

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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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.

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

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1926

"DECORATE THE MAHOGANY"

We borrow a current expression from our reserve vocabulary, "Decorate the Mahogany", so that you are warned not to read the remainder of this article if you wish to connect a religious sentiment to the subject under the microscope.

The Y. M. C. A. (if you wish, stop reading) has a place on the campus of every college. It has an important position at Penn State because the young bull-calves who run wild in our pastures think themselves to be "anti-Christians" and imagine that they act as such. At the same time, these gamboling bull-calves probably couldn't define "anti-Christ"; they act obliquely in order to create an effect. Without regard for the religious element which attaches itself to Y. M. C. A. work, we come across the idea that the "Y" is really a "Young Men's Association", and performs in the manner signified by that title.

Without the "Y", Penn State would have no Freshman Handbook, no freshman reception, no efficient list of rooming facilities, no information for students who seek odd jobs; in fact, without the "Y", there would be so much lost motion on the campus that the Administration would have to subject the students to a more efficient Robot-producing machinery than it does at present. The "Y" means too much to this College to be cast aside lightly; it is not the "something for nothing" scheme that these "self-designated anti-Christians" dub it, ignorantly.

The "Y" is your association; managed by students, controlled by students, assisted by students. Lend it your support.

OPPORTUNITY

The inauguration of the women's department in the COLLEGIAN and the consequent changes in the girls' organization on the paper are making it possible to offer to the freshmen as well as to sophomore girls a new opportunity for practical experience in journalism. Freshman and sophomore candidates for the paper are asked to report to Room 14 Liberal Arts Building Thursday night at eight o'clock.

Until this year the girls' work on the paper has consisted in writing the stories assigned to them by the news editors and an occasional editorial by the women's editor. Under the new system, all the girls will have a variety of experience in writing news stories with special attention to girls' sports, and special feature articles, while for the juniors there will also be practice in writing headlines, and later in the year, editorials. They will learn, too, something about the makeup of the women's section.

The establishment of this department is a recognition of the needs, and let us hope, of the possibilities, of Penn State women. May the response to this call for reporters be a guarantee of their interest and support.

"WHAT IT TAKES, WE'VE GOT"

A loyal body of Penn State students welcomed its vanquished football team home on Sunday; welcomed it with cheers of hope and songs of victories yet to come. Syracuse probably received the same kind of fighting encouragement when the Orange returned home from a last-minute

defeat at the hands of the Army. Football spirit is that deep and abiding love for the gridiron squad no matter whether it wins or loses—so long as there is still a football team and a college for it to represent. We have the spirit and the college—and the football team.

"THE MIZZENMAST'S GONE"

Old Main stops with the top of the roof. No more does the old building have a tower; it has a four-sided bank of slats, a couple pieces of broken glass, and a shattered broom-handle decorating the roof, but the old building has no tower.

To tell the time by the Old Main clock, if one is standing west of the building, is an impossibility. The "stone-pile" isn't complete unless the bank of slats contains a four-way giant's time-piece—all four sides working in unison and displaying the same type of background.

The Main building isn't Old Main unless there is a flagpole atop the bank of slats; a good flagpole, capable of supporting a flag if need be.

But perhaps, since the tower is not suited to the type of architecture of the building, the department which has as a function the repairing of buildings, will refuse to rebuild the tower, hoping that Penn State will again be honored with a streak of lightning—and again and again—in order that Old Main may be demolished bit by bit within the span of a few years. But can't we have the old building complete? We do like it.

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION ONE

Enter Smithers.

"Oh, Bullosopher, whaddaya think o' this? Had a date at Mac Hall the other night. There wasn't anyone in the lobby when I got there and I stood around a while, and then a girl I didn't know came loping down the stairs. She grinned at me, so I asked her how I could notify my Dulcianna that I was there.

"I'll get her," she said and turned and shrieked up the stairway "Re-e-e-e-e! Oh, Re-e-e-e! Smithers is here. Come on down." Now is that anyway to treat a gentleman, I ask you?"

"No, Smithers, it really isn't. You'd hardly expect to find that sort of social usage in a center of culture like Mac Hall. Next time you have a "date" with Dulcianna, why don't you ask her, just as an object lesson, to have a freshman girl watching the door, and when you enter,—send up your card. It's the proper way, you know."

Smithers:—"Yeah! And get my girl razzed by all those other kittens? I don't have the nerve. I'll bet, if you listen long about meal time, outside the Hall, you'd hear em: 'Ham and!' 'Two on and wreck em!' 'Stack o' wheats!'"

"No, Smithers. Oh, no. I understand they aren't fed as well as that!"

"I've been in the Tea Rooms about town lots of times lately when the places were filled with co-eddies storming, between bites, about the 'perfectly awful fodder', they were expected to eat at the Hall."

Smithers:—"My girl wasn't a bit bashful after the dance Saturday night. She does love sandwiches."

"Don't blame her a bit, Smithers. From what I hear, the girls get enough, but to consume it, they must have either pickian tastes, or lots of will-power and determination. Last spring, you know, they raised quite a fuss about it; complained for weeks to Mr. Hostetter and the kind lady who has charge of the commissariat—what's her name? You know her, Smithers; she wears one of the nine fur coats on the campus. But our Penn State women continued to be presented with potatoes boiled in their skins, undressed macaroni, chipped beef lacking in succulence, boiled beans, fried potatoes with Crisco dressing—good, wholesome food. Rumor says that the kind lady gets a bonus for keeping the kitchen expenses at a minimum.

Smithers:—"How much do they pay a week? Why don't they eat in town all the time, if they don't like the food?"

There's the flea in the ointment! They pay six and a half a week, one semester in advance! It's really a pretty proposition; the girls want to come to Penn State; to come, most of them have to live on the campus; to live on the campus, they've got to eat at the Hall—and what they eat! Most of the girls will admit the food's digestible; none of them will admit it's appetizing; all of them eat in town when they can afford it—it's worth the difference."

In the Old Days—

CO-OP. CORNER was the scene of many a bon-fire, molasses feed, class fight, and student assemblage. Time and other factors have eliminated that to a certain degree, but you can still have headquarters on Co-Op. Arrange to meet your friends at

The Corner Room

ON
CO-OP.

Three-year Old 'Harry' Livens Practice House

A pretty blue-eyed, curly haired three-year-old now reigns over the Practice House, favorite home of Penn State home economic girls.

Henry Wood Warth, commonly known as Harry, is the youngster whose mothers number nineteen. Mrs. Warth is in charge of Practice House and Harry is the center of attraction.

Harry is a bright active youngster and has lots of fun with his various nurses. He has a very precious box in which he keeps leaves and pebbles which attract him during his play hours out of doors. Indoors his favorite pastime is playing the victrola. "On the Road to Mandalay" appeals to Harry, perhaps because it is such a nice large record, more than the small ones, such as various Nursery Rhymes.

Though only three years old Harry has already decided what he is going

to do when he grows up—he didn't say whether he would go out for it at Penn State, but Harry is going to play football.

TOPCOAT LOST—On Saturday, October 9, a nigger-tan topcoat was taken by mistake from the porch of the Kappa Sigma house, and in exchange was left a topcoat of similar color, but a little too large for the owner of the first. The topcoat which was left in exchange, and in the pockets of which repose a long-stemmed pipe and a pair of size 9 buckskin gloves, may be had if the student who made the mistake will

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