

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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ANTI-CHEAP GLASS

An editorial in the last issue reviewed the war situation which confronts the college student today. The tone of the editorial was undoubtedly pacifistic, and as such received the stigma which goes with the word. In the minds of a great many people, including students, a pacifist is a weak-willed creature, a slacker who has no love for his country, and a puppet who is acting under the directions of some socialist or communist group.

But the pacifist in college need be none of these. Like the militarist or neutral, he may contend that common sense alone determines his stand. Unlike them, however, he questions his obligation to support or participate in anything which he regards as wholly useless and wasteful. He is strengthened in this conviction by what has gone before him.

If he gives any thought to the subject, the student cannot disregard the 1917 picture. Those fifty thousand American young men who lost their lives in the war, why did they fight? For adventure? For death in the trenches. For ideals? Yes, for ideals which are now as dead as those who died at Chateau-Thierry. Democracy... liberty... a war to end war... to keep the country's honor bright... We smile at these things now. We doubt whether they were worth the cost. But those young men in 1917 really believed them. For whom did they fight? For the munitions makers who could not maintain neutrality. For bankers who had investments in Allied nations to safeguard. For politicians who burst into lathers of oratory about serving the country, while they thought of the next election. For speakers who inveighed against atrocities, inflated several times. For majors and admirals who itched to show their stuff. For these—they died in vain.

General Smalley D. Butler said recently, "I'm a peace-loving Quaker, but when war breaks out every damn man in my family goes. If we're ready, nobody will tackle us." Although he is the arch-type, General Bluster is an example of those who believe that war methods prevent war, but who cannot see the contradiction in their attitude. Prepare for war so as to have eternal peace, but the moment war seems near, sail right in with all you've got. This attitude, history shows, produces a similar reaction in every other nation and is one of the factors which finally brings war.

CONFORMITY TO STANDARDS

In attempting to justify the existence of the fraternity system, fraternity leaders have quite naturally assumed that a high scholastic rating and proper management of chapter finances provide the best defense against criticism. Both objectives are important and should be a part of the foundation of every fraternity. But scholarship and finances should not be the only considerations of a fraternity. Present day criticism is prompted by the more apparent evils which have crept into America's fraternity system.

The struggle to survive the current economic depression has caused many fraternities to become lax in selecting their men. They pride themselves on having a versatile group—one which is capable of absorbing any type of individual with equal success. Rushing season seems to have undergone a definite degeneration until it now resembles a lottery. Instead of conforming to set standards of selection and choosing individuals who appear to be most capable of fitting into the social group with comparative ease, the Greek-letter societies are willing to 'take a chance' on anyone whose personality is not particularly repulsive, provided that he is financially able to join a fraternity. They trust to the law of averages to provide enough pledges to carry the house through the year.

This situation is not peculiar to Penn State, but it is more noticeable here because of the large number of fraternities in comparison to the student enrollment.

OLD MANIA

We've been watching with considerable interest the amazing swath that a Mac Hall dumb sel has been cutting in the ranks of our noblest co-ed slayers. This young lady has been changing hands with the rapidity of Mae West at a Beta Houseparty. All of which is none of our business. But when the dazed and shattered victims start handing us specimens such as the following—it's time that measures were taken to stop the slaughter. Consider.

4 HIGHBALLS, 2 SOURS, 3 STRAIGHT, 6 BEERS, AND AN ODE TO A FAYRE LADIE

Ah, Connie Glace, Sweet Connie Glace, Prithee wouldst thou go someplace...? No? Bonnie Connie, How fanny!

How fanny, Bonnie Connie, No? Prithee wouldst thou place someplace...? Gwee Connie Glace, Ah, Connie Glace?

No? How Connie! Fanny Bonnie. Prithee wouldst thou place someplace...? Ah, Connie Glace, Gwee Connie?

Ah, Glomie Cace, Sweet, Bonnie Connie. Prithee Glace wouldst thou go place...? Fow Honny, Nonnie, Co?

(Black Out)—Curtain.

The gal's a menace. Something would be done.

We take back everything we ever said against the College. It's a great place and it really looks after its students. Look at the way it ignores the lovely slippery slides that grace our sidewalks after every snowfall. Any ordinary mean old college would put ashes on them and spoil our fun. But not our good old College. We have so damn much fun sliding down from Main Engineering to the Corner!

