

With Love,

from C. J. A.



All college girls (and especially T. S. C. W. girls) whose figures are not grossly deformed to the extent of weighing from 190 to 220 pounds, and whose faces are not the clock-stopping type, are going to receive (and do!) throughout their college careers, so-called "fan male" from members of their opposite sex.

Unlike you poor defenseless Aggies, we up here are not forced to worry after our popular fish year from whence our next "male" is coming. You see, we know better, after years of experience, than to rely wholly upon Aggieland for forthcoming epistles, and hence our interests lie in broader, more diversified fields. Let us here express our sympathy for you Aggie seniors—for according to Mr. F's theory, you are practically forgotten men.

Now to the heart of this issue—we feel that Soph. F. has rather kept in a rut himself—for his article is so biased, one-sided, egotistical, that it is obvious that he is just too naive—he should try subscribing to a worldly magazine, spend more time in the library, or translate Homer's *Odyssey*—anything but write for so universal a magazine as the *Battalion*.

We are indeed flattered to find that we have six well-worn ruts to jog along in; upon careful analysis of the letters you Aggies bless us with, we are rather bored to find that you follow only two "well-worn" ruts—and when there are but two ruts in a muddy road, as you farmers should know, you stick to them. Here, for your contemplation and chagrin (we hope!), we give you the two bedraggled, ancient, trite, and altogether too presumptuous "approaches" (apologies to Mr. F.) used by Aggies—God's gifts to women.

MARCH, 1939

THE FIRST APPROACH

All of us girls have received an average of about five letters a year at least from "seeking" Aggies—seeking some poor girl who will swallow their lengthy "I" give-out. In such a letter, the writer makes himself appear to be Apollo in a uniform, or Clark Gable, with nicer ears, of course. He is just the man wherever he goes—and it is darn swell of him to take time out to write you.

He has seen you on the campus on one of his many Dentonward treks, or his roommate knows a girl who knows you, or he heard someone say your name—or as is typical of the bolder Aggie, he simply decided to write a letter to a T.S.C.W. girl, and (aren't you lucky!) it happened to be you. His letter is mostly a description masterpiece—extolling his charms, physical and otherwise—and he usually closes with the supremely indifferent, worldly statement that he might come up to see you if you make it worth his while; now the excruciating thing about this type of approach is that the heaven-sent writers really expect any girls to whom they write to respond eagerly, with a quickened heart beat and trembling lips, "Ah, he has come! My dream man!"

And believe us, most of us feel quite differently; we have had several doses in the not-too-rosy past of these knights on white steeds—but too often they turn out to be just another cadet, thumbing his way up in the world.

THE SECOND APPROACH

Writers of letters falling under this heading afford most of the daily laughs we girls enjoy. They have a form letter and a mimeograph machine, and the amorous letters they turn out are a joy to behold; especially when a group of 18, or 20 girls get together and read them, singing them off like a love song. It sounds like a speaking choir, and the only different word in the bunch is the name at the beginning of each letter.

Sometimes though, the writer is clever (?) enough not to use the name in the salutation—this relieves the trouble of going through the mimeographed sheets and supplying correct names—allows the whole thing to be handled in a more business-like manner. All the writer has to do is to sort the letters and get addresses straight, then run through quickly and sign them.

We do not mean to be too critical, but we are sure that the writers of such letters are of a certain undesirable breed. They are ego-full, self-centered, shallow, and wholly without conscience. May we also add that this group must be completely lacking in sufficient mental capacities to trump up anything within a five-mile radius of originality, wit, or plain sincerity.

We feel that what we have said is the response all Aggie-writers-to everywhere would give, and we are certain it is T. S. C. W.'s reply to Mr. Fuermann's informative bit. We are not the guilty dogs, barking, but after all, there are two sides to every question, and this is the other one to Mr. F's discussion.