

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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TOO OPEN POLITICS

When the present system of open politics was adopted by Student Council two years ago it was hailed as the long-awaited panacea for election ills.

Ballot box stuffing and other irregularities common on election days have been checked. A much larger vote has been cast by the student body while cliques in an effort to win votes have used some judgment in naming the men to represent them.

Under the sub-rosa system, cliques disbanded following the election. They extended their operations no farther than class and Council elections.

The worst outgrowth of the open system demonstrated this semester has been the action of the freshmen. Although freshman class officers mean little and the election does not take place until second semester, clique have already been organized in the ranks of the class of 1931.

Fortunately, Student Council will have sufficient time before the May elections to conduct a much needed investigation and strike the happy medium between the open and sub-rosa systems.

The poor facilities afforded in the press box on New Beaver field are a constant source of irritation to visiting newspapermen. The College would make no mistake if it were to provide them a glass-enclosed, well-lighted box for the next football season.

IMPROVING INTRA-MURAL SPORTS

The popularity of intra-mural sports when properly encouraged by the athletic authorities has been shown by the whole-hearted participation in the football tournament now in progress.

If the intra-mural plan is to have equal success in all sports, some re-organization must take place in respect to fraternity tournaments. At least three teams representing non-fraternity groups are entered in the football tourney.

Also some simple scoring system should be worked out to determine which group has made the best showing throughout the year. At present there is doubt as to what tournaments are recognized fraternity sports and whether they have bearing on the contest for the Inter-fraternity competition cup.

All these points and several others of equal moment could be cleared up by a committee from Inter-fraternity Council and non-fraternity groups co-operating with athletic authorities to put intra-mural sports on a working basis.

THE CAMPUSEER

—BY HUNSLIP

Houseparty finally ended with a golden Indian summer afternoon and a general dwindling of bark-rolls. The last consignment of glorious girls left our little kingdom of Stettinrich even as we reluctantly settled down to pound out this column.

A morbid curiosity has been gnawing at our vitals as to just what the S. A. E.'s are building in the rear of their hostility. Someone coyly suggests that it may be a cellorette.

Members of the local S. P. C. A. we note with palpitating pulses, and considerable alarm the increasing popularity of horse-back-riding among our co-ed.

The new lights on the campus are a vast improvement over the old drooping dewberry type. All we need now is the boulevard and speaking of boulevards reminds us to ask Froth, our comic contemporary which worked such wonders about the campus in having the Lolly pop situation remedied.

A water bucket has made its bid for a place in Penn State's Hall of Fame. When Coop French tackled Warren Stevens during the Syracuse fracas Saturday, their intermingled bodies inadvertently came in contact with a low, meanly, harmful water bucket as a consequence.

Yutz Diodrich is a big-hearted cuss. Ambling up the campus the other day he saw nothing less than a yelping Pooch Lundberg sitting in the air from a second-story window of NLA.

Seen and Heard About the Campus. Bert Lum in a green riding habit, pecking expertly on a big brown-eyed horse. The little school shows her color harmony. Madame Marie Monica Delaney's eyebrows. Sweet Sue Kist with her slow sweet smile (Yellow journalism). Isn't it about time for the Roschud Club elections—every day we hear of new candidates for the honorable and ancient order?

MAN IS RELIGIOUS DR. KERR DECLARES

Pastor Says 'Jesus Attempted Adding to Belief in God By Uplift of Soul'

"Things Jesus Took for Granted" was the text of Dr. Hugh Thomson Kerr, pastor of the Shady-side Presbyterian church of Pittsburgh and Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, in addressing the house-party chapel audience in Schwab auditorium Sunday morning.

"Jesus never tried to prove the existence of God. Instead, he attempted to add to belief in God," Dr. Kerr declared. "In every way," he added, "there is an uplift of the soul which we call the divine. Mankind is essentially religious."

That Jesus believed humanity is not trustworthy and that his purpose was to redeem human nature rather than to accept it as perfect was the speaker's contention. He argued that communistic communities which have been organized on the theory that human beings can be trusted have failed.

"The biggest problem of life is to secure new men and good hearts that can be trusted. Jesus took for granted the value of human life," the Pittsburgh pastor stated. "Individual value is often forgotten in the great world of today," he added.

