

Denn State Collegian

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1927

MUTUAL GREETINGS

Morning chapel services yesterday and Wednesday afforded Penn State's new president, Dr. Ralph Don Hietzel, his first opportunity to come into contact with the student body of this College. Conversely, it gave the students their first chance to become acquainted with the former University of New Hampshire executive.

One could not help but be impressed with the simple, genial, sincere manner that Dr. Hietzel displayed during his two short talks. Even the most pessimistic must have left the Auditorium with a high feeling of optimism caused by that individual firmly believing that Penn State was about to undergo a new era. The students found themselves listening to a college president who sincerely desired to become one of them—enough so, that he would be able "to learn the student's attitude on College affairs, to know what they are thinking and to tell them what he is thinking."

The students found Dr. Hietzel a firm believer in student government and entire student participation in such government. They learned that he has great patience with student enterprises of every description, that he had no patience with the philosophy of "getting by" and that that philosophy is subversive to everything that is best in college life, that he has very little patience with everything that is vicious but has great patience with conduct growing out of inexperience.

Dr. Hietzel feels "that a college is a miniature world and that experience gained is most significant. If we pursue our tasks diligently, then we are fulfilling duties that will aid us greatly in later life."

It was readily apparent that both Dr. Hietzel and his family were deeply touched by the thoughtful, kindly reception of the student body at Penn State. Flowers, letters, telegrams and other tokens of affection served to evoke the deep appreciation of Dr. Hietzel, who said, "If we succeed in any measure in advancing the cause of Penn State, the students may attribute it to the reception that has been given to me and my family."

Penn State's new president desires to have as many and as frequent contacts with the students, individually and collectively, as possible. He wants to become one of them. Their interests are foremost in his heart. With such a spirit manifest between the student body and Dr. Hietzel, success is bound to make its appearance. Penn State is facing a new era.

WE'VE BEEN ON VACATION

An article in The New Student, clipped from The Daily Maroon of the University of Chicago, is a questionnaire concocted, if you will, by Eddie Cantor, the prominent comedian who is now delighting Philadelphia audiences with his antics in "Big Boy." His literary attempt reads quite like the next paragraph.

"Prepared by the modern college for the modern college aspirant. These questions must be answered to the satisfaction of the entrance committee.

- (1) Have you a raccoon coat?
- (2) Do you Charleston?
- (3) How many girls in the Ziegfeld 'Follies' do you know?
- (4) How many ways can you use the expression 'So's your old man'?
- (5) Have you a roadster? Has it a cutout?
- (6) Are you a judge of good liquor? What antidote do you use?
- (7) Are the bottoms of your trousers wide enough for a Ford to sneak under?
- (8) Do you wear socks? If not, what is the color of your garters?"

Now you'll have to admit that that's not bad, especially for a chap like Cantor, who usually gets paid for it. He easily could be mistaken for a newspaper reporter, because he certainly has the goods on the erstwhile college student who reports to mother and father for money at vacation time, the boy having forced the family to sell most of the heirlooms, such as War Savings Stamps, to keep him in college up until vacation. We have a little addition to make, and we'll

use Eddie's questionnaire as a base, just to keep our mind on the subject. Here's our contribution to modern American literature:

"This questionnaire is to be answered by every college student who returns after the holidays. Use 'Yes' or 'No' whenever you think best.

- (1) Have you a \$47.50 goat-skin coat that has not yet been out in the rain?
- (2) Do you Blackbottom? When may we have an appointment?
- (3) How many co-eds did you fail to write to while you were pestering the governor for money?
- (4) How many times were you boiled? Gwan!
- (5) Have you a Ford? How many mottoes on it? How many doors?
- (6) Are you a judge of good liquor? ("There is none") is not an acceptable answer.
- (7) How was your New Year's Eve party? Where?
- (8) How many balls did you drop while trimming the tree Christmas Eve? Why?

Why can't college students act like, or at least try to imitate men while they are home on vacation? Why do they have to advertise their educational connections, anyway? No wonder there are so many articles in current magazines, deriving the antics of the "younger generation." "Why?" That's the big question before the great American public today! "Why?"

The Bullosopher's Chair

A friend complained to me not long ago, "Ever since I came to college I've been looking for something—I don't know what—but something that will give me a view beneath the surface at life itself, a revelation that will be a guide to my own conduct and activity after I leave."

Much as the rampage of bunk against the college student's capacity and the inadequacy of a college education is to be decried, in all sincerity—without a tone of disparagement—we can ask what is college doing to us? Why hasn't the problem of life been solved—my attitude toward my profession, toward society, toward myself?

Quite recently, Charles M. Schwab commented on Amerier's problem to this effect: "We have achieved only too well in materialism, it is time our attention be focused upon spiritualism."

That comment is pertinent to the thought-life of the American student. We are trained to be efficient—mechanically, professionally; to make money. But we are not trained how to live.

