

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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THE CAMPUSEER

—BY HIMSELF—

We nominate for posterity the R O T C department's system of final examinations. It appears that the examination consisted of an autopsy of the automatic rifle. The officer in charge held up a bit of mechanism of a rifle before the class whereupon the class was supposed to write down the identity of the said gadget on paper graciously provided by the department for that purpose. When the officer held up the first piece, the entire class shouted as one man "bolt" and proceeded to write down the word on their papers. The same method was followed throughout the examination until the officer held up an intricately designed bit of steel. A dead hush fell upon the class. Finally a still small voice shattered the silence and nervously suggested "muzzle velocity." And so the cursed seat of militarism was planted in the fine young hearts of our youths!

It is reported that the management of the Schnappsammer, the Unusual place, is becoming very much disgusted with Morris Smith, the Phi Ep mental gymnast. Monsieur Smith uses the place only to read the free paper and open his mail.

The peaceful morning quiet of Locust Lane has been sadly ripped to pieces these last few days. First it was the Kappa Sig's venturing band, the most discordant in years. Sunday night the Theta Xi's started their mauling. Tomorrow will be some other earnest group inculcating the principles of fraternal love onto freshman anatomies. For the sake of our standard eight hours' sleep, we plead with our Greek contemporaries who still dote on Hell Week that all house-boasting this practice should assemble their respective delegations on the furthestmost slope of Mt. Nittany. There they could paddle and brand to their hearts' content and even scalp one or two bumptious pledges if the spirit moved. The R O T C department would gladly furnish cannon and ammunition if an interfraternity Hell Week battle were held as the grand finale.

In view of Professor Butts' manifesto in his first class of this semester, we coyly refer to him as the Mussolini of the Economics department. And we'll wager, huh, that the fellow would be perfectly ripping in a black shirt. Eh, what?

Our eyes have it that the red lights are not used so much on the movie screen since we casually remarked about it some time ago. We take this means of presenting our compliments to the Varner Brothers and how are all the little Wayne's.

Seen and Hear About the Campus. A prominent fraternity out Locust Lane was flaunting a pair of enduroy trousers at half mast from its own flag pole. What means this strange symbolism?

Virginia Harnish, complacent shepherdess of the flock at Ivy Inn, bids farewell to her bleating herd. Grace Green's picture graced the graceful pages of a gracious Sunday newspaper some time ago. We can't hear it a much of Grace. . . . Who is the girl in Grange Dorm who put her spectacles under the davenport while she dates her boy friend? . . . Three thousand dollars reward is offered for information concerning the whereabouts of Ralph Radcliffe's fraternity pin. . . . It is rumored that a vigilante committee has unanimously awarded the Probert Chiseling prize to Ralph Hutchinson, ex-football manager, among other things. Reverend Galbraith emphatically announces that he pretexts girls in any other place except his classes. The local Atheism society will spend the week offering up prayers in behalf of the unfortunate females.

CLEVELAND GROUP TO APPEAR HERE

(Continued from first page)

"Romeo and Juliet" A musical symphony filled with all of Shakespeare's strong dramatic touch is found in the orchestral portrayal of the great tragedy.

Following an intermission, Wagner's Paris version of the Bacchante from "Lambhaiser" will be the opening number of the second division in the concert. The symphony group will present as its concluding number the "Rituaia Hungaria" by Dohnanyi. This selection, which consists of five pieces for orchestra, is modern in its composition.

The five sections of the music are: Allegro poco moto, Presto ma non tanto, Allegro garoso, Adagio non troppo, and Molto vivace. Voicing the spirit of the composer's native land, Hungarv, they run the gamut of melody from folk tunes to brisk dances. Tickets for the three remaining Artists' Course numbers will be on sale at reduced prices in the Treasurer's office today and tomorrow. Concerts by the Penn State Glee club assisted by Sylvia Lent, and by Richard Crooks, tenor are the other numbers in the series.

100 SCHOOL REPORTERS ENTER NEWS CONTEST

Journalism Department Competition Opens Monday, Closes May 1

More than one hundred high school correspondents for their local newspapers have entered the reporting contest being conducted by the department of journalism, Prof. Franklin C. Banner, director of the contest announced yesterday.

The contest is sponsored by the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' association which provided four prizes, ranging from \$10 to \$25. Five citations of merit will also be awarded.

Active competition starts February 16 and closes May 1, although entries for the contest close at the end of the week, Professor Banner said. Under the contest rules, the reporter clips his contributions of school news which have been printed in his local newspaper, and which must total at least a column for the ten weeks. These clippings are submitted to the department of journalism through the reporter's local editor and by the Penn State Glee club assisted by Sylvia Lent, and by Richard Crooks, tenor are the other numbers in the series.

