

# Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during the College year by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of the College, the students, faculty, alumni and friends.

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The Penn State COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of College interest. All communications must bear the signature of the writer, and the writer's name will be published below his communication, providing that communication is deemed worthy of publication. The COLLEGIAN assumes no responsibility, however, for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box.

All copy for Tuesday's issue must be in the office by twelve o'clock Sunday night, and for Friday's issue, by twelve o'clock Wednesday night. Checks and money orders naming a payee other than "The Penn State Collegian" will not be accepted for accounts due this newspaper.

News Editor This Issue - - - - - R. M. Atkinson

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1926

## SOPHOMORES OUT

Candidates for the cheerleading staff were called from the sophomore class on Monday night. From the number of men who reported at the Armory, a spectator may draw but one conclusion—Penn State students have lost all interest in their cheering. Penn State sophomores have no regard for their teams; they would have a comfortable seat in the stands and "let George" lead the cheers.

Sophomores who have at any time entertained thoughts of leading cheers should have been at that meeting Monday night. There are at least twenty-five men in the second-year class who were yell-leaders in their preparatory schools, and not half that number answered the call. And at least a hundred sophomores have said, at some time or another: "Why is that bird leading cheers? I could do it better than he can." How can we know that this statement is true and not personal, when the sophomores who say it never attempt to direct the student body in organized yelling?

The Head Cheerleader is at the top of the list of important positions at Penn State. It is to this man, who should be a leader in every sense of the word, possessing a strong personality, effervescing with the spirit of Penn State—it is to this man, we know, that the freshman class looks for aid, for the personification of Penn State spirit during the first few weeks of College. And if the Head Cheerleader of the present finds no one who would be willing to bear this task, no one who is full of love for the old College, he surmises that cheering at Penn State has fallen into ill-repute, and that teams on the field are mechanical contrivances—machines that cannot be spurred on by spirit, but which are to be tested in driving power and criticized with pencil and paper.

These things are not true. Sophomores have not lost their love for Penn State. They could not—and remain here. Somewhere a cog has slipped and the time of the meeting was forgotten. The next meeting must exhibit the characteristics of a Hibernian free-for-all, and to get into the fight, a man must be a sophomore. Sophomores Out!

## A TRADITION BECOMES A REGULATION

Back in the days when there was nothing but a rail fence to separate the front campus from the galloping horses on the Horseshoe Trail, and the students of Penn State lived in the top of Old Main and dined (or, rather, ate) in the wooden mess shanty in the rear of the big building, it was thought that Penn State had the prettiest campus of any college in the East.

There were traditions in those days, as now. But they were traditions and not rules. It was not until the twentieth century had come that strict customs were set down and freshmen given to know that they would not be tolerated unless they observed the rule about the green head-covering, the black tie, the black socks. And even then, there were many customs which remained unwritten, and were handed down as traditions.

It seems that in that long line of years between then and now, one class failed in its duty and did not pass along to the next group a tradition which had always been a part of the unwritten code. The failure of that class to perform its obligations has caused endless argument among members of five successive Student Councils, and it was only Tuesday when the question of the tradition was again entertained. The Council saw fit to keep the tradition—it belongs to Penn State and is a part of the College—but an unknown tradition is not worth-while. Because the knowledge of the custom is not known by a majority of the students, it was decided to place in the Freshman Handbook a new section under "General Customs" reading:

"There shall be no beaten paths on the front campus."

This curtails in no way the privilege of seniors and juniors to use the front campus, but it does provide that there shall be no bare-earth runways from the flagpoles to the southern corners of the campus. It also regulates the proceed-

ure of girls who use the front campus path as the shortest way to Co-op but who should use a different path each journey. In other words, it means just what it says—there shall be no beaten paths on the front campus.

Our old tradition falls in our esteem immediately it becomes a rule. But only the students are the culprits, and it will not be long until we realize that beauty is not to be disgraced by shortcuts. It remains for the upperclassmen to wave from a bare-earth path any other upperclassman who happens at the time to forget the tradition. And now that the tradition is common property, there shall be no paths on that campus.

