

# READERS' REACTIONS

To Mr. Fuermann: At home. 8:30 p. m.

Well, can you beat that! The idea of a lousy guy like you becoming critical of the femmes and their methods of correspondence. In "Female Mail Trouble," of the Bat, you classify them with such ruthless abandon that it arouses my suspicion. You make their sincere romantic efforts to attract your attention look very "cut and dried" under such coldly analytical classification. The Greeks no doubt have a word for it, but the writer of this note so cut and dried, not of unappreciation has a word for it too—not satire, but slander and surely a breach of etiquette. No femme west of the Mason-Dixon line should accept these belittlings chronically—nay, none west of the Pecos, or this side of Van! I say a slap back is worth a lot more than noble and silent suffering in this instance if the blows are dealt to the point.

The point being—there are moments in this good life when one is brought right about face (ach, and it is none but brutal, too!) to the asinine reasoning and generalizations of the very, very young satirical exponent or incipient literary genius and philosopher, who, caught in the throes of a passion for self-exaltation, is a slave to the so-called literary rash and otherwise indiscriminate and carnal use of superfluous adjectives. Perhaps it is not your initial (but surely near so) advent into the literary realm, exception being the time you were a big shot on the home school paper. And perhaps my criticism lies, not so much in the insinuations of your article, but in the fact that you so obviously ape the Esquire manner. Of course I (and Esquire) know that imitation is the most sincere form of flattery; still, I can but say that it is indeed the most exasperating thing ever and in truth nothing short of cold-blooded torture. You are indelicacy incarnate! A menace to peace and quiet! A satanic rube, as it were, who vents his spite and grievances in the form of literary effort!

Oh, well, what's the use. I could go on indefinitely but lest the truth become overshadowed with inconsequential facts, I stop here with this as a parting shot. In time you will know too that you are no philosopher whose soliloquy is printable, nor a super-Hemmingway whose adventures are news, nor even a Casanova whose l'amours are inspirational. So I shall not elucidate on these obvious truths and trifles, but pause only to apply the old adage which is timeworn and often true. If this maxim is not applicable, if it is not the source of all your troubles, which prompted your last literary effort, then, surely I am no longer of mediocre intelligence and able to discriminate between the very good and the very rotten. It reads in substance if not verbatim: "Experience often upsets a lot of theory." The writing in question is unmistakably from the pen of a prime egotist who, try as he may, cannot be convincing even to this naive femme sole. Alas and alack! It is tripe! Dare you speak authoritatively or collectively through such a medium?

Poisonally yours,  
A FAN,  
College Station.

Box 3277,  
T. S. C. W. Sta.  
Denton, Texas.  
March 8, 1939.

Dear Mr. Fuermann:

Or, perhaps I should only say—Mr. Fuermann, for you might classify me under the First Approach, "The Mushy attack".

Really, George, don't you think you are being a little too hard on the fairer sex. Surely you have a girl that you esteem highly. From the article "Female Mail Troubles", in the Battalion, February, you leave a very funny impression. You might laugh at this, but it is true. The impression you leave is simply, that a certain Mr. George, Fuermann had a girl, the girl let him down, so the certain Mr. Fuermann is taking it out on all of us.

You know, that every girl cannot be classified under your six approaches. Even though this is 1939, there are a few girls that have a few old fashion ideas, no, I don't believe you would call them old fashion, they are simply high ideas.

MARCH, 1939

Give us a break George, for we are not all classified under the topics of your article. Yours for a better understanding of the really average girl.

P. S.—You asked for the complaint, so you got it, no hard feelings though . . . . .

March 1, 1939.

Mr. F.:

This letter doesn't come under any of the six types you represented in your article "Female Mail Troubles" in the February issue of the Battalion, however, we are members of the female sex and this is a letter.

We are sincerely glad to hear that your fan-mail from our sex has been coming in so fluently during your first two years of college life. It is our wish that you will have an increase in popularity in the next two years.

Have you been disappointed in love? If so we refer you to Madam Jevensky. Judging from your article, something to that effect must have happened or else why all the sarcasm.

