

Penn State Collegian

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News Editor this issue J. H. Lum

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1923

IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK! (The Viewpoint of an Alumnus)

When Greek meets Greek, when '89 meets '90, and when '22 meets '23, good fellowship prevails and the world knows that another Penn State Alumni Home-Coming is being staged.

When the high-powered motor cars with the old boys sitting back on luxurious cushions drive up College Avenue, when the noisy flivver with the family joyfully crowded in it pulls into Allen Street, and when the bus with a two hundred per cent overload jerks to a stop on Co-op corner, when all of these things happen, the country knows that members of that great and united Penn State family are hurrying back to the Nittany hills for the annual reunion.

It is an inspiring time, and it is a refreshing time that draws from all corners of the state and nation to that college of humble yet powerful traditions, men and women from so many walks of life. The Penn State student sees enacted before his eyes this week a drama of life that dwarfs the greatest efforts of a master; he sees a theme in psychology that can not be equalled by the writings of any author. It is little short of a miracle.

It is time for the cares of a busy world and the problems of a perplexing study to be put away. Youth comes back to the old time and he once more walks with a springy step over the paths and through the buildings which he once knew. It is a time for him to become acquainted with the undergrads and to view the wonders of a growing college. It is a time for him to set himself right. He sees that a change has come over the campus in the last few years and he realizes with pride that his Alma Mater is still supreme as far as he is concerned.

Yes, the old timer is glad to get back again. He graduated quite a while ago, after four long years which seemed to be slow in passing at the time, but which were but short spans of the sweetest years he has lived. When he gripped the "dip" and started off the platform, he was glad that he could at last get a place in that great struggle of life. He would show the world that he was good; he would make those bosses admit that he was worth something; yes, he had a pretty good time in college, but he was glad to get out. Perhaps he would get back some time after he had made his pile and see the boys, see a game, or attend a house-party, but business is first and he would have to attend to that before anything else.

Well, boys, he admits that he was wrong somewhat at the time. He never did forget Old Penn State. He had hardly left before he began to miss the familiar faces whom he greeted every morning on the way to class. Then, as the September leaf of the calendar adorned the wall, he began to think of the others who would be back and of the warm handshake for which he yearned. Then the papers began to fill their columns with football news. Coach Bezdek was back on the job with a bag of tricks and an array of real football players. Then came the reports of foes being trampled under foot by the Nittany Lion, and he began to count the minutes before he would be bound for the land of Nittany. And now he is here. Gee, isn't it great!

No sooner does he step on Penn State soil than he becomes possessed of new life. He meets the boys whom he has not seen for many a year; he talks of the times when they had real class scraps and murderous games; he shakes the hand of an instructor whom once he thought of blackjacking; he walks up the street as though he owns the town. He does; there is no disputing his ownership.

And all too soon the week-end comes to a close. The Navy goat has been met and battered, the cider and pretzels are gone, and the cigars are smoked. He says good-bye to Penn State for another year. Not once has he regretted the trip and the trouble of the journey. He does not feel tired, even though he has missed many an hour of sleep as he sat around the fireplace in a regular "session". He has fooled Father Time and turned back ten years of his life; he feels much more fit to start again at the office where he left off.

And on the trip home, as he sits and muses over the many things that happened, of the many friends whom he met, and of the welcome he received, he leans over and says to Bill, "Gee, but it was great."

SCALP THE SCALPER

The attention of the undergraduates is called to a situation on the Nittany campus, presenting itself for the first time in the history of the institution, which demands immediate and decisive action.

It is the illicit practice of buying an excess number of football tickets at the regular authorized sale and disposing of them at the last moment for fabulous sums to persons who failed to make their purchase at the specified time. Scalping tickets is the name applied to the practice in the vernacular, and a base and underhand practice it is. More, it is a penitentiary offense, punishable by severe fines or confinement.

Despised is the man who elects to make money at the expense of his friends, fellow-classmates and predecessors from the halls of Old Main. Cursed is the money gained by such underhand and unlicensed methods. The practice is none other than a form of stealing. The man who indulges therein is none other than a common thief.

Scalpers and would-be scalpers are at work on Penn State's campus. There is nothing to be gained by an appeal to their sense of honor. For men who steal, knowing better, have a benumbed sense of honor, sometimes totally extinct.

