

Penn State Collegian

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News Editor This Issue.....P. R. Smaltz

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1927

AN APPRECIATION

"Medea" was a pleasant change. From a student viewpoint, this tragedy of Euripides, staged by The Players, presented State College in a new and highly-gratifying light. It presented this little town as a place in which Greek tragedy is appreciated and enjoyed. The Bullosopher made a grave mistake when he said the vaccination wouldn't take—and we're glad he was mistaken, because the sight of a decently-crowded Auditorium applauding tragedy is like a long-awaited rain in a land of drought.

"Medea" made quite an impression. It was thoroughly enjoyed, even by some Industrial Engineering students who sat immediately behind us. Their comments were not so expressive, but they indicated that cultural efforts are being made as far west as Engineering C. Why these chaps were not compelled to stay in their rooming houses to study more hydraulics or something, is quite the mystery. We are prone to think, however, that "Medea" meant more than calculus and physics and their henchmen. Too, there were some Commerce and Finance students who strayed from the fold and betrayed a classical instinct.

To indulge in more personalities would be indiscreet. This article has digressed enough. The Players must be commended for their great work in bringing to State College something to talk about, and we might add that the success of "Medea" augurs well for repetition, or for more of the Greek drama.

IF THE SHOE FITS, YOU'RE CINDERELLA

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill"—and had repaired to the scene of a fraternity dance. A little "push" and an "Excuse me, please?" uttered at opportune moments, will get a stag anywhere. As a stag at a fraternity dance, and being possessed of a "smooth" personality and a suave tongue, one may pass through the redoubts (four rows of 'em) of the stags and finally get a glimpse of the small group of dancers who make use of the little room which is almost roped off for their performances. If one should lack the "smooth" qualities enumerated, one must be content with listening to the music, which emanates from "somewhere beyond" the rows of shining, pasted skulls which block the way to the scene of activity.

This is the situation which confronts the fraternity which is listed in "Who's Dancing?" What's to be done about it? The Inter-Fraternity Council tried to stop the stags' proclivities toward week-end boorishness, but the "cut-in" system has not served its purpose. What's to be done? The stag is, apparently, an unremovable evil—the collegian must be a booi, whether in a theatre or at a dance.

This problem invites no investigation. Investigation would increase the number of stags. Take our word for it. Perhaps the reader may be one of the army of unfortunates; he may have had the pleasure of every bit of half a dance with the girl whom he took to his chapter dance.

A solution? At present, sophomores please note, juniors and seniors are permitted the privilege of visiting. As a last resort, shall the seniors be given the exclusive right? As a last resort?

—W. L., Jr.

KOLLEGE KUTS

Every student and every green-eyed, student-deploring critic is perfectly familiar with the tea-fighting snake of a collegian as he appears in the campus comic. This lizard does provoke a smirk, doesn't he—with his skinny shanks encased in slapping "touts"; his flask full, and his skull encasing an exquisitely hidden—so he thinks—vacuity?

We are amused at the brilliant antics of the "Juscut-mongers" or Judge, Jr.; the slim and slump-shouldered and utterly purposeless gang created by John Held's pen never fails to please. This, the ludicrous, side of college life is pleasing, in so far as it portrays the easy, carefree, impetuous, daring, quick-burning fire that is youth.

This exponent of "the leaders of the next generation," this "sap," hasn't a care in life. The older rascals look on him wistfully, they reminisce. The high-school youth looks at him with a longing to imitate. He is an artificial being, but he has not a care—and who does not wish that to be his own state? There he sits, stands or staggers—the grin-happy, necking, speeding, dancing collegian, the leader of tomorrow. His is the realm of wide trousers, wet blankets, flat tires; ogies in which he is boiled, fried, out on his feet. He is the college man—as the kampus komies fain would have him.

A peculiar twist is that many take the result of clever pens and brushes as an exciting reality. The kampus komie probably was the original impetus of the "Oh-his-modern-youth" movement. Of course, we may not be so radical as to suggest that falsity be struck from the pages of such as Froth, but it is earnestly advised that this stuff be taken cum grano salis. The take-offs of the colleg man are quite amusing between covers, but it is not well to emulate the "sap" we see ourselves there.

