The Law of Mass Action may apply to this novel experiment, introduced with the idea that nothing of this type will yield more than is put into it, and with the hope that results will equal the efforts applied.

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---------- M A S S A C T I O N ----------

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Vol. 1. No. 1 OCTOBER, 1928.

- - - -"to hope till hope
creates
From its own wreck the thing it
contemplates."
Shelley's "Victory"

Many think but do not write, many write but do not think. Usually, however, thought and writing are connected. To write a thot - clarifies the mind. To publish it may entertain, instruct, or even inspire someone else. To help distribute thoughts is the purpose of this page.

Many have desired to create one of similar nature. No one person has dared. It offers a lot of work. The origin of this attempt is not important. It exists. It exists for you. It has no editor, no platform, no policy except that of generosity, tolerance and liberality. It will contain any matter fit to publish which anyone wishes to contribute. It will exist as long as there is interest and demand, and no longer.

The labor of its preparation is a service of love and well worth the fun. There will be some expense but no price. Anyone sufficiently interested may give a nickel or dime to help buy materials. It will appear when there is something to publish. Script may be left in the Sociology Office at North College. Write on any subject of interest: be brief, sincere, and logical. Sign your communication if you wish, but at least leave your name with it off reference. We pledge ourselves to respectful consideration of all contributions.

Adam and Eve went out one night
at dark,
In the garden of Eden they began
to spark:
Quoth he to her, "I love you,
love you so,"
Quoth she to him,"Take care,
big boy, go slow,
I wear Rhus Toxicodendron now
you know."

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And I suppose that it was the reference to our well known New England wild flower that is mentioned in the above passage, which made me think of Mountain Day and the assigning method of trying to provoke interest in the mountainous event which was adopted upon our campus this year. Do you remember the time when you were in the third grade that the teacher (damn her soul) told you that if the class was very good they might go out ten minutes early at recess and romp in the playground and have "a perfectly thrilling time?" Now we, in this college, and by the term college I do not mean to include the members of any, or in particular, a certain well known SCHOOL OF APPLIED, CERTIFIED SCIENTIFIC AND OTHERWISE AGRICULTURE, are old enough to be treated with more consideration than a child in the third grade. Yet those in charge of Mountain Day INSISTED upon treating us 'thusly' In the first place there is absolutely no reason why Mountain Day should not come earlier in the autumn

before the glory of the autumnal landscape has been mangled and stripped naked by the brutality of the shrilling winds. This previous sentence would certainly make John Erskine look twice. Who is there among us who has any appreciation of beauty whatsoever who can find pleasure in ploughing up a mountain thru knee-deep beds of dead leaves or who can look at the stark nakedness, the gray and sombre ghastliness of a mighty tree devoid of its foliage without a feeling of abhorrence. A tree without its leaves is not less ugly than a co-ed without her paint. And yet we were expected to show our college spirit by tramping up a mountain-side which was noticeable only because of its barren ugliness. Well I didn't go. Did you?

In the second plas, "Why the secrecy?" Now I ask you, are we "Nitwits" that we must be treated in this infantile manner? Why could not a day be set aside as Mountain Day, and an announcement made of the fact a week in advance. For three days before the fatal and foggy Thursday morning upon which the chapel bell peeled forth in ecstacy for a full ten minutes, there was less studying upon this campus than there is before Prom. If the persons who are in charge of Mountain Day have the welfare of the students at large they will remedy this situation and proclaim in advance the advent of Mountain Day.

And in the third place, "Why equivocate?" We were promised a surprise and a real treat when we arrived at the top of the Mountain more or less hot and bothered, or as the sweet young thing would say "Somewhat dewy." The "real treat" which we met was a proclamation of anticipation by the most revered Dean Burns D.G.D.F. The great man's presidential prospects may be encouraging to him but hardly to us. The Dean can give a better speech on any corner in Amherst than his last Thursday's sermon on the mountain.

I entitled this paper, "Concerning Nothing in Particular." And unless our delightful little Mountain Days are improved considerably, this title may be considered just. Just what?

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As "We" Are Seen In Print.
(Special To The Podunk Journel)

Amherst Aggies Crippled
October, 1928.

Amherst Farmers' hopes were jolted yesterday when Ludwig Tillman then Flashy back fell off a John Deen manure spreader, and got concussion of the left ear drum. He was driving a four year old team of colts who escaped. The accident was staged on the Amherst Aggie farm, one mile north by north west of Amherst College. Ludwig will be back with the team as soon as he recovers which will probably be next fall.

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Question - "Why not have bigger and better sleeps during assembly?"

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To Whom it may concern -
Isn't it great to be able to call oneself an M.A.C.senior after having been here only two years!

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Advertisement+ "S" watch fobs are on sale at the stores.

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"AND IN THIS CAGE WE HAVE THE AGGIE STUDENT"

At each student forum conducted at Amherst Aggie, a few well meaning, but slightly demented members of the student body draw themselves up to their full height, throw out their manly chests and give voice to the opinions and suggestions of an overwhelming majority of their fellow students, in all sincerety and with the hope that springs eternal etc., etc. And what are the results? Forty-six thousand, six hundred and seventy three cubic feet of hot air is fed to aforesaid student body, with a few promises mixed in, and the undergraduates settle back into their coma with rosy dreams of the good things to come.

As if the student body warranted any undue attention.

We who have charge of such matters, must take upon ourselves the sacred duty of stiffling these frequent outbursts and stamp out thinking on this campus. These sputtering infants are not here at M. A. C. to do any thinking - they are not here to learn anything. The important thing is that they get a certain number of credits by hook or crook so that after four years (maybe) each student will be handed a sheepskin with one of those "Thank God he's gone!" looks. The students here pay a mere pittance for tuition and yet they seem to think that they have a right to express opinions and have their suggestions acted upon the same as those of every other college. Now they are yelling for a new name for the college and a mascot. As luck would have it a new name must go through the State Legislature and so that makes a perfect alibi for inactivity along that line. This problem of a mascot is worrying us, but I am sure that we can soft-soap the students into forgetting about it again, as we did have the past. In the last student forum one of the members of the Collegian Board (an advertising paper that some of the town merchants hire M.A.C. students to put out once a week) verbally promised before the entire student body to open a column in his paper to suggestions for a mascot to be sent in by students. It seems that the Candy Kitchen ran a big "ad" that week and so there was no room for the noble project.

However, we have the situation well in hand and our official soft-soap artist is working night and day on some new promises that will stall off the mighty(?) force of public opinion until the next student forum when we will suse the same tactics.

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SOME THOUGHTS ON PROHIBITION

To the Editor of Mass Action:

Not being acquainted with the editorial policies of "Mass Action," I hesitate before submitting this letter. Your liberal paper has not been with us long enough for me to know whether or not your declaration for tolerance and free speech also extends to frank discussion of a joke. My pet topic for argument, namely Prohibition is a joke that has gained recognition at home and abroad. Not a week passes but the cartoonists of liberal newspapers throughout the world pause in their manufacture of "canned" and artificial humor to pay tribute to a joke that has continued to amass funny phases until it is almost pathetic in its grotesqueness. Even "Life," which has the reputation of being most critical in the analysis of humor has found Prohibition to be a huge and excrutiatingly rich farce.

And what is the reason that our liberty has been taken from us and our National and local laws of true importance and of tremendous social value have been weakened by the failure to succeed of this "noble experiment?" The fanatical few, disregarding the increasing tendency of our people toward temperance, but recognizing the evil of the saloon, attempted in one fell swoop to wipe out all personal liberty and freedom of the individual in the matter of beverages. Backed by large sums of money, and working among the legislative bodies when the country was in the midst of its "sabbatical year of great morality", they forced upon America a law that was impossible of enforcement and unfair in its provisions. Instead of attacking the liquor problem by expending their mighty sums in the development of temperance, they used the anti-saloon war cry to pass to a law that if enforced would deny a man the right to reign in his own home as a King - a principle of common law that has been recognized in Anglo-Saxon countries for centuries. The attempt to control public morals by law has proved disastrous to our entire system of courts. As usually results when an act that is popularly considered innocent is made criminal by law, there has been uninterrupted violation since the incention of Prohibition.

Men who never before were law-breakers have resorted to any means in order to secure a few sips from the cup that inebriates if unwisely used. People who would never in the "good old days" take a drink now indulge as a protest against this transgression on personal liberty. College students and youth in general have in their traditional manner taken up the challenge laid down to them in the hated tyranny of DON'T. As college officials throughout the country can testify, Prohibition has resulted in the degradation of student morals. Dances are now popularly regarded as places where a fellow cannot enter unaccompanied by a silver flask. Instead of the "family entrance" evil the vastly more dangerous "hip-flask toting" period now holds sway. Women and especially young girls now drink in far greater number than ever before.

National Prohibition has failed in its purpose. In its earlier days it was supported as a "noble experiment" by many sincere people who now regard it as a failure. Not only because of its encouragement of drinking by its mock prohibition. not only because of its effect on our truly beneficial laws by its tendency to encourage disrespect for all authority, not only because of its harmful effects on the youth of our land, but also because National Prohibition is impossible of enforcement, we should immediately proceed on some other plan to avoid the saloon evil and to repair the damage wrought by an unwisely planned piece of legislation.

Not a drinker.

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ISN'T IT TRUE?

One touch of Rumor makes the whole campus chin.

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WHO SAID "COEDUCATION IS A BLESSING?"

In the first place, it wasn't a student of M.A.C. nor was it a professor who had given any thought to the matter after viewing the present conditions existing in our dear old Alma Mater. Coeds here, coeds there, coeds everywhere and the ceaseless jabber of their dominating tongues drones through campus with a monotonous, sickening reality. A hoarse snickering in the library, a ferocious squeak from the "M" building, a picture of vanity on the campus walks: "coeducation is a blessing. Yes, so the white haired politicians thought in Boston when they voted-yes. Yes, too, because it was the easiest way of disposing of a troublesome educationalist.

Not that we begrudge the coeds or any of their variety the great opportunities that are to be had at our college nor that we applaud the perceptible presence of the two years, but, the former is just as indigestible as the latter. Just as the newly wed husband enjoyed the frequent visits of his mother-in-law, do we become enthusiastic over the pictures of modesty which adorns the natural beauty of our college. Still, the enchained husband consoled himself with this: "she served her purpose." But, my readers, why force them on us for whom the college was created and what is that purpose that could justify the theory of practical coeducation? It has served by but two purposes in the past. Coeducation has made possible the

satisfying of the habit of -parties- for some students, and the superficial cloaking of manlines in a code of conventionalism that is as shallow as the Aggie Pond. I heard once that it was good for young men to associate with ladies of their own age, but I never saw the benefit of correct conduct, outweigh the disadvantage of having ones mind disturbed, distracted, and paralized by the unavoidable evil of collegiate coeducation.

From the coeds point of view she is a success: from the "rusher's" a blessing: and from the students a deucedly long thorn. Thus, though indifferent to personal allusion and dealing alone with a majority, I cannot refrain from expressing the view that they have spoiled a good college by making it coeducational.

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DESPATCH TO MASS ACTION

October 1928

The fourth team at Aggie was mighty unlucky last Sunday when it played football against the fifteenth team of Smith College. The game was lost in the last minute of play during the fifth quarter, when Aggies foremost ball-carrier stumbled in an old cestern hole. This accident permitted the fast Smithsonia to get past him for a touchdown. The score of the game was 56-1. Other touchdowns being scored later during the day.

The team should have more support: The college should hire referees that would be for their Alma Mater. $5.40 was taken in at the gate, lots of people sneaking in thru the corn field, adjacent to the well kept foot-ball field. Again we wish to repeat the Cup should have more support.

