

Penn State Collegian

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1929.

SINK THE NAVY!

Penn State's fistie troupe will cruise in alien waters this week-end after the boxers exchange fire with Georgetown's forces in Washington, D. C., Friday night, they will hurl their leather-covered munition stock against Navy's hitherto impregnable ring fortress in Annapolis, Md., the following night.

Handicapped by the loss of Stan Kolakoski and Bill Struble, the Lion invaders are determined to smash the service team's unprecedented feat of competing in intercollegiate boxing circles for nine successive years without sustaining a single defeat. Meanwhile the Midshipmen are resolved to keep their record unmarred. Coach Leo Houck, heated by the victories of Epstein and Casoni in the Penn and Temple dual meets, believes that the long-sought triumph over a Navy mut team is within his reach. There is but one hitch in his optimistic prophecy. Confident that one of the two newcomers will register his third win of the season, Houck expects to gain three decisions in the heavyweight divisions, thus returning Penn State the victor by a one-point margin.

With Steve Hamas in the unlimited class, the Nittany mentor thinks his life-long ambition would be frustrated. The court team, however, claims the services of Hamas for its week-end invasion of Syracuse and Colgate. Considered from an impartial viewpoint, a victory over Navy in boxing is more to be desired than triumphs over both Syracuse and Colgate in basketball. There is everything to gain in the one achievement and nothing to gain in the other.

AGAIN—THE STAG AT EVE—

There is evident in fraternity social circles a growing discontent with the unwieldy "stag" lines at week-end dances. The situation has become so acute of late that it is rumored in some quarters that the College intends to suggest a remedy if action is not forthcoming from the official undergraduate bodies in the near future. Dissatisfaction with the existing system of open dances is nothing new, on the contrary, the custom has been criticized intermittently during the past two years. A comparatively small number of fraternities, possessing the courage of their convictions, have attempted, at infrequent intervals, to combat the evil by closing their dances. Lacking official approval, however, the plan failed in its purpose.

Outspoken disapproval of this open abuse of a social privilege by upperclassmen has been totally lacking in official ranks. Instead, the practice has been censured by individuals in their own fraternities. Failing to realize that unity of action is the only way by which to achieve results, these discontented fraternities have been willing to tolerate the "stag" line rather than grapple with the problem.

The situation is coming to a crisis. Fraternities that are tiring of the practice report that conditions have become intolerable. "Stags," they complain, outnumber the dancers; the unaccompanied visitors are unruly, and sometimes ungentlemanly; the custom of "cutting in" has been abused, and, as the last offense, rules have become so lax that sophomores, and occasionally freshmen, visit without having been invited. Avoiding the "stag" line, others lament, destroys what pleasure there is in dancing.

Until an ingenious undergraduate designs a more desirable plan, the fraternities, through their representative bodies, should prohibit attending dances uninvited. This would have the effect, not only of reducing the number of unaccompanied guests but also of eliminating undesirable visitors.

J. H. C., Jr.

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION ONE

"Good morning, Smithers, you look quite disturbed about something. Perhaps your best girl has gone back on you, or—well perhaps you are worrying about the tariff question?"

Smithers: Nothing of the kind, old man, your aim was a little off that time.

"Why wear that undertaker's expression upon your face then if you have nothing worse than girls and tariffs to worry over?"

Smithers: Since you are so persistent I may as well tell you what is the matter. I have been thinking about the success that Penn State athletic teams met with over the week-end, and—

"You certainly have a queer nature, Smithers. The

idea of worrying over your own team's victories seems preposterous!"

Smithers: Just a minute, Bullo, if you let me finish the sentence which you interrupted so unceremoniously I may be able to make myself clear. I am not downcast because Penn State teams have been triumphant; in fact I was overjoyed to see the Nittany Lion varieties become conquerors over such powerful foes.

"Explain yourself then, old top, I seem to be a bit dense this bright morning."

Smithers: To get down to the brass tacks which you are diving at, the cause for my mental disorder occurred Saturday afternoon at the boxing meet in the Recreation Hall. In the 175-pound bout our opponents had a more able representative who, realizing that with score 3 to 2 in favor of Penn State his team's chance for victory lay solely with him, did his best to overcome the Lion rival. Near the close of the second round the visiting boxer backed the already dazed Nittany ringman against the ropes and pummeled him severely, so severely in fact that the referee stopped the bout. Before the official interfered, however, the crowd started to boo the aggressor whom it thought was a bit unban in his tactics. The booing increased to a roar and continued until the next and last bout was announced. Whether such actions were encouraged by the fact that a victory for Penn State in this event would have won the meet then and there or whether the crowd sought this manner in which to protest the seemingly unsportsmanlike conduct of the enemy is a question "Who started the umpus in the first place?"

Smithers: It began in the midst of a small group of students, who are always eager to take up some issue of this kind, and spread like a contagious disease throughout the remainder of the audience. It was such an unusual happening at a home athletic contest that the somewhat bewildered and excited audience joined the smaller group in what might be termed mob action. And there you have my reason for appearing dejected.

"I don't blame you in the least for finding fault with actions of that type, but at the same time I think that the ringleaders in the affair considered only the injustice that was being done to one of their representatives and thought nothing of what the results of their remonstrations would be."

Smithers: There is such a thing as being too patriotic, my friend, for sometimes one's dissection is overruled by his desire for patriotism. I think that is the reason for the loud display of indignation on Saturday. The onlookers were so intent upon seeing Penn State win the meet that they forgot everything else. Had they stopped to consider the fact that this College has always been noted for its fine sportsmanship both at home and away they would no doubt have kept their opinions to themselves. At any rate, it will be far better for them and for Penn State if they confine their judgments to thoughts and not to boos and hisses hereafter.

