

Penn State Collegian

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Managing Editor This Issue.....H. E. Hoffman
News Editor This Issue.....J. Laird

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1927

VICTORY!

So far as football is concerned Penn State has again regained her supremacy. Last Saturday saw a Pennsylvania team rated the winner by two touchdowns go down to defeat before a Penn State eleven beaten the previous week. The score was not 6-0, nor 10-0; nor even 14-0. It was, as any Penn State man will tell you, 20-0. A remarkable score, considering the circumstances. With three veteran linemen incapacitated, with a team but lately routed by an underrated foe, Penn State achieved what sporting writers, in an effort to justify their prophetic decisions, disparagingly call "upsets." Yet the very unexpectedness of the triumph was further glory for the Blue and White. Not since Carnegie Tech humbled Notre Dame has the football world been so stirred. It was amazing, impossible. But "Bez's boys" did it.

In defeat Pennsylvania was gracious. It had prepared for a hard game, confident of victory, happy in the thought of vanquishing a traditional opponent, and most of the sixty-five thousand spectators had felt the same way. Where the "wise boys" make their bets it was said that the odds were two to one—not that Pennsylvania would merely defeat Penn State, but that Pennsylvania would win by at least two touchdowns. One wonders what Andy Lytle would say on that subject.

To advise a team successful in overcoming a touted foe is one of the most popular pastimes of the day. It makes one feel important to tell the star guard to beware of over-confidence. But if Penn State was over-confident earlier in the season the feeling has since changed to an iron determination to fight for victory that it pleases us to call inspired. Believing in its coach and relying on its own power the 1927 football team has proven itself worthy of any eleven in the country. It will meet in Syracuse this week an opponent whom no Penn State gridiron team has ever defeated. And if the Nittany Lions can repeat Saturday's daring exhibition then the history of Franklin Field will likewise repeat itself—at Archbold Stadium.

LESSONS IN EDITORIAL WRITING

The spirit of youth has stopped running about in an open Ford and taken to sweltering in the basement of the Library, reading history. However, in another week the spirit will be as blithe as ever. People will begin to accuse college students of wilful savagery, the college of over-emphasizing football, and the student, a worm in the Library, will become in the glorious inadequacy of an open Ford, a spirit. Professors will say that in these days education is being butchered. But some of them will grin from ear to ear.

All this of course is preliminary. When we were learning the technicalities of the trade, so to speak, we were told that the writing of anything (from comics to editorials) could not be taught, but that this is the way to do it: a preliminary paragraph (on the theory that all things require an introduction); a middle "body" paragraph (on the assumption that all things must have a middle); and a conclusion (on the axiom that even editorials must end some place.)

You will notice, no doubt, that so far we have achieved, or at last maneuvered to achievement, a preliminary paragraph that introduces nothing except the second paragraph—which, in turn, is equally cheerless in content. This worries us. As one observer remarks, we ramble after the fashion of the seventeenth century essayists. Previously we had

thought that the seventeenth century had no essayists, though, of course, it had occurred to us that there had been a seventeenth century. But now in rather affectionate manner we regard the ramblings of the seventeenth century essayists as an agreeable brotherly weakness, since we enjoy rambling ourselves. However, if enough pressure is brought to bear (sic) on us we shall abandon the Ford for the Library and become, editorially as solid as cheese. Cheese, so farmers tell us, is more substantial than air (hot or cold), though not as interesting. And that is our conclusion.

N. B. The first rule of editorial writing is never to use the editorial "we," it is too subtle.

SEND THE BAND TO SYRACUSE!

Rumors reached us after the Bucknell game that because of the Varsity's defeat the Blue Band would not make its proposed trip to Syracuse. Unheeded, these reports are nevertheless alarming, if football is not more than sportsmanship than the refusal to send the Band to Syracuse, because of the defeat, indicates an embarrassing inconsistency. Apparently the Band is the servant of defeat or victory.