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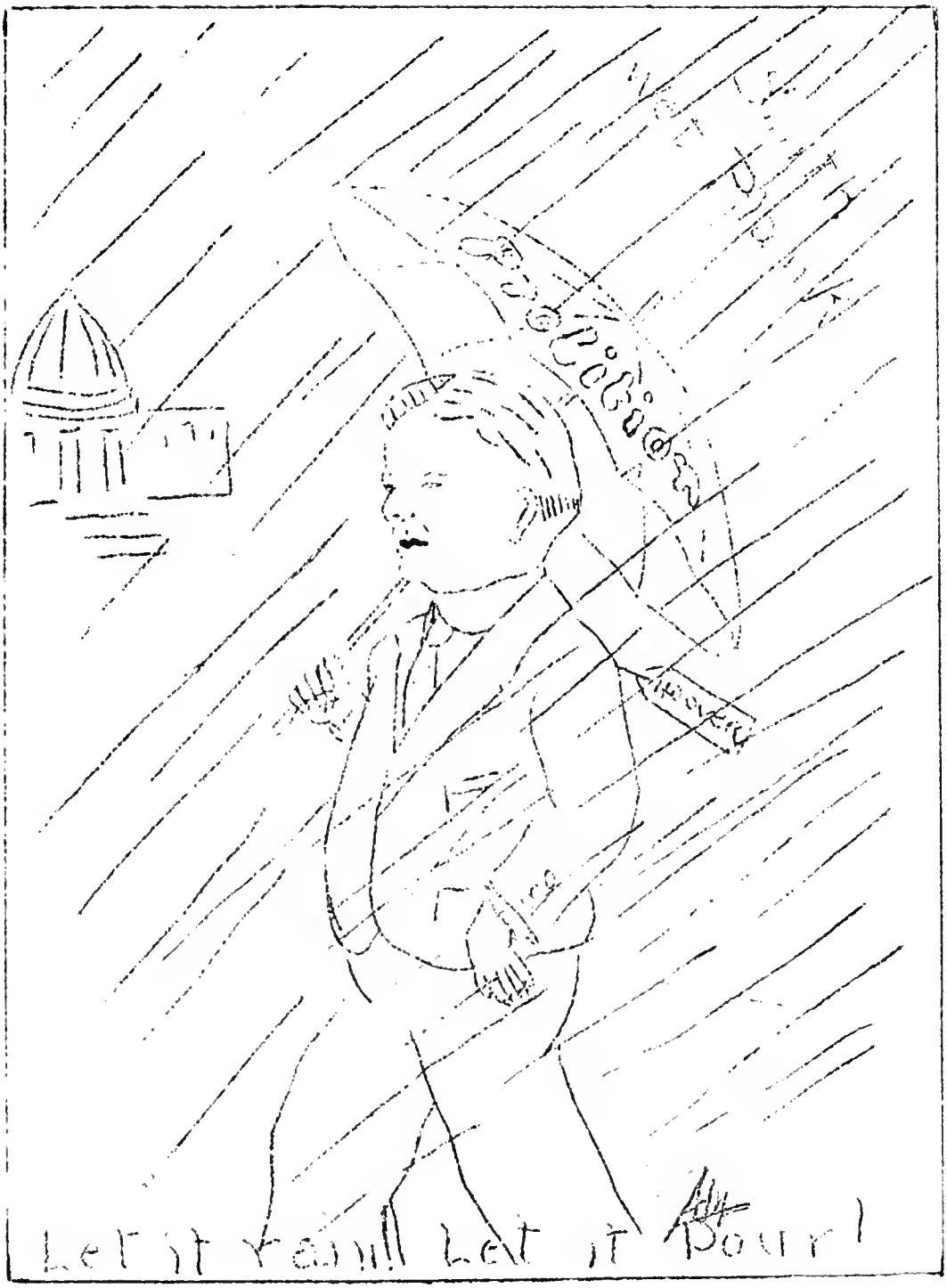
F I N I S


Let it rain! Let it pour!

ARROGANCE IS NEXT OF KIN TO IGNORANCE

MASS ACTION

VOLUME I. NOVEMBER 1928 NUMBER 2.

Under the caption of "Unusual Occurences On Campus Last Week" some member of the Collegian in referring to Mass Action makes the statement that "the net result of this publication was a flurry of interest which settled into censure on the part of the majority of the student body. May we ask who let him out? Mass Action is grateful for the compliment of recognition!

People who make dogmatic statements should know what they are talking about, but possibly it is not necessary when writing for the aforementioned paper. Instead of using words we will use facts. Of the 125 copies of Mass Action printed, 120 were sold within a few hours and the supply could not meet the demand. Admitting that no definite price was placed on the paper, yet more than enough money was procurred by the "give anything you want" method to pay for the publication.

There has arisen much misinterpretation of the policies and purpose of Mass Action since its inception last week. We feel that justice demands a clarification of the policies. We want first of all to assure the student body that Mass Action most certainly was not organized to offer opposition or competition to the Collegian. The Collegian Board could logically be our firmest supporters and even help in our work. Mass Action offers an opportunity for literary expression, and surely the Collegian publishers cannot object to that which the English Department has sought to establish on our Campus. D.M.C.

We wish very forcibly and to sincerely to correct the false impression that Mass Action directs its strength against the feminine element of our institution. Far be it from our purpose to attack defenseless woman. Our policy of tolerance was quite evident in the first issue in which Every contribution was published. That the first issue seemed to be leaning politically toward the Democratic party was due to the fact that no one offered to defend Republicanism. We do not solicit articles. There has been a generous response to our first issue in the form of many contributions and we publish herewith every article. Remember, "Mass Action" has but one general policy and it is "generosity, tolerance, and liberalism."

We wish to correct an error which occurred in our first issue and which probably originated in the composing room. Script should not be left in the Sociology office (the Sociology Department is in no way connected with this publication). Leave any contributions to "Mass Action" in the box outside the Sociology office.

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RETALIATION

The fact that a man can speak in sesquipedalians is no indication that such a man is a mental gymnast. But surely the hirsute Galahad who so ably defended the fair and frightened ladies in his cavilling contribution to the Collegian (that worthy organ of local advertizers) must be a mental

gymnast. This chevalier "sans peur et sans reproche," begins his chef d'oevre by the very erroneous statement that the Mass Action "was intended by these pseudodemagogues to represent the general belief of the student body." Now, the Mass Action is a paper of the few and for the few. The mere fact that the Mass Action fell into the hands of a certain vulturine element upon our campus is no indication that the "spontaneous composers"--so called--intended for it such a fate. Yet even so, had the embryonic and thoroughly muddled author been just in his criticism, and circumspect in his observation, we would have preserved a Platonic silence.

When, however, an organization, or group is completely condemned because of the action of one member, the situation can not longer be considered as a mere bagatelle. In the event of such an occurrence, the "introverts" who are not blessed,(as is the author, evidently) with the necessary "facial symmetry" to "rate" with those gentle ones of Galatean glory, begin to examine the contribution of the critic. The first gramatical marvel to confront the reader is the phrase "spontaneous composers," which is certainly a magnificant reversal of EUPHEMISM. Several lines farther down the page one is informed that our dear co-eds are SEDUCIVE. This word is surely a lexicographical anomaly and of great credit to the credulous author. Possibly he meant sedative. Yet even this apparently incomparable example is surpassed by the bucolic amelioration "balanced reciprocation."

But why discuss these aggravated solecisms?

"Good name in man or woman dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

Not only in the assininity of his method of expression, but in his very ideas has the author distinguished himself. As I have already endeavored to show, the dear B. J. R. (Bilious Joe Ruminator, I suppose) has based his whole argument (if, indeed such froth can be so called) upon a deliberate misrepresentation. I repeat, the Mass Action does not echo emptily the opinions of the majority of the campus. It is the organ of the few.

Anyone who will allow himself to be inveigled into a dissertation such as the one appearing in the Collegian this week; anyone who so copiously expends his energy in bombast; anyone who indulges in personalities against a group because of the mistake of one man in that group; and above all, any man who has been in this college for three or four years, and who in spite of all his training writes a paper which is replete with reduntant phraseology, mixed metaphors and linguistic effervescence;--such a man is indeed the vinculum "Red" between atavism and senility.

* *

The speaker was waxing eloquent and after his peroration on womens' rights he said, "When they take our girls, as they threaten, away from the coeducational colleges, what will follow? What will follow, I repeat!"

And B. J. R. in the audience replied "I will!"

* *

L E G I O N S O F E V E R Y D A Y

I, the author of a previous article on Coeducation, beg to enlighten the readers of MASS ACTION that our senior misogynist is neither the author nor instigator of the aforesaid rabid, insincere epistle. However, bear with me a moment while I explain my motive and apparent indiscretion. You who have begun the pleasant journey of life with a feather of unconcern in your hats and a song of assurance on your lips, are but the somber troopers that fill the Legions of Everyday.

I too shall take my place in the ranks of your legion and it is with some bitterness that I realize all too well that I shall close the doors of introspection behind me. Yet ever will there linger, like a phantom fear, the shame that man is inevitably the slave to external stimuli. Man in all his glory walks only as a bundle of loosely woven principles and to ward off the unpleasantness of surprise, cloaks himself in pathetic illusions.

He who is honest must admit defeat and when he occasionally stops upon his travel, he must shake his bowed head in remorse. Still, the tear that falls is in reality, not an admission, but merely the humble acceptance of circumstance. Yet the dust that so greedily swallowed that tear is hallowed with the recollection of days that after awhile become only a shadow that will occasionally cross your path. You will only lift your faces with a smile, almost genuine in its contented curve, readjust your outer burden, and happily join the throng that slowly winds down the dusty roads of time.

Man forgets------, as I shall forget, but as my fingers have not yet lost their cold grip upon the closing doors of "why", the truth is wrung from my lips, and may it echo far., --- "All is not well in Copenhagen."

I stand as on the steps of an aged temple and languidly watch the passers by. I see the stories of folly and ephemeral attainment written in every facial expression. Yet step by step I descend to the highway below. The essence of my little picture is not one of pride or misgiving, but merely a sincere protest against the superficiality under which the Legions of Everyday have taken refuge against the invincible invasion of "speed" that consumes the very power of creation. The thoughts of yesterday are but as a film, now nearly gone and leaving me without defense or courage, without power to justify the truth I knew, and finally, without beauty and harmony of soul. Only a shapeless mass of conglomerate emotions remains to flutter hither and thither across the face of the earth. Though I would not have it so, I am left open to the drunken lure of your legion; I am under the enchantment of "speed", and have the audacity to set myself apart from other animals as man.

This insignificant conservative now wears the gaudy uniform of your train and mumbles with sullen disdain, like the lap-dog on your cushion, "I have seen better days." So, my readers, it is neither with an agricultural smirk nor childlike fancy that I pound the last key. Just the consoling satisfaction that, "He who laughs loudest has missed the joke", is in itself due recompense for whatever disfavor I have gained.

* *

And now, since the publication of the Collegian, I wish to thank those who expressed their considerate opinion for the free advertising, the unnecessary use of adjectives, and especially for the intelligent statistics on the general opinion of the student body. Perhaps it is but a triviality, but in the Legions of Everyday one is usually the author of the article to which he signs his name.

References to a certain previous article on the ethics of Coeducation need not alarm anyone, for those who fall for a bit of propaganda, wholly lack the intelligence that should guide a pen. Better to ply the harmless hoe than to create a pathetic fiasco with a pen inked with a bad temper. I believe that it might be said here, that the object of Mass Action is not one of destruction, but one of true construction though it may be necessary at times to tear a little to startle the readers out of their altogether too self-centered lines of thought. If you cannot yet grasp my allusion, read the above article once more. JENSEN

* *

He laughs best who laughs at his own joke.

Men, like bottles, should be corked when full.

* *

The following communication appeared in the Collegian in 1926 and is herewith reprinted by permission of the author.

"In the heart of each separate self Satan said, 'So only wilt thou gain my reward. Look that others speech and ways are different from thine: make war on him, despoil him, uproot him from the earth,' And because men differed in mere idiom and custom and clan, every horror wrought they against each other.

'And faiths were different. I saw a thousand variant altars. From each the priests screamed: "Destruction on all others!" Those who believed in the Devil this way slew those who believed in Him in that. Those who believed in the Lord did likewise, thus serving the Devil too. - - - - And 'Look' said Satan, 'the color of his skin is different," and I saw the white creatures who were often mightier in ill doing (since surer souls of this), lay hold on the black creatures and throw them to the crocodiles.

"Look again," said Satan 'he is circumcised' - and they lurched forward faces aflame with cruellest hate and slashed thru the cowering ghettos; and at the foot of a cross they reveled and wagged their heads mocking 'O King of Israel' before dying God made man and Jew.'

(Harvest in Poland - Dennis).

A college campus in the Year of Our Lord 1926. A boy with white face and hanging head pilloried in front of a public building and mocked by a herd (singularly small, thank God) of those atavistic anomalies who creep into colleges and proceed to their hereditary work of "upholding the college tradition" of cruelty and hate. With singular and revealing fitness these throwbacks have revived the stocks - the instrument of shame pertinent to the period to which their psychology allies them. By easy regressions they may come to the rack and the

stake an even (thrilling idea) the cross. No? But how you would delight in the Flagellation, the Mockery, the Crowning and the ghastly Via Dolorossa.

Once more sounds the rallying cry to the men of M. A. C.

