

**PENN STATE COLLEGIAN**  
Successor to *The Free Lance*, established 1887

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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Tuesday, September 22, 1936

**RENAISSANCE?**

KYLE CRICHTON attended Lehigh University in the years prior to the War. Since that time he has kept in contact with colleges and college students. As a member of the staffs of *Colliers*, *Life*, and *The New Masses* he has been associated with leading figures in the contemporary cultural scene, particularly those writers and artists who have identified themselves with the various left-wing movements in literature, drama, and art. One of the finest novels of recent years, Robert Briffault's "Europa," came to be written because of the encouragement which Crichton gave its author. Vincent Sheehan asked him for criticism and advice concerning his recent novel "San Felice." Crichton's estimate, then, of students and their problems is one which should carry considerable weight.

Speaking to the writer a few weeks ago, Crichton expressed the opinion that students today are more conscious of the problems which face them and that they are looking at them with more seriousness and common sense than at any previous time to his knowledge.

Students themselves are likely to question the extent to which this is true. Certainly at Penn State the success of the football team is considered, by the average undergraduate, to be more important than the outcome of the Spanish rebellion. But if such a competent outside observer as Crichton feels that students are beginning to awaken intellectually, it should be worth while to discover, if possible, how far that awakening has progressed here.

Crichton's belief, summarized, is this. Students today realize that the developments in Europe are of importance to them personally because the course of events there will determine whether or not there is to be war or peace. They know that if there is war it will be difficult, if not impossible, for this country to stay out. The difference between 1936 and 1914 is that then men in college felt that they were removed from what happened in Germany, Russia, or Serbia, and that whatever occurred there could have only a very indirect effect upon their own lives. Furthermore they are beginning to feel that in this country, as well as in Germany, Italy, and Spain, there are opposing forces of fascism and collectivism and that they will have to decide which way they want to go. Finally there are student leaders who, like Dos Passos at Harvard and Scott Fitzgerald at Princeton, prior to the War, are finding that they have something important to say and are trying to say it.

Is this true at Penn State?  
To a degree—we hope—it is.

Three peace demonstrations have shown that there are a few students who realize the importance of actively combating the forces of war. The formation of a Peace Action Council is another hopeful sign. Aside from this, the campus has been weak in liberal student organizations. The N. S. L. and the L. I. D. were never strong. The American Student Union has not been organized long enough to judge its effectiveness, but if it goes through with its present plans it should supply a much-needed rallying-point for student liberals. The *Bell* is here to provide the medium for those undergraduate writers who have something to say. Last year it had difficulty maintaining its existence despite the fact that such men as Crichton, John O'Hara, and Louis Adamic praised it highly. This fall it seems stronger financially and if it can get much-needed student support it can continue as a mouthpiece for local authors.

The conditions and institutions that are necessary for a renaissance seem to be here. Students themselves will have to do the rest.

**COLLECTOR'S NOTE**

The collegiate idea of a funny gag, that of removing the name-plaques from the fronts of fraternity houses, has been revived. Among others, the plaques of the Phi Mu women's fraternity and the Delta Upsilon house were taken by unknown gag-men. The latest theft of the kind has been reported by the Chi Omega house.

Either college boys are going Joe College or a new type of collection is being started. If it is the case of having fun it would make the game more sporting to place the plaque upon some other house and let the rightful owners hunt for it. It is a pretty poor idea to start a collection of such objects. One of the prime enjoyments of having a collection is to boast about it. One could hardly boast about such a collection in large circles for fear of being discovered as the thief.

Whatever the reason for taking the plaques, it is a distorted idea of a practical joke. Plaques cost money and aren't easily replaced. Then, too, they make it easy for a Greek reader to find his way about the fraternities. So, college boys, grow up, and leave the plaques for those who view them with sentiment.

—M. A. R.

**OLD MANIA**

AS WE EXPECTED a questionnaire on the day of meeting in an economics class produced some weird answers. Gold medal first-place honors go to the senior who answered the question, "Who is William Randolph Hearst?" by saying: "Mr. Hearst is owner is owner of many magazines and newspapers who insists upon sticking his nose into the political frying pan of the world and who is one person whom some people would like to see have that infernally long nose caught in a bear trap." Another discerning student described him as one who "writes for the Philadelphia Record."

A "Radical" was described variously as "a born fool," and "person who goes off half-cooked about some crazy idea of Etopia." "Liberals" are persons who are "progressive in a sane way," while the Black Legion is "... also supposed to be a Communist group."

In answering the question, "What is happening in Spain today?" one brilliant upperclassman went right to the heart of the situation when he stated that "war is very active in Spain today."

