

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.

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THE ZERO HOUR

Tonight the majority of the freshman class will be called upon to make what is probably the most important decision of their four years of college. At 7 o'clock, those who have decided to affiliate themselves with a fraternity will present themselves at the houses of their choice.

Before the final decision is made, every freshman should have answered several questions to his own satisfaction. Naturally, fraternities make every effort during the two weeks of rushing to impress the rushee with the desirability and advantages which each individual house offers. It is up to the freshman to decide whether the atmosphere is real or artificial; whether or not the courtesies and habits are temporary or permanent; whether or not the good feeling is permanent or assumed.

The freshman has heard much about the national and campus standing of the house. The so-called important men about the campus have been pointed out proudly, and the rushee has been impressed with the magnitude and scope of the house's activities. Prestige and stability have been poured on him from all angles. All of these things should now be relegated to the background. The most important thing which should govern the final decision is the personalities which compose the house. These personalities should be congenial to the freshman, or at the very least, personalities which he admires and hopes to emulate.

It is to be expected that there will be a few members of the class of 1938 that came here solely with the idea of acquiring power or fulfilling certain ambitions. It might behoove them to pledge a house which would help them realize these dreams, but the average person has no such ambitious program. To him, friendship and understanding will far outweigh such a temporary and false thing as campus distinction unless it is coupled with other desirable qualities.

At the same time, one or two close friendships in a house should not be the basis for the decision. It must be remembered that four years can be more pleasantly spent with thirty-five genuine friends than with one or two very close ones and a large number for which one cares little.

To the majority of men now in College, finances comprise a vital question. It is imperative that every freshman understand thoroughly all financial details of a house, and it is to his advantage to determine whether or not there is a bond hidden away somewhere behind the glib buzzing of a senior.

And a word or two to those freshmen who do not go fraternity tonight. Becoming a fraternity man is not essential to a successful and happy college life. Were every upperclassman to tell the absolute truth, one would soon discover that there are many disillusioned men who entered a house only to find that the members were far, too far human.

It should not be considered a sign of a negative personality if one were not rushed or bid. Under the present system, if a freshman does not have contacts and recommendations, he is often overlooked in the rush of looking for those men whom alumni or others have recommended.

Tonight, several hundred men will believe that they have chosen well. A year from tonight, how many will still have that feeling?

THE CARNEGIE REPORT which branded Pennsylvania colleges as diploma mills has aroused considerable comment among both faculty and students. Its investigation by the local chapter of the Association of American University Professors will be awaited with interest.

It has long been the opinion of many undergraduates that a school can be nothing but a diploma mill when there are so many apparently senseless required courses cluttering all curricula. Graduation becomes merely the question of qualifying for certain specified courses which mean little. When emphasis is placed on true thinking, and consideration is given to individual interests, then colleges can successfully defend themselves against the charges of turning out high-grade morons. Until then, there will always be a question.

WITH THE APPOINTMENT of a senior to attend borough council meetings, a closer harmony should develop between town and gown interests. If the student's point of view is occasionally presented and considered, some glaring unpleasantnesses of the past year should be eliminated.

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

ZOOLOGY SEMINAR 503

The Thetas had their 'informal' party (at least we presume it was informal) the other night, and for entertainment hit upon a real inspiration. They would have a 'scavenger hunt.'

Now a scavenger hunt, it seems, is a weird party where everyone goes wandering about looking for impractical articles; ladies' size eleven left shoes, a red feather from an Indian head-dress, the left rear tire from President Hetzel's Packard—stuff like that. The Thetas were in earnest—they staged a scavenger hunt that was a scavenger hunt. Betty Wells and a rushee, 'Babe' Pomeroy, had a terrific list. Betty was worried. Here was a crucial situation—she had to prove her ingenuity before this neophyte, had to prove that 'A Theta Never Fails.'

Betty did right Well, until she came to the last item on the list: 'Two Worms!' Her first inclination was to head for the Beta house, but then she had another idea. She'd be literal, not figurative; she'd really baffle the girls. With a happy shout, she and Babe converged upon the home of the Supervisor of College Farms. The supervisor was going to head, but he was a pal. Manning his trusty pick, he wandered out into the back yard, dug around a bit, and soon held up two nice, juicy specimens. 'Oh, thanks,' the girls tittered, and, holding aloft two elongated cellophane test tubes, asked him to drop exhibit A and B into their receptacles. He did, and they scampered merrily back to the Theta house. We don't know, but we hope they won.