"Ils ne passeront pas"

R. E. Torrey.

* *

THE SENATE AND THE OLD GRAY MARE

Like the traditional "old gray mare", the M.A.C. Senate "ain't what she used to be." In theory this august body "is the executive board and general director of student conduct for all four year students" according to the freshman handbook, and on paper that sounds important enough to be worthy of the name "Senate".

A senate is supposed to be a legislative body composed of a group of "elders" and implies a concentration of wisdom, knowledge etc., for the benefit of a certain group of people through the laws which it enacts. Now, we will take for granted that the necessary ability is present in our college senate - but, as in any other worthwhile legislative body its laws are not worth the paper they are printed upon if back of them they have no authority to enact these laws.

Let us ask ourselves just what authority is vested in the Senate? The answer is, to put it crudely, "I'll bite"? By this I do not mean that the Senate does not have jurisdiction over the minor details of deciding how long a "frosh" must carry matches, etc., but even then, if a freshman forgets and commits the unpardonable sin, our Senate must mete out the punishment very carefully so as not to bring down upon itself the wrath of the real rulers of the college. Time and time again the Senate has proposed punishments and regulations only to withdraw them again when "his Master's Voice" spoke.

We hear at every college gathering that we must preserve the traditions of this grand old institution, but how do they expect us to respect tradition here at college when they don't respect the ability of our governing(?) body to cope with the situations arising under its laws?

It was the intention of the Senate to make some of the wayward freshmen put on a skit between the halves of the Worcester Tech game, but someone higher up thought differently. Now, why keep up this farce? I have nothing against the members of the Senate, because I know how hard they have tried to make their hats mean something, but personally, if I was a member of the Senate, rather than hold down a puppet's position, I would wrap my Senate hat up in a neat little bundle lay it on the Senate table and go "back to the ranks" when my opinions would not be expected to be worth anything. To you men of the Senate I say - why not let "the powers that be" take charge of the Freshman-Sophomore class events, social union concerts, Dads' Day Entertainment etc., and all the rest of the dirty work as well as the final decisions on cases brought up before you, which they already have? The honor involved is an empty thing - you have no power, only a name.

J. DEVINE

Alas, the old gray mare was a good old horse, but she's dead now.

* *

NEWS FROM ELSEWHERE
Special to
MASS ACTION.

An eviction took place at Ballyhach, Ireland, three days ago. An assaulting column of 200 police, 300 soldiers, and 45 bailiffs and constables attacked Peter Flaherty's cabin, and after knocking down the door it was discovered that the house pig was the sole occupant. Forty-five soldiers, who were trampled by the police, were hauled to the hospital in a furniture wagon.

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TO THE EDITORS OF MASS ACTION:

Huddled away in the dimmest corner of the Kongo jungle is a group of dangerous and hideous radicals. Recently these enemies of society organized in a devilish way to publish a mimeographed sheet of hatred and dissension that has disrupted the quiet life of all conservative society. In some strange and incomprehensible mood these dastards set as the only standard for their publication the perfectly innocent policy of free speech.

To educate those who have never been sufferers in contact with the Kongonian publishers, I must advise your readers as to the real character of the individuals who contribute to "Mass Action." Occasionally these hellish creatures, whose horrors only imagination can help you appreciate, escape from their catacomb of dens and go where ordinary mortals belong. In polite society the Kongoans are easily distinguishable. They are gruesome in appearance, offensive, rough, crude, boisterous, and most of all extremely dangerous. As they stalk about the walks of civilized sections, even strong-hearted men are repulsed and wilt at sight of them. Women faint when these hideous creatures leer in an attempt to smile. At Mount Holyoke the curtains are drawn upon their approach, and at Smith the campus gates are barred and guards placed when the bellowing beasts come within a mile of the sacred ground. At the "Abbey" electric currents are used to repel these enemies of women. The crimes of these Kongoans are many. Recently they insisted on studying at the Kongo library instead of using that beautiful Gothic structure in the traditional manner as a trysting place.

The time has come for decent and conservative society to attack this hideous group which sometimes invades our civilization. The method? Invite authorities to destroy their press. Insult the individuals when they dare to show their devilish leers in the gathering places of their betters. Look away as they approach, lest their facially unsymmetrical appearance prove fatal in its offensiveness. Purify our society, have no more radicalism. Destroy liberalism. Condemn freedom of speech. Soon we shall attack dark Kongo. To your tents, O Israel!

D.M.L.

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OUR MASCOT

To a discerning observer it is quite apparent that a certain minority upon this campus is striving to inflict a mascot upon the student body. After not too much observation the discerning observer can firmly and irrevocably declare that this minority is, to all outward aspects, the Massachusetts Collegian, that venerable, if vulnerable organ of M. A. C. plus various local merchants.

WHO SAID THAT THE STUDENT BODY WANTED A MASCOT? I ask you. Why should we have a mascot? I ask you again. Oh, well, the Collegian says that we want one; that we need one; and of course, the Collegian knows. Now, we realize that if the Collegian wants to think that we need a mascot, it has a perfect right to do so. This is a free campus and anyone can think what he wants, if the authorities don't hear of it. But after some consideration we have decided that the Collegian has not thought upon the matter, assuming that the Collegian could do so, but has blindly reacted to the everpresent stimulus of imitation. At least, even in the process of imitation, the aforementioned publication might have acted intelligently. Imagine a headline in the New York Times: "The flea-bitten COLLIES scratch away a sure victory by unearthing a boner in the last quarter." Just think what a wonderful mascot an Indian would make. WHOOPEE! Or picture, if you will that ferocious beastie, the bobcat that gamely battles rabbits and chipmunks as our mascot. As we have said before, even in the imitative process of selecting a mascot, some degree of intelligence is really desirable.

But, since for the past few weeks the Collegian has been earnestly endeavoring to find a mascot let us make a suggestion. After much discussion we have reached the conclusion that the animal which would best typify the spirit and ardor of this, our institution and which would most nobly represent our Alma Mamma is, was, and should be, the GROUNDHOG. We advocate the Groundhog for our mascot and firmly urge you, the student body to give it due attention. There are any number of reasons why the ground hog should be our mascot. In the first place the Groundhog is intimately connected with AGRICULTURE. In fact there is one on every farm until after the clover is ripe: then there are more. In the second place, there is a large supply of this animal on the college farm. All that one needs to do to replenish the supply is to place a carrot before the den of the monstrous beast and wait patiently with a salt shaker in either hand. Thus could we have a fresh supply of our mascot for every game.

"MOODY"

* *

MAMMA: Freddie, how did you like Johnnie's party?

FREDDIE: Well, mamma, as they say of Herbert Hoover, I think Johnnie is a good deal better than his party!

* *

"Though I am a Socialist, I am not a fool."

Your attempt of last week came as a pleasant surprise to me also. No casual observer, nor anyone who has spent several years on the campus, could be sorry to see any student attempt to stir thought among students. Too much time is spent by undergraduates in passive exposure of their soft brains to standard impressions which they have paid the faculty to carve there. But may I offer a bit of constructive criticism to help furture contributers? Profanity does not help express the dignity of any publication. It may make it harder for the editors who must, perhaps, sacrifice a fine article because it is tainted with vulgarity. I hope B.J.R's attack in the Collegian was not deserved, for I would rather think those were all honest opinions of single contributers than a combined axe grinding party

Oswald Tippo

A TEAM THAT WON'T BE BEATEN CAN'T BE BEATEN

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MASS ACTION.

VOLUME 2. NOVEMBER 1928 NUMBER 3.

WHY?

The editors are of the opinion that this number of Mass Action, the Enthusiasm number, be devoted to the stimulation of interest in the last football game of the season. The team needs all the cooperation possible from the student body. It needs support from each student; each student is a unit of support, and it is the aggregate of these units which is going to present a solid front at Medford next Saturday. So let's all jump aboard the victory wagon and show the world that the old Aggie spirit is as ardent and as flourishing as ever.

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SINGING

Now that the greater majority of the contributors to MASS ACTION have successfully hit Dean's Board hard and low, the time has come, as the Walrus is purported to have said, to foster another edition.

The singing at the Amherst game was a disgrace to Aggie. The singing at the Springfield game was worse. There was, in fact, none at all. THIS SITUATION CANNOT AND MUST NOT ENDURE. God knows we have a large supply of good voices in our college, even eliminating the ruminating and regurgitating portions. Anyone who lives in North College and is trying to sleep about 11:30 any night in any week will bear witness to the truth of the above statement. Now since we have good material to work with, WHY NOT USE IT. The Tufts game is coming next Saturday. There will be many Aggie students and alumni at that game. We will be asked to sing and cheer for the team. CAN WE HOPE TO COMPETE WITH THE CHEERING AND SINGING OF TUFTS UNLESS WE PRACTICE? Hardly. Then let's practice.

Why not set aside the last fifteen minutes of assembly next Thursday and give the song leader a chance to show us how to sing some of our songs. At the last Mass Meeting the song leader called for a song and there were not forty people in the hall who knew the words to it. LET'S SELECT TWO OR THREE SONGS TO SING AT TUFTS, AND LET'S LEARN THEM BEFORE WE GO DOWN THERE. I realize that it is rather late in the season to be offering suggestions which should have been made last September. I realize also that some of you BIG LEAGUERS who love to sit around the firesides along Fraternity Row and pan the Football Team will scoff at the idea. The fact remains that our singing this year has been ROTTEN. The fact also remains that it is not the fault of our Song Leader, but rather because of the disinterestedness of the STUDENT BODY. And you who now have this paper in your grimy mitts ARE the student body. In case the first suggestion which I made is impossible, I have another. At the MASS MEETING next THURSDAY night, instead of giving

so much time to more or less long-winded speakers, why not take the first fifteen or twenty minutes to sing. AND LET THE SONG LEADER PICK THE SONGS. You know it isn't the easiest thing in the world to get up on a platform and try to lead a crowd in singing. And when that crowd registers its disapproval of any stated selection by catcalls and yells, naturally the song leader gets discouraged. Now you, as the student body have not given the song leader a chance. Suppose you forget that you are the most important cog in the academic machine and allow the duly elected song leader to be the director.

I reiterate, THE SINGING HAS BEEN ROTTEN.

I maintain, IT MUST BE IMPROVED. Are you going to allow our team to go down there to TUFTS, and have those fur-coated Willies say, "THOSE farmers sing as if they also had three stomachs."

S I N G S I N G .

* *

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY!

* *

E N T H U S I A S M .

As one of our indolent though erudite seniors from Fraternity row has said, "Mass meetings are dreadfully boresome affairs." A badly winded band stumbles up the stairs to the platform. A few preliminary cheers; the team comes strolling into the hall; up jumps the cheer leader, waving his arms deliriously; then comes a speech, some speeches, more speeches, interspersed here and there with a few songs or cheers; and after two hours of this a thoroughly tired student body wearily plods its homeward way.

Yes!!! Mass meetings are all the same. Enthusiasm, of late has been decidedly on the wane; in fact it has been totally lacking, in all but the Freshman Class and the inmates of the Abbey. Perhaps it is hard to find a source for enthusiasm in a losing team, considering that our teams have been losing for the last three years. It is no wonder that the upper, classmen do not care to attend mass meetings and hear speaker after speaker vouchsafe that victory is in the offing. However, this week another mass meeting is to be held. It is the last chance of the season to make good with the team, and pay up for past offences in not attending Mass meetings. We are not asking you to cheer the team on to victory. WE WANT YOU TO CHEER THE TEAM. Show these dozen or so seniors that you appreciate their effort to put Aggie on the football map, however unsuccessful they may have been to make their team a winning team. IT IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO HONOR THESE FRIENDS.

What if the mass meeting is a tedious affair. THIS ONE WON'T BE.

DON'T BE A QUITTER. THEY WEREN'T.

* *

CAN YOU REMEMBER THE MOTTO OF 1925 --- T.T. THAT MEANT SOMETHING THAN. WILL YOU MAKE IT MEAN SOMETHING AGAIN? LET'S GO FOR THE TUFTS GAME!

* *

L E T ' S P R E P A R E !

Every college has its traditional rival. The origin of this tradition may be traced to several sources. The important ones, and the only ones of interest to us, are the date of the establishment of the colleges and the proximity of the colleges one to the other. Tufts and Aggie were both founded at about the same time - two small colleges within old Bay State. With the passing of each year, this tradition has steadily ripened until now the public recognizes the objective nature of the rivalry between the two institutions.

