

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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REAL PROTECTION

Those students altruistically interested in the welfare and progress of this staggering globe have real reason to be distressed at the assassination of the Yugoslavian King Alexander and French Foreign minister Barthou on Tuesday. It is more concrete evidence of the political instability of the European states.

As in the murder of Chancellor Dollfus this summer, the war scare was promptly awakened and the incident at Sarajevo twenty years ago recalled. Had Hitler not lost his nerve at the last moment, Central Europe might even now be the scene of a bitter conflict.

Again, within three months, the various political and economic factions have what in their opinion might constitute sufficient grounds for military action. Even the greatly-maligned Hitler has not proved a sufficient bugaboo to keep the nations united in a ring against him.

None of us now in college remember clearly the hectic days from 1914 to 1917. Unconsciously, we were influenced by the fears, the prejudices, the blind idealism inspired by capitalistic propaganda; the insidious poison used to make secure the money loaned by private individuals. But we have since had occasion to examine unbiasedly the proofs of that period.

Webster defines a patriot as one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests. It is taken for granted that all of us love this country. The day of rank nationalism has passed. It is evident, then, that the path to Utopianism lies in the social and economic adjustment of all races and nations.

Should the affair at Marseille prove to be another Sarajevo, plunging the Continent into another war, it is for the students to assert their real patriotism. Radical minorities, fanatics, small vested interests, lobbies, and munitions makers should not sway them.

IN THIS ISSUE WILL BE found a resume of Dr. Hartmann's campaign for Congress. This is not presented with an idea of furthering anyone's political aspirations but rather with the purpose of attempting to acquaint students with actual conditions.

Undergraduates generally pride themselves on their progressiveness. Running on the Socialist party ticket, Dr. Hartmann exemplifies such progressiveness. No doubt his cause is a forlorn one, but the time has come when such organizations are no longer frowned upon.

NO DISCRIMINATION

Last year the Artists' Course was launched with a bit of trepidation. It was the opinion of many that such an undertaking would result in a financial failure, this belief being based on the contention that students here were too phlegmatic to take interest in such a movement.

The success of the Course should prove conclusively that there is an appreciation of things cultural on the campus. When standing room is sold for more than one performance, it indicates an interest which was unexpected by the sponsors.

There is one point which should be considered by the committee in charge this year. That has to do with the sale of the tickets. Last year there was considerable dissatisfaction among students when it became known that first choice of seats went to faculty members.

This Course was designed to give undergraduates a chance at a bit more culture. To do this successfully, they should have first opportunity to buy tickets. Perhaps the tickets might be offered to students only for a week.

CAMPUSEER

NEW YORK LETTER TO THE SPIRIT OF UPSILON BETA TAU

C/o The Old Main Bell
Messrs: Beatty
Watson and similar souls of
Dugan
sterling character.
Vernik

Gentlemen:
As I sit here in my plush covered desk chair and gaze from my window upon the purling waters of the Hudson, my thoughts go back to Old Mexico with its charmed little towns of adobe and the weary asses that wind up and down Publications alley. Not that I think of you, gentlemen, as weary asses, but only those junior COLLEGIAN men who will some day take their place in line for a job like any other high school graduate.

But enough of this. You can see how travel affects a person New York was here when the train pulled in and contrary to the expectations of a large crowd of porters, flower girls and speakeasy spies, I did not take a subway to Harlem or the Bronx, but took the right one and ended up within spitting distance of the dormitory just like I knew damn well all along I would do. But that's the way it is for me—nothing ever happens.

Well, College is a great thing. I have been to all my classes, know the library like a turned inside-out glove, and even passed a couple of examinations: French German and Latin, to be exact. These dormitories are O.K., with almost hotel service. There is food to be had and enough of it to satisfy persons of slight build like myself.

Now, gentlemen, don't get the idea that I have been hibernating, for I have managed to squeeze in a bunch of stuff that one simply must do down here. Have been all over—even on the Staten Island ferry and have been to a couple of German movies, to 'Dodsworth,' which is well worthwhile and to a swell movie, 'Crime Without Passion.'

Friday night Jim Norris, Gardner Cook, and I went down to the Hamas-Lasky fight in the Garden and didn't see a single State College lug. The fight was pretty drab, let me tell you, and Hamas was a lucky little boy. The three of us almost fainted when we heard the decision. To us it seemed that he only managed to hang on through the last three or four rounds. But it wasn't an ordinary street fight and Hamas made a good start and actually won as a result of a foul on Lasky's part which gave the fourth round to Steve (we hadn't heard about that until we read it in the papers.) Well, I hope Hamas eats a lot of grapes and so on before he goes around any dark alleys or picks a fight with Max Baer or some other goofy who is a strong feller.

My favorite indoor sport is counting people with their mouths open in the subway. I vary that with riding up and down in self-operating elevators wherever I can find them—not that there isn't plenty of good service to be had from the elevator boys.

Well, I suppose all you boys are still in school and only waiting with your tongues hanging out to be thrown out so that you can come down and see me sometime.

Don't let any grass grow in the streets while I am gone and above all don't let them move Mt. Nittany on account of any wild real estate projects.

toujours gai,
TSCHANDU.

Yeagley Completes More Than Year's Work On New Ten Inch Reflector Type Telescope

Dr. Henry L. Yeagley, of the department of physics, has recently completed a new astronomical telescope of the ten-inch reflector type of the ten-inch reflector type over a year.

