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Culture!

Let's take inventory. We confidently believe that A and M is one of the best colleges in the United States. We claim that it takes a real man, and a gentleman, to make a success here. We know that the eyes of the world appraise our graduates in a favorable manner.

Our excellent military rating...our beautiful campus...our wonderful academic status. These things and more we pour smugly into our thought bucket every day, and then drench ourselves from head to foot with egotistic splashes.

Oh, but can we use a dinner fork correctly? Can we speak confidently and fluently to our elders? Can we express ourselves clearly to our brother Aggies? Though confident of our prowess as a group, are we sure of ourselves as individuals? Though we make "A's" in our course, can we interpret our knowledge to everyday life?

Yes, let us take inventory! We are proud of ourselves as a group, but as single personalities most of us are mental and spiritual cowards. Otherwise, we should have had the courage to do away with hazing in all its forms a long time ago. If not, we should move of our own volition, instead of looking from left to right to see what the rest of our brothers are doing. Denying, we should ram a steel rod down the rubber tube of our stringy spines.

Do you use the library? What for...to read the funnypapers? Do you study your engineering journals? Can you realize that this is one of life's greatest pleasures that you are feasting on now, and that in a few years you'll be wrestling for crumbs under the table?

All of us are glad we came to A and M. Its advantages so completely overshadow its disadvantages, that we feel compensated for any educational loss we sustain while here. But this confident belief should in no wise permit us to loaf through college unthinkingly.

The academic advantages are all here...opportunities smiling at our open (or closed?) door. The cultural advantages are here also. So far, however, few of us have had the good sense to know it.

A Fighting Team

We've got a team that'll never quit.

That game Saturday was a bone-crushing, muscle-snapping, bulldog tussle. Feet digging hard into the ground...lightning runs to the left, right, and front, always ending in a solid knot of struggling maroon and blue...short, million-pound thrusts at the line, compacting its participants together in a firm hard ball...squeezing them so that finally color squirts in every direction. Puncta...drives...yells...two human machines smacking at each other with every ounce of power available. Nerves...red satin...drive, drive, drive...charge...grit, grit, grit.

In the second quarter we saw men come from behind...in the fourth quarter we saw men come from behind. And then we saw them make the most soul-stirring attempt to climb ahead that any Aggie was ever privileged to witness.

We heard the Coach between the halves. Calm, confident, and reassuring. No badgering. No badgering. Calm and sensible. We heard mistakes described in the most stimulating way possible, and without harsh criticism. We heard his voice gradually take on fire; we heard it leap and jab; until finally every loyal nerve under that maroon satin was leaping at its bounds...strung, and aching with honest enthusiasm to grind every blue-suited man in the dust. Yet that Coach was calm...he knew they were going to fight. He let them go. And they exploded from the dressing room like shots from a cannon.

The Coach was right. They did fight. They ground themselves against a veritable emery wheel...gritted their teeth and came back for more. They battered their bodies to pulp. Butted and rammed...dug, dug, and dug.

Men take off your hats! Saturday's game was a fire that by now ought to have cooked every bit of your indifference to smoke...and lighted your Aggie spirit into a flagrant, eternal thing, that will never flicker as long as you walk this earth.

Spirit

AggieLand's flaming and loyal spirit lives on and on in the hearts of all its sons:

The Editor received a letter that had traveled some distance this week; part of it should interest the readers.

Aboard Ship
Sept. 25

Hi "Aggie":
Don't remember just who you are—altho' I do remember seeing in last year's Bat, who was elected. Good luck in this year's work—you've really a job.

I want that ole' paper & magazine again this year, 'cause I'm betting on seeing that pennant flying over Kyle Field with a "giggled

frog" on one side and an "ole-horned" steer on the other, and I don't want to miss any of the details of how it was done. If you have the back issues, I'd appreciate all of them; so I can get right in on the ground floor.

Send me the bill, and I'll remit the price—right now, I don't remember what it is.

Tell the boys down in Co. "E", Inf. "hi" for me—and I'm still betting we'll get that ole' "flag" this year.

Another "Ex",
(Signed) "Owl" Connally
"35"

W. A. Connally
U. S. S. San Francisco,
Care P. M.—"F" Division,
Mare Island, California.

Say: "Howdy"

That courtesy extended to strangers on the campus is sometimes appreciated, we are glad to note:

September 25, 1934

E. E. McQuillen, Secretary,
Ex-Students Association
Campus.

Dear Mr. McQuillen:

With a bunch of boys back on the campus, I am reminded of the numerous times visitors from Washington, D. C. and from over the country have remarked about the rather unusual custom of students giving a "howdy" or a nod to strangers they meet on the campus. Visitors like it. I have wondered if it is a part of the suggestions to new students. It ought to be, I think.

