

# Penn State Collegian

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Managing Editor This Issue..... Quinton E. Beusse  
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TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1929.

### A FADING INSTITUTION

The nation-wide collegiate institution, popularly known everywhere as "Hell Week," is slowly fading into oblivion, according to a report made to Interfraternity Council by a Penn State representative who attended the national conference of the National Student Federation of America in Columbia, Mo., last month. The report was based on an impromptu speech delivered by the University of Missouri dean of men at a meeting for discussion of fraternity problems. Dean of Men Arthur R. Warnock discussed the same subject in an interview printed today.

There is little doubt but that fraternity initiations at Penn State are also in a period of transition, that little by little they are being lessened in severity. "Now when I go through," begins the returned alumnus as he proceeds to fill the ears of a credulous neophyte with tales of almost unbelievable barbarism, tales, however, which one must grant absolute truth. Perhaps the beginning of the decline in paddling and special stunts could be dated some time in 1925. Those fraternity men, therefore, who have had direct contact with the old regime will have passed out of undergraduate life after the June Commencement.

News of fatal accidents occurring during fraternity initiations at other colleges and universities still come to us. At a western college recently, an unthinking group of men conceived the idea of gently surprising a friend by hooking up his bed springs with a high-powered electric circuit. As a result, the victim of the "joke" was electrocuted. Also, in a small college in the western part of Pennsylvania, a blindfolded initiate stepped in front of an automobile, and was instantly killed. Little reason, then, that the Missouri dean of men declared in his talk that fraternity conditions everywhere will become extremely bad if "Hell Week" is not removed from the fraternity calendar.

There is no legitimate excuse for the existence of such an institution even in name. Fraternity initiation should be a noble event. The series of damnable stunts filling "Hell Week" serve only to reduce initiation to the level of grade school antics. The state of mind extant among initiates during the period precludes concentration upon scholastic work. Professors obtain even less response than in normal times. Even upperclassmen are unable to study. They are too busy arranging a program of hell-like existence for the initiates. Many fraternities of the College already have lightened their initiation, others have eliminated the "rough house" part while still others expect to do so within the next year. An age of reason is rapidly enveloping Penn State fraternity men, and it is to be hoped will prove the means of consigning "Hell Week" to its proper place among other ancient customs.

R. P. S.

College students are divided into two classes, according to Knute Rockne, head-football coach at Notre Dame, who declares that there are regular students and "Hollywood" students. The type included in the first group is the real college man who plays football to relieve himself of pent-up spirits while the typical specimen of the second division is the chap who thinks college is conducted as the movies interpret it.

That may be, but Mr. Rockne forgot to mention a third important, or rather unimportant, classification, that which includes students who are unable to differentiate between college and high school.

An "ink famine" threatens the students at the University of Minnesota following the decision of library authorities to provide no more ink for students. "Buy your own ink," is the most recent order of the librarians.

This should provide a bit of inspiration for the brother who owns the only typewriter in the house.

## The Bullosopher's Chair

### SESSION ONE

"Ah, the February Vanity Fair, eh, Smithers? Getting modern in your reading, what? Any striking articles this month?"

Smithers: Well, I have only read the one by Aldous Huxley, entitled "In Praise of Intolerance."

"In Praise of Intolerance?"

Smithers: You heard me. Aldous says that he objected at first to the suppression of "The Well of Loneliness," by a young English authoress, Miss Hall, brought about through scandal sheet publicity in one of the British Sunday papers. Seems that the editor wrote the attack himself and was able to get the backing of the Home Secretary. Just like the faux pas of the Watch & Ward Society of Boston, they made a dull novel exciting and the price per volume trebled.

"Humph! That reminds me—we were assigned one of Dreiser's recent novels, in a contemporary American lit course. When I went to the library to borrow it, I was told that it was considered indecent and accordingly had

been removed from circulation. Fancy that now! When written it was called 'The Novel of the Decade' by a dozen or more critics. It was put on the stage, too, and what is more—although questioned as to theme—passed the New York dramatic censors. The fact is, Smithers, that tragedies like the one with which it deals are known in every hamlet, Zenith and capital of the world. Furthermore, it preaches a better sermon for living a moral life and produces more conclusive proof of the 'Wages of Sin' than a dozen Gentlemen of the Cloth could expound in a year of Sundays."

Smithers: Never mind, Dallosopher, it is a blow struck for liberty, according to Aldous.

### SESSION TWO

"Well, Smithers why so glum? You look as though you had been a participant in a dance marathon."

Smithers: In answer to your question, I attended the Ball Friday night and it might as well have been a marathon. It seems there were fraternity booths in which to rest between the dances.

"These were? They were held on a special map drawn of the gymnasium and they seemed much larger than those in the Armory?"

Smithers: Just a minute. Let me finish my story. These were booths, all well and good as far as they went, but that is another story. Upon arriving at our rented parking space I saw my embarrassment to find myself among "strangers," except a couple back in the corner. These one of the brothers had secreted himself and partner during the latter part of the dance.

"Tish, tish, you are absurd, according to the chart there were almost numberless booths. Don't tell me that you were unsatisfied with the dance. Such a popular orchestra and the new floor to dance on. What more could anyone desire?"

