

# Penn State Collegian

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News Editor This Issue.....Benjamin Kaplan

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1924

### "DON'T SAY THEM WORDS, ALOYSIUS"

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen—ah." Almost fifteen, but he started two steps ahead of us. Ain't it a gr-r-r-and and gl-l-l-orious feeling to hear the fellows in the stands count when they see the ball being taken back for a penalty? Don't you just feel like waving a handkerchief at the sweet-voiced mathematicians when they accompany the referee's feet with their tonal vibrations? We'll bet Dad counted with you, too. Who's refereeing the game, anyway?

Well, the unsullied goal line is a myth of the dim past, brethren. Marietta sneaked a six-pointer over on us. In the last couple of minutes, too. Ain't it a crime and a shame, though?

How did it happen? Why did it happen? You saw it, didn't you, and why should you ask? Or say a single word? They scored and that's that.

We'd have had to experience the same empty feeling sometime, wouldn't we? The team's good—granted—but look what's coming on later. Notre Dame, George Washington, Penn, Pitt, Bucknell, Syracuse? And if you think these teams are all going to be blanked by Penn State, you're hoping for miracles.

And besides, what encouragement do the second and third elevens get other than breaking into a game now and then—a game that is already won and which couldn't be lost if the other bunch played by themselves? And look at the poor little opposition—they have to get some joy out of life! And their biggest joy of the season might be scoring on Penn State's third team! We'll wager the Marietta Glee Club sang the Marietta "victory song" long, long into the night.

Then, too, the odds will be larger on the Notre Dame game!

### A SHORT ORDER OF HORSE-SENSE

Do you know much about the similarity in the training of colts and the training of men? If you don't, enlighten yourself.

Colts used to be "broken," you know. Now they are "trained." Time was when a colt was furiously lashed by his master when he had acted against his owner's wishes; nowadays, the lash is a reminder only.

### A little story presents itself.

"I remember," said the communicative soul, "that when I was a little chap, I was riding one day with my father. He let the reins droop slightly and the colt pulling the buggy began to gallivant about quite a bit. Father let him go for awhile, and then he administered a few cuts with the whip—a lash or two on the belly.

"That act grieved me immensely. The colt was one I loved—I had been present when he was brought into this world, and he had been my favorite ever since. I made a wry face, and asked dad: 'Why do you do that?' The colt won't hurt anybody or anything. He's only a little frisky."

"Dad looked at me and kindly said: 'I don't mean to hurt him. But he's not fully trained yet—and I simply want to attract his attention.' And right away, I saw exactly what dad meant."

College students frisk a but now and then. And if the reins that guide them—not drive them—are relaxed for a moment, their friskiness is likely to bring about a few cuts of the whip to attract attention. But if they are lashed continually—if they are whipped to submissiveness—they are conquered in soul and body. Consequently, their spirit is broken. But if their good will is gained by reminding them that they have obligations which they must fulfil, then they become trained—not broken—and their spirit is the spirit that breeds self-reliance and honor.

### "The Bullosopher's Chair"

I MAKE MY BOW

Mr. Smithers, call in the boys! After that introduction by the editor last Friday, I think it is about time for a session. There are a lot of things to talk about, and here I go.

I observe, Mr. Smithers, that there is no better sedative for the chronic disturbances of a healthy student body than an intelligent bull session. These men around here aren't afraid to face the facts, if they realize what the facts are. And I hope, Mr. Smithers, to call to the attention of my friends a number of these facts which heretofore have been ignored. There are a host of things which will bear discussion. There are also a large number of items which, in their present status, will not bear much discussion without a consequent housecleaning. And I am particularly interested in the latter.

I observe, too, Mr. Smithers, that a sedative in itself for irritable disorders is not sufficient. Invariably, it must be followed by a tonic. And that is our universal neglect. We do not attempt to follow our housecleaning with constructive arrangement. In other words, these college lads are very apt to follow their noses in many respects. Their attention is upon the immediate object—letting the future take care of itself. They don't think; they don't observe.

Mr. Smithers, I wish that to be the strength of this space so kindly allotted by the editor. Sore spots should be discovered; but more—they should be healed. And that healing process demands that we get our minds away from our ills once in awhile. A world of beauty, or a world of filth. A life complex, or a life wisely simple? Observations.

I repeat, Mr. Smithers—observations are important. Call in the boys; I want to get acquainted!