The telescope has been mounted on the roof of the Botany building which affords one of the best views of the heavens obtainable in the valley. Classes in nature education and astronomy will have access to the reflector after it has been thoroughly tested, Dr. Yeagley announced.

The preliminary test was held last Tuesday night when Dr. Yeagley, accompanied by a group of students and instructors, mounted the roof of the Botany building and peered at Jupiter and Saturn under three hundred magnifications. The telescope was found to operate beyond expectations.

Two features of the machine are its ten-inch reflector and a stationary eyepiece which enables the observer to remain stationary while the barrel can be swung to search any part of the sky.

The mirror, which Dr. Yeagley constructed himself, has a light gathering power of 6,400 times that of the naked eye. It is as efficient as a ten-inch refractor costing \$1000.

While constructing the mirror, Dr. Yeagley designed a device which will enable the amateur astronomer to build a reflector successfully without appreciable error. The W.A.A. Cabin on Tuesday night, October 16.

Co-ed Chatter

Kappa Kappa Gamma will hold a tea for all transfers at their house this afternoon.

A cabin party for their pledges was held at the W. A. A. cabin last Sunday afternoon.

The Gamma Phi Bet province director, Mrs. Mary Harold Easterbrook of New York City, is spending the week-end at the guest of the local chapter.

Alpha Chi Omega pledges will be entertained by the active members at the W.A.A. Cabin on Tuesday night, October 16.

Nine women have pledged fraternities since the beginning of the open-boarding period last Monday. They are as follows:

Alpha Chi Omega: Helen M. Bittner '37, Rosaline Mestrezat '37, Alpha Omicron Pi: Doris A. Kurtz '37, Delta Gamma: Mavis F. Baker '37, Gamma Phi Beta: Beatrice E. Egolf '37, Anne A. Greenawalt '36, Kappa Alpha Theta: Jean H. Schantz '37, Kappa Kappa Gamma: Margaret B. Mitch '37, Phi Mu: Doris E. Sanford '37.

'Scoop' Confers With President Roosevelt Concerning FERA Dating Project, Ag. Dance

By SCOOP
I have just returned from Washington, D. C., where I sought the aid of President Roosevelt in making my dating bureau here at the College a permanent F.E.R.A. project.

I was unexpectedly pleased to find upon my arrival at the nation's capital that my reputation had preceded me. As soon as I presented my card at the White House, I was immediately ushered into the President.

F.D.R. was sitting there, looking very pensive, when I entered. On his desk I saw a copy of the COLLEGIAN. He looked up at me and said, "Scoop, you're the very man I need." Always willing to oblige, I asked the Prexy what was up?

"Some foreign ambassadors and delegates have just come in, and they must be entertained," he answered. "Will you please, oh please, do something!"

"Scoop never fails and always satisfies," I replied, and taking out my Kappa directory, selected six swell dates.

"Come back tomorrow morning for breakfast, Scoop," he called as I was leaving.

Well, you can bet I was there on time for breakfast. When I walked in the President's face actually beamed. There were grins all over the faces of the ambassadors. One of them was so pleased, he vowed that he would become an American citizen.

After breakfast was over, F.D.R. and I went into his study, and I began to talk about the business which had taken me to Washington.

"Now, about making my Scoop Dating Bureau a permanent institution at Penn State," I said. "How does it look for the future? Can you arrange an appropriation?"

"Well, Scoop, my friend," he answered, "I can't definitely say at this time, as that is not part of my campaign policy of 1936. But—I am considering including it in the platform.

"However," he went on to say, "farm relief is part of my program. Why can't you do something for the neglected social life of the ag students at State?"

"An excellent idea, Mr. President," said I, the perfect stooge.

The chief executive pushed a button on his desk, and his cabinet marched in. At first I thought he was going to show me how real stooges acted. After proper introductions, however, we got down to the farm situation at Penn State in a social way.

"Why not supply the 'aggies' with dates for the A.G.R. dance on October 19?" suggested Henry Morgenthau, Secretary of the Treasury.

"Excellent, fine, superb," were the remarks.

Mr. Roosevelt endorsed the motion, and wished me the best of luck, for, after all, this one point might reflect him in 1936, and I might be his campaign manager.

The Presidential car took me to the station, and, to the blaring of the Navy, Army, and Marine Bands, I waved good-bye to my pals, the six ambassadors, the Cabinet, and thousands of other Scoop fans. Then, unseen, I climbed off the other side of the train, and hitch-hiked back here to Penn State, because I had bet all my money on the Tizers.

So—my dear Ag friends, if you want to have dates for the Ag dance, Scoop will arrange all for you. Just come up and meet me any day after 4 o'clock in the royal suite, La Collegienne, Room 313, Old Main.

C.A. Calls New Men For Activity Projects

A call to Christian Association activities for freshmen and new students is being sounded with the distribution of invitations this week and next. All members of the class of '38, as well as the new students, will receive cards which will give them a choice of hours to report at the Association office in Room 304, Old Main, for an interview.

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Old Gold CIGARETTES
THE THROAT-EASE CIGARETTE
When you come up you'll find Old Golds!
says MAE WEST
MAE WEST in "BELLE OF THE NINETIES" . . . a Paramount Picture, directed by Leo McCarey