

Penn State Collegian

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Managing Editor This Issue.....L. H. Bell, Jr.
News Editor This Issue.....H. P. Mileham

FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1928

COLLEGE MEN OR COLLEGIATE?

Local movie-goers, and that includes the entire community, will welcome the return of entertainers to the stage of the Cathaum theatre in conjunction with the regular program of cinema. At the same time a fervent hope will arise from the multitude that the few malcontents who were responsible for the discontinuance of the desired entertainment feature last spring will pause to consider the thoughts of others before again proving themselves anything but gentlemen.

When an outbreak, such as the penny tossing episode of last spring, takes place within the Cathaum it is embarrassing to the theatre management, inconsiderate of the feelings of the entertainers (who after all are always doing their best to please), discomfiting to the great majority of the movie-goers, not to say extremely detrimental to the good name of the town and College. A few nincompoops, who might boastfully style themselves collegiate, are making successful efforts to tear down the structure of good-will and hospitality for which this vicinity is famous, and that has taken years for untrusting workers to build up. The reputation and hospitality accorded visitors to this community has gradually established an enviable reputation. That reputation, the result of years of pleasant labors, is a selling point of priceless value whenever Penn State or State College is mentioned. There is no reason why a few should even attempt to unravel the work of many that the unthinking should destroy a tradition!

Elementary psychology reveals that everyone aspires to satisfy that instinct concerning winning the social approval of others. Everyone has at least the desire to earn the title of a gentleman, even though there are some unfortunate souls who fail to succeed. Let all who attempt to shake the present foundation of courtesy and hospitality to visitors be shown, in a polite but firm manner, the extremities of either end of College avenue with explicit information that such a type is not desirable in this community.

A CHECK FOR THIEVERY

Being fully as human, and crowded with even more temptations than exist in larger communities, State College, the part that is Penn State, is experiencing its own private little crime wave. For the petty thievery which has recently developed to rather surprising proportions must be considered crime when one notes the trust—too often broken—that fellow students hold for one another.

Various week-end dances where student revellers gather and discard their valuable wraps with never a protective measure for them—save their faith in mankind—provide fertile fields for the frequent pillagings of low sneak-thieves. Hat after hat, coat after coat, scarf after scarf have disappeared with never a suspect apprehended.

The time has come when preventative measures must be adopted. Governing student groups might stultify the growing brigandage by instituting checking systems comparable to those used at all-College social affairs. Corresponding tickets might be assigned to cloak and owner so that each may leave in happy re-union after the dance. Furthermore, the responsibility for the loss of garments may be def-

initely placed, whereas the present loser finds himself lost for someone to blame.

Finally, such concessions granted to worthy and needy students might prove beneficial if the dance-goer feels inclined to offer an optional or nominal sum to the wardrobe tenders. Might it not be worth a small coin to save the material garments? The entire affair is worthy of careful investigation.
—L. H. B. Jr

MECHANICAL OR INDEPENDENT THOUGHT?

Many college professors have been accused of conducting classes that impart factual information, but fail to stimulate the minds of their students to independent thinking. The professors, and those who have either had no undergraduate days or have entirely forgotten them, answer this traditional charge with the equally true imputation that college students care only to have a pleasant time during their four (or five, or six) year sojourn and to graduate without effort or eum laude and that they might become dangerous radicals or heretics if allowed to think for themselves. Both charges are just. But the fact remains that the normal-minded individual will become actively interested under the guidance of a true scholar while even the most brilliant student cannot become intellectually awake under the tutelage of the average instructor.

If any of the younger generation literateurs were immortalizing on this topic, they would stop at this point and say, "Well, what of it?" Leaving the youthful moderns to search for another situation to describe, one would take up the spear of creative thinking and venture into the dim and misty forests of both imagination and past experience to bag a solution. Unfortunately, no one can "make a law again" it, as was so successfully done with other evils such as wine-bibbing, etc.

The professor, under the present regime, prepares the menu for the educational repast and flavors his dishes with stimulating spices of interest or Mophean fluid as his conscience, or rather his enervated, may dictate. In addition to his duties as cook and caterer, he is held responsible for the presence of his students at each serving. The student has his choice of partaking or seeking refuge in day dreaming or sleep. He has no effective means of indicating an attack of mental indigestion or undernourishment.

To remedy for the situation, the instructor should be relieved of the irksome duty of keeping himself to the attraction of those students into his sessions who came to college with some idea of acquiring an education. Greetings by rows of empty seats would be sufficient proof for any teacher that his pupils were learning nothing under his present method, and might lead him to change it unless he preferred to go forth and attempt to find another position.
—L. M.

The Bullosopher's Chair

Session One

Smithers:—Well, Bullosopher, you old cynic, have you made any New Year's resolutions or hasn't the great New Leaf movement stirred you?

"Yes, yes. I made one and broke it only before I met you. I was making my daily descent from Old Man's top story and nearly landed on my own."

Smithers:—Of course. But the resolution.

"Be patient, I'm coming to it. You see, I resolved to hold my temper and tongue on every occasion. In other words, I swore off swearing. But I had to vent my utter contempt for the glassy Old Man steps when I slipped and almost broke my neck. Something should be—"

Smithers:—You're off again. Man, don't you realize the Administration is planning a complete internal renovation of this building. In a few—

"Hold on. The building program will not be completed before summer of 1929. Until then, what shall we do?"

Smithers:—Well, now, if that's the case, there should be some temporary padding, rubber or whatnot, to prevent slipping.

"Come now, Smithers, be reasonable. Wait until someone breaks a leg, at least."

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Cathaum Theatre Building

GRANDFATHER TIME BEAMS AS MORTALS MAKE RESOLUTIONS

Another year has passed and old, gray-haired Father Time is looking back once more upon an eventful cycle of the seasons; an example of his ever mindful work of which he seems very proud.

Never does he slacken his pace, for at the instant when bells, whistles, firearms and trumpets, wielded by Man's hand proclaim the end of one year and glorify the entrance of another, this old man of the Ages begins a new task.

Most enjoyable of all the periods of his life is New Year's. At this time, when all the human inhabitants of the earth turn out to express, some earnestly and others spasmodically, their appreciation of his excellent work and to bid him God's speed, to guide them on another safe journey around the sun, Father Time is most pleased.

Again he is greatly interested in the effect which this yearly epoch has upon the lives of men. To many it is merely a time for making merry with wine, women and song, while with other more thoughtful ones, it is a period of preparation for great tasks to be accomplished within the next three hundred and sixty-five days.

Even Penn State students have been known to make New Year's resolutions to study hard and pass in all of their work. A glance at conditions several months from now will reveal a decidedly different state of affairs from that which was the intention of these well meaning students.

After such an experience, Grandpa Time when accosted by Diogenes, that great Greek cynic, might calmly turn to him and addressing him in his most astute manner say, "Dioge, old boy, you're on the wrong track."

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FRIDAY—Cathaum—
Lon Chaney, Marceline Day in
"LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT"
Charley Chase Comedy

FRIDAY—Nittany—
John Gilbert, Jeanne Eagels in
"MAN, WOMAN AND SIN"

SATURDAY—Cathaum—
Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel in
"QUALITY STREET"
Fox News and Fable

SATURDAY—Nittany—
"LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT"

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