Smithers: These you go again assuming things without knowing. The orchestra was quite good—for concert work. As for volume they did their best, but it was rather unfortunate playing directly into the crowd.

"You are certainly hard to please, but at least you had the pleasure of dancing on the new floor with all its space advantages."

Smithers: Will you let me finish what I was saying? The floor as far as space is concerned was all right but it was never built for dancing any length of time. Do you remember last year I mentioned that I hoped the new floor would not be solid?"

"Yes, but what do you care about how the floor is built?"

Smithers: It is no wonder that you left the Engineering School. Try dancing on a concrete floor for several hours, and then strut your steps on a plain wooden floor. If you feet, and entire body for that matter, are not in better condition when you have finished dancing on the latter you should certainly enter into marathon dancing competition.

"What are you trying to tell me anyway?"

Smithers: That the Recreation Hall with its concrete covered floor, and without the orchestra on a high platform with sound boards overhead, is not the best place in the world to hold a dance, if the participants intend doing any labor the following day.

## Collegiate Definitions

NUMBER 13—WEEK-END

The period extending from early or late Friday afternoon until early or late Sunday afternoon is what is known, in college social circles, as a week-end. Invariably pleasure-seeking youths who are financially able to indulge in this collegiate pastime open the period in good spirits. Until the afternoon of the third day is completed, however, the strength of the indulgent youth is sapped. This strange decline in vivacity accounts for the appellation, "Week-end."

If, as is the case at Penn State, it is difficult to escape from within close proximity of one's alma mater, the carefree youths raise "whoopee" on the campus. For such purposes, these former students import their "babes," or sometimes they rely on a town girl. Merriment reigns and money flows during this so-called week-end. Reduced to intelligible figures, a week-end is of forty-eight hours duration (and twenty-five dollars damnation).

This unwritten law is broken only with the advice and consent of the imported maid. To be explicit, it all depends on whether or not she works in an office, or even worse, in a schoolhouse. The happy couple might consent to prolong the period twenty-four hours if the parties concerned show an unusual interest or even longer if they show signs of a lasting infatuation.



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## Letter Box

"Down With the Tyrants!"

January 18, 1929

To the Editor-in-Chief  
The Collegian  
Dear Sir:

There is plenty of justification for this letter, though it may not measure up to the standards of this gifted College, with its refined administration, and its manner and execution of official problems, whether of interest to it and them or not. They, meaning the College authorities, have a right in dealing in affairs and meting out punishment and penalties for actions of some of the students here, at a time when the College and the authorities have no control or jurisdiction over these same students.

Along this line may I cite the example of the good that overstepped its bounds, broke one of the rules set down by the college, and had the audacity to smoke on a train while enroute to her home during her Christmas holidays. The result was the same had she done the same here on the campus. Are we to understand that the College rules and regulations are in force throughout this whole state, or even that within a few hundred mile radius of State College?

If this is the case, how do they get that way? When vacations are declared, our time is supposedly our own. But no! We must obey the College rules and regulations whenever we happen to be. I suppose that the rules must be obeyed even in the good old summer time. Summer is probably classed as an overgrown Christmas vacation. The College authorities have kidded themselves that they are lord over all; they are the lawmakers and governors for the Penn State student body during their whole four years here at this institution.

Something should be done about this to set them straight and wipe ideas about their authority straight. Who gives them all this power and right? And to think that most people believed that the tyrants died in the Revolutions of Europe! As this is not the case, and as we still taste the power of the tyrants, I say down with the tyrants, and Penn State will thrive more quickly. Such men are a menace, rather than a help to such an institution as we have here at Penn State.

It would give me great pleasure to explain and engage to wider phases of this same matter, but I think that I have clearly expressed my opinion here. I know that it will do no good, but I know that there are quite a few that agree with me along these same lines. Down with the tyrants!

REBEL

### The Great Loss

Editor COLLEGIAN  
Now about that hat—that time-honored headpiece about which one of your bright young men wrote so engagingly in last Friday's issue. You youngsters are young, and you newness, freshness, and stylishness are fundamental. While I am, let us say, aging.

You are in the forenoon of your lives, your sun is in its ascendancy, the mountains are green with the spring and the sap is rising in the trees. But as time takes its inevitable course you will grow older. You will see your sun reach and pass its zenith and, as the years roll by and the moon and stars move on in their silent paces, you will watch that sun westerly to its setting. Then—then much that you know now will fade into formless background.

As you grow older, you will more and more cling to those things to which you have been accustomed—to those things which have made a fond place in your nature—will cling

to them at the sacrifice of convention, style and newness. This old hat of mine had come to be a veritable part of my being—along with my right arm, my left eye and my middle front teeth. To change it would be to change my whole lay-out, my whole approach to life. And things were going along so happily for me that I wanted no change—I feared to monkey with a detail lest it in some subtle way should change the whole picture. So I held onto that hat in order that I might squeeze out of it its last ounce of essence.

