

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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NOT IN BOOKS

Sometimes it happens, though not often, that two such well-known persons as Edwin Markham and Mrs. Sanger lecture in this locality during a single week. Also it happens, and this is more often, that from two to five bluebooks occur during the same week.

If the student goes to hear both these lecturers, he doesn't give his bluebooks the proper amount of attention. If he gives his bluebooks all his attention, he has the vague feeling that he is missing something he ought not to miss.

It is rare in this secluded mountain village that the student has opportunity to do more than to read about his subjects. He has plenty of time to read about his sociology and his American literature, but his chances of seeing and hearing the persons who are forming the modern sociology and who are making American literature are unusually rare.

Now if the student is genuinely interested in learning, as he sometimes admits himself to be, he will probably find that the two lectures offered this week will be immeasurably more vivid bits of knowledge and stimulation than his text books. This, of course, is not because the lecture material will necessarily be arranged in a more scholarly fashion, but because there are vital personalities tied to this material to make it live.

Expediency may try to dictate that the student keep himself handcuffed to the texts during the week, but intelligent judgment dictates that he shall avail himself of something more rare and living.

By the very nature of her crusade, Mrs. Sanger is hindered at every turn by the prejudices and ingrained superstition of reactionaries. She will probably not be greatly disturbed by the fact that there are persons hereabouts who object to her tenets. However, the students are disturbed to learn that there are persons on the campus who have protested against allowing students to hear and weigh her presentation.

READING PAST INTO PRESENT

It is true that recent years have witnessed a change in undergraduate attitude. Whether this change has been an improvement few persons are able to judge. The graduate of twenty or thirty years ago can justifiably shed tears over the difference that time has wrought.

What is the change that has come over the student body of this generation? No longer does the old grad see the mass cheering and enthusiasm of his college days. "College spirit is gone," he says. The student has become conservative in his outward actions. He has trained his nervous system so that his enthusiasm does not come out in cheering and in yelling.

But is this apparent lack of physical spirit a true indication that the student body of today does not have the interests of the team at heart? The teams of today are as much the topic for student interest and discussion as those of the past. They are followed in all stages of hope, despair, disappointment, and success.

OLD MANIA

Between election bets and 13-to-12 football games we've just about reached the state of being convinced that this Maniac business is far too realistic to be funny. Ah well, even Sadie (Joan Crawford) Thompson got a break in the end so we've decided to bear up and give you what's coming to you-aw!

We've become firmly convinced that there's only one medium of expression for us and that's verse and as we're a past master at it here goes and don't look for commas or punctuation or capitals on account of that's passe in this type of art anyhow. . . . how do you like this. . . . something there is that doesn't like us all it sits silently on little cat feet like spike collins and watches the kappa that only god. . . . yes we think betty bryce is ok isnt she and it was plenty cold riding the rumble back from the game. . . . it really takes a master to write this on the road that comes up like thunder. . . . whod turn down an empty glass. . . . hot diggity dawg for east is east and thats why we cremated dan oshea can you sea. . . . again for the call of the gypsie life is like the ymca only moreso and wed like to see some beaded bubbles winking at the brim but keats will be keats you know. . . . and the eve of st agnes was not spoken of the sole coed who stayed in town over the week end. . . . yes it sure is great to be an intellectual genius who can write really modernistic stuff even if its stuff on the rest of you lugs fins and may there be no moaning of the czars to be or not to be. . . . at least this isnt vice versa.

Well we certainly feel better now that we've worked a bit of that Philadelphia frenzy out of our soul. By the way of course you've heard that the boys who stayed behind had a football game at the junction of College and Allen, Friday night, and that two familiar gentlemen, Maynard (vice-editor) Wood and his pal Crew (Croohe, Crue, & a la N. Y. Times) were right in the pink of it, bah jove!

Three jolly Kappa Sigma knaves, Meredith, Rite-nour, and an unmentionable, journeyed to Tyrone the other evening. Alighting from their chariot, what should they see but a Pop-Corn Shop containing a lovely gal, and a flower shoppe next door. Temptation was too much for Rit, so the lad bought a knuckle pogy and presented it with a long-winded harangue and his compliments. Heigh ho! The life of a rover. . . .

Laatu's company three's a crowd, and that brings to mind a Penn State romance that surely is worthy of mention. Couples meet and part again, but this pair, like bridge, go on forever. All's Caum with Eddie folks, let's give this combination a great big hand. . . . C'mon. . . . who knows who may be next? No we don't mean Leo Houck. . . . but we could make our old pal Mahatma tear his hair. . . .

Chuck Landis and Bill Lenker went riding recently in an automobile. They were cleverly disguised in Blue Key hats, and while speeding merrily along, what should they spy but a collection of pottery and such for sale along the road. Being, naturally honest, the boys didn't swipe anything but a couple of beer mugs for their sentimental value alone, you understand. But what we're interested in is what was the duet doing all by their little selves in an automobile?

Pearls: No Johnny Keech didn't connect with a train. . . . it was touch football. . . . the lads who stayed behind to study, had a hard time getting dates as most of the ladies went the way of all fans. . . . we've just got to mention this Isabel person that bothers Bottorf's sax player. . . .

