

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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News Editor This Issue: Benjamin Kaplan

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1926

MOLESKINS FOR MUD-SLINGERS?

Alumni Day dawns again, with all its fond remembrances and re-established contacts with the College and the undergraduates. The alumni return, and tell us what they did in their day; their stories sound pretty good, but we try to go them one better, and along about three in the morning before the big Alumni Day football game, the club room of any fraternity house becomes the roosting place of Ananias and the hotbed of sedition, divorce and assault with intent to borrow. We enjoy these contacts with the alumni. We appreciate them fully, and wish they could be enjoyed more often. But what we dislike, and immensely, too, is their attitude toward football. Now that they are graduated, they imagine that a diploma gives them occasion to say anything they please about sports—and therein lies our objection. We think they are victims of misinformation.

There is not one doubt but that our alumni mean well; that they have the interest of the old College at the very depths of their hearts. But when they raise a hullabaloo about something with which they pretend to be intimate, and of which they see only the outer manifestations, we rise to a point of order or something—and then get kicked back into our chairs because we're "only undergraduates."

"Football is an institution, but who wants to live in an institution." "Football is a sport, enjoyed by the undergraduates and picked on by the alumni." "Football is the scapegoat of every financial problem of the alumni, administration and student body." "Football is the national college sport, of the students, for the students, by the alumni."

To get down to brass tacks, there are too many factions in the alumni of every college to enable that body of graduates, loyal at heart, to pull together. Personalities are indulged in all too frequently for the well-being of the alumni, the students and the entire college. Personalities, in alumni discussions of football, are the germs which breed the dread disease that kills every bit of college spirit an alumnus ever had. That disease is jealousy.

Jealousy, then, emits from factions which should be working toward a common goal. It comes from the alumni—but not only from the alumni. Not by a darned sight. It comes also from the student factions; it is not emitted there from in any ordinary manner—it is secretly vomited, often and in small quantities, from pig-headed jaws who are so jealous, biased, mean-brained and lazy that they cannot see another man, competing in any sport against them—they cannot see him with field-glasses.

Of course, some day these students become alumni. Then the endless ruckus receives another shove, and it's started all over again. When alumni start it, it is no less than the remaking of canned "soup" (TNT in tenderloin parlance); and the detonation that sets off that alumni TNT is something which has, in the past, been overlooked but which now must come to light. It is jealousy among the students. Not the student body—not too often—but the biased, addle-pated, lazy nincompoops who play football—(since we're arguing about football)—with no other end in view than working "just enough to look as if they want to play—and to be able to get away with it because they've got the support of the student body who think these men are playing square with the alumni, the students, the coach and the college."

500—DOLLARS—500

The title reminds one of a burlesque show, doesn't it? Something like "40—Girls—40"? Well, that's just what "500—Dollars—500" means, except that the "dollars" are the result, not the cause.

There is to be a "Spirit Parade" sometime between now and the game tomorrow afternoon. The Alumni will probably enjoy a big wagon pile at Co-op corner, and they would like to take photographs of the campus cannon while off its bases. They would appreciate these things as evidences of youthful effervescence, as open manifestations

of college spirit, as evidences of a "deep and abiding loyalty to all things for which the College stands." You think so?

If you do, you're very damp.

The last parade that the merchants of this town "enjoyed" cost the College exactly three hundred dollars (\$300.00), as a sort of premium for student self-entertainment. The parade was no more than that; and such parades can be worse, and the coming orgy will no doubt be much worse unless the men at its head can cajole the mental infants who gather furniture to carry to the corner, into conducting themselves extra-decently.

The Alumni might laugh; so will we. But someone has to laugh openly and curse the students inwardly. All of which means that whoever has the fun pays for it, but not at Penn State. Here the students tear the town to scraps, cheer for everything except the Thespians, and let the College bear the expense.

That's "spirit". Applesauce and banana oil.

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION ONE

Well, Smithers, tonight the orgy begins! And the all-College drunk will carry over the whole week-end. Win or lose tomorrow, quite a few of the alumni in town will perform their jack-ass antics for the benefit of the undergraduates. And the few who won't indulge confirm the repulsive brawl by pretending to enjoy it, or keeping silent on a subject they should howl about.