Now, the question arises, are we ready to show the Tufts students and the public as well, Aggie spirit at its best? Several games this year have shown that something was lacking here - half-hearted support, and general listlessness. It is one of our duties to stay with the boys, to actively aid them, to cheer them on to the victory which we will share with them. Much can be done this week in arousing real interest; interest which will be of value to the team and the college. Let's all work together for the common goal in helping the boys do their best!

* *

This is an appeal to that group of M. A. C. students known as "grinds." To you who spend your spare(?) moments and week-ends hibernating in alcoves deriving the theorems of Euler, puzzling over Browning, tracing the evolution of Myriopods, or (to speak in terms some will understand) assimilating the most modern methods of feeding live stock, this entreaty is directed. Some of you, as you mend your way from one library to another, reclining in your mental worlds beyond our reach, seem to scorn the physical, the exhilerating, truly healthful and inspiration - giving things of life. Some of you are like the Card indexes of certain libraries which you inhabit - of no value. You need your compilation of facts, theories, and dreams, exercised, aired out, and rearranged. Knowledge, or rather the accumulation of other people's ideas, without action becomes a chronic stagnation of the mind. And, the "Father John's" for this ailment is action, zealotry, enthusiasm. Being students priding yourself on open-mindedness and tolerance, won't you give action and enthusiasm a try? Just for this coming Saturday sacrifice a few short hours to journey to the field of battle. Your leather-covered chair labeled "grind" will be hardly cool when you return - much the better for your truancy. Hold! please forbear from distain - remember that which you now look down upon you once could not see over.

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HOW ABOUT IT, ARE YOU GOING TO T. T. ?

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For three years I have hunted at Aggie and I don't think three more years would produce the long lost "college spirit." In fact, nobody here knows what it is, we say "college spirit" as glibly as we say "Thursday Assembly," we think nothing of it. Moreover, nobody seems to care to find out what it is. We have so-called mass meetings, cheering and singing to arouse interest, not "college spirit." Half the student body goes to these "mass meetings," why, because there is nothing else to do, no classes the next day, no dates left at the Abbey, it is a good pastime. If you doubt this statement watch to see where

the students sit when they do go. Every back seat in the hall is filled. Most of the front seats are empty. If "college spirit" were the reason for going where would you sit?

Think of our cheering! Those of you who went to the Springfield game will agree that it was abominable - a disgrace to our college - a disgrace to our team - and a disgrace to every single one of us. To put it in a very colloquial way - it was L O U S E Y . I was ashamed to have anyone hear us. Did we have college spirit? Did the student body do anything but disgrace themselves and a team on the field trying to bring us a victory. Then some of our illustrious bravos organized their own cheering sections to ride the team - Aggie students riding their own team - do you blame the press for calling us farmers when we take great pains to broadcast our weaknesses as a few did last Saturday.

LETS' GET HOT! LETS' FIGHT! LETS' SHOW Bob and his teams what we think of them. We can trim Tufts if the students get behind the team and D R I V E. Get some life into you! This is no high school, we are men and women and we must show it.

There will be a mass meeting this week which will set the old town wild - a mass meeting that won't be forgotten for years - one that will make you protect yourself from being trampled by a raving student body. This is not a lot of bunk, if you slackers think so just watch this campus of dear OLD AGGIE this week.

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T H E T E A M

Way back in early September, a group of college boys started for their Alma Mater, two weeks before the commencement of classes. Some of them came on trains, some borrowed the family car to hurry them to the battle camp, the rest became "kings of the road" and hitchhiked to the town of Amherst and the beloved campus. This crowd of youths returned to offer their college everything they had and to fight the glorious fight in their College's name. There was no selfishness in the way they gave themselves. Everything was for the "Club" and the Alma Mater. For three weeks they practised and played and scrimmaged and fought. At the end of that time, by the application of a biological law, the fittest survived and were by their superiority the best we had to carry Aggie's banners.

This club, urged on by a desire to wipe out the record of defeats which had been thrust upon their college team during the previous two years, waged a commendable battle. They met superior teams and conquered on two occasions. Against another college which had far more talent they played to a scoreless tie. You all know the kind of a game they played in the town championship contest. Amherst took such a physical beating that their team had to be reorganized during the following week. The breaks were against the redshirted battlers of Aggie and a victory was snatched from their group.

Next Saturday this fighting Aggie team composed of fellow students whom we love and respect will play its last game. Many of the players will fight their last game for the college they love and you may be very sure that

they will fight to the finish. Can't we help this group of fellows to their victory? We have been behind them to a more or less easy-going tune all year but can't we really back them? Let's get behind the club. Go to the mass meeting. Sing your throats sore. Cheer as if we had beaten Amherst. Back the club and back them to the finish. Follow them to Tufts and help them pick the white elephant up and lay it down in its own back yard. Back the club and back it to the end.

LET' S GO. MASS! RAH! TEAM!

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DON'T FORGET HOW EASILY THE ELEPHANT BURNT LAST YEAR !

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THE BAND

The exhibition which the band made at the Amherst game was lamentable. In the first place, CLEAN SWEATERS ARE DESIRABLE. This statement does not, of course, apply to the whole band. In the second place LESS MARCHING of the sort which we witnessed is exceedingly desirable. And in the third place this is not Prussia; the goose step is not a beautiful thing to watch; it is too reminiscent of a feathery chested turkey cock.

But since the band is going to Tufts, a few suggestions are in order. First, when the team makes a good play, why not make a little racket with some of those grotesque horns. Why wait until a selection is being attempted before all the discords are unloosed. Why play marches and not college songs. Because these songs have not been arranged, you say. I've been here three years and the band has had the same excuse. How are you going to Tufts? Get the money for arrangements in the same way.

I suppose, though that this is no time for crabbing. Before the band goes on the field, down there at Tufts, however, (1) examine the sweater of the major-domo; (2) decide how much marching is going to be done; (3) get more than one march ready to play, if possible; (4) take a deep breath; (5) BLOW YOUR FOOL HEADS OFF, AND WHEN THE STANDS SEE YOU WITH A DEFINITE ORGANIZATION AND A REAL INTEREST IN YOUR MUSIC, YOU'LL BE CHEERED TO THE ECHO AND NOT BOOED.

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"WHAT EVER I BE, OLD ENGLAND IS MY DOOM!"

But how do these words by George Meredith apply to our attitude toward our Alma Mater. They don't, or at least they didn't last Saturday. However, the Springfield disgrace is history. Let us forget the fraternity cheering section! Let us forget the cheering or lact of cheering! Look to the future!

Next Saturday "we" are playing our objective game at Medford. And who may our rivals be? --- Why, - only the clumsy Elephant. Down with the Elephant! It is going to be pushed all over the field next Saturday - providing you, the student body, get behind and do some of the pushing. Of course a team

sin't going to have much fight in it, if it doesn't even get a hand when it comes on the field. But you say that I am just finding fault. Where is the constructive criticism that we need so badly?

I have two suggestions to make; first, let there be a crowd down at Medford; second, let the team know that the crowd is there. A fair sized crowd was at the Springfield game but the team didn't know it. The Medford trip will be a sacrifice to many but it will be a worthy one. Everyone, out for the game!

Now, we have the crowd, we have the spirit, but where is the organization? We must write and practise before the game. Practise the songs and the cheers! THEN WE WILL BE MADE.

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THEY COULDN'T TAKE OUR GOAL POSTS. THATS SPIRIT!
DON'T LET TUFTS TAKE ANYTHING FROM US IN CHEERING!

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C H E E R I N G

The Fraternity Cheering section at the Springfield game must have been appreciated by the team. It was certainly kind of a few men from a certain fraternity along that alley of unalleviated criticism namely Fraternity Row to cheer the members of their house who were playing in the game against Springfield. Yet, in their selection of cheers and in their open criticism of the team, (in particular, their constant war cry, "Where's your interference Aggie?") there remains one fact in which the rest of the student body can find consolation. These men yelled. They yelled continuously. They yelled vociferously. They YELLED. Of course they yelled for the men from their own house who were on the team. But at least they were yelling for part of the team. It is better to cheer two men out of eleven than to cheer none out of eleven. Of course it is demoralizing to the rest of the eleven, but you couldn't expect our fraternal cheering section to realize that. ARE WE GOING TO HAVE THE SAME THING HAPPEN AT TUFTS? Are a few men going down there from here for the purpose of supporting part of the team, or for the purpose of supporting ALL OF THE TEAM? To have a good cheering section at Tufts we must have a good cheering section at the Mass Meeting.

One great criticism of the cheering at every game, is that each cheer has been started at the beginning of a play. By the time the cheer is well under way everyone is watching the play, and the cheer dies an adolescent death. WHY NOT CHEER THE TEAM EVERY TIME THERE IS A "TIME OUT?" Why wait until the play begins? The team can hear the cheer when they are taking "time out." THEY CAN NOT HEAR THE CHEER WHEN THE PLAY STARTS. Furthermore, the reception the team gets when it comes on the field means a lot. If their arrival is greated by silence, it hurts. LET'S GO TO THE MASS MEETING, THEN, AND YELL. NEVER MIND THE SPEAKERS. THEY DON'T COUNT. JUST YELL AND SING. YELL AND SING.

Forget the FRATERNITY CHEERING SECTION. The fraternity is a little the College is a great deal. LET'S NOT SAY "MASS RAH _____." RATHER LET'S SAY,

MASS RAH TEAM. TEAM..TEAM.....

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IF YOU'RE UP AGAINST A BRUISER AND YOUR GETTING

KNOCKED ABOUT ---

G R I N

IF YOU'RE FEELING PRETTY GROGGY, AND YOU'RE LICKED

BEYOND A DOUBT ---

G R I N.

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------ S E R V I C E ------

DEDICATED TO MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

M A S S A C T I O N

VOLUME I. NOVEMBER 1 9 2 8 NUMBER 4.

N O T I C E

THE BOARD OF EDITORS IS LAYING PLANS FOR A STATE WIDE CAMPAIGN FOR THE FORCED REMOVAL OF THE MIDDLE NAME OF THIS COLLEGE. SINCE THE TRUSTEES CAN NOT SEE THE GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY, WE WILL CREATE ONE IF POSSIBLE. THERE WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT MASS ACTION A TYPICAL LETTER OF COMMUNICATION TO WHICH A STUDENT MAY SIGN HIS NAME OR WRITE A SIMILAR ARTICLE AND SEND IT TO THE EDITOR OF HIS HOME NEWSPAPER. HERE IS A WORK THAT NEEDS YOUR SINCERE AND ERNEST SUPPORT; IT REQUIRES NO MONEY OR CHEERING. PLANS ARE ALREADY UNDER WAY FOR ARTICLES IN THE BOSTON AND SPRINGFIELD PAPERS TO REMOVE THIS STATE WIDE IGNORANCE AS TO THE TRUE NATURE OF OUR COLLEGE. THIS IS GOING TO BE A BATTLE OF BRAINS AND AT LEAST THE EDITORS APPRECIATE THE WORK AND SACRIFICE OF TIME THAT SUCH A PROPOSITION WILL ENTAIL, BUT THE CAUSE IS TRULY NOBLE AND OUR WATCH WORD IS --EDUCATION UNHAMPERED.

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FORWARD THE TRUSTEES

Since the report of the Senate dealing with the possibility of having the name of the college changed, and since the Board of Trustees are the dictators of this puesdo-democratically governed college, we, the student body, feel, that as subjects of their rule, we are in a position to request answers to the following questions.

Has the honor of being a trustee of this college been hereditary since the agricultural date of 1863.

Do they respect or consider more loyal the view, wholly personal, of one man to that of six hundred students who have the scholastic and social position of our college sincerely at heart?

Why cannot students come before the council of proscription to bring OUR point of view to light; we need no mediator?

We always receive the same answer; the GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY has not yet arrived. Why not take off the green glasses and see the beauty of a sunrise which you apparently disregard AND NOW WOULD SHADE FROM US WHO SPEAK THE TRUTH?

Just one more; though devoid of conventionalism, though unblemished by social tact, we ask ---, will you give us a lift, ye who drive the hay wagon?

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THE REASON WHY TRUTH IS STRONGER THAN FICTION IS THAT IT IS MUCH RARER!

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THE WHEATS

The Open Forum is over and the Collegian has,(at least one would think so, after listening fifteen minutes overtime to one of the principle speakers) closed another advertizing

campaign. As was expected, the Forum confined its topics to matters of nugartory importance, and nothing was done about anything in particular, tho much was suggested about everything in general. As a whole, I suppose that the last Open Forum was the most successful exhibition of verbal immolation that has been staged at M. A. C. since the last Farmer's Week. Adelphia, is certainly to be congratulated.