### SESSION ONE

Say, you Smithers, what's happened to the "Y"? The Praying Band ain't as much in the public eye as it was. Blood seems to be turned red. Honest, I saw a couple of the Chryslers smoking the other day. Looks like they're getting human. Think you and I might go to the Hut and get acquainted?

"For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face."

### SESSION TWO

"Listen, you all-collich loafer! Did you ever hear the story of Tony Morano? He was an Italian immigrant kid who was brought to this country when he was twelve. His uncle 'brung' him, and took him out on a job with a railroad section gang. Tony was a water-boy. His uncle could read; just about enough to get by the immigration officers. Out on the section, Tony used to watch the freight trains go by, and he would catch the shapes of letters and numbers off the cars. With clay or coal, he'd mark 'em on a shovel and coax his uncle to tell him what they were. That's the way he began to read. Tony was a Penn State student when he was twenty. That's going some for eight years, considering the start he had. Loafer, if you had half his hunger for knowledge, and none of his handicaps, how far could you go? Would it be worthwhile to find out?"

Loafer: "O, hum! Wish I had a date. Wonder what's on at the movies? Say, wasn't that a honey Babe Ruth socked yester—cigarette me, somebody."

### SESSION THREE

Mr. Smithers, I want to have a talk with you alone. I don't think some of the boys will like what I'm about to reveal to you, and I don't want to hurt their feelings right off the bat. No doubt after what I say there will be some sort of slam at this paper from the thing I'm about to hammer—but that would be bum sportsmanship.

Sir, I want your honest opinion on a certain question. Don't you think it's about time the gentlemen who edit our comic supplement, commonly known as Froth, wise up to their horrible staleness? We're tired of the old wheezes on bottles and legs, popping corks and drooping negligees. In fact, I suspect the men are rather tired, themselves, of the dirt.

Why don't they wake up to the fact that there is some live-wire humor on this campus—clean stuff and actually clever? Why, sir, I believe every man here, several times a day, has a good chuckle over some clever remark, or an amusing situation, or a right funny joke. Smithers, how many laughs did you have today? And don't you think these jokes would have made others laugh? In fact—here it is—I imagine that the funny editors are too lazy to get on the job and absorb some of the clean, honest-to-goodness wit that abounds on our campus, and use some material for a change that won't disgrace the college.

A few of Frothy's idle hands should find labor, else the devil will be paying wages larger than he gives them now.

### REMARKS BY —

Mr. A. E. Thomas wrote "Her Husband's Wife"; N. D. Zimmerman made it. As a three-act farce, it was perhaps the best example of "laugh-and-the-world-laughs-with-you, weep-and-you-weep-alone-ishness" that I've ever seen. I enjoyed it—it was done quite cutely—and the lack of lavish praise in this tract is only because I am today inclined toward emphasizing important minor details that the Players forgot.

The Players, cast in, as, by, and with Zimmerman as *The Character*, succeeded fairly well in their interpretation of "Her Husband's Wife" in the Auditorium Saturday evening. Zimmerman, when in character, was the acme of interpretive perfection. The audience hung on his words, and if he delayed his delivery the least, the gallows' trap was dropped from under its feet. Every line of Zimmerman's was a confession of the great possibilities which are his, and which he shows in every role he portrays. Without him, the play would have been a flop.

If, however, he sees this, he must not think he is a Booth or a Mantel—he is not. Though with more coaching and a few years more of experience, he might be able to break into the profession at some time in his life.

There is no second in command. Honors are "easy" for the rest of them. R. W. Huston served well the muse, but his effeminate manner, which accentuated itself in his controlled and studied gestures, pulled down a banner which might have been his. Huston would do well to cultivate his voice for a more masculine tone, although, if the directors of the Players see fit, I'll agree, too, that Huston is a valuable man when he is well cast.

J. H. Vance amused the gallery with another of his very endurable drunken escapades. I think he was selected to play Stuart because of his ability to interpret the writhing of his snakes in the nasal whine which is his and his alone, thank heavens! Vance is really capable of doing the "tale-spinning taper" to the delight of the deprived—and deprived. He missed a capital chance to come out on top of the pile when he refused to work up his ire in a scene which was meant to be his very own. A man should get truly mad when he is treated in the highly improbable manner which Augustus Thomas has worked

out in this play, but Vance went through only the motions, conserving his "spirit," most likely, for his attack on the decanter.

Miss Erma Gast, as Irene Randolph, would have been out of place had she not been permitted to use her crying cloth all evening. She could weep as realistically as any "sob sister" of the Loin—in fact, better. But she "teared" so distinctively that she was at fault with her other registrations. If she could be hired to weep between sections of "The Big Parade," she would receive a large sum in "tear-payments." (Pun.)

