

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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PROMISES

The football manager and Interfraternity Council representatives have been placed in an embarrassing position through the reluctance of some fraternities to fulfill an agreement made last spring.

At that time, a plan was drawn up whereby the fraternities were divided into three groups, one of which each year was to provide jobs for freshman athletes who might otherwise be unable to attend College. The understanding was that the house would be responsible for the man for one year only, and during that time the house was to provide a job which would furnish the freshman with his board alone.

The plan was passed by Interfraternity Council and the various houses about the campus divided themselves into three groups. In other words, eighteen houses agreed to assist that many freshmen to stay here for a year.

Apparently, several of these groups are not intending to abide by their decisions of last spring. There seems to be little excuse for such lack of action. Every man who is in school now had an opportunity to vote on the proposal. Every one should have realized that probably it would be difficult to provide the employment which they agreed to furnish. It is probable that the matter was thoroughly discussed.

At any rate, after it was decided to enter the agreement and take a man, it is clearly the fraternity's duty to keep its promise. Every member of every fraternity is old enough to realize the importance of keeping his word. If the matter is carried to extremes, how can any house failing to keep such a contract expect to gain the sufficient respect necessary from freshmen for them to pledge themselves to that house?

There is another angle which should be remembered. Several men have come here because they were assured that, with this slight help, it would be possible for them to continue their education. Many have made sacrifices and altered their plans in order to come here. If there is no opening for them, they will be forced to return home, and it is certain that the reputation of the College will not be benefited by such a procedure. It will be a comparatively simple thing for the fraternities which made such agreements to fulfill them. Otherwise, far-reaching complications may arise.

TO A CASUAL OBSERVER, it seems that no move is being made to fulfill the promise of a bygone age that R. O. T. C. would be made optional here. The purchase of new uniforms would indicate that underclassmen will storm McCaskey Hill for several seasons more.

COLLEGE SEEMS TO HAVE started in the customary and approved manner. Freshmen, anxious to see all the interesting points about the campus, are greeted by one spectacle which upperclassmen have grown to expect. The tower door is still locked with clocklike precision at four o'clock every day.

WHAT ABOUT ACTIVITIES?

A peculiar situation has arisen here on the campus. At one time there were more than one hundred men turning out every year as candidates for assistant managementships. In football, especially, it was necessary to cut the squad of assistants after every game. At that time, a man and a fraternity were judged by their activities. Every underclassman was only too anxious to take part in something which would give him a chance to distinguish himself from his classmates.

At present, there has been a great decline in the number of assistant managementships, particularly in football. That might be explained by a number of things. Today, the manager gets nothing but glory and a letter for his work. Perhaps it is too much to ask three years' work in return for a varsity sweater.

Apparently, the true value of activities has been overlooked. Students seem to have forgotten that the contacts established through extra-curricular work often prove valuable by opening other avenues.

The contemplated awarding of numerals to deserving seconds who fail to be elected first assistant managers should do much toward inspiring sophomores to managerial work. If a varsity letter is the only reward for three years' labor, then the receiving of numerals for a year's work is very fair.

Through this method, activities should be returned to their rightful position. There can be little question that the work connected with activities is more than compensated by the practical experience gained.

OLD MANIA

HOW TO REDUCE THE HOUSE BILL DEPT.

Rushing season tales, concerning the worries of Gamma Gamma and the successes of Iota Iota, have been almost as thick as the flies in Old Main the last couple of days. But we've picked up one gem. It's a rushing system that's so novel that if worked right it will cut down expenses even if no freshmen come around to that fateful dinner. For the benefit of debt-ridden fraternities, here it is:

If you follow the plan of one group, you drag the usual number of weirds out to dinner, feed them, and then settle down to lounge. But you don't make small talk. You don't ask them how they like Penn State. Never once do you mention the house average, or the number of Blue Keys in the joint, or the swell architecture. You talk money.

Yes, money. From that you lead into the evils of gambling. It's really very easy. To illustrate the vice you drag out a pair of dice, (we've been told by some that these are cubes with numbers on them), and roll them experimentally. If the freshman is innocent, (and he will be), you'll soon have a merry game of 'craps' a-going.

Well, we said, 'if you work it right.' The S. P. A.'s did very well by themselves the other night. Made money.

CASH ON THE LINE!

Mike Drothler, Froth business manager, is a valuable man. When he gives pep talks, he doesn't fool around. He really inspires them to really great deeds, we mean, really. They go out and work. "Get your (insert man, woman, professor!) they cry, and swoop on their victims.

Mariana Frantz found out. She made the serious error of greeting someone via the wave-of-graceful-arm route while swinging her car around the jigger at Co-op corner, and smacked a car load of Delta Sigma Phi rushers and rushees. The boys were polite, though, started in to untangle the mess immediately. Mariana sat in the car, approving. But she wasn't left at peace for long.

Sid Joffe, super salesman, fought his way through the straining and heaving untanglers, and started in, "Good afternoon, have you subscribed yet for the Penn State Froth . . ."

But the little lady was safe, even from the wiles of a Drothler agent. The Delta Sigs got the cars apart in time for her to escape—just in time, for she was weakening fast.

News note: Penn State soccer team loses contest to Leith Amateurs, 5-to-4.

Notation: The Leith amateurs, are the soccer team maintained by the makers of 'Vat 69' (Scotch Whiskey).

Comment: Just the old, old story, of production, and producers, getting ahead of consumption, and consumers.

