

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

Published semi-weekly during the College year, except on holidays, by students of The Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of the College, the students, faculty, alumni, and friends.

THE MANAGING BOARD
Editor: CHARLES A. MYERS '34
Managing Editor: GEORGE A. SCOTT '34
Assistant Editor: WILLIAM M. STEGEMIER '34
Sports Editor: JAMES M. SHEEN '34
Women's Editor: RUTH M. HARMON '34
Business Manager: FREDERICK I. TAYLOR '34
Circulation Manager: HAROLD J. BATSCHI '34
Local Advertising Manager: H. EDGAR FURMAN '34
Foreign Advertising Manager: JOHN C. IRWIN '34
Classified Advertising Manager: FRANCIS WACKER '34
Women's Managing Editor: MAR P. KAPLAN '34
Women's News Editor: EVA M. Blichfeldt '34

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
James B. Dently Jr. '35 John A. Brutsman '35 Phillip W. Fair Jr. '35
A. Conrad Haiges '35 Kenneth C. Hoffman '35 Burton Rowles Jr. '35
James B. Watson Jr. '35 Fred W. Wright '35

ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGERS
Harry J. Knoff '35 B. Kenneth Lyons '35 Jack A. Martin '35
John J. Mathews '35 George A. Rutledge '35 Earl G. Keyser Jr. '35

WOMEN'S ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Marela B. Daniel '35 Elsie M. Douthett '35 Margaret W. Kinslow '35

Associated Collegiate Press
1933 (National) (1934)

Editorial Office, 313 Old Main... Telephone 500
Business Office, Nittany Printing Bldg... Telephone 292-W
Managing Editor This Issue... A. Conrad Haiges '35
News Editor This Issue... Kenneth C. Hoffman '35

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1934

STRICT UPHOLDERS OF the academic standards of this institution may deplore the probationary plan used in the School of Liberal Arts by which freshmen may remain in school even though they flunk fifty percent of their credits. It is true that this is a distinct lowering of the former standards. But since the plan was begun three years ago, the number of freshmen that has been reclaimed from the ranks of flunk-outs justifies its continuance. That the real purpose of the plan is not to be lenient with poor students is evident from Dean Stoddart's statement that if economic conditions were better the plan would be dropped. But even during improving times like these, jobs are not so plentiful that a student who fails in college can find employment elsewhere. Keeping the low-standing students in an educational atmosphere is therefore preferable to throwing them on the street.

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS that three more sophomores have been added to the Soph Hop committee. The object of this move no doubt is to interest these worthy fellows in student government. By 1940 we expect to see a dance committee of some fifty or sixty members, all of whom will get their four complimentary tickets for their intense interest in student governmental problems.

FOR THE STUDENT TO DECIDE

Foreign news correspondents and political observers do not deny there is a great possibility of war breaking in Europe or Asia before the end of the coming summer. Hitler, with his eyes on Austria; Mussolini, determined to keep Austria independent with the support of France and England; Russia, mobilizing troops on the eastern frontier; and Japan, still aggressive. Such conditions and mental attitudes, with the people of all countries being deluged with propaganda, do not reassure those concerned in the future welfare of the world.

A small group of students is interested in the probable events of the next five years. Within that time, much of a constructive nature could be done. Within that time, the nations of the world could be clawing at each other's throats, with the absolute end of civilization not far away. All of us who are now in college will be vitally affected; it is we who will be sent as cannon-fodder.

Undergraduate opinion on the subject of the next war is curiously divided. Members of one group, comparatively small, rave frantically and foam at the mouth when the word is mentioned, declaring that under no circumstances would they bear arms. Others consider it calmly, admitting that wars are useless and futile, asserting they would not fight, but remaining vaguely confused and troubled. Most of the undergraduates, however, if they have given thought to the subject, regard the possibility of war with complacency, content to dismiss the question until the emergency arrives, if ever.

Although it is undisputedly an attempt to increase circulation, the collection of war photos now being run as a daily feature of many newspapers is continuing the process of the de-glorification of war that started some years ago. Such an education must be continued for those of us who were too young to understand or condemn at the time. Our only fear is that such indoctrination will take too long and thus lose its effectiveness.