A pleasing voice, a sweet and snappy smile and the emotions of a grandfather's clock—Miss Elinor Rankin as Emily Ladew. She was the feminine model of "Parkington's" "Seventeen"—distractingly. But when she should have shouted to the last row: "I'm shocked!" and fainted dead away, she whispered: "I'm shocked!" and looked around in amazement because I blew my nose and the audience was listening to the blast.

Who played Nora—Miss Doty or Miss Krause? Everyone around me said Miss Krause, but the program had Miss Doty as Nora. Do programs cost so very much? "The-girl-who-played-Nora" was the ordinary run of color-blind female servant, but now and then she exchanged feet for the limp. She did a damn good job on her makeup, however. An so did everyone else, now that I recall.

The scenery was rotten—disgraceful. Don't get me wrong—I know that the fewer changes in a short play, the better. And I know that good playwrights concentrate upon trying to have three-act plays use one set for the whole she-bang—but why, in the wide, wide world—why use that damnable brown and grey and black panelled stuff—(I found myself tracing each right-angled shadow continually)—when something much more harmonious and pleasing to the eye could have been pressed into service? Oh, the horror of it all—the paths—the terror—the tremors that coursed up and down my back when the curtains drew apart for the third act—in front of that brown junk! More attention to details, my dears. The little things are necessary.

—The Playgoer.

FOR RENT—The Leete Cabin in Shingletown Gap. For rates, write to Mrs. Joseph F. Miller, Dayton, Pennsylvania, or call at 500 East College avenue, State College, Pa. 31pd.

### Grid Gossip

With the season's preliminaries safely under our belts, we permit ourselves a gloating smile or three when we cogitate upon our one hundred and sixty-five (165) points total.

Misfortune exacted her tribute from Notre Dame Saturday, sending Joe Boland, giant tackle, to the sidelines with a broken leg and Fred Collins, fullback, in pursuit with a fractured jaw.

An innovation in collegiate football circles made its appearance Saturday when the Naval Academy played and won a grid double-bill, topping Drake by a 24-7 count and blanking the University of Richmond, 26-0.

Joe Krall, modest lad, denies that he is an "Aggressive Guard," as set forth in the COLLEGIAN caption. He says he plays left guard.

This witicism was justly rewarded in the third quarter Saturday when Hal Hastings found it necessary to clip the lumbering Joseph before he could flatten his Marietta man.

Shades of Aristotle! Ed Garbisch, three-time All-American center and captain of the Army team in 1924, put in an appearance on New Beaver Friday afternoon. We admired him from all angles, but had to be revived with oatmeal water when he mentioned an "inherent ambition." Do football players have such diseases?

The other All-American present was "Red" Griffiths. They stood cheek by jaw for fully five minutes but there were no photographers present.

Don Greenfields says his blond hair locks are receding from his forehead because of the alkali water in the Track House showers. Believe us or not, that's a bald fact.

Cy's ninety-five yard dash for a touchdown from kick-off revived stagnant memories. If our cerebellum is in pre-bellum state, our Harry Wilson was the last youth to accomplish that feat on New Beaver. His effort was in 1924 against the Navy fleet.

You feel as badly as we do about the pernicious penalty epidemic Saturday. But even Stone-face Houder cracked a faint and unwilling smile when he saw four successive penalties inflicted. The total yardage necessary for a first down at that point was forty seven.

Chief Yougel appeared incensed because Ford, Marietta guard, wore a number. He insists that in the future all vehicles must be properly licensed. This will apply to Carr Syracuse.

'Twas the last quarter of the Marietta game. Frank Merriwell, aka Wilkes, was tensed on the bench ready to dart into the fray. The head of the smart Beadek turned and motioned him to report. Wilkes was surprised and somewhat hurt when Bill Elliot, a fraternity brother, interpreted the gesture to read "Go in there, Elliot." Before the astonished Wilkes could collect his helmet and other articles of correct apparel for afternoon grid wear, Bro. Elliot had usurped his position on the playing field.

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Tuesday—  
RICHARD DIX  
in "The Quarterback"

Wednesday—  
DOROTHY GISH  
in "Nell Gwyn"

Thursday and Friday—  
FLORENCE VIDOR  
in "You Never Know Women"

Please note—"So's Your Old Man" scheduled for showing these days, are compelled to postpone.

NITTANY THEATRE

Tuesday—  
GILDA GRAY  
in "Aloma of the South Seas"

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