

Penn State Collegian

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

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New Editor This Issue - Wheeler Loid, Jr.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1926

"TAG-YOU'RE IT"

Tomorrow we all will be tagged. Tagged for twenty-five cents. What a great big sum, and how we will hate to part with the measly two-bit piece or the twin dimes and a bit in our pocket. Why, by gosh, we'll keep the twenty-five pennies and, plus a nickel, drop into the movies and be entertained. (And after we do that, and see every other student wearing a little white tag with "I bought a shingle" printed on it, we'll feel ashamed enough to pull the old stick about I-bought-one-but-it's-in-another-suit. How like us!)

That Andy Lytle Cabin out on the slope of the big mountain that rubs shoulders with the famed "Pussycat" that friendly hut which looks from the ridge into the valley that harbors Penn State—the cabin that was built for us, but for which someone else will have to pay. "When the evening twilight deepens, and the shadows fall"—have you never been up on the roof of the Lytle cabin when the sun was setting behind the Alleghenies, when a thin mist was gathering about State College—way down there in the valley—when only a few lights could be seen and then, unexpected-like—the big football lights on the practice field break out like a welcome from home? Take a try, you case-hardened grind or tea-totaller—take a try at seeing what that Andy Lytle Cabin really can do for you!

The Cabin is out there to help you enjoy nature. The Interfraternity and Intra-mural Councils, after their evenings spent out there, agreed with Student Council Delta Sigma Pi and all the girls' clubs fell right into line. The Penn State Club is behind the movement. And—"Tag-You're It." And you should feel "IT." Because you're going to get a chance to lend your aid—to buy a shingle for the roof of "Andy Lytle."

Every member of every fraternity, every member of every girls' club, every member of Student Council and Delta Sigma Pi has agreed to "buy a shingle." Every member of the Penn State Club tomorrow will dig into his jeans to protect "Andy Lytle" from the wind and rain. Why shouldn't we all give twenty-five cents? And we know we can hear the student body answering: "Well, why make a question about it? We're all going to give twenty-five cents to 'Andy Lytle'—and maybe more!"

"CLICK-CLICK-CLICK!"

Organized "log-rolling" at Penn State, within the past few years, has reached alarming proportions. ("Log-rolling" because the more vulgar word "clique" has been shunned and hushed by the students so that its use may not shock the sensitive ear.) Penn State has been ruled by political machines, non-fraternity as well as fraternity, for so long a period that the initials "P.S.C." may well carry the meaning of "Perfectly Systematized Cliques."

The subject is not a sweet-smelling one, to be sure: it needs a little light, though, to keep it from forming a mouldy wash about our shoes. Should the 'ench be so disagreeable as to throw the College open to carefully planned graft—what's the difference? It's "only Penn State" that suffers! And we still pride ourselves—we, the student body—as having "a deep and abiding love for all things for which the College stands!" Here the half of us are liars! Few students, if any, have not come in contact with these political organizations at one time or another. Fewer still have mustered the courage to denounce them openly. We love Penn State? Hokus! We love good old Chi Zeta Mu before we love our College!

How often Penn State's student elections have been settled long before the actual vote—and by a "party" caucus! How many times the fraternity—or the club—rather than the man, has been elected. Were true statistics to be compiled, the results would be astonishing to very few and dead news to the majority. If conditions as they exist now are to continue, Penn State will be turning out men with a generous education in "How to win an election by cornering the votes of Pickle Hill or Lemont." We are not confronted with the handling of an organized minority, but with several organized minorities. Each clique has its own set of candidates; chosen seldom with an eye to putting the most capable man in office, and usually with an eye to putting the man in power "who has promised the chairmanship of the Bubble Committee." How insane—when "we love the College."

It is time to put our house in order—time to think of Penn State instead of the cheap fraternity which compromises its conscience to get the castoff spoils of the machine leader—it is time for Penn State students to find that latent respect for the fair name of Penn State—and stay out of these office-cuddling, blood-squeezing, conscience-compromising cliques—and the sooner we think of Penn State, the better!