Yours truly,
M. R. Bentley
Extension Agricultural Engineer

Campus Little Theatre

Students and faculty members who feel dramatically inclined will do well to enlist themselves as members of the Campus Little Theatre Club.

Providing opportunity for dramatic practice for all interested, one or more short plays, selected from the best of modern American drama, are enacted at each meeting of the club (every alternate Tuesday). At some time during the year, one play—possibly two—will be presented in the Assembly Hall for the entertainment of the entire student body.

Included in the program for this year are plays of both the serious and comedy type, and effort being made to cross-section the whole of modern drama.

Interested persons are urged to present themselves to Professors C. O. Spriggs or J. Q. Hayes for further information.

SHCOOL SCOOPS

When Texas goes to South Bend to play Notre Dame Sat., Oct. 6, a special train will carry fans and ex-students of Texas and Rice who will also take in the World's Fair as well as the Rice-Purdue game at Lafayette, Ind. This train, known as the "Rice-Tex" Special, will leave Austin Oct. 4 and return Oct. 9. This trip can be made by interested students for the nominal cost of about \$55.00. They also plan to take the Texas Band to boost the Texans in their battle with "The Fighting Irish."

Jimmie Cantrell and Steve Mathews of East Texas, two students who have taken an interest in the affairs of the government and are majoring in this subject, will write a series of articles to appear in The Daily Texan. These boys have spent several dollars in collecting data for this series and anyone interested in government affairs will benefit from having read their work.

The famous "Lumber Jack" band from the Stephen F. Austin State Teachers College will have a prominent part in the mammoth floral parade of the East Texas Rose Festival at Tyler, Oct. 12. The "Lumber Jacks" have quite a reputation for their various appearances at conventions and public gatherings. This attractive band, consisting of 40 college musicians, is a strong drawing card on any program.

When the Aggie football team meets the Centenary eleven at Beaumont Oct. 13, an incident of interest to both teams will take place. Three former Centenary men are now on the Farmer's coaching staff. Homer Norton, head coach, has been with the Gents for the past fourteen years, ten of which he spent as head coach. Cal Hubbard, line coach, was a star end for them a decade ago. Manning Smith, backfield assistant, was a regular quarter-back for the Gents during the past three years and was mentioned for all-American during the 1933 season.

Brackenridge Hall boys have had many laughs over the mistakes of innocent freshman girls since registration. One young lady applied at the manager's office for her vaccination certificate, thinking she was in old B Hall where the Health Service is now located. A resident of the hall received quite a shock as he walked down the corridor early one morning clad only in his sleeping raiment and discovered a girl, who asked him if that was the place her English class met. Needless to say, she was informed of her error.

At the University of Berlin, students are allowed a period of six weeks to analyze and select their professors.

Contract bridge lessons are offered in a special Union course at Purdue University.

"Una Habito Antiguo de Espana"

Por, M. Woodfield

UN HABITO VIEJO EN ESPAÑA

Historia Humerística paria los Pescados.

Historicamente es sabido que el famoso navegador, Colon: no tuvo el gusto de presenciar una corrida de toros; por el motivo de que las ballenas acupaban su tiempo con combates, en alta mar, esto no es decir que nuestro marinerio, no le gustaba comer pescado. Me imagino que si Colon tuviera el placer de trasladar al reinado a otra parte del mundo, lo haria con mucho gusto, y esto, no incluir la Reins, porque le debia ver caido bien, cuando elle dispuso todas sus petacas llenas de chicharrones, o digo de joyas y con la seguridad que no gran paraisidas a los que se encuentran en-el (10 cent store), y todo aquello para la expedicion. Al plantar pie en una de las este marinerio atrevido, vio la abundancia de plantas, y inmediatamente nombro una de ellas "Puerto-Rico" y, la otra la llamo "Cuba" no por sus uvas, sino porque le agrado la humba.

Por medio de criterios, llegamos a saber muchas cosas insignificantes, pero efectan lo mismo que las coquillas que hace un payaso, por ejemplo cuando la caída de la Monarquia en Espana, alguien tuvo

el valor de decir lo siguiente. En una ocasion conferencial que tuvo lugar en el palacio, estaba presente Don Alfonso XIII, rodeado por sus colegas, cuales a que abandonara el puesto de rey, para el beneficio del pueblo, y su majestad les contesto diciendo, "Pero Senores, no se dan de cuenta loque esto significa parami, abandonar me bella Espana "O cielo misericordioso, y cuando volvere a ver otra corrida de toros." Anallizando esta contestacion entendemos que su Majestad era aficionado a los toros, y por ser "sport" abandono aquello, cual accion fue apreciada por muchisimos ciudadanos que cantaron con alegria.