It might be a good idea for Froth to try his hand at such an issue. Ideas seem to be rather scarce with the comedians, if we may judge by the EXCHANGE number. (We expect to get the very devil for this in Froth's next mistake.)

—R. M. A.

ANOTHER LOSS

Penn State has suffered another loss and this time it is the School of Agriculture that will feel the blow. R. G. Bressler, acting dean of that school, has been honored with an appointment of secretary of agriculture by Governor John S. Fisher. Mr. Bressler tendered his resignation from the College faculty and left Sunday for the state capitol where he will assume his new duties.

The recent appointment brought a termination to eight years of continuous service to Penn State by Mr. Bressler. Eight years, during which time the new state agricultural secretary has established himself firmly in the hearts of those with whom he has come in contact. That those, including the faculty, students and friends join in congratulations; they wish him well in his new post.

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION ONE

Smithers:—Well, Bullosopher, I did it.
"Great! You've finally done something, you say? Fine! I suppose you've written a thesis on Egyptology in 2047, or found some way to prevent paper napkins from slipping from one's lap?"
Smithers:—Naw—you've got me all wrong. I pulled the trick that ties me down to work for life.
"What! You've murdered someone?" Smithers, how could you?"
Smithers:—No! You dumb dolt!
"Oh! Please accept my apologies. May I ask what?"
Smithers:—I'd better tell you before I go off my nut. Bullosopher, I've parked my fraternity badge on a rag, a bone and a hank of hair!
"Congratulations! Was it accomplished all in one sitting?"
Smithers:—No, it wasn't. But the spring weather we've been having, lately—or rather, when we had on Saturday, was too much for me. Anyway, I think she's pretty nice. And so do the brothers. But that's, beside the point. I gave the good old badge away. What do you think of that?"
"You would!"

SESSION TWO

Smithers:—Bullosopher, what's a degree?
"Something one gets while going through the Masonic fraternity."
Smithers:—No, that's not what I mean. What's a college degree?
"A couple of letters."
Smithers:—Is that all?
"Yes."

TEXT BOOKS

for Second Semester

NOW READY

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NEW ADDITIONS

- Father Gregory, by P. C. Wren
- The Snake and the Sword, by P. C. Wren
- Steps of France, by P. C. Wren
- Doomsday, by Warwick Deeping
- Sylvia of the Minute, by Helen R. Martin
- The Brat, by E. J. Rath
- Lord of Himself, by Percy Marks
- Spell Land, by Sheila-Kay-Smith

KEELER'S

Cathaum Theatre Bldg.

Fraternity Breakfasts Allowed After Prom

...-month, be approved as the time of the Junior Prom for the current year, and that dancing be allowed to continue not later than two o'clock.

2. "That after the Prom fraternities be authorized to hold breakfasts in their chapter houses not later than three o'clock, with the understanding that these functions will be properly chaperoned and that the names of the chaperones shall be listed with the Dean of Women a week in advance.

3. "That the privilege of holding fraternity house breakfasts after a dance in the Armory be limited for the present to the night of the Junior Prom."

Relieve's Town's Restaurants
P. P. Hess '28, chairman of the Prom committee, when informed of the authorization of fraternity breakfasts, said, "I feel that the innovation of fraternity breakfasts will add considerably to the pleasure of our guests. Such an attraction has been the custom for years at Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania. The objectionable feature of the crowded town restaurants will now be a thing of the past."

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Cathaum THEATRE

AND
Nittany Theatre
(Matinee Daily at Cathaum)

TUESDAY—
Laura La Plante in "BUTTERFLIES IN THE RAIN"

TUESDAY—(Nittany)—
"THE SCARLET LETTER"

WEDNESDAY—
Richard Dix and Betty Bronson in "PARADISE FOR TWO"

THURSDAY—
W. C. Fields in "THE POTTERS"

FRIDAY—
Lentree Joy in "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

FRIDAY—(Nittany)—
"THE POTTERS"

SATURDAY—
Jackie Coogan in "JOHNNY GET YOUR HAIR CUT"

SATURDAY—(Nittany)—
"NOBODY'S WIDOW"

STARK BROS. Haberdashers


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