It is easy enough to assert that one will never bear arms when the nation is at peace, but what will one do when the war spirit surges high? A brass band playing a stirring march, the sight of brown uniforms on the street, a pretty girl urging one not to be a slacker in his country's hour of need, make it difficult to retain a proper perspective. Newspapers, gagged by sedition and libel laws during a war period, have no choice but to carry government-censored dispatches. It is impossible to decide logically which course to take, and any public discussion of the matter is forbidden.

Students should endeavor to decide and strengthen their position in regard to their decision before a possible emergency arrives. Will the student again give his blood to wash alien religious and racial hatreds clothed in the spirit of democracy and freedom, or will he mentally resolve to refuse absolutely to take up arms, except to repel an actual invasion?

-P. W. F.

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

DRAMA

THE SCENE: Rec Hall at the late lamented registration.

THE CHARACTERS: Two co-eds.
FIRST CO-ED: "Come on, don't be foolish, I know there's one in here!"

SECOND CO-ED: "Oh, no, you can't go in there."

FIRST CO-ED: "But I know there's one in here."

SECOND CO-ED: "But that's the men's locker room."

FIRST CO-ED: "Yes, I know, but there won't be anyone in here now. Come on, there's one in here." (Pushes open door of men's locker room. Stares, and retreats hurriedly.) "Oh-ooo! Pardon me!" (Curtain)

SUMMER SESSION SALLIES

There is a vice on this campus, a vice that has its roots down deep in the very midst of administrative activities. It's over in the office of the School of Education. That School has just issued its Summer Session catalogue, a small pamphlet of twelve pages which should certainly be censored, if not suppressed entirely. The Old Main Bell has nothing on Dean Chambers and his crew when it comes to luring on the innocent sucker with sex, women, and song.

From cover to cover the pamphlet has only one message: the sensual pleasures to be derived from attending a Penn State Summer Session. It reeks of drawings which portray falsely, but vividly, the dancing, the song, the merriment, the fun, the secluded trysting spots, and the cool, shady hide-aways which accompany each and every Summer Session matriculation card.

We could have forgiven the enticing line cuts, but just as we were about to lay the magazine aside we came across the following passage which sounds as though it may have come from Palmer C. Weaver's very own pen: "The town of State College, the seat of the Pennsylvania State College, is situated on a high plateau, surrounded by the Bald Eagle, Tussey, and Nittany mountain ranges. It is in a physical environment of rare beauty, in the heart of magnificent mountains, far from the summer heat and the distractions of the more populous sections."

Well, we've been to Summer School and we deny every bit of it. What's more, we imagine that Burgess Leitzell would resent his own little village being called the "seat" of the Pennsylvania State College. After all, the very noble Educators might have chosen some more respectable part of the anatomy in which to locate the College. As for the dance, song, and merriment, well, maybe Dean Chambers and Palmy Weaver are privileged to enjoy such a round of pleasures during the summer here but certainly we didn't There were 8 o'clock classes bothering us the entire six weeks. Of course, if you want to, you can still be a sucker. We just thought we'd warn you about all these things.

FOR CWENS ONLY

If you're a philologist of sorts you'll probably be interested in a recent footnote that appeared in last week's Time. It's under the review of the new play "Theodora, the Queen." Quote: "Queen, Anglo-Saxon from cweene, a low woman."

OH-OOO, YOU'RE SUCH A CAVE MAN

It all happened after the wrestling meet with W. & J. We were seated on those horribly hard Rec Hall bleachers intently watching the Colgate basketball game. Jack Fletcher was just about to shoot a foul, and Penn State heeded the point. The crowd sat in a hushed silence. No one bothered to drop a pin, for if they had, we're sure we would have heard it. Then right behind us we heard a small, feminine voice:

"Aw, gee, don't squeeze so hard, do you think I'm a wrestler?"

Right. It was Edythe Rutter and King Cole holding hands. Incidentally, Fletcher made the foul.

LETTER BOX

Dear Sur-Camp:
What this college needs is a bigger and better telephone exchange! Or at least—one that stays awake nights without an alarm clock. Don't you think so?

Grace-a-llen (an-on-ni-bus)
(Or a Grounds and Buildings Department that stays awake without the natural advantages of a bigger and better appropriation.)