SESSION TWO

"Are you sick, Smithers?"

Smithers: No. Why do you ask?

"Oh, I don't know. Are you sure the return of cold weather last week didn't catch you unawares?"

Smithers: Nothing like it, nothing like it. However, if you insist, I'll try my best.

"Now, Smithers."

Smithers: But you seem disappointed.

"Have you own way. But I really do believe you are in trouble. Perhaps it is mental?"

Smithers: I assure you, kind friend, that my only trouble those days is lack of sleep. You understand, of course, that initiation does unnerve one. It's probably mental, as you say.

"I understand. You are foolish enough to lose your good sleep over initiation. But you always campaigned against 'Hell Week.' Why the sudden change?"

Smithers: Darn you. You should know that I do and always will oppose this all-night business of terrorizing freshmen. But I'm fighting a losing battle. There isn't another brother in the house who is willing to join me in my anti-paddling crusade. And goodness knows I've tried hard enough to find one.

"I understand perfectly, Smithers. In fact, I studied the problem as searchingly as I could last year."

Smithers: And what was your conclusion?

"I learned, Smithers, that the problem can be solved."

Smithers: That's possible. But how?

"By convincing the freshmen of the foolishness of the practice. You must understand that the time to begin your crusade is now, and the followers you want to win over to your cause are the brothers-to-be."

Smithers: And why, Sage?

"Smithers, you are stupid. Haven't you ever heard pledges voice their disapproval of the practice as they tired of the nonsense, and—"

Smithers: And what?

"And swear vengeance on 'next year's freshmen!'"

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KEELER'S Cathaum Theatre Building

Collegian-a

Saturday was not only a busy but also a fruitful day for representatives of Penn State. The boxers sent their defeated foe back to a Temple of Learning.

Which was appropriate, for more and more Temple is learning that the Lions are hard to beat.

The visiting battlers, being entertained Saturday night, expressed the belief that our co-eds had a good line.

Although they would much rather hear the Temple belles

Whose lines they have a preference for

We noticed a demopne punster among the spectators who summed up the fights in this fashion "The Temple featherweight Cuden touch Epstein although the 125-pounder gave Thies State man an awful Driban. Casom neatly knocked off somebody's Block while Davis' opponent was enough to Kuteher eye. Temple's 175-pounder did Crivan up Brown but wa ask you Houck can a team lose with a coach like Leo?"

We noted too that a certain Philadelphia sports writer spelled Marty's name McAndrews: Which is a subtle way of inferring that he was punch drunk.

The wrestlers won also. So did the basketball team, which had the most fruitful day.

Trimming the Orange of Syncause.

Even the Glee Club chimed in on the winning chorus and won the vocal championship of Pennsylvania for the third time in three years.

But it was no walkaway this year. In fact the harmony was extremely close.

And the score varied throughout.

But the Lion songsters gained a notable victory

With only three frames to go Paul Hagan saved the day by a beautiful one-hand stop at second base. And from there on, the club maintained an even tenor throughout.

In spite of the fact that they rode the full distance to Pittsburgh by bus.

Perhaps their best rendition was the choice song entitled "To Arms," which was sung with feeling

And which proves that there is some good derived from R. O. T. C.

Or houseparty!

Twenty Years Ago

The junior and senior classes held a joint meeting in the Old Chapel last night when the proposed honor system for the upperclassmen was discussed. Three-quarters of the members of these classes have signed the constitution drawn up and the honor system will now be a reality at State.

Every Saturday afternoon as well as on holidays, the entire baseball squad has been given batting practice and valuable infielding work has been carried out in the Armory. The squad has been cut to twenty men, all of whom are thoroughly efficient and understand their duties.

At a meeting of those interested in the formation of a golf club at State College, it was said that the arrangements can be made with the owners of Mitchell farm for the use of the barn and buildings. A nine hole course is to be laid out, tennis courts built and the house or barn fitted for club purposes.

Eight hundred and fifty dollars were subscribed to the "Golf Fund" and it is confidently expected that the amount will reach \$1,000 within a few days. This is such a worthy cause that everyone should be proud to contribute to it even at the cost of a few personal pleasures.

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DR. SUTTON TO ADDRESS CONSERVATION LEADERS

Dr. George M. Sutton, ornithologist in charge of research activities of the State Game Commission, will confer with Dean Ralph L. Watts on the possibilities of cooperative research in game conservation when he visits State College March 7.

Dr. Sutton will address members of the State College Conservation Association on the results of the last deer hunting season. He will speak in room 200 Old Mining building at 8 o'clock on Thursday night.

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Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va. Gentlemen,
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Nittany Theatre
TUESDAY—Cathaum—
Matinee at 2.00
Lew Cady, Aileen Pringle in "BEAU BROADWAY"
TUESDAY—Nittany—
Karl Dane, George K. Arthur in "ALL AT SEA"
WEDNESDAY—
Matinee at 2.00
Marion Nixon, Eddie Quillan in Booth Tarkington's "GERALDINE"
THURSDAY and FRIDAY—
Matinee Thursday at 2:00
William Boyd, Alan Hale in "THE LEATHERNECK"
FRIDAY and SATURDAY—
Matinee Friday at 2:00
Dorothy Mackall, Jack Mulhall in "CHILDREN OF THE RITZ"

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