handwriting. "If I did," said Hector sourly, "you'd begin to find fault with my spelling."

Henry Watten, who tied his cow to the front porch to prevent her following him to work Monday morning, has about got his new front porch up.

MYSTERY IS STILL MYSTERIOUS TO HIM AVERS OSTENTATIOUS

Ostentatious Jones, colored citizen of this town, went to a funeral last week-end at which a very peculiar occurrence occurred, according to him. It seems while they were lowering the supposed corpse into the hole, he raised up and said, "Let 'er down easy, boys." "By jolly," said an interested bystander who heard Ostentatious' tale, "that's remarkable. Did they go on and bury him?" "Huh!" said the surprised Ostentatious. "How in de world does I know?"

AUNTY BELLUM'S Question Box

Dear Aunty Bellum: I sometimes think I am wasting my time as I know I should have been a poet. When I see a noble scene, as for instance a sunset, or when the clouds are turned pink and then the moon, which as it rides overhead and from from there is turning darker—oh, how can I express myself?—Bard.

Dear Bard: Not in English, anyhow. Dear Aunty: My husband always looks at me in a very peculiar sort of way. His gaze is cold. What can the matter be?—Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed: Are you sure he doesn't have a glass eye?—Historian.

Dear Historian: Probably squirrels. Among Sick and Ailing Ike Fitchey, who Friday began a house-to-house canvass selling the "Little Wonder Ease Shoe," which guarantees relief from bunions, corns, aching arches, etc., called his campaign off Saturday and stayed home in bed, his feet hurt so.

Joe Peaberry, who recently decided to grow healthy and vigorous by getting back to nature, and slept with all windows open, is recovering from a cold. Joe says the trouble is nature did not foresee thin cotton blankets.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE

The Primitive Yakk of Australia lays its eggs in the sand and mud. (One place looks just like another to a Primitive Yakk.)

The Quannoo, or Sumatran blue-eye monkey, is never seen in civilization. (He ain't missing anything.)

Only one specimen of an African Jammik with two heads has ever been seen, that by Prof. Herman Zinc, in 1897. (Prof. Zinc went on his hunt with only a rifle and a bottle of zuma, or native drink. On his return he went back for another trip, this time with only two bottles of zuma. "I bet I see a three-headed one this time," asserted the professor.)

WEATHER FORECAST

No weather: Rained out.

SPORTING EVENT

Joe Peaberry was to have gone to the Watery Creek Community to address the civic club on "The Early Bird Gets the Worm," but overslept and missed his train.

Medical Item

Since Doc Gillingsby's note falls due at the bank the first of next month, it is freely predicted that the next patient who calls Doc in is going to suffer a relapse.

GOD JOBS WANTED
Ostentatious Jones, Colored, Our Motto: "God a job can be still Ostentatious has did it."

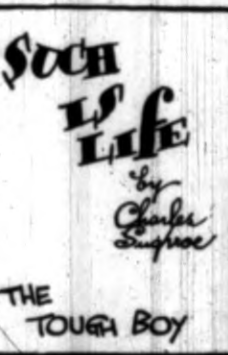
Your Health and Mine

By Doc Gillingsby

(Ed. Note: Doc, we fear, has read the society news so constantly it has gone to his head. This week he submitted the following.)
Mr. and Mrs. Luke Hinkley have announced a coming-out party will be held for Mr. Hinkley's appendix at the Gopher Hole Hospital last Sunday morning, the staple ceremony being performed by Doc Gillingsby.

For the occasion Gillingsby was attired in the conventional white and gauze. Mr. Hinkley was tastefully draped in a sheet. Wednesday, on his return home, he wore a going-away attire of pink striped pajamas, formerly the property of his father.

Mr. Hinkley's appendix will be at home to friends in the parlor of the Hinkley residence, in a bottle.



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back to College after preview.

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THURSDAY — FRIDAY — SATURDAY