To the Campuseer:
Rosalie Joseph has fallen into the bad habit of leaning out at Window No. 308, Grange, and whistling at Chevrolet sedans. - Regards, The Chevrolet.

(Don't worry about Miss Joseph. However, if she should start whistling at Austins, you'd better notify Doc Ritenour.)

Dear Campy:
Since you use things like *Toujours La Vie* in your column, maybe you can see the sharp French point in this COLLEGIAN quote: "The lead in 'Red Head' is portrayed by Poll de Carotte, premier French actor." Loyal Son-in-law.

(Yea, we get it, but we had to read it three times before it clicked. After all, we took French under Dave Mason.)

FLASHES: Connie Glace tried to crash the I. F. C. meeting last night... Jane Town left the village... and Kusckie came back...

'Collegian' Letter Box

To the Editor:
Since the English composition department withdrew support from the Old Main Bell, the editors and those connected with the magazine have been saddened our air with wailing and weeping over the sad, sad end they see approaching. The corpses left in the Bell office by former editors have been turning over like whirling dervishes at the pacing by midnight, exorcism - and entreaties of the staff. O, What of Art in State College? Who'll save the Bell?

We have no argument with their property assertion that such a Student Literary and Opinion Magazine is a necessity on this campus. With trembling fingers they accuse the hick majority of impeding the cause of Literature. They only make an unconscious admission of their own inadequacies when they put the onus for a slipping circulation on the phlegmatic rustic collegian.

The intelligent minority is strong enough to support the magazine in the manner to which it has been accustomed. But, the Bell is reputed to be more significant, falling to interest this group. Why? Their widely criticized sensational poster campaign is of no importance—it was merely a schoolboy prank. The unavoidable fact remains that the Bell is dull.

They have attempted to allay this ensoulment, with some flashy features, such as the Nudism article and with what they fondly believed was a rousing expose of Hugo Bezdek. Now, Herr Bezdek is a highly vulnerable target for an under-graduate Mencken, but he cannot be knocked

Save and deposit regularly in an account at this bank. You will find our service 100% satisfactory...

The First National Bank of State College

State College, Pa.
John T. McCormick, President
David F. Kapp, Cashier

BE SEEN' YA' at STUDENT LOAN FUND DANCE

Friday, February 23
RECREATION HALL
BILL BOTTORF CAMBUS OWLS
Dancing Admission
9:00 to 12:00 \$1.00 Per Couple

JOHN R. BENNETT '37 WINS LOCAL GUESSING CONTEST

Winners in the contest sponsored by local business-men, in which entrants were required to guess the number of times Jack Fletcher handled the ball in the second half of the Colgate game, were announced this morning. Since no one came within five points of the actual score, a first prize was not awarded. Second prize went to John R. Bennett '37. The three winners of the third prize were Elizabeth A. Lewis '34, Delbert A. Davis '35, and Anna Mary Soisson '36, while Leonard W. Bauer '35 was awarded fourth prize and William H. Schmaus '35, fifth.

ARROW SHIRTS
THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST SHIRT VALUE
featured at FROMM'S
114 E. College Avenue



"Shee—I tol' you Arrow Shirts wouldn't shrink."

"In Vino Veritas"—Arrow shirts will not shrink—because they are Sanforized. They keep that precise fit, that swagger styling, which is every ARROW'S birthright. Stop by at your local Arrow dealer today and look over the new Arrow line. Priced from \$1.95.

ARROW SHIRTS

SANFORIZED SHRUNK
A new shirt if one ever shrinks.



The one and only JIMMY DURANTE, star of MGM's forthcoming musical picture, "Hollywood Party"

"A dame ups to me the other day and asks me what cigarette I like best. I don't say nothing... but I reaches into the secret pocket of my weskit, and before you could say 'Lollapalooza,' I flashes an OLD GOLD under her dainty schnozzle.

"No touchin' up. That's why they smoke so smooth; in fact, they're Old Smoothies! I oughta know, 'cause my schnozzle is an old-time inhaler-inner!"

"Take a sniff," I says to her, 'and you'll know there ain't no artificial flavoring in OLD GOLD. That O. G. tobacco don't need

No better tobacco grows than is used in OLD GOLDS. And they are PURE. (No artificial flavoring)

AMERICA'S Smoothest CIGARETTE