## GET TO PENN AND PITT

When the time for the football game with the University of Pennsylvania approaches, every student who lives (for about three months of the year) in or around Philadelphia will be begging or borrowing train fare. When the annual clash with the Panthers rolls 'round, Pittsburghers will collect the money let out for the Penn game and return to the native stamping ground for that last seasonal gridiron struggle.

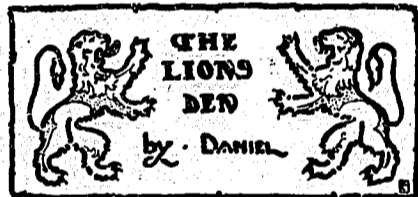
The whole system works out well—Easterners satisfied, Westerners gratified. It works out well—with the exception that when the crowd gets to either one of these games, there is no crowd. And why? Because the Penn State followers are scattered to all corners of the stands and there is no well-defined Penn State cheering section.

Alumni in Philadelphia look forward to the Penn-Penn State game as a ten-year-old looks forward to Christmas. And then at Christmas time, after the gifts have been given, the ten-year-old cannot be happy alone—he must have a host of little friends with whom to share his good fortune. And this is true not only of the child, but also of the alumnus. Unless he has all his friends gathered about him at that Pennsylvania football game he is as the little ten-year-old. It may be said that "he's all topped up with no place to go." He's all for Penn State—but he can't find another Penn State man to tell him so. The very same situation holds true at Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day—if there is no cheering section held absolutely by Penn State men, the turkey may be put aboard for all the alumnus cares.

And the only way in which we here at College can make the alumni sure of a host of kindred soul is to organize a complete cheering section at Penn and Pitt, exclude our acquaintances and reserve the section for Penn State men. For from that section must come the yells, the spirit that personifies the Nittany Lion. It is our debt to the alumni of Penn State that there be at each of these games the biggest cheering sections that this College ever has known. For without the alumni, there can be no student body to carry on. And without a student body, an alumnus is a nonentity. And without a cheering section composed of both students and alumni—a football game is a false alarm.

The password of the season is: "Get to Penn and Pitt."

And that phrase means not only getting there—but it means: "Get into the cheering sections at Penn and Pitt—and, with the alumni, yell for the Blue and White."



Yesterday after class we went right down To the bookstore. We wanted three Texts, some paper and ink, a new account And a Hershey. Three 30's stepped On our feet, a clerk went through center For ten yards and a girl with an Impish nose wiggled in front of us. We Didn't want anything anyway.

Syracuse Daily Orange

## BREAKFAST

AT THE  
NEW Store

ON  
OLD Co-op

## Grid Gossip

Special Wire to the Penn State COLLEGIAN:—The University of Susquehanna has a line which is practically impregnable. Why? Answer—it has a Wall in the middle. (Weak)

The heralded Selinsgrove line includes other celebrities. Biblical students and theologians will doubtless be a puzzled eye when Moses and Nicodemus jog out in grid costume, ballooning in fanciful Old English "Our Captain Means business."

Let no elusive idea rest in the cerebrum of any tough from these points west that the University of Pennsylvania is not going to have an intellectual eleven. The Red and Blue has still practice every evening, with Folwell and his juvenile brother Paul in the leading roles. Folwell is at the end of the line, but brother Paul is right up among them as a drop-kicker of no mean ability.

Doc Ritmour expects to have his infirmity team in shape for mortal combat at an early date. Don Green-shields failed to have his arm dressed on Monday and was in shape to scrimmage Tuesday afternoon with the Varsity, but Captain Weston, Delp, Slamp and Hergman have reported to the operating suite too often to be cured.

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## PROGRESS ON THE BRIDGE

AND VISIONS THAT ARE GROUNDED ON THAT STEEL

As the great trusses of the Delaware River Bridge are raised to position, the outline of the giant structure takes clearer form in the eyes of the beholders.

But to the far-sighted each step forward is more than a gain in bridge building—it is an advance toward a greater community, and greater prosperity and convenience.

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