There was one matter of great significance which was not discussed last Thursday. That matter was THE WHEATS. Some time ago a notice appeared on the bulletin board of North College announcing the fact that the students of the Stockbridge School of Agriculture would do everything in their power to cooperate with the members of the College. This was a very worthy and commendable action. When, however, one goes into the cafeteria every day, three times a day, and hears a crowd of howling maniacs tinkling their glasses with various silver implements; intoning majestically the "OH" which is suggestive of the Sistine Choir or the chorus of devils in "Dr. Faustus;" clamoring, hooting, hissing, as if they were at the far-famed "Old Howard;" one is led to wonder whether he wants to cooperate with the kind of a fellow, who makes himself so obnoxious to others by these means. And when the thinker comes out of the "Caf" after a hearty meal of food which is absolutely free from caraway seeds with legs, or raisons with horns; perfectly content with the world, he is met in the hall by a group of shrilling, jostling, swearing, "Wheats." If the then irate thinker manages to get thru the crowded hallway without losing either his right ear or his temper, he must need crawl over more "Wheats" who are sprawled over the steps in attitudes of repose. And if he succeeds in descending the steps without loss of leg or dignity, the then thoroughly maddened thinker must run the gamut of commenting groups of more Wheats.

You say that this situation is considerably exaggerated? You say that such conditions would not exist? Then eat in the "Caf" yourself and find out. Try to eat your meal in comfort when the calf-like Song of the Wheat is resounding in your ear. Try to talk to a friend while bursts of boorish laughter and the deafening din of battered glasses rings in the air. Just try it. Then try to get your coat without stepping on some Wheat's nose. And if you manage to get your coat, try to get out without having some one expectorate in your ear.

If the students of the Stockbridge School of Agriculture really desire to establish a feeling of cooperation on our campus between that school and M. A. C. the very first, and perhaps the very most effective, method which they should adopt is to establish some supervision over those Stockbridge freshmen who are making themselves so undesirable at the Dining Hall.

The Open Forum did not discuss this matter because the Open Forum never discusses anything worth while unless some one brings the matter to the attention of Adelphia from the floor. The leaders of this, our noble institution must never allow themselves, or their reputations to be tainted with the accusation that there is the slightest stain of Radicalism, or THOUGHT, about them. To say that the leaders of the discussion Thursday thought, (THOUGHT) would be to cast an irremovable smirch upon their escutcheons.

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SOME QUESTIONS THAT ARE AS YET UNANSWERED ----

Where is Prudence?

When is the name of the college going to be changed to Massachusetts State College?

When will compulsory chapel be eliminated?

Why can't the Student Senate handle its own affairs without the cooperation of those higher up?

How much time is required to make a pair of shoes out of soil?

What is the origin of Kongo?

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DISPATCH FROM KONGO

Kongo wishes to congratulate the Co-eds on their hearty support of the recent mass meeting, sponcered by the Board of Health. The turn-out proved that the co-eds are correct in their statement that they really have college spirit.

authorized dispatch
O.K. Kongo.

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THE DINING HALL

What is wrong with the"hash house" as it exists to-day? Newspaper headlines concerning the horrible food! Co-eds on a hunger strike! General dissatisfaction throughout the entire student body! Where is the source of all this up-roar, and what can be done to remedy the present state of affairs which now exists in the dining hall?

The source of this recent up-roar may with justice be placed on the co-eds. They were the principal complainants, especially those women of the two upper classes. The majority of these co-eds feel, with reason, that they should not be required to submit to the present rule compelling them to eat at the "hash house." Is it possible that the college authorities believe these junior and senior women incapable of selecting their own meals after two or three years spent in our agricultural institution?

Another great source of discontent is the poor quality of the food. Enough has been said with regard to entomological specimens and their relation to dining hall food. But I do wish to state that the food is not only lacking in variety, but that it is of a very poor grade. Why should students be forced to pay $7.50 a week for food that is of the same low grade as that purchased for state prisons and similar state institutions? The men and women who must eat in the dining hall ask for just an "even break." Why can't they have it?

The remedy to these unfortunate conditions does not lie in newspaper publicity detrimental to our college. The college officials realize that student opinion is strong on this matter. Therefore I believe that the entire proposition with all its various aspects, should be presented to the college authorities in a clear sound, reasonable manner. Action of this kind, based on reason, may terminate in improvement of dining hall conditions, And if improvement does not come stronger and more radical steps should be taken by the student body acting as a unit.

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TWO HOURS AFTER OUR LAST FOWL CHAPEL

No fellows, we may as well give up the ship, hang the sign of martyrs around our unsymetrical heads, and join the legion of those who have lost a noble cause. There is no longer a need for changing the name of our college since the one place that was free from the curse of over-specialized agricultural educators, is no longer hallowed in sacred silence. The temple of Levi Stockbridge has now become a modern Noah's Ark. Since the poultry department has begun the missionary work, why not pass the idea on to the Cow department and thus we would have a complete communion of domesticated saints every Sunday morning. Must we by compulsion sit in chargrin for an agonizing hour at our own chapel service because of the thoughtlessness of one of the very insignificant departments of this well meaning but occasionally muddled college. Perhaps I am missing the point; is it an experiment, or a practical joke, or just what is the big underlying principle? I may not have been accustomed to the ways of modern poultry breeders, but I do not think that it is quite conventional to bring chickens to Church, even though Christ did teach a kindly spirit towards dumb animals. Is it not bad enough to sit in a theater in Boston and see a gang of farmers shear sheep under the auspices of the MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, without rubbing it in at chapel. I write this as an appeal to you who are in a position to do something towards the correction of this cackling blunder; for surely it doesn't require state legislation to remove the irritation this time. Of course, I realize that a poultry breeder's convention was recently held on this campus and it is more than possible that they left some of their incubated atmosphere, but that is by no means an alibi for the housing of a pedigreed king of fowl and some of his lousey harem in a building, daily utilized for purposes of education, and on Sundays, for a quiet hour of worship.

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APPROPRIATE MOTTO FOR ANY COLLEGE - "ON WITH THE DENSE !"

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THE TYPICAL AGGIE MAN

Who is this person of whom we hear so much, but whom we have trouble in defining? Is it possible to pick out one from the crowd on our campus and point proudly to him as the "typical Aggie Man"?

The truth is that there is no individual among us of whom we may say, "there is the typical Aggie Man." A man graduated from this institution three years ago with a splendid scholastic record. He had been an athlete of great

ability and had represented his college in many contests. As a student leader his popularity was unquestioned. When this man was ready to leave our campus to do greater things in the world, the unanimous opinion was that a typical Aggie man was departing. We called him the typical Aggie Man but we were wrong in our classification. He was unlike everybody with whom he worked for four years. His abilities were greater, his understanding was broader, his spirit was finer than that of the other men. It was vanity that made us call him an example of the group. It is vanity that urges us to pick out a certain man on our campus today and apply the same indefinite title to him. The person on whom everyone is agreed is called typical because he represents everything we want to be. The man who earns the coveted title receives it because he has a happy combination of the qualities existing in the group. We want to point to him as an example of the type and then in vanity expose ourselves to the mirror with the prayer that we too are somewhat like the outstanding example we admire. As a matter of fact there is no typical Aggie Man. The person who earns the title is honored because he is the exception. He is like "the typical American" with Nordic features, six feet tall, blue eyes, and with an unequalled chest expansion.

But there is something about our student body of which I can speak without sadness. Although the typical Aggie Man is an exception some of his qualities belong to the group. His sense of honor lives with most of us and we are proud of it. His spirit of fair play is a part of our general philosophy and we cling to it even in defeat. Our sense of fair play becomes aroused when some of the crowd deny free speech to a lowly one of the group. We rise in indignation when the opposing stands, adopt catcall tactics toward our teams. And finally we have for the most part a tolerance of others that is an outstanding characteristic of this typical Aggie Man.

* *

NEW MEASURE - SIXTEEN OUNCES MAKE ONE PINT; TWO PINTS MAKE WHOOPEE!

MOTTO OF GOLD-DIGGERS: FIND YOUR MARK IN THE WORLD - THEN MAKE HIM.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE

Because MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is a misnomer and not truly representative of our college today, and because the Class of 1928 was a typical class at this institution and only nine per cent (9%) of said class majored in truly agricultural subjects, an overwhelming majority of the students here are emphatic in their desire to have the name changed to the MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE.

How easy it is to say that this is not the appropriate time to change the name of the college. How HARD it is to give logical reasons for such a statement. Is it that we are not capable of understanding the reasoning involved if it were presented to us, or is it that the arguments would not stand our inspection?

Possibly we are asking too much. Some students actually believe this to be the case. Is it unfair to ask that a word be dropped, which tends to create

a false impression in the minds of those people not intimately connected with the college, and who therefore do not know its true nature? MASSACHUSETTS is an industrial state and this word has done more than any other single factor in retarding the development of this institution.

Tolerance for the wishes of our fellow men is incessantly preached to us. We would say to you higher up "Go thou and do likewise!"

Now is the time to fight for what we want. This fight does not require physical courage - the pen and voice are mightier than the sword. Other state colleges were faced with the same problem and overcame it. What they did we can do. YOU can start the thing off by substituting the word "State" for "Agricultural" at every opportunity. Show them that we have the courage of our convictions and let our password be:-

"MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE"

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TO MASS ACTION:

Since 1800 the population of this world has tripled. Famine, disease, and war had kept the globe uncrowded. The Industrial Revolution has established easy production and transportation of food; famine is controlled. Modern hygiene has reduced disease. We have not been able to eliminate war. Mars still 'calls the best and leaves the rest.' Complications and competition on this crowded sphere make it so.

"Peace, there can never be perpetual peace," they cried, and, to prove it, they made a war. "There will never be lasting peace," they said, and began to prepare for the next war. They thought themselves in danger and their preparations looked dangerous to the hypothetical aggressors across the border. Fear caused treaties involving the world. Fear whispered;"Attack before you are attacked." The world war began.

There were years of carnage and destruction. The shuddering world thought; "This will be the last war. If civilization remains in spite of this horror, the possibility of another such catastrophe must be abolished." Ten years later 'We learned our lesson' means that we will never again be found so unprepared for war. Persons are hanged for blows delivered under stress and agitation. The state, meanwhile, elaborates plans for vast, pre-mediated murder.

We are peace loving and unaggressive. We would be insulted at any hint of the opposite. Yet fear drove us into a recent war. The people of other lands would be as insulted as we at any suggestion that they would want to leave their homes to invade others'. We fear them and insist on a navy unsurpassed. Because they fear our navy, we are in danger. Fear drives one nation to attack before the other secures an advantage. Our navy and our gold are menaces to ourselves.

Some country must be first to reduce armament. There are 3,000 miles of water between us and any remotely formidable nation. We should be first to throw away the stones we have collected. We would be safer. We should share our candy with the neighbor's children rather than wring from them the indemnities that burden us with gold and jealousy. We would be safer.

Within ten years the sturdy sons of Armistice Day Heroes will be willing to become heroes 'as daddy did.' The horror of 1914, 15, 16, 17 and 18 will have begun to fade. The present feverish preparedness competition will have reached a climax. The most rapidly advancing country, be it the United States or Russia will be the least safe. The alumni of M. A. C. may be 'expendable' lieutenants in defense of their nation's gold; or sturdy Russian peasantry may have a noble martyrdom in pay for their new prosperity and preparedness.

Lest you forget

CALVINIST.

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THE MAJORITY TALKS, BUT THE MINORITY THINKS AND TALKS!

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ENTHUSIASM

Do you remember when we as kids stood in little circles and shrilly offered such suggestions as "He's yellow, beat 'm up", "You can lick him, he's down already," etc? Do you also remember when these embryonic pugalists were all out of breath how we would whisper loudly, "Go in and get him, don't let him knock the chip off your shoulder;" although the little fellow was already more than beaten? Do you remember these things, college men, do you remember the last issue of MASS ACTION; a conglomerate mass of thoughtless athletic propoganda? Such hot air might be excusable in a high school but surely when men come to their junior year in college they aught to be able to look matters squarely in the face and not try to conceal their own wretchedness with a coat of pathetic disillusion.

