

Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during the college year by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interests of the College, the students, faculty alumni and friends.

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1928.

FAITH

History failed to repeat itself Saturday when the football team opposed Pennsylvania in the annual traditional fray. Last year, if memory serves us in good stead, Penn State was in a predicament almost identical to that which prevailed this season. Bucknell had scored a surprising victory and a bitter one. This year the Bison triumphed again. Last year, the grim Lion trotted about Franklin Field defiantly but unfeared, until, lo, before the sun set on that historical holiday, he had torn the Quaker to shreds. This season, the Lion was just as grim, just as determined, just as vicious. But it was a wary Quaker that met him, not lightly, as was the previous case, but respectfully, and overpowered him, thwarted him completely in his attempt to repeat the surprising come-back victory of last year. Penn had learned from experience.

There is no questioning the superiority of the winning team. The standard bearers of the Red and Blue presented a swifter and more powerful line offense, a more consistent defense and a second offense which, although not latently more efficient than Penn State's backfield, held an edge in Saturday's game. Inexperience of the newer varsity men might be cited as one of the major reasons for the Lion's defeat.

With all respect, praise and honor due the worthy Quaker victor, the grit, the fight and desperate effort of Bezel's men cannot be overlooked. Fighting a losing battle throughout, Penn State managed to hang on, hoping, always hoping, determined, plugging, making a desperate occasional come-back like a man drunk from too much punching. But it was Penn's day, just as it was Penn State's, last year.

Those who remembered the incidents of last year's Bucknell and Penn games and fully expected a repetition of the 1927 triumph were no doubt among the more keenly disappointed spectators. Those who dared only to hope fervently were perhaps disappointed but not surprised. Those who felt the players' every emotion and admired their courage and desperate effort felt that defeat was just and knew that the setback was valuable experience for the Lions in their ensuing major struggles.

Tonight a student rally will be held in the new gymnasium for purposes of appreciation, encouragement and stimulus. Players may not feel worthy of the reception—but they are. Students may not sense the appropriateness of the gathering, nor may they have the desire to attend it after the second slap. It behooves every appreciative student to attend as proof of his good faith and sportsmanship, for he is among those who must endure poverty in search of prosperity.

MEN WANTED

Today's "Letter Box" column reveals an interesting and unusual story which reads almost like fiction. It is the tale of a sophomore who stood fearlessly alone in reproaching disorderly upperclassmen because they showed public disrespect for the most loved, the most revered, of all Penn State songs, the *Alma Mater*.

When thousands of spectators had arisen and stood hunched to pay musical tribute to Penn State, the unruly, irresponsible villains of the story uttered a blasphemous accompaniment which the protesting youth straightway firmly resented. The remainder of the story the letter will tell.

The sentiment of Dean Warnock is strongly seconded. Penn State should be justly proud of men who honor her name and respect her value at all times. The unknown sophomore is to be admired because of his lone stand and stern sense of duty to the College which is moulding his character and nurturing him through years of young manhood. For youths of his quality, there is more room here—where men like the villainous trio hold places undeservingly.

KNIGHTS OF THE OPEN ROAD

Every age has its romantic figures. The age of quadruped transportation had its dashing adventures on horseback. The memory of this swashbuckling hero has been embalmed for future generations in countless romantic novels. Tales of his hardships, his deeds of daring, still swing both the young and old reader into the seventh heaven of delight.

Our own age is one of iron and steel machines. The open road is no longer a highway for horses. Long, lankish creations of mechanical genius now flash over the smooth surface of concrete highways while the driver reclines comfortably on plush cushions. The scientific attitude seems to have taken the romance out of life. But even now there is one romantic figure on the open road. He is the hitch-hiker. The commercially-minded look upon him as a parasite, traveling upon other people's

pocketbooks. They are typical of the dollar day attitude.

If we examine our hitch-hiker more closely and forget for a moment the call of commercialism, we shall find him otherwise. The greater majority of hitch-hikers are college students, either returning to or from their alma mater, or following their athletic team to some out-of-town contest. College students, as a rule, are perennially in financial straits. Many are working their way through school. Even those who receive an allowance from home are seldom flush with money. All of them feel the urge of youth to travel about and see other sections of the world. Hitch-hiking is their only alternative.

The hitch-hiker starts out upon his journey with much the same spirit as did the knights of King Arthur when embarking upon a new quest. Everything depends upon the turn of fate's wheel of lottery. With luck he may reach his destination by nightfall, but should the fickle gods frown, he will find himself stranded in some deserted region when the blushing sun flops over the horizon. It is this dependence upon chance that lends romance to the hitch-hiker's adventure.

