

Open Letter to the "Modern" College Youth

The famous so-called Aggie "line"!!

Nearly all Aggies have "dished it out" at one time or another, and many cadets frequently. But what do our sister school coeds think about this masculine attribute?

Here's the answer—a little blunt, but definitely to the point, this letter received from a group of T. S. C. W. coeds answers in no uncertain manner the question asked in the above paragraph.

Dear Boy—

This has been on my chest for about four years now—and it has lain most heavily there since that memorable Corps Trip to Fort Worth. Long have I defended you against all accusations; I have hidden behind a flimsy and desperate wall—built of what I have called your inexperience and youth—to strike back at rages directed towards you. I said, "If he is insincere, perhaps it is because you have not called for sincerity from him; if he is cheap and animal-like, he is not representative of the group; if he lies, it is probably because he thought you wanted the lie sooner than the truth." This last I could not believe, for believing that, one must decide that you are unutterably stupid and even below childishness.

Boy, those accusations have pierced the skimpy wall at last. The doubt and skepticism planted in my mind are well over-ripe. Unless you can do something quickly to cut the growth, I fear complete disillusionment in you whom I have always held high.

As I said, the Corps Trip brought the thing closer to me. Not through a personal experience (at least not this year!) but through the experiences of a number of my friends who are hurt and puzzled at the calmness with which you lie and lie and lie

I'm not talking to you as an Aggie only; I am trying to let the modern college boy know how at least a few sincere college girls feel about his streamlined attitudes. Yes, I said SINCERE—don't you remember, that's the word discarded years ago by the typical college Romeo, and one for which I am pleading a revival. If I sound like a Victorian, well and good, for Browning did all right. But can you tell me, please, are there any more real people left on earth? People who mean what they say when they say it; people who look beyond the surface of a person to see if beneath it all there is a semblance of character, a hint of truth, or a faint knowledge of morals—?

We, however few of us there are, are weary to the eye-teeth of the bedraggled, yea, even sickening slew of tripe known, I believe, as a line. You have worn the "you-are-different. I have-never-met-anyone-like-you-before. Now-I-know-why-I-felt-that-way-when-I-saw-you" story down to its wormy core. Can there be such a quaint person as one who is witty, fun to be with, intelligent, and open-minded enough NOT to be modern, in the worst sense of the word? When people get to be twenty or twenty-one and still do not think deeply enough about what they are doing with their lives to make at least a stab at developing a worthy character, then I believe the moderns are losing ground and losing it fast.

NOVEMBER, 1939

Perhaps I am of too conscientious and serious a nature to comprehend upon what any lasting relationship between two slick, up-to-the-minute college students can be based, when the whole thing is false, cheap, and entirely synthetic And you are called "frank"! You do not have the slightest conception of what the word means. If you mean by "frank" a disgustingly open and vulgar attitude towards sex, an utter disregard for the feelings of others, and unbecoming, unchivalrous actions towards the not-so-much-fairer sex, then perhaps you are frank. But while the discarding of good words is being carried out, I personally should sew that one up in a little sachet bag until its true meaning dawns upon an awakened group. It is so ill-used by you moderns.

Yes, "people in glass houses—"; but I tell you I am not one of you, and I do not intend to be.

This has been too personal—that I realize. But believe me, I do represent a small group of girls everywhere who are looking for a New Deal in men.

It is bad to be as cynical and unbelieving as I have grown, and I am looking forward to the day of a fresh modern generation of men with whom one can feel safe not to be a pessimist. I recognize that girls are correspondingly shallow-minded and as entirely truthless as most of you seem, but this is my issue with you.

Serious as this has all been, you will not believe that the chief thing I do like about you is your sense of humor—most of you have that, and where lies a sense and appreciation of the ridiculous there lies a possibility of the building of a real person, I believe.

I beg of you, I beseech you, I plead with you!! Be sincere with us, be honest with yourself. Scrape off the ratty varnish "modernity" has surfaced you with, and lo! a man, a man's man, and a woman's man, will emerge!

Yours for sincerity,
A Modern College Girl.

She: Why don't you scram, buddy? Don't you see me sticking out my tongue at you?

He: Yeah, but how do I know whether you're mad or just want a kiss?

Coed: Your boy friend doesn't seem to know the first principle of petting.

2nd coed: No, when it comes to petting he's completely unprincipled.



BULL'S EYE