PHI SIGMA IOTA MEMBERS WILL HEAR ARNOLD TONIGHT

Dr. Harrison H. Arnold will be the speaker at the regular monthly meeting of Phi Sigma Iota, honorary romance language fraternity, tonight at the home of Prof. Paul R. Blanchet, 228 East Prospect avenue.

"English Men and Books in Spain" will be the topic of Dr. Arnold's address. Dr. Arnold is an associate professor in the romance languages department.

DR. PIERCE'S DAUGHTER DIED AT CLINTON, CONN., FRIDAY

Miss George Humes, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Pierce and graduate of Penn State, died suddenly at Clinton, Conn. Friday. Doctor Pierce, professor of German, and his wife left Saturday to attend the funeral, having been unaware of their daughter's illness until notified of her death by telegram. Mrs. Humes had been a resident of Ottawa, Canada.

CATHAUM

(Note: Special late show Saturday at 9:10 for those wishing to attend after basketball game.)

TUESDAY—Matinee at 1:30 Richard Dix and Star Cast in Edna Ferber's Epic "CIMARRON"

WEDNESDAY—David Manners, Helen Chandler in "DRACULA"

THURSDAY—Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Butterworth in "ILLICIT"

FRIDAY—Greta Garbo, Robt. Montgomery in "INSPIRATION"

SATURDAY—(Late Show at 9:30 tonight) Charles Murray, George Sidney in "COHENS and KELLYS in AFRICA"

The Nittany

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY—Grant Withers, Mary Astor in "OTHER MEN'S WOMEN"
THURSDAY—"DRACULA"
FRIDAY—"ILLICIT"
SATURDAY—"INSPIRATION"

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1931

"GIMME SOME CULTURE!"

Not long ago we came upon a senior mechanical engineer avidly perusing a copy of Edgar Lee Master's "Spoon River Anthology". We were rather astonished at this hobby on the part of the slide rule addict and moved to inquire into the reason for this departure from turbines and combustion engines.

The reply caused our lower jaw to sag in profound amazement. It was—"I'm trying to get a little culture before I graduate." When a student expresses such a determined desire for "culture" there must be something in the wind. We decided to do some research. On returning to the dictionary we learned that culture is "the act of improving or developing by education, discipline, etc." Then, the rash thought struck us that perhaps we had the wrong conception; that Penn State's students are desirous of obtaining some culture in addition to that which they secure in class. This specific case resulted in a desultory consumption of Mr. Master's efforts. We became so enthusiastic over the possibilities hidden away in this potentous promise that we sought to discover what immediate opportunities for this aforesaid cultural culture presented themselves.

We found that there will be three such opportunities to digest something outside of the classroom diet within the next forty-eight hours. The first is the initial Liberal Arts lecture tonight. The speaker, Mr. Thompson, director of the College bands and orchestra, will discuss the formation of a symphony orchestra.

It's a long way from the dairy barns, engineering shops and the Liberal Arts buildings to a symphony orchestra, but—the lecture presents a golden opportunity to improve one's knowledge. That's opportunity number one. Close upon the heels of Mr. Thompson's efforts will come the Cleveland Symphony orchestra under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff. No hall-hoo is needed to introduce this organization. Yet we wonder whether an incessant craving for "culture" among the students will fill the Auditorium. That's number two.

The third "event" which we place on this cultural calendar is the release of the second issue of the Old Main Bell. For several years the literary magazine has limped along, barely achieving publication once or twice. This year it has come to life. Its typography and make-up are attractive, its contents surprisingly interesting. We do have some students and faculty members who can write entertainingly. But, with the exception of freshmen who use it in class, not many students will read this publication.

Thus, within two days, three happenings of a cultural nature will timidly take place on our campus. They will not be frightened away by too much attention. We hope that the mechanical engineer and all other students "trying to get a little culture before they graduate" will notice this phenomena. We're not too optimistic, however.

OF NO ACCOUNT

This editorial has no purpose.

It has no inclination to lead anyone anywhere. It has pledged itself to keep in leash the "hounds of public opinion." Perhaps it isn't an editorial at all. If you are anxious to begin a bridge game or tackle any other absorbing undergraduate problem, don't waste your time on this. It's what we choose to call a "wondering" editorial.

We wonder, for instance, if the argument will ever be settled about the Buildings vs. the Professors. Or what's the use of extra honor points. We wonder—but aren't worrying much—about how they pick the co-ed colonels for the Military Ball. We wonder if sign boards will ever grace our campus again or if the Old Main bell will ring once more before classes. We wonder why students come to summer school and why our best freshmen flunked out.

We wonder why we scheduled this course or how they choose the bands for the big dances. We wonder if the campus political brew has begun to boil, if we will ever have a swimming pool, and what's a better cure for insomnia than fraternity meetings. We wonder if the depression is really so serious and if it's hard for a brand new college graduate to get a job selling apples on street corners.

In fact, we could fill the latter half of this column just wondering about things and still not get anywhere. In fact, we've done it.