And yet there are always those few scourges of mankind who insist upon spoiling the pleasures of others. In a few rare instances thugs and thieves have assumed the pose of hitch-hikers in order to ply their trade. All such outrages receive the maximum space in newspapers, especially in those of the tabloid and scandal variety whose chief appeal is to eye-minded notions. This publicity is responsible for the growing resentment against knights of the open road. Motor magazines have taken up the cry, but instead of presenting the case in its true light, they have pictured the hitch-hiker as a cheap scoundrel to be rated lower than the canned-heat-consuming bum of the city gutters.

There is agitation for a State law against hitch-hiking. The only logical justification for such a law lies in the dangers from the criminally-minded who usurp the privilege for their own selfish ends. It seems that motorists should be able to tell the difference between college students and thugs. Perhaps they cannot. If, however, anyone can prove that robbery by seeming innocent hitch-hikers has become a positive danger, the State legislators will have sufficient reason for enacting a law. If not, the knights of the open road should be left to the free enjoyment of their privilege.

ARE WE AFRAID OF LITERATURE?

The great American public has a lower literary IQ than that of any other nation. To be more explicit, the inhabitants of this land of prohibition and freedom buy less books per capita than those of any other civilized country. It must be so. Recently compiled statistics prove it.

To what, we ask ourselves, is this popular distaste for the fruits of the pen due? The writer of a recent magazine article lays the lion's share of the blame upon the shoulders of college professors of English and their methods.

If you try to force food down a man's throat, whether he is hungry or not, he will choke and reject the food, however excellent it may be. It is so with literature. Because of colonialism, the English gods of letters receive homage and burnt offerings while our own divinites in the same fields don't even get a prayer. It is just possible that the student might find more local interest in the works of his countrymen. Clinging to tradition, the English departments place the study of poetry on a pinnacle high above the study of prose, drag dead classes from their coffins to dissect for the enlightenment of their classes, and absolutely refuse to countenance anything with the remotest bearing on sin or sex.

Among the red-letter sins of pedagogy are the attempt to reduce the art of literature to a mechanical science with the aid of historical sequences, dates, schools, sources, periods, statistical analyses and whatnot, the childish habit of dissecting a fine piece of literature in order to show the class what it is made of, and the obsession that whatever is obscure and symbolic is a stroke of genius and therefore deserves very careful study.

The sad part of it is that, generally speaking, the student is forced to admit that there is a whole granary of truth in these radical assertions. Perhaps even some of the English professors themselves are forced to agree.

Our New Weekly Shipment of ORLANO NECKWEAR Will be here Every Thursday

Get The Habit WATCH OUR WINDOWS

MONTGOMERY'S

Letter Box

(The Collegian welcomes communications, not longer than 150 words on any subject of campus interest. The editors do not assume any responsibility for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box however.)

For His College's Name

Editor, COLLEGIAN
I have received a letter from a resident of Pittsburgh which seems to speak for itself—both as to the incident related, and the effect upon a visitor to our campus.

"Saturday afternoon," the letter reads, "I was one of a group of men who witnessed the football game between Bucknell and State College. An incident happened during the game which I would like to bring to your attention, particularly because I, with other men around, admitted the spirit and honor of the young man who stood up for his college name."
"Three men, at least two of whom were students, and I think the third also, were drinking. During the third quarter they became very boisterous, and once when the band was playing the 'State' Alma Mater song and everybody was standing, these three fellows became very boisterous and used obscene language."

"A young man, _____ by name, who told me he was a sophomore, inter-consulted with these three men for using obscene language in connection with the Alma Mater song. They turned on him and berated him a good deal for what they said was butting in."

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118 SOUTH GILL STREET

One of them threatened to take him before the Tribunal, if he would give his name. This he offered to do if he could find an upperclassman who had been a witness of the scene and would go with him. But he could find no one who would volunteer. I offered to do what I could, but he said it would cause a good deal of trouble and he thought best to let it drop.

"I am writing to you particularly because many of us admitted the stand that this young sophomore took, and we all think State will always have an honor of place with him, as he thinks State is doing so much for him in his preparation."
A. R. WARNOCK

Freshman Candidates for "Collegian" Meet Tonight
Freshman candidates for the editorial staff of the COLLEGIAN will report at 7 o'clock tonight in Room 137 L. A. New candidates may report at this time.

COLLEGE JEWELRY OF QUALITY AT CRABTREE'S

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Nittany Theatre
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Special Prices: adults 50c, children 25c
TUESDAY—Nittany—
June Collyer, Don Terry in "ME, GANGSTER"
WEDNESDAY—Matinee at 2:00
William Boyd, Alan Hale in "POWER"
Added Stage Attraction: Freddie Martin, Grace Rogers, Gertrude Fisher
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