**Coloring the News:**

And while we are thinking about him, the following was taken from our contemporary Mr. Hearst's Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*:

"Red Squirrels Caught Stealing Grave Flags"

*Paid by Moscow walnuts, eh, Mr. Hearst?*  
**Who Stole the Plaque Off the Hen House Door?**

We can't understand how this gem escaped us so long, but it seems that Friday a week ago some unidentified person or persons made off with the bronze nameplate which has served as identification tag for the chi omega frat. Naturally the sisters were up in arms. As a matter of fact they still are. Although no definite reward has been offered as yet, it is understood that "there will be no questions asked..." According to our informer the search has already been narrowed down to betas, phi psis and sigma nus.

**Filler:**

If you've heard 'em, forgive us. If you haven't heard 'em, forgive us anyway. (We've got to fill this space somehow). Both of these are products of the journalistic brain, if any, and should be treated accordingly. The first is from a senior girl on the present staff who made the contradictory request that if we used it we shouldn't mention her name. "Knock knock. Who's there? Marion. Marion who? Marion makes it legal."

And Walt Freunsch, last year's sports ed, worked "I see your cold isn't any better today," into the last line of a knock knock using the name ARCH as the theme.

**Collegiana:**

Our roving correspondent reports that he met Kay Bloom in the lobby of Pgh's Wm. Penn hotel last week, where she was waiting for one of Ted Weem's bandmen whom she has been chasing all over the country this summer... Our inside man reports that beta sigma rho, delta theta sigma, and sigma phi sigma received clear up to one first choice on the recent preference straw vote while the s p e's are thinking over their two first choice men... What's in a Name Dept.: Leland H. Bull is a member of the Penn State stock judging outfit... Our present sports ed breezed into town for a one-night stop, his first question being, "Who, hell's the football captain?"... We would like to discover the person who first called him "Stinker" Breene... And Marion Ringer, who should know better, says, "You can't tell the difference between the sigma nus and the betas," which ought to stir up something... Yeah, and we think Campy's new overcoat stinks...

—THE MANIAC



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**We Women**

BY MARION RINGER

Freshman women, we seniors envy you. You're fresh and new and eager. We're old and tired; weighted down with thought of what we might have made of ourselves if we only could have known. You have four whole years ahead of you—we have only a year, and then uncertainty.

Part of ourselves take pity upon you and would like to acquaint you with the facts of college life we have learned. And the other part is coated with envy. We say to ourselves, "Let them find out for themselves; we had to learn."

Way back in our time, we freshmen, for the most part, lived on campus. You are living downtown. Don't look upon it as too disadvantageous. Of course, it is impossible to get to know as many girls at once as you would in a dormitory. But, take it from one who knows, lots and lots of girls lead to lots and lots of bull-sessions lead to lots of conflicting ideas and low grades. And, conflicting ideas and low grades lead to a false devil-may-care attitude which destroys your whole purpose in coming to college.

You are living in small units, exceptionally well-organized. You have young chaperones who offer you camaraderie and guidance from experience gained in college recently. These chaperones, together with Miss Katherine Phelps, the head of the freshman dormitories, are working entirely with you and for you. You have new and better enforced study hours, something which is in practice only theoretically on campus. You are being taught college etiquette, something we had to pick up for ourselves. There is no doubt that some senior women don't know the fine points even now.

Two more weeks you are to have no dates. We envy you, again. We can study, have plenty of time to keep your clothes in order. You have a peace of mind in knowing that you could go out, for you are

going to be more popular and more sought-after than any other class, if it just weren't for freshman customs. We, poor souls, have no three weeks non-dating period to blame for our lack of male attention.

It is the vogue, now, to be popular, active in campus societies, and get this—to have a good average. During the non-dating period you really can get down to study and form the habit. Once that habit is formed you should have no trouble in getting "2" averages. And you may rest assured that people are going to admire you more for a high average than for a good "line." There are very few senior girls who recognized this fact when they were freshmen. Gene Ziegler, aside from being the president of Women's Student Government, the highest office attainable on this campus, has a 2.92 average in the pre-medical department.

This column has been offered to you in all sincerity; the writer hopes it will be of some help.

**CINEMANIA**

TONIGHT at the Cathaum: "Swing Time" swings into its second day. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, dancing to new swing songs, and the Helen Broderick-Victor Moore combine supplying the comedy.

TONIGHT at the Nittany comes, "Seven Sinners," a Gaumont British mystery thriller, directed by Albert de Courville in the best Hitchcock manner. Like previous British mystery thrillers, "Seven Sinners" works in several new techniques and copious use of understatement and suggestion which seem to account for the general excellence of GB productions with weak plots. It's about an American detective and a girl (Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings) who show the Sureto how to round up a gang of crooks operating to the bafflement and confusion of continental police.

TOMORROW at the Cathaum: Frederick March, Warner Baxter and Lionel Barrymore walk "The Road to

Glory," which is not to be confused with Humphrey Cobb's "Paths of Glory." (Continued on Page Four)

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