It is a question, then, of "scalping the scalper", of "beating the devil at his own game". This can be done by an absolute refusal on the part of would-be purchasers of football tickets to pay more than the regularly authorized price of the ticket. An individual who pays excessive prices for tickets is an accomplice to the scalper. He is an unfortunate medium for the accomplishment of the money-extortionist's ends.

A blunt refusal to pay in excess of authorized prices for tickets will bring the snail out of his shell; it will smoke the skunk out of his hole. He will sell at standard prices to redeem his money. It is the best way of combating an evil which strikes at the very heart of Penn State's honor.

RESULTS OF FORMER PENN STATE-NAVY GAMES

When Penn State lines up against the Navy eleven tomorrow afternoon, the Nittany Lions will be facing one of their oldest gridiron foes. Back in 1894, when Penn State was still an "ag" college, the middles were met for the first time in a 6-6 tie game. Since then a long string of encounters has increased the rivalry between the two colleges until today it is an established game on the football schedules of both institutions.

True there was an interruption of seven years in the football relations of Penn State and the Naval Academy, but in 1921 the two elevens met on Franklin Field in one of the best football games of that season. Since then the football encounters have further increased the friendship that exists between the two institutions.

Past records reveal that the Blue and White eleven of thirty years ago was as anxious to test the mettle of the midshipmen as the team of today in the La Vie of 1893 the following statement occurs:

"In the East we scored against the University of Pennsylvania's best team. In the South we defeated the champions of the Southern League, the University of Virginia. In the West we defeated both the Pittsburgh Athletic Club and the Western University of Pennsylvania."

"By the results of these games we claim first place in colleges of our class for no college in the country taking size into consideration, has a better record than ours. It is much to be regretted that we were unable to meet the Princeton, United States Naval Academy, and Cornell teams."

The desire to meet the Navy team was gratified for the first time, however, in the following season in 1891. This was a great year in Penn State's football history and marked the opening of a new team, for the great combination of that year did not lose a game out of seven played. Lafayette was defeated 72-0, Penn State's ancient rival, Bucknell, was downed, 12-6, and Navy was tied 6-6 at Annapolis. The Nittany gridder did not meet the midshipmen again until 1897, when the trip to Maryland resulted in a close

Victory for Navy. The next three games placed State on the small end of the scores as follows: 1898-Navy 18, Penn State 11, 1899-Navy 6, Penn State 0, 1900-Navy 44, Penn State 0. In 1901 however, the tables were turned and the score book showed Annapolis 6, Penn State 11. After a hard struggle and a touchdown scored in the closing minutes of play, Penn State won, 6-0 in the next encounter. The winning streak continued in 1903 but the pendulum swung back again in 1904 and Navy victories resulted in the next two years.

Another Dunn's great team of 1906 defeated Navy 5-0 and the reputed West Virginia aggregation 10-0. Of the ten games played, Yale was the only opponent to cross the Nittany goal line. Penn State lost to Navy in the next two years. Not for three years did we meet the midshipmen again, and then the famous game of 1911 resulted in Navy 0, Penn State 0.

In 1912 Penn State first made the acquaintance of Bob Folwell and his famous combination from W and J which was reputed to have held Cornell, 3-0. "Bob" has remembered Penn State since then for the score of that game read W. and J. 0, State 30. In 1913, with the heaviest team in the East, Navy scored ten points and held State scoreless.

After 1913 occurs a period of seven years in which the Lion did not meet the goat, the midshipmen being the powerful Nittany team of 1921. The names of Killinger and Lightner are linked with the winning touchdown of the '21 game. The next and last meeting with the midshipmen came last year at Washington and resulted in a Navy victory, 14-0.

Until the present time, the Nittany Lion has met the Navy seventeen times. Navy has won ten of these engagements, while Penn State has won five and tied two. This Navy, usually with a strong advantage in weight, has scored 155 points to 87 for Penn State. Fifteen of the games have been played at Annapolis, one at Philadelphia, and one at Washington. Thus a new precedent is established by the naval invasion of the Nittany Valley this year.

Thoughts of Others

(THE DAILY CARDINAL)

There is no question in the minds of impartial observers that fraternities have been careless in the matter of disposing of their empty whiskey bottles. "A whole sackful," it appears, was left in one house during the summer as a standing temptation to the predatory instincts of small boys. Little wonder that charges of being an evil influence have been made against fraternities in general.