You say such "fight talks" show sportsmanship and college spirit. Do they? Because a crowd is swung by mob psycology, because a fellow hysterically tells some one else that the team is going to win because he said so, because men cater to the god of WIN; are such men of a caliber to be termed "Sportsmen." No, a true sportsman must first give credit where credit is due and then if he is fortunate enough to be the better player, he may be so immodest as to say that he should win fairly. I firmly believe that there is more real significance and inspiration in a simple expression of hope that the team will play the game fair than this commercialized annual propaganda which college men have thoughtlessly adopted. Worse still, a paper, primarily devoted to the pursuit of truth, has been used as a tool and a servant of childishness for the promotion of a baggatelle program. If a game is worth playing why not regard it as a game

and not a battle wherein the winning alone is the goal? As soon as spectators and players consider the score as the only measure of value, the game is no longer a pleasure but a work of drudgery.

As soon as college men lose sight of the real fun and good fellowship that should exist in intercollegiate athletics, there program is cheap and with out moral benefit. We want athletics for all, with the true idea of a game and with a sense of true sportsmanship throughout.

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MASS ACTION

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

We wish you Merry Christmas, gentlemen,
"Delicious" ladies too.
We bring the Yule-tide greeting once again
Both beautiful and true.
May truth inspire the man up on the hill,
The student down below,
To seek throughout the blessing of good will
And in its rapture, grow.
So do not tarry long ye merry men,
Nor fear politic foe,
But cut your college free, and then
The name of STATE bestow.

Edited by Students
of
Massachusetts State College

MASS ACTION

VOLUME 1, No. 5 DECEMBER 1928

THE STUDENTS POSITION

This article is based on material brought to the attention of the omniscient "bullfesters" of Kongo. It all started in a session in which was discussed the advisability of changing the name of our institution from Massachusetts Agricultural College to Massachusetts State College. One very sincere young gentleman objected to the change on the grounds that the student agitation appear to be based on a prejudice against agriculture. There are many partial observers of the student move who hold the same opinion.

As a matter of fact, the students of this institution (even those who are city-bred and have no agricultural background) respect the vocation of agriculture. They are too gentlemanly to scoff at the man who has courage of heart enough to attempt wresting a living out of rocky New England's soil. Oh! there may be a few who turn up their noses at the mention of "farmer," but we maintain that these few do not represent the majority sentiment of those who wish the agricultural misnomer dropped from our college title. In an attitude of respect for other people's vocations and professions the great majority of students in the Massachusetts Agricultural College still insist that the name be changed because:

(1) it is a misnomer,
(2) the presence of the word agriculture in the name proves a detriment to some graduates who seek positions, and
(3) a change in name would bring increased prosperity to our institution.

That the word agriculture makes our college title a misnomer is evident when we consider the fact that only nine per cent of the students are preparing for work in strictly agricultural lines. Even the most prejudiced opponent of this vigorous student movement must admit that hundreds of men and women have come to this college because they heard of its high scholastic standing and because they realized that a good education might be secured here without great financial outlay. These people have entered M. A. C. to obtain instruction from the splendid faculty of the institution and they have in the delightful study of humanities and in their zealous pursuit of the sciences forgotten that the college is known to many in the outside world as a school of training for scientific farming.

What disappointments they have encountered after graduation! Though well equipped with a liberal, scientific education equal to that offered at any Land Grant College in the Country, they have been forced to fight the existing idea among the people of the State that this is a school for training practical farmers. Applicants for teaching positions have sometimes been unsuccessful in securing desirable places because their degrees did not

mean so much to school committees as did degrees from colleges of a scholastic rating no better than that of M. A. C. The presence of the word agriculture in the college title is a misnomer and has been a detriment in many cases.

There is still another reason why the students of M. A. C. have risen to assert their opinion and are even now petitioning for a change in the name. We love our college! We respect and admire our faculty. We want our college to be known for what it is. Our ideal is to have the people of this State know M. A. C. as we know it. We would be satisfied if we could the false impressions about M. A. C. and inform the people of Massachusetts as to the true nature of their State College. It is our firm belief that a step in making M. A. C. known to everyone is the change in name of the College. Then with the false impressions cleared away ambitious youths would flock here to take advantage of the free education. Increased prosperity would come to our alma mater. People who are interested in education but who are not willing to shower their gifts upon agricultural institutions would endow the State College even as they have done in other States. This reason for our desiring the word agriculture dropped from the insignia of M. A. C. is not based entirely on future probability. It is found on the facts as they worked out in the history of other State Colleges.

Those who oppose the student move may do so because they love the College and fear that some of the fine old traditions may be forgotten when the name is changed. We students are striving to have the change come about because we love M. A. C. enough to help her and to build for her future. Perhaps it is the way of youth to be on the other side of the fence but it has been young people who have effected most of the beneficial changes in Man's struggle. Can't you at least respect us for our love of your Alma Mater?

* *

IN FINLAND THEY CALL BOOTLEG LIQUOR KORPIKUNSEN KYYNELEITA

- EVEN BEFORE DRINKING IT !

* *

THE LIGHT

1. The future is a tunnel dark;
   Bouldered caven halls;
   Days are varied shadows
   Along its serried walls.

2. A tiny phantom light,
   A portal far away,
   Marks the end of night;
   Door to brilliant day.

3. Chained in the trek of time
   We warily lockstep on;
   Fear to plunge in dark abyss
   Where those ahead have gone.

4. The distant leader's torch,
   Too far to help our sight,
   Makes us trust the guidance
   Of those nearer to the light.

5. May I not justly say,
   I'm giving them their due,
   They sometimes seem to stand
   Between the light and you?

* *

A SYNDICATED LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS

To the People of Massachusetts.

What is the first thought that comes to people when they hear the word, College? There is but one conception; a course of four years at the end of which one is granted a Bachelor's degree. Never does one take into consideration, in every day life, that there may possibly be other organizations attached to a college. Therefore, when we use the term college we mean but one thing and not an aggregate often described as an institution.

Because of this general opinion, we, the students of Massachusetts State College desire to have our college recognized solely on its own merits as a seat of collegiate learning.

May we bring forward for your consideration, a few facts that are not generally known concerning your state college. In the first place, only 9.7% of the students in the college are majoring in truly agricultural subjects. The college is well known in collegiate circles as one of high scholastic rating in both sciences and humanities. The faculty of the college has more than unusual strength of scope and recognition. The campus is one of the most beautiful in the east and is far from presenting a barnyard atmosphere. The student body has been continually growing since the establishment of the college, though the agricultural departments have shown little or no growth. Another point that needs elucidation is the fact that there is, unfortunately, conducted on the campus, a two year short course which is wholly agricultural. Many people confuse this Stockbridge School of Agriculture with the college which is a misconception.

Furthermore, it is extremely irritating to find it necessary to explain that you are not necessarily majoring in agriculture although you attend a college that has retained the antique name of Agricultural.

A petition has been signed by the student body as a whole for an immediate change of name to that of Massachusetts State College. This name is already in common use amongst the students and requires only the approval of the state legislature. The faculty is strongly in favor of the change which has been agitated since 1898.

The trustees have, on the suggestion of President Thatcher, put this matter on the table until the report of a national committee investigating colleges established under the Morril Act has been completed. This lengthy investigation will take several years, and in that time more than two hundred men will have graduated and face the business world under a misnoma. However, several trustees have expressed their desire to see the immediate of name take place.

Now, is it expedient to prolong the existing delemma or is it not possible to change the name of the college officially in the next session of the Legislature? The work of agriculture could go on unhampered in the college and in short course, extension, and experimental fields under the new name. Beside this, and perhaps by far the most important, such a change would put the State of Massachusetts on a par with the majority of the states in the union, by having a seat of education with a name, truly significant of its purpose and function.

Advised by the student body and as far
as we know, correct in statement

AN INCIDENT

This little incident was related to me the other day and I would use it as another example of the misleading impression that the now existing name of the college gives.

"I met a man the other day who is employed in one of the counties of Massachusetts and has been on the payroll of this institution (using President Thatcher's definition) and yet when I told of the nature of this college, he was astounded. He had thought that since it was apparently an agricultural college, they taught nothing else."

I ask you, is it more probable that the average person in the state of Massachusetts knows more about their state college than this man? He has been in connection with our college for years, yet he was not aware of the fact that we are students at a seat of collegiate learning, being taught in fields far from agriculture if we so choose. On, to Massachusetts State College. Use it when you write, use it when you speak, and use it when you think, how often that might be.

* *

A student struck up a conversation on the Boston Elevated Train and during the discourse he was asked to what college he belonged. He answered - "MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE!" The following remark is a good example of how your college is known.

"WHY YES, I KNOW THAT THEY HAVE AN EXCELLENT HERD OF SWINE UP THERE."

HOW LOVELY!

* *

THE COLLEGIATE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Place ..... Kongo Hall Time ..... Twelve Midnight.

Every one dressed in Kongo attire.

A usual room, mottled walls with huge cracks criss crossing in a modernistic pattern: a sheet metal ceiling, a sixty mile gale blowing six inches from the floor. A constant rattle of windows with the spasmodic bellow of a band of wheats driving their way up the armored stairs. These sounds blow in through the stick-knife abused door, designed to allow for ventilation under the most trying conditions. Furniture of variety and of questionable origin is distributed or thrown around the room. Three bearers of facial symetry are lounging about in positions of torture to an average human being. All are swallowing butts and flicking the ashes upon the Persian rugs. The more handsom of the trio languidly unwinds, crawls past a bridge table, slumps into a desk chair, spreads out his hands devotedly upon a mahogany desk, covered with the latest issues of Life and Mass Action.

From some hidden cache he produces a pen, discovers a sheet of yellow typewriting paper, and with hope of inspiration, gazes thoughtfully at a little brown bottle (the sole paeleogin evidence of the last rainy season in Kongo).

"How now, old fellow, who's getting touched?"

"Oh, I'm trying to pursuade Dad to send me some money for Fraternity dues, fines, and all the rest. Any suggestions? I might as well tell you that he knows the fare home, so that wont work."

"Why ----, ----, --- ---, dont you wait until you get home and stop the crabbing?" This came from a dark corner where, on further inspection, one saw a "pair of feet slowly oscillating over the back of a Morris chair.

"Give us a break. Its like approaching the Abbey at night, it is, well, you know, it has a different aspect."

"You would bring in the delicious ladies," came the disgusted remark from the third member of the company. Incidentally his remark was followed by a butt aimed at a baseball hole in a none too clean window. The hole wasn't in the right place and the coffin nail rolled under a bookcase filled with library books.

"I wish the Collegian would come out soon; so I could stuff up the open places around that window. This hellish draught is about as comfortable as the chapel seats."

--, A lengthy pause while all three concentrate on a heated discussion of the relative merits of some unfortunate inmate of the Abbey, being presented by Kongonians in the room below. The radiator suddenly resounds with an earsplitting clamour; registering the wrath of some study-taxed Kongo man. Again silence reigns until the scribe bursts for in a whoop of enthusiasm.

"I'm made." and he writes down the simple words, Merry Christmas, Dad, and with a satisfied smile, seals the letter in a borrowed envelope. With assurance that his purse will soon be full, the student tilts his chair against the chawed window sill and apparently is recuperating after such extraordinary exertion.

A mouse, or maybe two, lazily scampers across the ceiling above and again there is silence. The thick blue smoke rises and falls to make fantastic streamline figures until swallowed by the wind storm on the floor. That pair of feet, slowly keep up their silent rhythm and add to the atmosphere a peculiar, if not nonchalant air of study.

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The curtain is drawn after much applause.

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THE STUDENT'S PRAYER

O, Thou great God of all the passed and present, Whom we may not see except in far and lofty places, but Whose influence is marked, Who hast made thyself real to us in the written word, Who hast bequeathed to us the light that is never extinguished, incline Thy ear to thy humble servants.

We realize, O Great Judge, that not the least of us shall fall by the wayside and Thou not be aware of it; but when the future becomes dark with fear, when, as now, we grow weary of the load and prone to stumble, when all about are temptations luring us from Thy protection, wilt Thou not lighten our burden, wilt Thou not make easier the way, wilt Thou not promise us relief at last to cheer our gloom in this last hour of travail?

We seek Thy grace, O Master.

We know that we have sinned grievously against Thy commands, that often have we resented the scourge, and kicked against the pricks of destiny.

But now we crawl to Thee in full repentence.

We anticipate Thy day of judgment and pray that Thou wilt shew Thy great mercy unto Thy children in this their hour of humiliation.

* *

COLLEGE STUDENT (writing home) - "How do you spell 'FINANCIALLY?'

ROOM MATE - F-I-N-A-N-C-I-A-L-L-Y - and there are two "Rs' in embarrassed."

* *

OH. YEAH --?

Dear Mr. Editor:

I want to make a protest thru your valuable paper on a subject which I consider vitally interesting to the community at large, and especially to that branch of it to which I have the honor of belonging.