"CUSSINGLY GOOD" SPIRIT

"Y-E-A State! Fight Like Hell!" Time and again this yell pealed forth from the North stands at the Syracuse game Saturday. The idea of making words "State" and "Hell" synonymous must, to all loyal Penn State adherents, sound irritating and repulsive. How, then, did it start and why should it be allowed to continue? This same yell we might say, is a favorite cheer at the University of Blank. Perhaps that is the origin of Penn State's newest conveyor of enthusiasm to the team while in action. In years past, no such yell was needed to exhort the team to greater aggressiveness and there is no reason why this crude expression of profanity should accomplish a better effect than a real Penn State cheer. It might be noted that the Syracuse cheerleaders on one occasion called upon their rosters to give the "Fight Like Hell" cheer, but the visitors from New York showed their good taste by not responding.

Such high school display—certainly it cannot be anything else—has no part in a college's spirit. If it can be proved that this cheer produces better results than another of our yells, then by all means it should be kept. To the average student "Fight like Hell" is nothing more than an expression. But to our visitors it may appear crude and debasing—and not at all what they would expect from an institution with the reputation held by Penn State. Since there is no good reason justifying its use and since many of our recent visitors have found it displeasing, the "fight like hell" should remain distinctly a University of Blank yell.

"MORE!" "MUSIC!" "M-O-R-E!"

The COLLEGIAN has made a mistake! There is an exception which we must make to an article printed some time ago regarding the conduct of gentlemen in the movies! And that exception "happened" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week—Warnings Pennsylvanians. Three whoops and a holler!

There are times, by golly, when there is no holding of emotions. When Warnings' are here, when these Pennsylvanians to whom we point with pride are ensconced upon the stage of the Cathaum, when we give 'em a good, substantial yell (sic)—what's the use of sitting solemnly like a flock of bloodless big-birds and applauding with finger-taps? There is no use—we just yell!

The only way we can show our appreciation to Mr. Maurice Baum for having such a group of modern musical artists here for our entertainment is to yell. And, thank goodness, we certainly showed our appreciation! We're "Roaring for Waring!"

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION I
Smithers: News for you, Bullosopher! I've been picking up comment on the trade of last week end; result several people would like to meet you; a great many people want to commend you on your courage in stating your convictions, a certain student organization wants to thumb its nose at you, certain alumni want to have you hanged, and a dean wants to shake you hand!
"That's the provoking part about it all, Smithers. The thinking mass is more concerned in discovering who the Bullosopher is, why the editor dated 'see the truth' and what steps can be taken to prevent such outbursts of 'harmless truths in the future, than they are interested in what was said. Instead of investigating the charges made, they investigate personalities. They even go so far as to threaten censorship of the only mouthpiece the student body possesses. And why? Because some one dared to write, and the editor dared to print, an expression of a self-evident existing evil. And instead of investigating or becoming interested, even in discovering the seriousness of the situation, those concerned—let me say, in actuality, in condemnation—take steps to prevent the truth from being revealed in the future."
"If the time has come when we are not men enough to face our own faults, when we confuse frankness with vulgarity, when we prefer the hypocrisy in order to keep our sins to ourselves, when we are afraid to face a problem because the world might find out we have such a problem—Penn State spirit has come to a sorry pass."
V. A. N.

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Sanctumoniais

Lyneches during the past ten months exceed the entire year of 1925 by six; once more we are reminded of the essential savagery of the American mob. And the facts of the situation hold little consolation for the believer in education as a panacea to social ills; the colleges play a more genteel version of this great American pastime. The editor of Ye Sterling Star, Sterling College, Kansas, reports that a student entering college this fall "committed the crime of being born with a different colored pigment from the majority of Sterling students." No roaring house in the college town, which supports five churches, would receive him and some unnamed college authority advised him to keep out of the college cafeteria. As a consequence, the Negro was forced to abandon his education at this college whose students are said to be "95 per cent followers of the Christian faith." The story of it is that this is no isolated case; if other editors were equally frank we would find that students in a great many other colleges lack this essential 5 per cent of Christianity.

Next to the Star's editorial shaming the college for this incident is another begging students to co-operate with the college in its present financial "crisis." It is refreshing to find an editor whose sense of honor forces him to speak out when he sees his college in the wrong, even during a drive for funds. This breaks an unwritten law of college journalism. Even in less precarious times you editor undertakes criticism with fear and trembling. Never before have we witnessed an editor pointing to the family skeleton at a time when academic scholasticism requires a college thoroughly white-washed for public exhibition.

World's Series crowds gathered at Gricham's store Wednesday to give a publicity cartoon of George "Cowboy" Green the once-over. The facts were garbled, but the caricature did not miss a thing.