It would have been so easy to have struck each bottle in the center with a tack hammer as emptied, or to have filled them with sand and cast them in Lake Mendota, or even to have dropped the entire sackful down a convenient manhole, with appropriate ceremonial. How much unhappiness could have been avoided if only the dictates of simple prudence had been followed.

We hope that fraternities in general will respond to their critics by cleaning up the situation, especially their back yards. It is not only a question of morals but of good taste. Discarded whiskey bottles arouse not only the covetousness of the petty pilferer but a sense of repugnance and distaste in the minds of cultured people. They have been found wholly unsatisfactory as garden ornaments. But the chief objection to their open and avowed presence in fraternity back yards appears to be the temptation they afford to susceptible delinquents.

Gridiron Gossip

The Navy is due for the greatest battle tomorrow that it has had since the time Dewey helped them knock the "Spanish Flotilla" for a row.

Hugo Bezdek and company have been practicing long range shooting all season but it is said that the midshipmen usually prove a very elusive target.

We tried to get the superstitions of the varsity players for publication but it was found that there are a certain eleven men in this institution who would rather play than talk.

Which reminds us that "Dutch" Bezdek has always had a superstition about "goats". However, "Dutch" says that his fear of them will disappear tomorrow. Strange!

"Pop" Warner made a drastic change in the Pitt lineup for tomorrow's encounter with Syracuse. He has benched Shuler and has Colonna, a fullback calling signals.

"Dutch" Ambruster, helped a little kid "hook" into Saturday's game, after they were inside the young hopper.

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ful said to "Dutch", "Hey, mister, who're you going to put in today?"

It appears that Heleman has at last found a coaching berth to his liking. His Red and Black gridgers at W and J are the sensation of the season.

"Elnkey" Haines won his straight letter this year. He got in the big game of the year and ran three bases for a touchdown helping his team-mate, Babe Ruth, down the Giants.

One of the greatest inter-sectional clashes of the season takes place tomorrow when Bill Roper and his Princeton protegee stack up against Knutes-Rockne's Notre Dame eleven.

Boston University ought to have a royal team this season for a Siamese prince, Fradic Sukhum, is playing half-back.

Larry Conover, a Nittany star of former years, is tearing things up at center for the Canton Bulldogs, professional grid team.

Walter Kopploch, with whom Al Heilrich has had a number of pleasant encounters on the cinder path, is captain of Peery-Haughton's Columbia gridgers.

"Jake" Kaufman, heavyweight wrestler for Penn who was thrown in two minutes by Frank Emory last year, is holding down a regular guard position on the Red and Blue team.

And then the college pessimist comes around and has to remind us that the football season is almost half over.

FRESHMAN GIRLS BREAK SPELL OF GREEN RIBBON

It is a far cry from the days of knighthood to the modern song, "We Have No Bananas", conveniently paraphrased to "Yes, We Have No Green Ribbons", but it is a gap very cleverly bridged by the Penn State girls of 1927, when they removed their green ribbons on Wednesday night. Singing, "Yes, We Have No Green Ribbons", the freshman marched into the dining room in couples, to a throne, knelt, removed their green ribbons, and were touched with a wand by Miss Martha Farley, president of the sophomore class, forever breaking the spell of the ribbons. They then stood and sang to all the girls of Penn State.

The program was arranged by a committee composed of the Misses Lurene Furman, Hulda Frazier and Margaret Fore.

LOST—A sand colored coin purse, containing blank check, change and Yale key. Return key to Collegian Office, Miss E. K. Johnson.

VISIT THE
State-College Hotel
Tea Room
8:00 A.M. to Midnight
Open After All Dances

PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR PAPER ON M. E. EXHIBIT

In order to promote an active interest in the exhibit to be held in connection with the Alumni Home-Coming Day, the faculty of the Mechanical Engineering department has offered a prize of five dollars for the best paper describing the exhibit. This contest is open to all Mechanical Engineering students.

To be considered, all manuscripts must be turned in at the department office in 202 Old Mining building not later than four-thirty Tuesday afternoon, October twenty-third. The papers must describe the exhibit in such a way that any one not attending it will have a clear idea of the principal features, and of the general spirit and enthusiasm of the exhibit.

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