We hope that the murmurs were merely the waggings of gossips, for the Penn State Band has a glamour about it that to the students represents exhilarating college spirit set to music. To hear the College Band play the Alma Mater at Franklin Field last Saturday was worth whatever expenses its presence there may have entailed. To hear the Band at Syracuse would be equally stirring. With the Band playing, even after a football defeat, one pleasantly remembers (as the old song goes) that "Old Penn State was old Penn State, when Bucknell was a pup."

The Bullosopher's Chair

"Smithers do you read contemporary books?"
Smithers—Well I read "The Green Hat." But I don't like much with what these new writers are putting out. Not that I don't want to! As a matter of fact I don't have time. I always make up my mind to read a particular book but somehow something else always crops up—an economics lesson, a physics report I took a course in Contemporary American Literature here once—and I end up with the nineteenth century. I never could figure it out, I guess education has a contempt for learning original with our own days. A book to be recognized has to be at least fifty years old, and at that I know college professors who wouldn't even look at it until another fifty has passed as if the value of a book lay in the number of months collected around it.

"Are you acquainted with 'Land of the Pilgrim's Pride' by George Jean Nathan?"
Smithers—So that's the chap who wrote it, I always did want to know the composer of that piece!

"As it happens 'Land of the Pilgrim's Pride' is a book. You mentioning the reluctance with which a new book is accepted put me in mind of it. It seems that out in Grand Rapids, Michigan, a teacher in a high school there asked his class in English to review this book. The teacher apparently has ideas of his own on what books best cultivate discussion (and thence to intelligence, one might say), in my day we read 'Danhoe'—I guess it's still being done though the hardest book to review is the one whose author has already been decided upon. It is a rather disconcerting feature, as at my rate, to read a book and to have to pretend to enjoy it, or face the displeasure of my associates. This teacher, Mr. Marlewaid, evidently felt that he was stimulating the minds of his pupils but he failed to realize that many people do not want their children's minds to be stimulated—at least by Mr. George Jean Nathan. The book fell into the hands of the supreme censor—the parent. A mother immediately exposed the villainy of her daughter's teacher a man she intimately advised children to read such controversial books might even read them himself, and so, she argued it wasn't safe for the teacher to communicate such knowledge. It was like the apple on the tree—she used the old proverb—and since she felt that God is supposed to have disapproved the seeking after knowledge for use it might be used in evil (which apparently is like) in the minds of Adam and Eve, she was certain that the proper step for her to take was in the direction of preventing her child to inquire into matters on whose secrecy depended many persons' ease of mind. So she reported the teacher.

Smithers—What happened to him?
"What would happen to him?"

Side Lines

What if the Quakers do know these things—the Lions are more than ever sure that they know their meat—Penn.

The Co-op coaches who cried so loudly after the Bucknell defeat last week are now out in full force railing FOR the team.

Penn might have had a teamful of Rogers, Bert Bell's, McGinley's, Butler's et al but it would have meant naught. Saturday was Penn State's day by official decree of the gods that Penn had some brilliant players, but it meant NAUGHT.

Bridges of size were numerous at the Penn arena. Coming from New Jersey, rooters could cross the bridge of size, listening to the moaning unit of Penn enthusiasts, one could hear the second bridge of sighs. Even that bridge of Cy's needed constant adjustment, but he never lost his head (or tooth). He visited a well-known Philly dentist Saturday night.

"John R. Brown, a student of Penn State, who journeyed here to witness the Penn game, is spending the weekend with his parents"—New Item
"Applesauce" is the unanimous and unanimous cry of hundreds of parents who claim their student children aren't spending any time at home—comparatively.

One local newspaper states that the Penn boys seemed sort of shy in the game Saturday. They were—twenty points shy.

Many might have had a little lamb, but she stoed it away for a Lion before he reached the vicinity of Franklin Field.

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ROOM 106, UNIT B

Philadelphia really looked gloomy the morning after the game. If a blue and white triumph has the same effect on Thanksgiving day, Pittsburghers will have to burn the entire day in the Smoky City.

Scores Against Penn



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