"The Pestiferous Alumni"! (see Harper's Magazine for July). Enthusiastic supporters of the college! Just listen to their enthusiasm when our football team is defeated! I tell you, Mr. Smithers, our alumni are a nuisance! They don't know anything which is fundamental, about the college, and they don't seem to care. But about athletics, they know everything; and if they don't know, they pretend they do. The problems of administration, the political situation, educational improvement—things which should engage their whole-hearted enthusiasm, they endure. But let some gossip about Bez get started, and they eat it alive!

How ridiculous our celebration of Alumni Day is! A day set aside to renew precious memories, to revive pleasant associations, to hallow glorious traditions—and how do they celebrate this occasion? By acting like a bunch of hoodlums without any respect for any principle for which this college stands.

And what is worse—the would-be powers behind the Alumni Association grin and silently sanction the whole fracas. When they plan items for the program, they allow for the liquor bibbers and make things as easy for them as they can. The other day Mr. Secretary opened his mouth and brayed: "For the glory of old Penn State, for the sanctity of the occasion, keep it stag! Keep it stag!"

Why keep it stag? It's quite evident. Even the lowest of the group hesitates to make an ass of himself when women are present. What a glorious representation of Penn State! Maybe if a few more of the wives were present it would help remove the disgust from Alumni Day. Why, our honorable Mr. Secretary has been known to approve, secretly, any move to discourage alumni co-eds from returning! Yes, for the glory of Penn State, keep it stag!

What to do about it? One of two things! Either clean up Alumni Day and make it an occasion fitting and decent, or abolish it altogether. At present, it accomplishes but one thing—an opportunity for the most disgusting orgy of the year, a situation whose degrading influence on the morale of the undergraduates and the college at large, to say nothing of the outside opinion of Penn State, is inestimable. Undergraduates, why do you sanction it? College Administration, why are you silent? One reason only!—the alumni have money and power. Therefore, we must muzzle our convictions, forget the glory of Penn State, and endure a situation which becomes more intolerable each year!

V. A. N.

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Grid Gossip

Army's two Presidents, Harding and Wilson; proved that it is still war-time to them when they spanked the Syracuse eleven last Saturday, 27-21. Prex Harding, topped his Democratic rival by scoring twice to Lloyd Harry's one.

'Twas a big day for the W. C. T. U. in Pittsburgh last Saturday when Welch of Pitt and Brewer of Colgate, halfbacks, clashed on the gridiron. Welch and Pitt won—three beers for grape-juice!

Anyhow, we still think our Cy Lungen has the nicest legs we have yet seen on the GRID part of New Beaver Field. . . . Anyhow!

Captain Hanson of Syracuse is morally certain that there is something in a name—his assumptions are based on his own handle. He was christened Victor, but he spoils records instead of playing them.

At this moment you scribe does not know whether the Orange squad will include Jonah Goldman, halfback from Erasmus Hall, when it appears this afternoon. Few whales exist in the inundated areas of New Beaver—so Jonah will be relatively safe. No Sadie, his number is not thirteen.

The name Flanagan worries us. Pitt used their Flanagan against the Lions with no little success last year, and Notre Dame did not even need Christy to subdue the Blue and White warriors last Saturday. And now Don Flanagan of Syracuse looms up in the offing.

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Syracuse Harriers Oppose Penn State

(Continued from first page) to finish first with Rupert and Proudlock trailing him.

Syracuse cannot overlook Bill Cox and Captain Roger Poutate who have been going over the six mile course here at a rapid rate the past week and George Offenhausser and Reis who loom as steady runners. These four, with three to be selected today from Haskins, Guyer, Stewart, Johnson, Osterling, Helfrich, Bass and Pettit, will represent Penn State.

The remainder of the Orange team will be chosen from Houghan, Faigle, Jenkins, Christopher, Cohn, Heim and Goldberg. In last year's Intercollegiate Four-acre finished nineteenth, Stewart twenty-sixth, Reis thirty-seventh, Johnson, fifty-fourth and Guyer fifty-sixth. Considering that Loucks finished second, Rupert eighth and Proudlock twelfth, Penn State's chances tomorrow appear slim.

WOULD YOU like to buy a new Underwood Portable Typewriter for \$45.00? See Ingraham, Sigma Nu House in the evening

LOST—A Harriet Hound—Black head and ears, brown dot over each eye; body almost white; huckleberry spotted; large black spot over tail, Lucerne Co. Tag No. 4702. Return to J. A. Griffiths, OMR House, Reward.

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