España, España, tu valentia, la monarquia ya destruyo
España, España, tu vieja historia, gano la gloria po su valor. Que viva la REPUBLICA.
Donde vive su Majestad ahora? pregunto un joven.
No se aflije joven, que siguen las ultimas noticias su Excelencia habita, la cabana del Tio Tomas. Siento mucho despidirme, pero como soy percado tambien, consejare a Ustedes no tomar la vida

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LOTS OF BOOKS AND A FEW IDEAS

by Dr. T. F. Mayo

If you are rash enough to expose yourself very often to ideas, you are likely, every year or so, to run across some one idea that seems to influence the whole direction of your thinking.

For me, this year's idea has been: an age of great and rapid production of goods, by powerful new machines, needs an economic set-up different from the business arrangement that worked pretty well in an age of small and slow production by crude old machines.

To put it another way: Up to about 1920, our problem was to produce enough goods.

Along about 1920, that problem was solved; You engineers solved it by inventions.

We can now produce, with the latest machinery, plenty of goods.

Since 1920, the problem has been to get the goods into the hands of those who need them, as fast as they are produced. This means changes, not in machinery any more, but in the economic system.

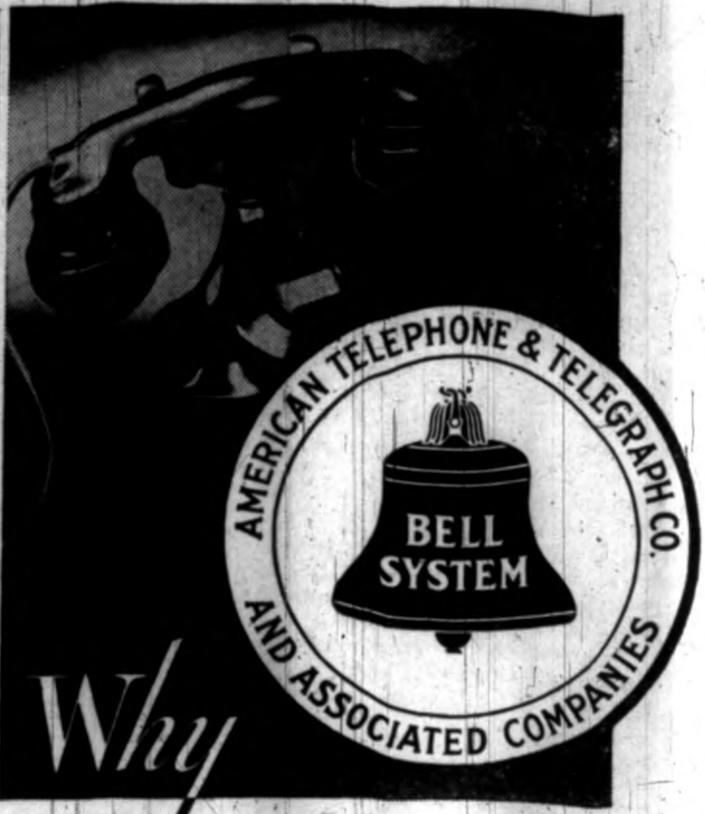
To put it a third way: From the beginning, up to about 1920, was the Age of Scarcity. We couldn't produce enough to go around. Competition was the natural though cruel and wasteful, way of determining who would get this inadequate product and who would go without.

Since about 1920, thanks to you inventive engineers, we've lived in the Age of Abundance.

But in this Age of Abundance we've still got the same competitive business set-up that developed out of the conditions of the Age of Scarcity. Naturally, it doesn't work very well.

No wonder we're in a mess! Now this isn't a brand new idea. But, before this year, it never seemed to click in my brain with the comforting sound made by the

(Continued to page 5)



Why

we advertise

We advertise in order that the public may better understand what the Bell System is doing, and why it does it. In this way we keep customers and prospective customers informed of our aims, policies and progress.

We advertise in order to aid the telephone customer in making the best possible use of his service. As our advertising influences one person after another to use the telephone more effectively, the service rendered every other user is correspondingly improved.

We advertise because we have a varied service to sell and by selling more of it we increase its value to each user. Because of the nature of the telephone business, it is our duty to inform the public continuously of the character and varied kind of service we provide.

In line with this broad plan, we find real opportunity in addressing messages to college and university people in their own publications, just as we also vary our advertising for women's magazines, farm papers and so on. 1934-35 is the fifteenth year during which the Bell System has published advertisements which take college men behind the scenes of Bell Telephone service.



"My throat is my fortune... that's why I smoke Old Golds" says Bing Crosby

See Bing Crosby in "SHE LOVES ME NOT," his latest Paramount Picture