Then there's the puzzled lad who came up and told us about dating a very shy Chi Omega recently. During the course of the evening he accidentally touched her knee, whereupon she indignantly berated him thusly:

"I'll give you just twenty minutes to take your hand off my knee!" He was so baffled he grabbed his hat and coat and left.

Ecstasy

Dunaway and Hesse back for the week-end... and Shoemaker and Kuske... Tanner called Grange dorm 'other day and the greeting he received was, "Cowbarns!"... the brand new Burgess accusing one of the more prominent managers-elect and gal friend of being ooh very fried when said couple had downed two glasses of beer... wanted to jail 'em... the nahhsty mayin'... and the name of the next Thespian show is going to be good news to a lot of people.

Professor Willard Waller, the folkways and mores man, announced the other day that he would really enjoy bicycling to and from class but for the fact that the wicked COLLEGIAN Columnists would take him for rides which he wouldn't enjoy so much. With your eye for the interesting you should become a columnist, Mr. Waller. Columnists can ride both people and bicycles, which is something not to be sneezed at.

ADDENDUM... Incidentally, Mae Kaplan, is a column a mos?

The latest sobriquet for H dash-dash...—T dash dash L dash R is 'Pantywaist.' All persons who have been looking for some workable means of burning this lady with a single remark should memorize this little gem which we picked up from operative X who succeeded in pushing himself right out of the Taylor league with a single application of the epithet. Of course, we don't know whether or not the word, when applied to Miss Taylor, has any basis in fact but someone must have found grounds for it.

—THE MANIAC

The uncontrolled expansion of fraternities during the past decade has given rise to similar problems at other institutions. The policy of refusing charters to any new social groups, suggested recently by the Interfraternity Council, will aid in preventing the dilemma from becoming worse. But the responsibility of improving this unfortunate situation rests entirely upon each individual fraternity.

Although it may cause a little hardship at first, a conformity to standards and ideals in selection of men would serve to prevent more serious difficulties. Congeniality and brotherhood within the group is not possible where there is a continual clash of personalities, and where the ability to pay a board bill is considered more important than personal qualifications for membership. The breaking of pledges does not reflect discredit upon either the fraternity or the individual. It merely shows that a mistake was made, and that at least one party realized the mistake before it was too late.

—K. C. H.

In the Faculty

(This is the first of a series of sketches of faculty members who are outstanding in research in their particular field. No attempt will be made to list them in the order of their importance, since the names have been selected at random from a large group of men and women on this campus who have distinguished themselves by original contributions to the sciences or the arts. The object of the series is to acquaint students with little-known facts about their professors.)

Among those members of Penn State's faculty who are comparatively unknown to the student body, and who have achieved real prominence in their own field is Dr. Walter H. Pielemeier, of the department of physics. In his field, the study of super-sonics, he is regarded as one of the world's leading authorities.

His works have been translated into three foreign languages, and have been quoted by other authorities on super-sonics in France, Germany, England, and Russia. Grossman and Kneser, who share honors with him as European authorities in the field, invariably quote the Penn State faculty member in their works on the subject.

Super-sonics, the study of sounds which are of such a high frequency that they cannot be heard by the human ear, became the particular study of Dr. Pielemeier as a part of his general physical research. He has recently had four articles published in Physical Review, this country's leading physical journal, and in other scientific magazines.

Dr. Pielemeier holds the position of associate professor of physics here. He received his B. S. degree from the University of Michigan in 1916, took graduate work there, and received his master of science diploma in 1919. After several years of professional work, he returned to his alma mater to receive his doctorate of philosophy in 1928.

Letter Box

To the Editor: The office of the Old Main Bell is cloaked in sorrow. The giant presses have been stopped; no longer do the editors whistle merrily as they go about their work. Even the corpses have lost their usual cheery mien. "The Bell is dull." (cf. letter in last COLLEGIAN.)

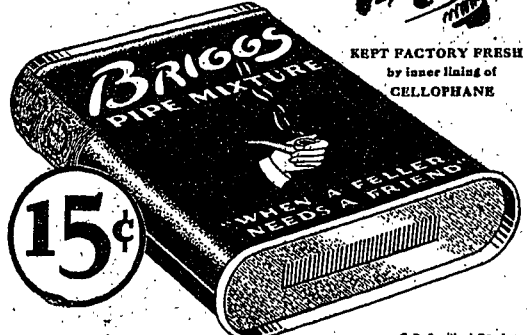
We're sorry. Naturally, we are at a loss to refute these charges presented in such devastating fashion: that we are repulsing and failing to interest "the intelligent minority" which "is strong enough to support the magazine"; that "we are attempting to allay this emasculation with some flashy features"; that we are "attempting to write of things we are familiar with"; and most important, that we are not encouraging undergraduates to write plot stories. Well, as a result of seven hundred and fifty written subscription appeals

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to the "intelligent minority," four responses were received. Two of these were from members of the faculty of the Engineering School.

