

EX SENDS LETTER ELECTRIC RAZORS

Dallas, Texas
December 5, 1938
Editor Battalion
Texas A. & M. College
College Station, Texas
Dear Sir:
I wish to submit the following for your consideration of publication in an issue of the Battalion.

TRAVELING THE AGGIE WAY
Every one knows college students are not rich "kids" and are anxious to help them when they can.

I am an ex Aggie and travel weekly between Dallas-Houston, and Waco to Houston, often times the trip falls on a week end and I always carry two Aggies with me in my coupe.

Since 1936 upstreaming started. When I was in school any Aggie who would stoop to this was kept in the Bull Ring a semester.

Seems to me the captain of a company could keep his boys from upstreaming. In our company meetings from 1928 to 1932 our captains always warned us of this and there was no upstreaming!

CHRISTMAS LEAVE
The population of the newly incorporated city of College Station will decrease around 5,500 Saturday as students "take off" for the holidays.

Christmas spirit has been in the air for many days. The strains of "Jingle Bells" and "Silent Night" have been sailing back and forth over the campus at eleven o'clock ever night since the Thanksgiving holidays were over.

Particularly glad to get off for a couple of weeks will be the 2,000 Fish who have had to spend three months away from home, something which they haven't as yet gotten used to.

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In a way, electric razors are like the weather. Everybody talks about them—about the way they interfere with radio reception in the halls—yet nobody ever does anything about it.

Most razors create havoc—in the form of loud buzzing and terrific static—on all radios on that electric circuit. This interference with the radio programs to which people are trying to listen is certainly most annoying.

This may seem too small a grievance to be aired in The Battalion. We ask the reader, however: Did you ever try to hear a good radio program at the same time an electric shaver, or for that matter, some other electrical appliance, was creating interference? How did you feel about it?

We are not trying to discourage the use of such conveniences, which are really quite convenient and are coming into widespread use; we are simply trying to combat the thoughtless, inconsiderate use of them which plays such mischief with the hundreds of radios here at college.

First—If you get an electric shaver some time in the future, purchase one of the latest models that is specially constructed so as not to interfere with radio reception.

Second—Get one of the new, cheap, small electric condensers that eliminate most or all of the interference.

Third—Use your electrical equipment, whenever possible, at a time such that most radio listeners would not be disturbed—for instance, late at night or early in the morning.

If you who have these appliances would just try out these simple remedies, radio reception would improve, and all who listen to radios—and they number many—would be much obliged.

TRADITION

This year the "fish" of a number of the military organizations are falling down sadly in the way they greet the Christmas season. In past years it has been a fine custom that the "fish" of each outfit gather outside their dormitories each night at "Taps" during the two weeks preceding Christmas holidays, and sing, solemnly as befitted the occasion and as harmoniously as possible, some of the most beautiful and familiar Christmas carols—particularly "Silent Night".

But this year the fish of many outfits have been mocking and desecrating this solemn, almost religious occasion by singing in the most careless, frivolous, inharmonious manner conceivable. Some have even gone so far as to sing the entirely inappropriate "swing" tunes "Flat Foot Floogie" and "Atisket Atasket", which though popular as swing are all too out-of-place for this occasion.

Of the 13,225 young people who registered with the NYA employment service in October, only one per cent were college graduates. A recent survey revealed 37 per cent of Northwestern University's co-eds go barelegged to classes. The Colgate University senior class presidential election was won by a single vote margin.

Dr. T. F. Mayo's Column

After a long drought, relieved by an occasional good novel, American fiction seems to be freshening up again. Among the Library's new books, three volumes of short stories ought to appeal to the Aggie in search of elegant entertainment. They are "Southways" by Erskine Caldwell, "The Long Valley" by John Steinbeck, and "The Fifth Column" by Ernest Hemingway.

As a matter of fact the phrase "elegant entertainment" would, I am sure, be justly resented by all three of these authors. The gentlemen are in nearly all of their stories thoroughly—sometimes terribly—in earnest. Caldwell's little tales of Southern poor whites and negroes make you see red. If you are a Southerner you are also likely to get red in the face—that is, if you care enough about the South to want it to be a place where everybody gets a square deal.