Penn's "Four Magicians," (to wit, Murphy, Rogers, Skull and Wascol) may meet their match in Zuppel's close-harmonious well-modulated and thoroughly delightful "Four Musicians." However, Penn may interrupt the even tenor of the Illinois staff.

Fred Waring and manager of the famous Waring's Pennsylvanians, interrupted the routine of the Nittany camp long enough to have their villages recorded with Coach Bezdek as a background. The caption on the publicity articles which are sure to follow will probably read "Fred Waring a coonskin coat. Hugo Bezdek also shown in the foreground."

Out at Otterbein University they have a new variety of triple threat man. He can lie like a steer, slug like a boxer and when he exhales he automatically clears a boulevard ahead.

By a series of comparative scores too involved to print it has been calculated that George Washington University is slated to trim our Lions by thirty-one points or more. Anyone coming to each this supposition with actual mazuma will do well to compare it with the psycho ward, Danville, Pa.

"But papa, I don't believe in comparative scores."
"Go blow your nose, son, you have yet to play bridge at a cent a point!"

"This is the sweetest bunch of numskulls I have ever coached" whispered Bez in a voice which could be heard no further than Co-op. The applause from Willard House was deafening.

Egad, and 'tis a carnal spot, this football. In proof whereof, we offer this quotation from the *Nachrichten*, of Munich, Germany.
"The football tournament between the teams of Harvard and Yale recently held in America had terrible results. It turned to an awful butchery. Of twenty-two participants, eleven were carried from the field in dying condition. One player had his back broken, another lost an eye, and a third lost a leg. Many ladies fainted at the awful cries of the injured players."

"Yes, Reginald, the above incident is mildly inaccurate."
"Thank you so much, moms dear. I quake with dread lest I should be forced to treat the Yaxaid gentlemen thus brutally when I don the molasses this autumn."

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FRANK BROTHERS Fifth Avenue Boot Shop Between 43rd and 45th Streets New York
Exhibit at Fashion Shop, November 1 and 2

Letter Box

Editor, COLLEGIAN, State College, Pa., Dear Sir—

I am convinced, after four years of observance, that Penn State is some distance below par in its organized cheering at outdoor games, particularly during football season. Little or no organized cheering can be obtained from the upper classmen in the west stand at a football game. The freshman element is the one which the cheer leaders can do good work and it is that element of which I will speak.

These are big possibilities in it. At the Dads' Day game when the word, DAD, was formed with blue and white squares of pastebored a little of what is possible was shown. The new stunt brought forth this year which consists in hand clapping and a unified swinging of the hands from side to side while a song is in progress is one wherein a chance for a success is missed. The loss is due to the fact that the group is allowed to scatter itself too widely over the freshman section. If the whole body of first year men was brought into more compact form a much finer result could be obtained. This is work for the cheer leaders.

The efforts these men expend upon the freshmen each fall are doubtless earnest, but there is misdirection. Practically all of the practice is done in Old Chapel. This is well enough when songs and cheers are being learned but there is usefulness stops. After that point is reached the freshman section of the east stand should be used. Here the body should be made to sit closely packed, preferably in the center of the section with any

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unfilled space coming on the sides of this compact group. Then the leaders could observe just what visitors are going to see when they come to games and look across at the freshmen when a cheer is in progress. Thus they could cut off ragged ends and work up their effects to a high point. Other colleges are making fine use of their possibilities with less to work with than we have here. There is no reason why Penn State should lag. (Signed) J. P. Cummsiskey '27

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 I repose a long-stemmed pipe and a pair of size 9 buckskin gloves, may be had if the student who made the mistake will return the nigger-tan topcoat to the Kappa Sig House.

ROOM FOR RENT—205 South Burrouses Street. 22-p

Cathaum THEATRE Friday—JETTA GOUDAL in "Her Man o'War" Saturday—LEW CODY in "The Gay Deceiver" Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Added Attraction on the Stage THE 9 MUSICAL MAGPIES Monday and Tuesday—JOHN GILBERT in "Sabatum" "Bardley's The Magnificent" Adults 50c Children 25c NITTANY Friday and Saturday—FLORENCE VIDOR and RICARDO CORTIZ in "The Eagle of the Sea" Tuesday—JACK HOLT in "Zane Grey's" "The Perlon River"

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