

This Wave of Collegiate Bolshevism

From all Sides Come Tidings of Rebellion in the Colleges

Every day there comes through the mail some proof that the little wave of dissatisfaction with Things as They Are here is not a thing unique and belonging to this college alone. Such harmful pessimism as certain of our campus editors have expressed throughout the year and as was found in a concentrated form in the recent bolshevik journal, the "Jacaniad" is present not only in dear old Aggieland, but can be found in such safe and sane places as the College on the Hilltops of Denton. For ex-

ample, the following little sketch from their Students Forum column of The Lasso.

"To the Students of C. I. A.:

Student government, oh yes! we certainly have student government at C. I. A. This school is a democratic, progressive school for young women. But what kind of Student Government do we have? The Student Council sits as a figurehead to mask the actions of the power that is. As Student elections draw near, I wonder just why we have a Student Government. I wonder just what good the Student Council is to the students. They are dumb and meekly acquiescent. Are they afraid to speak their minds, to argue their points? If they are not, why do they not speak out? If we can not have a free thinking, independent Student Council, why

have one? Let us either have a Student Council or let us do away with this camouflage which we dignify by the name of a Student Council! let us have a Student government which means something, which is something more than a figurehead. Elections are near—if you are satisfied with your government as it now stands, you will vote indifferently; if you are awake, if you are thinking, if you are dissatisfied, you will signify your dissatisfaction in the coming elections.

I willingly accept all the buzz of the hornets that this may stir up; I am perfectly ready to accept the displeasure this may bring upon my head—but I do think that the time has come to cease to discuss the things our college hasn't got in "bull sessions" and come out in the open

and get a few of them. "Bull sessions" do stir up enthusiasm, but what we need is action and plenty of it."

And this is coming from the demure little lasses who wear the blue and white dresses and love their "big aggie brothers" (as the debating team of our cawlege can well testify), the little girls who call us "little eggies" or more appropriately, "eggheads." Deah, deah, what is this old world coming to?

But we of the khaki sojer suits and they of the modest ankle-length frocks are not alone. Not long ago the campus was flooded with these vicious and utterly pernicious collegiate attacks on the atrocities of present administration. The Tulane sophisticates put out a wild green sheet with headlines that stated such glaring facts as "Tulane is Hell" and "Dean Dope Fiend" and titled the whole thing the "Fullabullo" in burlesque of their regular edition, the "Hullaballoo." Down at Arlington some foolish lad went rampant in a little one-sheet affair called "Vox Populi," and said some very nasty things about his college and some of the individuals thereabouts.

This thing has even spread to the Universities, those usual centers of moral turpitude and sophisticated ennui. In the University that bears the name of this broad and shining commonwealth a few enterprising youngsters attempted literary and social blasphemy in a very entertaining pamphlet called the "Blunderbuss," and incidentally, cut all ties of affiliation with their alma mater. At the University of Missouri some foolish lad insinuated in a questionaire on the sex question that all might not be well with the world, and the legislature raised more fire and brimstone than a publicity seeking salvation spreader finding a washer in the collection plate.

Even the Canadians have caught the fever, according to the "Mon-grel Daily," the burlesque edition of the usually respectable "McGill Daily" of that prominent Canadian University. What can be wrong? Is the blind old horse that once drew the Parnassian shay slowly down the road with such staid and restful dignity gone heywire from drinking Brazos bottom corn, or what? Viva la Revolution!

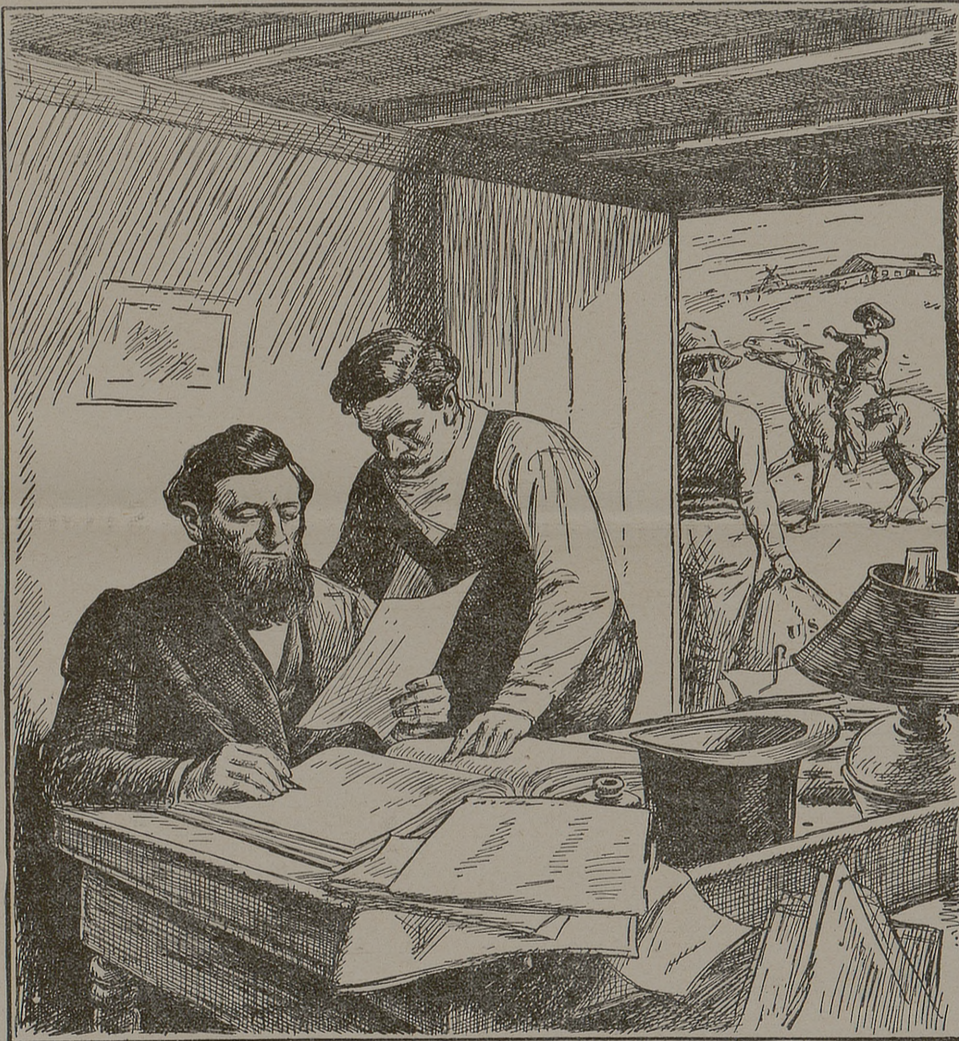
C. I. A. INITIATES THE ABORIGINE

Initiations are merely a hang over from primitive and barbarous aboriginal times. Tribal ordeals were always imposed upon those entering into the recognized state and privileges of manhood. Even today, the Australian bush people practice such hideous initiation ceremonies.

One of their program items is to knock out the front teeth of all young men seeking the label of manhood. On the C. I. A. campus it has metamorphosed into blacking the teeth to secure the appearance of snaggletoothedness. Tying the hair in fantastical shapes is only one more common example of atavistic initiative custom.

Instead of the campus initiates having to endure days of hunger, they are made to eat unpleasant tasting victuals. The long deep gashes cut into the face and breast of the savage become the more delicate stroke of the paint brush across the pledge's cheek. And so on to the eternal discomfort of the pledge.

C. I. A. LASSO



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