SEPARATION NOTE

Yeah, that was certainly some football game Saturday afternoon. The team that is going to Smeat Syracuse, Crush Columbia, and Pile into Penn didn't look so hot. We got bored. Everybody got bored. Even the teams looked as if what they really wanted was a nice cold coke somewhere.

Along during the second quarter we followed the general craning of heads away from the field and to the front part of the stands. We (thick as we are,) soon caught on. Everyone was taking a short course in Chiropractic, thanks to the nudist tendencies of a young Lock-Haven visitor (feminine) in the third row. She was wearing, and quite nicely, too, a brilliant red blouse and a black skirt. The separation, however, increased every time she leaned forward, and she was intent on the game. When she left, during the half, good seats had reached the phenomenal price of eight cents apiece.

CUPPA COFFEE, BOY!

Lou Bell, ex-COLLEGIAN head man, and new teacher of 'How To Be A Reporter in Ten Easy Lessons,' in Mr. Banner's journalism department, has his troubles. He used to work on the Philadelphia Bulletin and was quite a pal of Fred Fuller Shedd, who takes a flier away from his duties as editor of that sheet and lectures here once a week himself. Lou, dogged out in natty brown trousers and white coat, dropped over to see Fred and his boss, Mr. Banner, in the corner room Sunday night.

F. Fuller, though, didn't see very well, somehow. After Bell had stood by the booth for a couple of long, embarrassing minutes, Shedd finally looked up, shook his head, as if to say, 'Go away, you, we don't want anything more now. Go away.' But Lou didn't. Mr. Banner saved the situation. Up he spoke: 'This is Mr. Bell, he used to work for you.' Then everything was all right. Shedd said, 'Oh, I thought you were a waiter here, by all means sit down.' Lou did.

About Town and Campus: Mel Fox gets in from Canada, wants to know, 'Is College started yet?' He was pretty mad when they told him, thought they really should have waited for him... Jack Barnes, reporter extraordinary, wandered all over the second floor of Frazier Street women's dorm looking for a rushee. After barging rudely into a half-dozen rooms he decided that he had gotten the wrong address... Hugo Frear and Ralph Hetzel Jr., ex-Old Main Bell tinklers were back for a look around... King's beret at the game was nice...

TEXT-BOOKS

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If Attractive Names Mean \$10,000, Faculty Will Need To Beg Carfares For Poorhouse

'An attractive name is worth 10,000 dollars to it's owner,' one of our intellectual contemporaries said in an article in the American magazine, recently. That being the case, many of our faculty and staff members will have to work over-time to keep out of the clutches of the poor-house.

Our professors bearing the monikers of Popp, Pitts, Heck, Butt, Bull, Stout, Queer, Walt, and Quiggle must have a difficult time mustering the poise and dignity which is fitting to their position. Others of the staff must blush a rosy crimson when they hear their students becoming tongue-twisted in addressing them as Prof.—Pflueger, Theophilus, Schug, Negeotte, Ifft, Uibel, Woha, Wurfli, Tschan, and Pfeiffer.

Many of our dignitaries were blessed at birth with last names derived from quite common and ordinary backgrounds. Some of these are Bacon, Cobb, Cook, Rice, Snow, Sudds, Davenport, Hall, Ham, Watts, Pyle, Banner, Marble, Marsh, Case, and Hill.

As usual, the name which leads all of the large city telephone directories in quantity, also holds sway with the College staff—that being Smith, with thirteen counts. The Williams take second place with six representatives, and the Forbes have managed to get four places.

A visiting professor from Vienna has the distinction of bearing the longest appellation; that being Von Gebauer-Fuelnegg. His closest rivals, Vatteressian and Koppenheffer, can show only twelve letters. Following these closely are Badertscher, Borntragger, Willihnganz, Williammee, and Porterfield, with eleven counts a piece. The shortest handles are held by Zug, Eby, Fry, and Dye.

STUDENT UNION BULLETIN

All notices will be received at the Student Union desk in Old Main until 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon for a Thursday issue, and until Saturday noon for a Monday issue. Additional notices may be placed to the Old Main COLLEGIAN office on Wednesday and Sunday night.