It was my hedge of office, too. It incited my whereabout. It constantly rang an alarm for the warning of those who think it the better part of wisdom to scurry away at my approach. It enabled my friends to spot me, even on a dark night. Last Friday night my wife and I expected to go to the Senior Dance. But the car, reliable car—another relic which I had hung onto even in these super-civilized days—refused to function as Mr. D. S. Jordan intended it should. So we were hoofing it over to the dance hall. The night was rainy and I had on this old hat. Neal McAllister Hall, a cat drew up alongside us on the walk, and a voice called out, "Tavi, dean?" It was the voice of service.

A taxi was just what we wanted. As I got into the cab, I asked the driver how he had identified me in the dark. "I recognized that hat," he replied. "That you are—that's the way it goes!"

There is now to be a new hat. It may be this imposing gray chaparral—it may be something else. I've got to experiment. But in any case, the old order has changed—I'm to be different, and I'm to have a different identification mark to which timorous evil-doers will have to accustom themselves. There is the great loss.

A. R. W.

## Twenty Years Ago

The regular Senior Dance was held in McAllister Hall on Friday evening and proved to be a very enjoyable affair. The College orchestra of about twenty-five pieces furnished excellent music of an even tempo and was always called upon for encores. About eighty couples were present and the floor was not over-crowded.

Eight acres at the further end of the new athletic field will be devoted to the student body for use as a playground.

Plans are being considered for the creation of a department of ceramics in the School of Mines and Metallurgy and one of architecture in the School of Engineering.

Scenes from College life was the title of an exhibition given in the auditorium Saturday afternoon under the direction of Mr. Golden. The parallel bar work won much applause as did also the diving and pyramid building. Then there were the different scenes in the Phi Tappa Keg fraternity room.

The famous Ben Greet company of players, which has played with such phenomenal success in all the Colleges and big cities of the country during the past few years has been secured for State College for the afternoon of February 13. At the matinee they will present "The Merchant of Venice" and in the evening "Macbeth."

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## Thoughts of Others

### Initiations

Use of the present-day system of rough-house initiation as practiced by some college fraternities was classified as but an outburst of exuberant temperament at an interfraternity conference held in New York recently.

It was held that all too often the members of fraternities using the rougher tactics permitted themselves to be so swayed by the actual delight they received out of inflicting punishment that the initiation procedure was turned into a scene of Freudian perversity. The emotions of the youths who were handling the pledges was described as too often a series of pleasurable reactions at the torment of the neophytes.

Use of the paddle and other "weapons" on the freshmen is a form of torture that is endured in no other civilized land, it was brought out, and the whole thing smacks of a chapter out of Kraft-Ebbing's book on perversion.

Putting a neophyte through the initiation is considered a test to prove his manhood; a test to see if he is able to survive the combat. The entire system is insane, one speaker held, and of no practical use. It proves that even the so-called cultured college man has not yet learned to control his outbursts.

—Oregon Emerald

### Here It Is Again

The millennium has almost arrived. The manly art of inhaling and exhaling under the good old 'fog' has been practically taken over by the females. No fooling; we mean it. It is expected that our next Constitutional amendment will contain the right of the woman to publicly punish the "coffin nails" without fear of social ostracism. It is rapidly becoming fashionable to smoke cigarettes, because it is so embarrassing to enter a gathering, take out a cigarette, and find that all the women are already puffing benignly.

That the mankind of this generation is rapidly being overtaken by the women in what was formerly called the various manly arts—such as athletics,

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politics and smoking, is lamentable, been trampled upon—all except that pleasant occupation of chewing tobacco.

The great female invasion of men's rights at first caused those same men to jeer; then to wonder, and now to scowle hastily toward some idea or objective for fear that a woman may get there first. Although some of the inequity in women may be illustrated by their voting for the 5-cent-looking man, they do show some political nous. They compete spiritedly in all branches of sport and they smoke cigarettes, as a rule, quite in the sophisticated manner. Women have also added in some degree mannish clothing and a slight acquaintance with pipes.

The fair young co-eds, have not yet taken to cigars, but stranger things have happened. Our friend, Mr. Kipling, said: "A woman is only a woman, but a cigar is a good smoke."

The trouble with that sentiment is that fact that a woman is not only a woman, she is sometimes a man. An earlier exponent of womanly acquisition of manly traits is Amy Lowell, who smoked black cigars.

—Ohio State Green and White



AND  
Nittany Theatre

TUESDAY—Cathauum—  
Matinee at 2:00  
Lon Chaney, William Haines in  
"TELL IT TO THE MARINES"  
Laurel-Hardy Comedy

TUESDAY—Nittany—  
Emil Jennings, Lewis Stone,  
Florence Vidor in  
"THE PATRIOT"

WEDNESDAY—Cathauum—  
Matinee at 2:00  
Ronald Colman, Noah Beery in  
"HEAU GESTE"

THURSDAY—Cathauum—  
Matinee at 2:00  
H. B. Warner, Nils Asther in  
"BORRELL AND SON"

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—  
Nittany—  
Lya de Putti, Warner Oland in  
"THE SCARLET LADY"

FRIDAY—Cathauum—  
Matinee at 2:00  
Dolores Del Rio, Rod La Rocque in  
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