Since your school is a boys school and ours a girls school, we hope our viewpoint will be valuable in future writings.

Sincerely,  
A Group of Girls from  
OKLAHOMA COLLEGE  
FOR WOMEN

P.S.—We regularly receive ALL fan-mail under the name and address:

Fay Elizabeth Bond  
Box 668, O.C.W. Station  
Chickasha, Oklahoma.

February 24, 1939.

My dear Mr. Ego:

In defense of the virgins of T. S. C. W. we write you with regards to your article Female Mail Troubles in February edition of Battalion. Our opinion of this article should be written on asbestos paper.

As far as fan mail goes, we think the Aggies do their part of corresponding. We might have made ruts with our correspondence, but they're nothing compared with those canyons you Aggies have made. Our letters may be boring, but they're nothing compared with the ennuï we feel when we receive that "good old Aggie line." "You're so different from every other girl I know," "Makes me think of Romeo and Juliet. I hope some day we will yet be like Romeo and Juliet." We're also getting tired of the trite practice of having the roommate of the said Joe College write us and tell us how Joe is simply walking in circles and scribbling our name all over the wall.

(1)  
Our said mushy letters don't hold a candle to your fairly insipid ones. If you're interested, we can send you our breach of promise collection of Aggie letters.

(2)  
So! We get all we can out of you Aggies. It's the other way around. You Aggies, after pitching all the woo you possibly can, buy your date a cherry coke. After depositing your date at the dormitory steps, you can be seen guzzling a chicken dinner at the Eagle Cafe. Of course, the next day your date innocently takes you to her dormitory for dinner.

(3)  
There are a lot of things that come up to keep said Aggies from meeting public disappointment No. 1. Did you ever hear of the bull ring, lack of personality on the highway, morning after, exams, and family came down this week end? Did you ever hear of "an Aggie going steady? You boys have a terrible time trying to remember which steady you are dating this weekend.

(4)  
Do we poor little girlies ever get thrilled when those great big Aggies come all the way from College Station to see us. Listen, boy, a uniform means "fight" to us. Our Alphas and Zetas are at least honorary. But, if the stories about them aren't rare, they're certainly not raw—such as those about Uncle Ed's—which are slightly burned on the edges.

(5)

Here's your chance, girls: "Senior, with boots and buttons desires a date for the Cavalry Ball at A. & M. April 14. Anyone interested please write before April 1 to S. D. C., Box 2014, College Station, Texas. All inquiries will be answered." Sent in a letter to be inserted as an ad in the Lass-O, this little note was too important to be omitted, even though it could not be run as an advertisement since the applicant's name was not given in full.

If we're port-in-a-storm gals, what's this poor Aggie? Maybe some little neat 100-pounder will be kind enough to answer him—it sounds pitiful enough.

September 29, 1938.

Dear Miss Box,

I'm a lonesome Aggie from Aggieland.—I am six feet three, eyes of blue, black wavy hair. In fact, Mrs. Power's little son—Tyrope has nothing on me. . . . This is what we hear. This is what we expect. (Following this was a pencil drawing of an Aggie dressed in a bridal gown, the train of which was coiled on the floor just behind him, resembling a rattle snake with six rattles in evidence.)



You say you have yet to receive a letter which is truly sincere. Here it is, Aggie. This expresses the opinion of a majority of the girls up here who have been exposed to the higher realms of learning. George dear, even though you are evidently trying to poison A. & M. against T. S. C. W., we still like the Aggies and probably shall continue to read the Bat.

In the light of your brother Aggies you are Don Juans, but in the light of your sister T. S. C. Wians, you're just Don Quixotes.

Sincerely,  
T. S. C. W.

To Mr. Fuermann:

. . . we aren't arguing as to whether or not your article was cleverly written, because we think it was; but, we do think that your attack on the letters we girls write to college men was unfair. After all, the letters you college men write to we co-eds are not so mushless themselves. Some of them fairly stink.

Of course, the main purpose behind your article was probably to increase the Battalion circulation, and we have no doubt that you may have succeeded to some extent, but why make we girls pay the price?

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