True, we are "attempting to allay this emasculation (see Roget's The-saurus) by the use of flashy features." In doing this we are undoubtedly "impeding the cause of literature" by appealing to "the hick majority." We also admit that we are attempting to write of things with which we are familiar (pardon us, "which we are familiar with"). We humbly apologize for being unable to write of the exotic and alluring South Seas, of the new Russia, China, elephant hunting in darkest Africa, and the other subjects "remote from the collegiate merry-go-round."

The letter asks, "Can no one write a plot story?" To which dramatic question we reply not quite so dramatically, "Perhaps, but to date only a few of the printable variety have been submitted. These have been published."

Nevertheless, we are willing to do our best. At present the entire staff is collaborating in a giant masterpiece of plot that will make O. Henry twirl in his grave. It will incorporate such fascinating subjects as slave-running in Pago Pago, incest in a New England farm house, gangster vengeance, the breath-taking adventures of a beautiful female spy in the Russian White Army, and "How Frank Merriwell Came to be President of the International Harvester Company."

However, we'd like to thank the author of the criticism for his interest. We admire his literary style and ideals. Furthermore, we most cordially invite him to submit a few plot stories from his own type mill. Without a trace of vindictiveness, we sincerely hope that some day he'll be an editor.

—The Bell editors. W. G. Van Keuren M. P. Wood W. M. Stegmeier

To the Editor: J. C. M. '34? (The reason the '34 is open to question is that there wasn't a student on the campus who knew that Hugh Beaver was a general until J. C. M. informed us.) So drop that '34, Big Boy, for you've been around here since the College was established and think you are still living in the age of George Washington.

We have learned a lot since the days of the great Washington and the error of his view that a preparation for war assures peace was proved false before our own eyes in 1914. According to J. C. M., Europe, armed to the hilt, was ready for the golden age of peace, but it didn't come, for an event happened that caused the death of 10,000,000 men. Had Europe not practiced compulsory military training for decades and developed large armies and navies, the Serbian incident wouldn't have caused a dog fight. Huge armies and navies never have and never will prevent war, in fact, history shows us that they have always caused war. According to J. C. M., Europe today, prepared for war, is on the verge of peace, but every political observer differs with

him. To talk peace and prepare for war with the hope of getting peace is to show that you never had much psychology in the Liberal Arts or Education Schools.

Why pick out those faculties anyway for special assault? Don't you know that if the question of compulsory military training were left to the entire faculty, the R. O. T. C. would be kicked out so fast you would never know it had been here. De-Pauw's action, recently taken, in excluding their military unit seems to have nettled you. And why attack the P. S. C. A. for socialism? Who has swung further in that direction than Uncle Sam? Be careful what you say about socialism or you'll be accused of disloyalty to the government. . . .

—D. A. P.

To the Editor: The boxing between Navy and State was very fine—but disappointing. The fact that State lost, it seems

Advertisement for Louise A. Lambert, BEAUTICIAN (Above Athletic Store) PHONE 240-J. Includes a small portrait of a woman.

Advertisement for THE STATE COLLEGE BAKERY, West Beaver Avenue Phone 53. Includes text: OUR AD-VICE: Sister Mary, home from college. Nearly bursting out with knowledge. Baked a cake which didn't look bad. So she tried it out on Dad. Father tried it, cried in haste. "This is terrible! Tastes like paste!" MORAL: This couldn't have happened if Mary bought, Her cakes at the place where she ought.

Large advertisement for Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Includes text: AFTER A grind WITH EDUCATION snap! crackle! pop! A BOWL of Kellogg's Rice Krispies with milk or cream restores the energy that studies take out of you. You'll sleep better and feel better in the morning. So delicious and so easy to digest. No other rice cereal is like Kellogg's Rice Krispies in flavor or nourishment. And only Rice Krispies snap and crackle in milk or cream. Try Kellogg's Rice Krispies tonight. A grand dish after a party or date. Ask for them at your campus restaurant or eating club at breakfast or lunch. Extra delicious with fruits or honey added. Rice Krispies are served everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Listen!— get hungry. Includes an image of a Kellogg's Rice Krispies box.