Perhaps that is not the fault of the college. Perhaps it is a problem for the individual alone. But of one thing we are sure—the average college atmosphere is not conducive to the development of those ideas and principles of life and their practice—which alone is the barometer of attainment of high living and noble living—the type of conduct that identifies men of character and principle in their truest sense.

The average college freshman—when he arrives—is a lad full of dreams, of ambitions, of ideals. And at this stage he is probably nearer a grasp on life than his experience to come will ever bring him.

So, he will soon realize that a dreamer is an outsider; that the idealist is a back-number; that the sacred attitude toward morality and service are certainly out of place. To be a "success" in college, he must be popular; and to be "popular" he must be an ass for the approval of the crowd—if not in his conduct, in his thought, life and social attitudes.

He learns that "success" means a parading of one's self—popular acclaim, power position; and that these are necessary to success in life, acquired through money and its tributes.

Success, money, power, position, authority, popularity, fame! Rot! Is that our American idealism? Is that the force that lies behind American manhood? If so—let us ejaculate a prayer for the youth of this land who must plunge into such a sordid atmosphere as that.

Congratulations to the Penn State man who is old-fashioned enough, strong enough, thoughtful enough to cling to a few of his freshman ideals. If he can maintain a standard for himself of greater usefulness, of obedience to principle, ideal, and duty—to the neglect of self-appeal and pampering—he shall be satisfied at least, though the world recognize it not, that he has met a man.

"Dear Old State—Mould us into men!"—but for heaven's sake let us change our interpretation of a "man!"—and get away from the selfish mollycoddling materialism that seems to be dwarfing the character and conceptions of the modern college student!

V. A. N.

Poetry

THE MAN FOR ME

I want to be by the side of the man,
Who has suffered and seen, and knows
Who has been a leader in battle line,
An I siven and taken the blows,
Who did not falter, when a test went wrong,
Nor scoffed at others' failing plan,
But took his own part with a loving will,
Like the grace of a gentleman,
And I'll say He's the man for me!

I want to take the hand of a master,
Who has been through it all, and felt
The bite, and smearing of the fiery blast,
With the unjust and foul have dealt,
Who was temp. and fell but rose again,
And went forth and faithful and true,
With God's love supreme in his manly heart,
And his courage burning new
And I'll say He's the man for me!

I'd gladly follow with the man of trust,
Who has been found doing his best,
In the interest of his fellow men,
With a thrill in his noble breast
Oh, how I'd like to walk and talk with him
And march on hand with him alone
For the man who has strength, and fought and
Is the man to make others strong
And I'll say He's the man for me!

Dr. J. C. BATESON

Floor Flips

Spectators at tomorrow night's opening basketball game will rest their eyes on the very latest in scoreboards, a new electrically lighted scoring apparatus having been erected in the usual place in the balcony. The device includes a time indicator that will enable the crowd to tell the progress of the game from the clock standpoint.

—F F—

In order to obtain the choice of every letter winner from last year's team for the captaincy, letters were sent to Captain Chick Hood and McDonald, forward and center, from the 1925-26 team, who were lost by graduation. Hood and McDonald then forwarded their votes by proxy to the A. A. office.

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Being captain is nothing new to Mike Hamas. He was the leader of the freshman team in 1924. Of that year's quartet, by the way, Paul Page is the only other member still in College. Two other numeral winners that year are now starting on other courts, Sykes Reed at Pitt and O'Shea at Catholic university.

—F F—

Lebanon Valley handed Gettysburg a basketball drubbing in 1925. Gettysburg did the same to Penn State. Lebanon Valley has a veteran team this year. Time will tell.

—F F—

The name of the new indoor stadium at the University of Pennsylvania is the Palestra. Sounds like Greek to us. Greek or no Greek, that same building housed ten thousand cash customers when Yale and Pennsylvanians came to grips on the first day of this young year.

—F F—

The recently enlarged dias to which the wrestlers hie for daily instruction, is due to be short-lived unless Rog Mahoney and Pop Garrison remove their private tiffs to the brecciant. The two heavies take their work quite seriously, and on each of the numerous occasions when one or the other is brought to the mats there is a shock of no small violence.

—F F—

Apparently Charley Spiedel has not lost his taste for action in large doses. At the end of each drill session he is sweating just as freely as the most energetic of his charges, and at times he can't resist the tempta-

tion to take someone to the floor, the better to illustrate a bit of technique.

—F F—

Those who labor under the impression that they have stumbled upon Leo Houck's charges usurping the mat section of a very busy Alimony, may find themselves in error. Coach Spiedel places great faith in shadow boxing to quicken the hands of the grappler who is preparing for an initial opening.

—F F—

Though admittedly Coach Spiedel has an alarming short time in which to prepare his charges for their first date, he lacks not one small bit of experience and keen wrestling sense. Spie has met and mastered the best matmen that New Jersey could offer and in addition has proved his prime excellency in the ranks of the New York Athletic Club.

Senior Ball—February 11.

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25^C LB

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in

"FAUST"

MONDAY and TUESDAY—

Madge Bellamy

in

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Nittany Theatre

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