I am, Mr. Editor, what the newspaper call "prominent in society circles." I made my debut a year ago, at the age of eighteen, and I was called " "a rosebud" a "blushing debutante," a "star-eyed beauty," and oh! so many nice things.

Now, last night I went to the theatre to see "Romeo and Juliet." I am not ashamed to say, Mr. Editor, that I have never seen the play before, because mamma had brought us up so strictly that she never allowed us to see plays which dealt with love, and never permitted us to read any works but those of - - -, which she always considered as elevating in their tone. Of course, we cordially hated being elevated, but, as weaker vessels, we were obliged to submit.

The protest which I wish to make is against the production of such a play as "Romeo and Juliet," which, in my opinion, dear Mr. Editor, simply annihilates all the wholesome lessons that I and girls like me, have learned.

Magine our being asked to sympathize with a woman who appears in a wrapper at the dead of night and positively asks a young man whom she has only seen a few hours before, his intentions.

You can readily see the danger to society that such a nauseating scene threatens. No one but a girl's father has the right to interrogate a suitor on such a subject. Why the very rudiments of etiquette are attacked by that sickening Juliet. I could hardly restrain myself from calling out to her "you horrid, forward thing, you presumptuous minx!"

And then she allows him to wish he were a glove that he might press her hand. If a man dared to say such a thing to me, I should box his ears. Of course all women like compliments, but no sensible girl cares to see a man make a fool of himself.

Juliet was an Italian girl but that was not made apparent in the play. She merely impressed me with the horrible idea that in cold blood she was diliberately throwing herself at an impudent young jackanapes!

Had they been properly introduced? Not a bit of it! Why Juliet's mamma did not even visit in Romeo's mamma's set! Really, the more I think of the play, the more disgusting it becomes.

Please make this protest public. It will be a good work, Mr. Editor, and I know you love doing good deeds.

Co-ed.

* *

FELLOWMEN

Little iv'ry cheesmen
Moving there and hither;
Funny how they wander,
Come and go together?
Slowly moving in the silence,
Mocking beauty without conscience.

Deep in night they slumber
Breath by breath by number.
Not a soul within them?
Nor a world without them?
Grimy, wildeyed, human cheesmen,
See them? Nevertheless, MEN.

* *

Mass Action:

Some good friend asks why I insist on being an ass and on writing foolish and uninteresting letters. I replied frankly that I tried it first to see whether you meant what you said about pointing 'anything'. Since then I fiendishly delight in taking advantage of you. I love your readers' disappointment not to encounter juicy bits of wording all the time. And I revel in seeing my words in type.

"How can you," he said, "talk about armament competitions or whatever you call them and immediate dangers of war? Applesauce," or words to that effect. Well, a farmer who doesn't get very far from the old home place has to make his contacts with the great big world indirectly, by newspapers, movies, travelers, and such. And I draw those rash conclusions from headlines and title type like these: Coolidge Urges Bigger Navy, War Department orders two new Goodyear Zeppelins at cost of $7,000,000, New Springfield rifle will cost millions but be be worth it in increased fire power, Thompson sub-machine gun proving an efficient weapon with the Marines in Nicaragua, Navy delighted with new fast diving bombers, Greatest mobilization of planes and air manoeuvers scheduled for next spring, Senator Shiver wants a few dozen new cruisers, 'London Times' publishes detailed comparison of U. S. and British fleets, France has biggest army ever, Germany has most efficient army in history, Fascist youth given muskets at the age of twelve, New eEntente among Balkans, Recent manoeuvers of Britain's Mechanical army eagerly watched by world. These we all see on the front page without serious research.

And the movies, also, entertain us with the military toys that we have bought.

Since it was discovered by the Saturday Evening Post that the next war is to be in the air, the calcimined ladies of Hollywood have been revealed in silken flying togs and helmets, or in wooden clogs waving airy kisses at curly-headed aces.

But the news reels are making the most money out of your martial fevor. We see big guns tested in Panama, New tanks waddling at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, 'Pacific' Fleet in speed tests, Cavalry horses, protected from gas, go thru paces at Ft. Myer, Marines return from God-knows-where, Coolidge greets visitors at White House (backed by a dozen sam-brown belts and several bushels of medals), Army dare devils go through winged stunts together, Russian Army on skiis, Saratoga launched, Alaskan soldiers on skiis, and brass belt buckles for buddies' babies.

Down south somewhere there is a region of pollution where we send folks who are too fat to be useful, too wise to be honest, or too dumb to be otherwise.

Sometimes their contamination extends even into the back woods of Massachusetts. Do you remember this notorious bit of philosophy:

> "There cannot now, if ever, be understanding between nations?"

P. S. This last Sunday's paper contained warnings from three leading statesmen of different countries to the effect that the world is caught in another feverish arms race. M. Heriot of France pointed out that more money is being spent on preparation than before the war. I I Duce of Italy pointed out that European armies were constantly growing bigger than before the war, and demanded an increase in his own. England's "Great Premier said that conditions were such in Europe that he expected war within a year. If there is one blinder than he who will not see it is he who cannot help seeing but who refuses to be influenced. The blind fools who insist on many weapons will find them mill stones dragging them into depths of misery. The blind fools who discover patriotism only in flag-wavers and gun-toters are not all beyond the sea. You bump into them on crowded streets, you hear them in auditoriums, and you see them in your mirrors. Let them 'save democracy', 'save civilization,' 'save the nation' now, before that familiar ogre Mars shall appear and they be occupied in saving themselves.

J. C.

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WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

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Laurie S. Ronka.....Managing Editor

Henry Wilhelm Jensen.....Literary Editor

C. Fredrick Frame.....Observation Editor.

* *

MASS ACTION

A NUMBER
IN MEMORIAM

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

Stevenson

Edited by Students
of
Massachusetts State College

M A S S A C T I O N

VOLUME II, NO. 7 JANUARY 1929

As the surety of death steals over man's power of loving the good and noble in his fellowmen, does he wrench himself free for just one moment, or does he submit to the inevitable end without a shudder and stiffly sets in composure? This shrouded question suggests another no less morbid and yet to all ends equal in prospective hope: is there justice even in death? With the last I will not bother as I already know my fate; I do not ask for justice. With the first I will only comment that I shall convulse myself in a last attempt to justify my view and the sacrificing endeavour of five of my fellowstudents.

To all intents and purposes there has expired, on the surface at least, a purpose by far the most noble and inspired of any such ever propagated in this state. This movement has not even stooped to the usual method of politic and economic procedure: no tainting of the almighty dollar nor the staining of lobbying. But now, it has rolled over to gasp its last breath, not even in the hands of those who held it most dear.

There are several convictions that we cannot help but draw from the recent proceedings. In the first place, those who hold the destiny of this college in their clinching grasp have not as yet been able to answer the arguments offered them, nor presented any that could bear weight heavier than air; unless the one we may have heard before, "the time is not ripe." Secondly their motive cannot be other than selfish when they, at least one, suggest that a growth and prosperity of the college is neither wished nor expedient. Might I now suggest a third: why must the trustees hold themselves aloof from the students? How are they to know the existing sentiment in the student body unless they mingle with us? Stereotyped reports cannot in anyway express what in this case is more than necessary. These three observations are but an expression of the thoughts rambling through the student body. We may as well be frank, WE WILL BE LOYAL BUT WE DEMAND LOGICAL REASONS.

However, the apple like all fruit, must either ripen or rot. Which of these two alternatives will claim the fate of this proposition. Let us consider these two fates. If the matter rots, as some hope it will, since they consider it merely as a wave of student opinion, everything will smooth out and the past will soon claim it in oblivion. There wouldn't even be a ghost to appear to the rotters, nor a spirit to whisper from the secluded recesses of a conscience. But lo and behold, should the fruit ripen, speaking agriculturally, what would happen? Namely this, The people of Massachusetts would have an institution of higher learning, which we as students could look back on with asense of happiness as having helped to make a disguised college into a seat of knowledge open, with all possibilities, to the posterity of Man; the working man.

But while I have been compounding this article I begin to see the nucleus of a far greater campaign arising out of the mossy grave of the first. Or perhaps the bier was a disillusion; an empty ritual after all. In either event, there has awakened in the student body a truer sense of honor, first to truth; come what may to impede its blessing of peace respect, and pursuit of learning.

Though the arm that would lead and carrythe torch is shackled, though the tongue is gagged, though the body is whipped into submission, there is not a master that has ever stifled REASON when that "little two legged joker, man" determines "I will." I have said enough and as I close my notebook I feel assured that Time removes that which is not beautiful and true, breaks down the barrier that man so arrogantly claims his own, and stamps the individual only as positive or negative to Progress. We are, perhaps, in no position to judge, but may I be so indiscreet as to offer this observation. This "wave of student sentiment" in all its complexity involves the policies of the republican party, the management of our systems of education, and the relative importance of idealism when applied to society. This is an old question that has again popped up in its present form; that of "unhampered education". Is it worth fighting for? Is it worthy of sacrifice of time, reputation (that doesn't amount to so much when you look around and see what much of the world terms reputable), and last but not least, your appreciation of the spirit of loyalty and fairplay that caused several students to solicit your signatures to a petition that has now become worthless to many?

* *

We wish to thank The Abbey, Fraternity Row, some of The Faculty, Owasco, Kongo and others interested, for their sincere cooperation and encouragement in our late attempt to change the name of the College.

Committee.

* *

It is in no spirit of chauvinism that I espouse the cause of the verandah. In my simple way I am merely treading in the footsteps of our leaders, seeking only to uphold the traditions of long ago. True, we may not have any need for a verandah, but surely we ought not to lose anything that barks back to a dim antiquity. Times have changed, certainly, since the ancients died, verandah's are no longer chic; but would not the ancients turn in their graves if they knew that their verandah was missing.

Ah that North College were once more bedecked and encircled with that verandah of yore! Ah, that we might once more sit on the porch and sever serenly contemplate such mortals that chanced to pass by, all the while keeping a wary eye on the crows that hovered above the cornfield not far down the road. If only we might greet once more the Levites, wearily plodding home from a day of toil in the soil, with a "How's taters?" Ah, if only once more we might have our whole existence flavored with the aroma, that now but infrequently drifts in from the west. You can see I am a lover of antiquity. I am one of the antiquitoriors that would love this venerable institution dwell always in the form and image of a day now hopelessly out of tune with our own.

And how easily could the verandah be rebuilt! The foundations of the old porch can still be seen amid a heap of glass and waste. It would be but the work of a few days to resurrect that old relic. As you well know there is already organized a Society of Antiquarians that has as its motto "time and tide may change but M. A. C. shall not." This society is striving to the best of its frail ability to bring back the good old days. More power to it say I.

"But", remark a few" such a verandah would be out of place, here." Not so. We still have in our North College museum a few pair of cowhide boots with which to drape the rail. And in our museum we have also a few fissilized bones of departed tillers of the soil, together with a choice collection of their modern prototypes. In fact, we can well expect that such a verandah would be used much after the usual and ancient fashion. If you will kindly notice the window in the second story of the south east corner of said dormitory, you will perceive that there is a circular hole in the window, that dates back to antiquity. The occupant of that room proudly states that it was John Epps himself that threw a beer bottle through the window that night he come home drunk, long long ago. Surely the society has a sound basis upon which to start its campaign. The next session of the antiquitorians should prove to be a vital one for North Collegions, because if any of the inmates do not like verandahs they will be obliged to move to South College that den of authority. Some such measure, I believe, is to be put into effect. Let all true collegeors rejoice that at last ancestor worship is to be revived and our sepehere shall be a verandah.

I have for several weeks, been endeavoring to swing student opinion to my point of view. It was with this thought in mo mind that I ousted a portly youngster on those once balustraded steps of North College.

Said I "My boy, how would you like a w----"

"To hell with a veranda" he shouted and pushed me away.

"But Rut I stammered" Levi loved that veranda, and he was an honorable man."

"The word "wheat" floated down from a third story window and I swooned.

* *

We have the knowledge that a bill has been introduced to the Legislature recommending that a committee be formed to investigate possibilities of a State University. Where will M. A. C. come in?

* *

'Tis well to live your life with hardened soul
To search for wealth, and curse your fellowmen,
To crush the weak, and scorn the denizen
Of indigence, though honor be his goal;
Well may you grasp the law with greedy hand
And suit it to your purpose, caring not
That men must suffer when their lives are b ought
To bring to you the fatness of the land.
But when at eve the shadows soft await
The witching moon's red glow, and whisp'ring winds
Bend o'er the trembling leaves, and from the woods
A hoot-owl's mournful calling for its mate
Receives no answer; then reflection broods
Within the inmost soul, and sadness finds.