'HELPIN' THE BOYS RUSH'

They're back, all the big shots of yesteryear with fraternity loyalty in their hearts. It's a new gag, but a good one. So far, we've observed the following using it to advantage. What we mean is—these guys are doing what the title says: Philo Hines, D. U., Paul Swan, Chi Phi, Tom Slusser, D. T. D., Stew Townsend, D. T. D., Lou Bell, (ex-COLLEGIAN editor-new journalism stogie), A. T. O., Art Steinfeldt, Jake Stark, Phi Ep, Jack Davies, Delta Sig, Jerry Parker, Beta Sigma Rho, Winsome Wayland Dunaway, Kappa Sig, (Johnny Morris, a midget, is booked for Rea and Derick's new Drug, etc., etc., etc., emporium today and tomorrow. Somebody ought to be able to get him on contract.)

About Town and Campus: Jack Ryan, ex-senior prexy, stopped in on his way to Harvard Business School Sunday night . . . Bill Ferguson, Player, raised a mustache for the show Saturday—took him two months. But Neusbaum made him shave it all off before the performance.

—THE MANIAC

FOOTLIGHTS

"The Tavern," a play in two acts by George M. Cohan, produced by the Penn State Players under the direction of Frank Neusbaum, in Schwab auditorium, Saturday night, with the following cast:

The Tavern Keeper's Son . . . Herbert Manning
 The Hired Girl . . . Betsy Ross
 The Tavern Keeper . . . Henry Brown
 The Hired Man . . . William Balderston
 The Vagabond . . . Lucas Brightman
 The Woman . . . Gretchen Marquardt
 The Governor . . . Clayton Page
 The Governor's Wife . . . Mary Louise Frear
 The Governor's Daughter . . . Ruth Goodman
 The Fiance . . . Jack McCain
 The Sheriff . . . Joseph Henry
 The Sheriff's Man . . . Ridge Riley
 The Sheriff's Other Man . . . Conrad Zierdt
 The Attendant . . . John Linton

"What's all the shootin' fur?" the discovery that the Governor (Clayton Page) and his family have just been robbed by highwaymen, mixed with the sudden flirtation that springs up between the Vagabond and the Governor's (affianced) daughter (Ruth Goodman) is sufficient to keep any audience entertained. Cohan, however, mixed in the fiancée of the Governor's daughter (these titles get cumbersome), the inn-keeper's reti-

nue, and finally the sheriff and his troop of trained stogees, and what he got was, in spots, pure, unadulterated hysteria.

Gretchen Marquardt (the berserk woman), Clayton Page, (the Governor), and Ruth Goodman, (the Governor's daughter), deserve a strong first mention for their work in playing up to the lead without attempting to play the lead. Herbert Manning, (The Hired Man), Mary Louise Frear, (The Governor's Wife), and William Ferguson (The Fiance) did creditably in their parts. John Linton served well enough in two small parts.

The Tavern Keeper, (Henry Brown) served to illustrate once more for us the difficulty involved when a young man tries to play the part of a much older active person. Brown did a fair job, but the combination of his too-youthful walk and his too-sturdy voice lost, at least for us, the illusion that he was the father of anyone. He was too forceful, he knew his lines a little too well. His last speech, however, the wind-up of the evening, he handled beautifully.

The sheriff and his three stogees did creditably in their serio-comic parts. The stogees, however, were, unfortunately, noticeably better at-

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WELL, GOOD BYE, FOLKS . . . AND I HOPE YOU WONT FORGET TO SEND ME A CHECK SO I CAN TAKE EDNA TO THE PROM.

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT, SON, YOU KNOW EXPENSES ARE PRETTY HEAVY THESE DAYS.

MOTHER, I GUESS BILL WILL HAVE TO FORGET ABOUT THE PROM. I WOULDN'T MIND SUCH EXTRA EXPENSES IF I REALLY FELT THAT A COLLEGE EDUCATION WAS DOING HIM MUCH GOOD.

THERE'S A BIG QUESTION IN MY MIND, TOO, ABOUT IT'S VALUE TO BILL. SURELY THE CARELESS APPEARANCE OF THE LETTERS HE WRITES DOESN'T SUGGEST ANY PARTICULAR PROGRESS.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM HOME, TOM, BUT NO CHECK YET. LOOKS AS THOUGH EDNA AND I DON'T GO TO THE PROM. . . THINK I'LL WRITE A REMINDER TO-NIGHT.

THAT'S WHAT I'D DO. THEY MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT. ANYWAY, IT WILL GIVE YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO USE THAT NEW WATERMAN'S PEN YOU BOUGHT TO-DAY.

THAT'S A THOUGHT! MY NEW PEN HAS JUST THE KIND OF A POINT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED. . . BUT I NEVER COULD FIND MY RIGHT POINT BEFORE.

SO THE WATERMAN'S 7 POINT TEST FIXED YOU UP TOO! I KNOW GETTING THE RIGHT POINT IMPROVED MY HANDWRITING.

WHY, DAD, THIS IS A SURPRISE. WHAT A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SPLENDID HANDWRITING OF THIS LATEST LETTER FROM BILL AND THE SCRAWLY WAY HE HAS ALWAYS WRITTEN!

IT CERTAINLY IS A VAST IMPROVEMENT. LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S BEGINNING TO DEVELOP ALONG WELL ORDERED LINES. I'M GREATLY PLEASED. YOU KNOW I THINK HE OUGHT TO HAVE THAT MONEY FOR THE PROM AFTER ALL.

...AND SO THEY DIDN'T MISS THE PROM.

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