THE MANIAC

The Letter Box

To the Editor: Dear Sir,

I was amazed and disheartened as I watched the Sewanee game a week ago at the apparent lack of interest and appreciation of the Penn State team on the part of the student body. The exhibition of interest that the students displayed at that game makes me feel that Penn State students have absolutely no college spirit.

I am a graduate of Penn State, of the class of 1910, and can truthfully say that the attitude of the students toward their teams has undergone a great change since my last visit here in 1912, a change, to my mind, for the worse. During my college days, we had a student body of only five or six hundred, yet these five or six hundred students had more pep and made more noise in one minute at a football game than the present undergraduates did in the entire Sewanee game.

You have a team to be proud of this year. While they haven't won a great many games, yet the boys on the team are out there doing their best, working their hardest simply for the glory of Penn State. No matter what its record, the team is at least deserving of the whole-hearted support of the student body, and it is inexcusable that it isn't getting it.

I consider the 1932 team all the more remarkable when I realize that the squad from which it is selected doesn't have a real training table nor do the players live together, two things which I believe necessary to maintain a real spirit of team play and cooperation. I played fullback on the Penn State teams of 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909 and our squad lived together and ate together in the Old Track House.

Although we lived together, the athletes were not, as many contend, an isolated group, entirely apart from the general student body. Every athlete knew nearly every student by name and every student knew each athlete.

At that time we were subsidized by the college to the extent that we received our room and board, which amounted in those days from 150 to 200 dollars. No scholarship man considered asking for more than this, and every one accepted the aid in order to

Speaking Of Books

"Voltaire," by Andre Maurois

No new facts about the celebrated French cynic and philosopher, but rather the more important parts of his life story in a new and unusually interesting presentation. Mr. Maurois is probably the most popular current French author among American readers.

"Sons," by Pearl S. Buck

The character and scenes which made "The Good Earth" so widely read reappear in this continuation which traces the descendants of Wang as they gradually return to the soil.

"The Gods Arrive," by Edith Wharton. Miss Wharton is writing a trilogy devoted to the life of an artist and his inspiration, of which this is the second volume. During the course of the story she makes full use of her opportunity to satirize modern society with her usual skill and while this does not measure up to "The House of Mirth," it is well done.

"Geography," by William Van Loon

As Mr. Van Loon made history live by his simple illustrations and allusions in "The Story of Mankind," so the new volume pictures rivers and mountains, empires and republics—the whole epic story of our world in a form which is both novel and unforgettable.

secure an education. Athletics were secondary to education in our minds, a statement which is proved by a survey of that group today which reveals that every athlete has made good in the line of work he studied in college.

I have visited nearly every large college and university in the west during the past twenty years and this is the first institution at which I have found absolutely no college spirit. Penn State has innumerable traditions worth preserving, why let them die out together with your college spirit?

Respectfully, C. H. HIRSHMAN '10

ROHRBECK RECEIVES HONOR

Prof. Edwin H. Rohrbek, director of publicity for the School of Agriculture, was elected vice-president of the American Association of Agricultural College Editors at a recent meeting. Professor Rohrbek formerly held a position on the executive committee of the association.

DEAN ATTENDS CONVENTION

Dean of Women Charlotte E. Ray, and Miss Mary E. Burkholder, assistant to the dean, attended a convention of the Association of Deans in Harrisburg Friday and Saturday.

CATHAUM

(Matinee Daily at 1:30 O'clock. Evening Opening at 6:30 Complete Late Program After 9:00 p. m.)

TUESDAY—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow in "RED DUST"

WEDNESDAY—Clive Brook, Ernest Torrence in "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

THURSDAY—Will Rogers, Dick Powell in "TOO BUSY TO WORK"

FRIDAY—Robt. Montgomery, Tallulah Bankhead in "FAITHLESS"

SATURDAY—Victor McLaglen in "RACKETY RAX" Special Added Attraction Penn State Football Victories Of the Past Action Pictures of Games with Navy, Notre Dame and Other Teams

NITTANY

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY—Bela Lugosi in "WHITE ZOMBIE"

THURSDAY—"SHERLOCK HOLMES"

FRIDAY—"TOO BUSY TO WORK"

SATURDAY—"FAITHLESS"

Between Classes The Corner unusual

Ladies' Scarfs WOOLEN AND SILK 50c and \$1 EGOLF'S Special Two Boxes Kotex and One Box 25c Kleenex 59c

"Nature in the Raw" is seldom MILD THE SEA WOLF "Nature in the Raw"—as portrayed by the noted artist, N. C. Wyeth. . . . inspired by the infamous Captain Kidd's fierce raids on the gold-laden Spanish galleons (1696), which made him the scourge of the Spanish Main. "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—and raw tobaccos have no place in cigarettes.

For Results ADVERTISE With The COLLEGIAN OUR CLASSIFIED ADS Are also Go-Getters

No raw tobaccos in Luckies —that's why they're so mild WE buy the finest, the very finest tobaccos in all the world—but that does not explain why folks everywhere regard Lucky Strike as the mildest cigarette. The fact is, we never overlook the truth that "Nature in the Raw is Seldom Mild"—so these fine tobaccos, after proper aging and mellowing, are then given the benefit of that Lucky Strike purifying process, described by the words—"It's toasted". That's why, folks in every city, town and hamlet say that Luckies are such mild cigarettes. "It's toasted" That package of mild Luckies