F. E. P.

* *

A MESSAGE FROM KONGO

It has for a long time been said that drinking in North College is one of the crying evils at this institution. That drinking is an evil is undeniable. But to state blandly that the center of this nuisance is in North College among the four-year students is far from the truth. We admit that liquor has been used in times past by a few of the some 37 students living in Kongo. And we are the first to look down on such a practice. Disrespect both for the law of the land and for personal health is a concomitant of this situation. But to single out North College and lavel it the nucleus of this sort of activity is absolutely unwarrented. We venture to say that other districts not far from the campus easily exceed this dormitory in the number of users as well as the quantity consumed. In suggesting this we are not passing the buck. We are merely trying to iron out an erroneous suspicion. We admit that there is a slight amount of drinking in North College. It is likely, however, that there would be absolutely no drinking among a group so loosely knit as the members of a dormitory? Some individuals on this campus would have us follow their doctrine of dictatorship. The pursuit of such a course is not the way of youth; youth does not limit himself to the stereotyped haughtiness of some of his elders. Rather he seeks the man who leads, the man who has genuine sympathies in common with him. So, if criticism must come our way, let it approach from a source which is not altogether destructive in its methods and in its purpose.

* *

WHY "RETALIATION"?

It should be our last choice to have individuals in the student body consider the policy of MASS ACTION opposed to the prosperity and good position of any organization on this campus as long as it has been justly created and governed. However, should there arise from time to time contaminations in society, tyranical jurisdiction, false pretense, or obscurity deserving light, these things shall be presented for your consideration. Do not hastily class the aforesaid publication as discourteous merely because it is frank.

There is but one loyalty that needs be discussed, loyalty to truth. If you think that there is a misconception or that a false and prejudiced view has been expressed, you know as well as we that the columns of MASS ACTION are open to your penwork.

If, however, you feel that MASS ACTION is not in a position to receive your thoughts, there are other means as worthy to accomplish the self-same purpose. It is with mingled sorrow and disgust that we have noticed an editorial of a sister publication offend itself with the title "Retaliation". If the author really meant it, with reference to MASS ACTION and the principles and movements that it has undertaken, it is a one sided retaliation; MASS ACTION deals, not with personalities, but, principles. Harsh words are wasted energy; we will not accept them. There is a time coming in the near future when the student body will need all the strength of friendship that it can possibly muster.

We have a few thoughts that might be of use to some people. If you think that Agriculture is not considered in the respectful light that it deserves, remember, we are not test tubes and it is not your privilege to fill us, if you consider students as such, for two reasons. In the first place, youth is skeptic today and as soon as you begin to throw a line, they will brand it as BUNK. You will have lost your cause. Furthermore, there are altogether too many teachers and promoters of Agriculture who are distinguishedly unsuccessful in the art that they would so gallantly advise. I should think, taking these above points into consideration, that the most accomplished method of procedure would be to point the way by a good example. Tolerance and a sound working principle, gleaming forth in personality, are by far the best arguments that have a lasting quality of persuasion.

Let us not forget that this is a free country, ethically, and that we have a right, though only as students in a small college, to demand a justification or satisfaction of the ideals we hold most dear. There is not a man who has the right to demand loyalty to himself, he is only one of us, but each man can hold forth what truth he knows and if it can stand the tests of time, it will be loyally supported. SO MUCH WE HOPE: So much will we endeavor.

* *

"BOTTOMS UP"

A One Act Play

Playing time - Indefinite
Place - Massachusetts Agricultural College Campus.
Time - 1948 Month of June. Late Afternoon.
Scene - Room 19, North College. Several middle-aged gentlemen seated about. Through the open windows come sounds of unusual activity. Somewhere a bull bellows.

"Seems good to be back in the old pile again even if we do have to play ball all afternoon. We stouts wouldn't have won if Henry here had not tried to catch the apple on the end of his nose or was it in your mouth? My Gawd, what would a class reunion be without a ball game? Anyone got a drink?"

"Look out for the kid."

"Aw, the kid's in the asylum long ago."

"I thought the ball went to right field. I didn't know it was coming my way till it hit me. Another fifty bucks for glasses. I can remember how I used to holler when I was a Junior and glasses cost twelve dollars. You couldn't buy a Danish hoe for that much now."

"Do you mean the time you were a Junior in 1929 or in 1931?"

"Speaking of the kid, the dance to-night is in the drill hall. The floor has just been fixed and the decorations will be machine guns and crossed sabres."

"Who cares? My woman didn't come."

"Nor mine, thanks be to Allah! She said she wasn't going to follow a bunch of drunken hoodlums around all day inspecting the new abbator're and sheep kennels. Besides, she was afraid her English wouldn't pass the boards of censor."

"I was over in the M building just to look in my letter box once more. Some co-eds were pouring over an old bound collection of Mass Action. First they would look at me, then at the book, and then giggle. Must have had some of those old photographs in it. Remember how we looked in our uniforms? We must look to these kids like the pictures did to us of the beavers who drilled in front of North College when it had a piazza."

"Yeh, they moved the piazza when they built the dining hall."

"I hear the students are trying to have the name changed again. They ought to know the time isn't ripe yet. But it's like them to be impetuous. I remember we tried the same thing once. The best thing to do is ignore them."

"Remember the time we went down to trustee meeting with a great long petition one year? The trustees had a good laugh out of it, anyway. One of them said, "In my day, we put the name 'Aggie' back in the songs." I wonder if they sing his songs now."

"And we went home and rearranged it. How's it go?"

(All sing mandlin song):

"Kongo, my Kongo, my heart yearns for thee
Yearns for North College and the harmony
Long may we cherish in years yet to be
Long May we cherish M S C."

"Pretty good for bunch of ol' timers, what?"

"I understand they are going to tear down the old shack when they build the new dorm. Take a couple of years, though. Hope to have it done in 1950."

"S'too bad to see the college change so fast."

"Yeh."

"Yeh "Yeh."

C U R T A I N

* *

We crawl again upon your palace stair
To glimpse perchance the richness of a star,
But find only the emptiness -- still there
Where heresay sang of truth, renowned afar.
Behold! even the temple of life sways;
Becomes the shed of lowly principles.
The Gods have dipped the flame that lights our ways
To satisfy the false that they create.

They proffer with most dandy excellence
The shallow thoughts; - our only recompense.
Does not this life, this love of truth o'er flow
Despite mere sentiment and hellish woe?
Democracy be damned if thus it tends
to force the crown of knowledge to descend.

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We wish to congratulate the Grounds Department on their excellent service rendered in helping the Pond and walks cleared of snow. We appreciate these conveniences to their fullest extent.

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Flowers drooping in the sun
Petals falling one by one
Silent leaves that fall and lie
Stare in longing at the sky,
At the wind that tears them down,
At the storm cloud's ugly frown,
At the sun filled blazing skies,
That parch each leaflet where it lies,
At the feet and wheels of man
That tread and crush what o'er they can;
Buds long beaten by the rain
Turn eyes toward heaven filled with pain;
The souls of all the things that live
Seek relief that God can give;
Soft, faint prayer of things that grow
Seemed drowned in silence by the snow.

The prayers of man, more loudly cried,
Are drowned by his own clanking ride.
They all want life when life is dear
They all hate death when death is near.
Presently they'll die and rot
And reach a state they never thought,
No glitering streets and tinselled skies,
No flower strewn harp tuned paradise,
But just another chance to live
That God alone knows how to give.
They'll sin the same sins as before,
They'll drown their souls in others' gore
They'll find new filth in which to lie

Debauch themselves, curse God, and die.
It'll not be long till he'll get bored
To be an all forgiving Lord,
And leave them in eternal hell
Or in civilization dwell.
Then he'll forget man's misformed race
Caress a flower's trusting face
And be content to be the God
Of pure and faithful tree and sod.

* *

Dear Mr. Editor:

Perhaps the most astounding calamity that ever descended upon a unit of society, struggling to uplift itself into that highly desirable realm of intellectual "noblesse oblige," striving to gain headway against the cruel winds of arrogance and unprogressive stolidness, inherited from stock, isolated in the "sticks" for generations, fell upon a group of students, in heart and soul representing the collegiate four year students at M. A. C. they had journeyed to Boston a short time ago to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, with the intent of using superhuman persuasive powers (for such seems needs be) in an effort to pierce the seemingly impenetrable barrier of stubborniness and procrastination, exhibited in the attitude of the "intelligentsia?", the supposedly honorable and worthy guiders of the destiny of M. A. C., namely, the Board of Trustees. One of these, in particular, a graduate of this institution and who was a candidate a short time ago from this district for the State Legislature (another august body having very much in the palm of its hand the future of this institution) and who has written a song for his beloved "Aggie" which shows his undaunted loyalty and his sacred reverence for his Alma Mater, was a harsh and bitter opponent of giving a name to the academic, four year collegiate course at that Institution at Amherst which has four divisions other than the four year. These divisions have a distinct and separate name and together make up Massachusetts Agricultural College. Here these leap forth with startling force, the realization to the writer that he is as bad off as the man without a country, he is a bastard offspring of educational progenitors! He gasps with revulsion and a true spirit has enamoured him to a cause as just and as good as the cause of Christianity! Romulus and Remus, suckling from a she-wolf, had more cause for filial devotion than the students of the - good God! what are we? - toward the institution at Amherst that bears the name of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. We pray and plea for an immediate remedy of this outrageous condition.

The higher ups want us to wait until 1930 when a Federal survey of the Land Grant Colleges is completed, and then to start a movement for a change in the name. Why should we wait? The results can show only that the four year academic degree collegiate course at M. A. C. is in a state where development is retarded by the limits placed on it as it performs only a fifth of the functions of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and must therefore be

ruled by legislation adopted which is sixty five years old. As the United States of America expanded and the Constitution was amended to develop the expansion, so should the Massachusetts Agricultura College be aided by the State in adopting legislature to meet this new situation, and first of all should come the change in the name.

An old and beloved professor on the campus relates that a good many years ago, he was brought here to teach engineering. He built up a splendid major in that subject and the school, being under Federal, and not State, control was progressing by leaps and bounds toward the existence of an enormous university. But along came a President (this is the other one), who was distinctly Agricultural, who revised the courses so that agriculture was improved upon imposed upon everyone. The above mentioned professor's courses were forbidden to most students because they had nothing to do with farming, the college became under state control and the name Massachusetts Agricultural College was lifted by him, as he thought, to the peaks of educational realms. The class that graduated the year before this President came into office, left their class numerals chipped in a stone monument, with the name Massachusetts State College above the numerals. And the liberal minded President had the monument removed. That's the type of help the students are getting in their movement up to the present time. As far as action by the Trustees gives light.

Perhaps it might be well to add here and in closing, that the students are still normal and classes and academic activities are still running smoothly; that there is absolutely no friction between the head of the institution and the student body; that no friction is desired, but we know what we want, have the approvement of almost 100 % of the faculty, believe we are right and want the world to know that we are firm in our belief of the justification of our attitude and confident of our success.

Signed -

Alas! What can I sign? - I am nameless

Anyway - '29.

* *

Jane Patterson's unselfish work on the movie "Aggie Men are Gathered" is to be highly commended. Let us not forget the spirit of the picture!

* *

Your observation editor was recently cornered in a far dark recess of the dairy machinery museum by a strange, bearded creature with gleaming and shaggy hair, waving a copy of the Nation in one hand, bottonholing us with the other, and demanding in a hoarse voice why we had not, as one of our obvious duties, drawn attention to the impending war with England. It was none other than

J. C. himself, a very o inoffensive young man, by the way, who demands our help in seeing that those fifteen new cruisers are not built. We are slightly flattered at being considered to have any weight with Congress and only thus were we induced to mention the matter at all.

J. C. declares that we need not fight simply to decide the old debate whether or not we could whale the gravy out of Great Britain. There would no longer be any doubt of our supremacy, says he, were it not for the unfortunate dispersion of our navy, employed at present in making the world safe for monopoly in South America and China.

* *

TO MY PEN

A little brown pen with black spangles,

My messenger vain and intruding;

A blotting blue pen point that ambles

Across a white sheet that is brooding.

Across these white pages it shambles

Confessing my rage and my sorrow;

It empties my soul and it gambles,

With chance would it boast of tomorrow.

A faithful, to willing a servant

Compared with the rest of my benchmen.

Though effort to praise thee be gallant,

My lines merely fable thee, henchmen.

4/4/28