Persons not majoring in Home Economics are invited to register for H. E. 209 as an elective. From one to six credits will be given depending upon the units chosen. There are no pre-requisites. Group 1 consists of serving luncheons, dinners and Holiday cookery. Group 2 consists of salads and desserts, breads, meats, vegetables, etc. For further information refer to page 285 of the catalogue. The first class will meet in Room 106, Home Economics building, at 5:30 o'clock.

Agricultural Students Council will meet in Room 417 Old Main at 7:30 o'clock Thursday night. A last opportunity will be given freshmen to take the required exercise on the use of the library, Thursday night at 7 o'clock in the library.

Staff of Penn State "Farmer" will meet in Room 321, Old Main, at 8 o'clock.

College Men Will Judge at 6 Fairs

Specialists and county representatives of the College agricultural extension service will judge exhibits at six county and community fairs next week. H. G. Niesley, assistant director of agricultural extension, announced today.

Eight specialists will make awards on agricultural exhibits at the Columbia county fair in Bloomsburg. W. B. Connell and L. C. Madison will judge the livestock; R. R. Welch and J. C. Nageotte, dairy cattle; E. J. Walter, farm crops; J. M. Huffington, vegetables; J. L. Mecartney, fruit; and D. C. Henderson, poultry. Miss Eureka Nitzkowski, of Wilkes-Barre and Miss Charlotte Summers, Sunbury, home economics extension representative of Montrose, household exhibits.

At the Wayne county fair in Honesdale, R. H. Olmstead will pick the winning dairy cattle; County Agent S. R. Zug, Scranton, farm crops, fruits and livestock; and Miss Martha Bank, home economics extension representative of Montrose, household exhibits.

County Agent N. C. Dale, Mont-roc, will judge livestock and Miss Mable McDowell, clothing specialist, will make the awards in home economics at the Sullivan county fair at Forksville.

At the Carbon county fair in Lehighington the judges will be E. P. Fowler, assistant county agent, Reading dairy cattle, and J. U. Ruff, extension specialist, fruits and vegetables.

County Agent O. C. Tritt, Warren, will judge dairy cattle at the Townville fair in Crawford county.

DO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN RUN AWAY FROM YOU? Are You Dull, Badly Dressed, Stopping Socially? You Need These Amazing New Fun-Treatments!

Are You Dull, Badly Dressed, Stopping Socially? You Need These Amazing New Fun-Treatments! Hundreds of men, formerly doomed to unwilling virtue, are now brilliant raconteurs, gourmets, bon viveurs, beaux, and irresistible to women. You, too, can become a dazzling cotillion leader this easy new way! Get in the Social Register! Get in the Brain Trust! Get in the money! Thanks to Esquire, even most hopeless cases of dullness, provincialism, mental inactivity, insufficient belly-laughs, now quickly cured. Improvement begins with first treatment; continues each month. Sparkling articles, stories, cartoons, art and design, by authors and artists who set the pace today. Not for the Victorian viewpoint, but for those who recognize the classic qualities of both the Decameron and the Decalogues. It is an amazing fact about Esquire that the less you need its treatment the more you like it. Try it today, and see.

Esquire THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN AT ALL THE BETTER NEWSSTANDS October Issue Now on Sale Get Your Esquire at the Nittany News Stand (Next to the Cathaum)

Police Issue Warning Against Fake Agents

Local police have issued a notice that a man using the name of Roy Craig or G. L. Plumber, and traveling with a man named Stephenson, is offering several premiums with a three-year subscription to the Household Magazine (Topeka, Kan.) without the authorization of the publishing house.

The solicitor offers, on the payment of one dollar, the following articles free: a sack of flour, a serving tray, and a cook book. Persons contacted by these solicitors are requested to get in touch with the local police immediately.

2 Bears Killed After Attack on Cave Guide

Bill and Maggie, pet bears at the Woodward Cave, are dead. Bill was killed last Sunday evening after his vicious attack on Earl Vonada, veteran cave guide. The body of the huge 500 pound bruin was found in the stream where he fell after his

second charge on the injured man was halted by a rain of buckshot from a gun held by O. M. Hosterman, owner of the cave.

Maggie was the innocent victim of her mate's folly. It was deemed wise to do away with both animals rather than risk a similar attack such as occurred in the near tragedy of Sunday night.

Two cubs, born to Bill and Maggie were given away some time ago.

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