John Steinbeck, of "Of Mice and Men" fame, is a smoother writer than Caldwell. His stories don't take quite so much complacent skin off. "The Long Valley" is in much greater danger than "Southways" of being described by lady book reviewers (male and female) as a "beautiful" book. The group of stories called "The Red Pony", told from the point of view of a small boy on a California ranch, are mellow and fragrant and strong with the smell of the Western earth and the beasts thereof. But Steinbeck shows what he can do in a harder mood in "The Vigilante", which ought to make the dumbest of us understand once for all why people go in for lynching.

Ernest Hemingway, as all Aggie introducers invariably say, "needs no introduction". (You know, he's the fellow that wrote that piece in Esquire). "The Fifth Column" gives the title to a group of stories written just the other day about and in the midst of the Spanish Civil War. In fact Mr. Hemingway wrote them so deeply in the thick of events as to admit that he himself is not sure of their quality. Mr. Hemingway, sir, you needn't have bothered.

KICKING HIM OUT!



COLLEGIATE REVIEW

Paul A. Misch, Ohio State University, has volunteered to paint the campus tower clock free of charge, so he'll be able to read cream cones daily.

Students of Texas State College For Women are playing Santa Claus this year to the children in several orphan homes around Denton.

Twelve medical men are held in readiness at all Harvard home football games to aid injured players.

One-third of the University of Chicago students prefer symphonic music to swing.

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LUNCHEON AND DINNER
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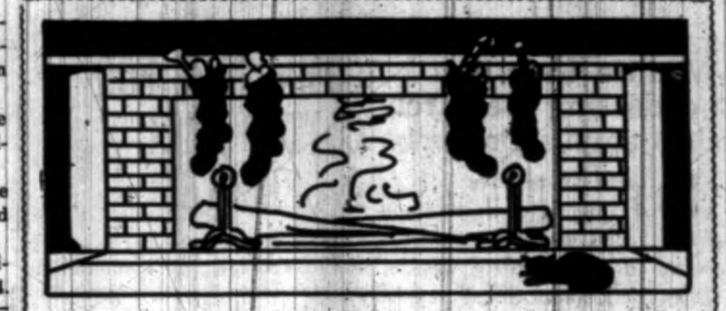
DEATH IN THE JUNGLE

BY BILL MURRAY
Small boys dream of thrilling adventure in the jungles, and grown men explore them in search of riches. Like poisoned wine, the jungle lures men to taste of its beauty—its luxuriant vegetation, its colorful birds and animals, its exotic atmosphere—but little do men know of the dreadful hidden death that lies within.

The tropics abound with poisonous snakes, with swarms of noxious insects, and with dreaded diseases about which we know little if anything. One of the most dreaded is elephantiasis, a disease in which a limb or some other part of the body swells to an enormous size, making a hideous monster out of what was once a normal human being.

There is another gruesome disease in which the body becomes infested with worms two to four feet long that crawl about the body and finally emerge at the wrist, where the head of the worm may be slowly pulled out and wrapped around a stick, by means of which the still ugly length may, with luck, be pulled out of the body without breaking off.

A. & M. College, through the Biology Club, was fortunate in having a man lecture here last Thursday who has seen the tropic jungles in all their phases, both beautiful and horrible. He is Dr. Asa Chandler of Rice Institute, an outstanding pathologist, bacteriologist, and parasitologist, who is particularly interested in tropic diseases and has spent a number of years in India and other countries, where he has studied these diseases first-hand.



FOR YOU AND YOURS
One of the real joys of the holiday season is the opportunity it gives us of doing something for other people and making them happy.
Christmas comes year after year, and it will continue to come. You are going to do everything possible AS LONG AS YOU LIVE to have a good Christmas in your home.
How wonderful it would be to provide this good time for Mary and Jack, even though you have gone on to your reward. You can guarantee this simply by the savings of a few cents a day.
As the shadows of the old year lengthens into memories, may you have a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.
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