That the greatest thing in the world is not the machine, but rather the mind that visions the machine, was Dr. Kerr's contention. He illustrated the point by referring to types of modern machinery.

"It is nothing to die, but it is a terrible thing not to have lived usefully," the speaker concluded.

LIVESTOCK SUPERINTENDENT WILL JUDGE CHICAGO SHOW

Peter C. MacKenzie, livestock superintendent of Penn State, has been selected as one of the judges at the International Livestock exposition to be held at Chicago from November 29 to December 2.

One of the 47 foremost authorities on animal husbandry to be named as an official, Mr. MacKenzie will judge the Cheviot and Dorset sheep classes in the Chicago exposition.

Eleven states and two foreign countries are entered in the contest. Canada with two representatives and Scotland with three men in the event are two of the foreign countries.

Advertisement for Eugene H. Lederer, Real Estate and Notary Public, 121 W. College Ave.

Advertisement for Do Your Christmas Shopping Now at the Presbyterian Bazaar at the Church, Thursday, Nov. 13, 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Advertisement for Outing Club Hike, Sunday, Nov. 16. The Outing Club will hike to the cabin and visit the beaver ponds on Shaver's Creek.

Advertisement for ONCE AGAIN Hometaid Peppermint Patties, 49c Lb. Soft Creamy Centers. The Rexall Store. Robt. J. Miller, Mgr.

Footlights

We went over to the Auditorium Saturday night with that feeling of confidence in Mr. Grant's taste that we have had since we heard "H. M. S. Pinarfore" two years ago. Well, maybe Mr. Grant didn't pick the program. Or maybe he thinks that with the advent of houseparty guests everybody's ear suddenly goes low-brow and he has to fill the evening with a lot of skim milk in order to keep his audience from walking out when he gives us cream.

We like Don Shelley whatever he does, but the lady sitting next to us backed us in the opinion that he played the opening number with more color, rhythm, feeling than we often hear on the organ hereabouts—and it was jazz. Jay Kennedy plays the piano the way we like to listen to it. His accompaniment, correctly modulated and timed, outshone Miss Neaffer's pleasant marimba. Black's heavy-bowed fiddling and Wood's undistinguished singing.

As to the Campus Owls, we are going to become violent pretty soon if somebody doesn't realize that no cam-pus orchestra is of interest except when we're dancing. We suggest that the drummer of the Owls stop intimating that we are savages who are thrilled by the incessant and loud thumping on a big drum, we want to feel it in our toes.

Maybe we are old-fashioned but we like to play a little game of remembering pieces as they are played. The only thing we can remember when the Owl's pianist plays is that he ought to have gotten over playing that way long ago. Mayhap Culp didn't look like Rudy Vallee singing through that megaphone.

To us, Albert Kaplan was good thick cream. He had finish and lasted his tones well after he found out that the audience was pleased with him in spite of him being a freshman. Mrs. Grant at the piano was very sympathetic. When Jay Kennedy and Nevin

Decker played together, the lady beside me, blowing her nose, snorted in jazz time. We laughed at the Boop-a-doop but we always feel silly when we hear anybody at it.

Thrasher pleased with clever amateur sleight-of-hand. He rather exceeded expectations with his patter. The Glee Club with Miss Roderick we liked best. Kudos to M. Grant for the way he plays on that Club. Just before each number starts we can see the mood mirrored in the singers' faces through some magic gesture of the director. Then with one free hand and a baton, he plays his piece with full effects on a stage-full of singers. Miss Roderick pleases our intellect with intelligent singing. We are sore because this last act was saved until last when we were worn down.

We are convinced that before any of these vaudeville shows, the entertainers ought to get together, cut out the bad spots, fit the acts together, and make some sort of an agreement with the stage managers and electricians. This goes for the Thespians, too. It's tiresome sitting through flickering lights, piano moving, and poor entertainment in order to catch the purple patches.

If anyone doesn't like what we think about this, it is his privilege. If he wants to argue, let him come around and we'll meet him at the door clad in our life, mask of George Jean Nathan and a set of foils.

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