

### Open Letters.

The STATE COLLEGIAN invites letters, but the publication of a communication does not necessarily imply the endorsement of the sentiments contained therein. As a guarantee of good faith, the writer's name must be signed, but will not be printed if so desired.

State College, Pa. Nov. 2, '06.

Editor of the State Collegian,

Dear Sir: I can see no good reason for changing the name of this boro. I admit that the name of the boro, State College, is much confused with the name Penn'a State College. I admit that the proposed name is distinctive, but certainly a distinctive name is of no greater advantage to the Institution than the present unique name. To be sure, if this Institution is to be called the Penn'a State University, then the boro name State College would be inappropriate, and this Institution would be confused with U. of P.

Now the most sensible way is to avoid further confusion. We have the best technical school in the State, but it is far from being a University. Let us call this Institution The Pennsylvania State College, State College, Centre Co., Pa., and avoid the great confusion in a change of railroad maps, legal documents, post-office address, etc. which the proposed change would cause.

In the basement of the Main Bldg. there are two fine old bronze cannon. If they were placed on turrets in front of the Armory, they would lend considerable to the appearance of the surroundings. If some genius would design the turrets, certainly enterprising students would build the patterns and cast the pieces. The campus gang would do the

rest. Perhaps Capt. Hay can offer some good suggestions.

A Reader.

### CAMPUS TALK.

To avoid suspicion never stop to tie your shoe string in a melon patch.

Beckert:—If you saw a lemon drowning, what would you do?

Friday:—I don't know. Guess I would squeeze it.

Beckert:—Oh no. You would get a rope and give the lemon aid.

Heaped in the hollow of the grave  
The autumn leaves lie dead;  
The lawn mower also gently rests  
Within the kindling shed.

Senior:—Can you tell me why the pessimist and the football player are alike?

Junior:—No. Why are they?

Senior:—Because they are always kicking about something.

Toothpicks and Tumblers, Wow!

After a terrific conflict on Beaver Field last Saturday afternoon the wondrous Toothpicks, under Major-General Caughey, fought a nerve-racking and bloody draw with the world-famous Tumblers, led by High Gazaboo Staud. Both "Turtles" and "Shadows" fought valiantly but vainly, to gain a decisive victory, and although many heroic warriors on both tribes were sorely wounded and winded, yet nobody suffered so severely as the officials, who were all three downed and mauled repeatedly during the performance of their just and righteous duty. Although each tribe succeeded once in crossing the goal-line yet these plays were both so slippery and shady in character, that the officials refused to allow them.

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