

# Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during the college year by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interests of the college, the students, faculty, alumni and friends

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News Editor This Issue: R. M. Atkinson

TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1927

## CUSTOMS ON PARADE

Every year at periodic intervals the Student Tribunal overcome by remorse and a gallant, traditional zeal to do right by the Old College, suddenly awakes to a fluttering fear that Penn State customs, like old bones, are going to the dogs. There is no telling when this enthusiasm will arrive, but when it does come, it descends with all the fury of a red-hot lance and pierces the various brain pans of the assorted student justices with such force and emphasis, that it creates a logic that is finality itself. The reason, the Tribunal reports, that student customs are traveling the doggy path to destruction is that few cases are being dug up for its administration. To remedy this, the Tribunal, with true judicial solicitude, devises a cure for all ills. Generally the cure comes wrapped up in a "one-week campaign" for more and better customs enforcement. When this happens the Tribunal thrives.

Two years ago, on noting a recurrence of the dreaded disease, the querulous Tribunal revived Clean-up week. It was very successful. The freshmen raked the dead leaves that fell from the trees—it was the fall of the year—arranged them in book form and attacked them with fire. The next day the trees dumped an even more abundant crop of superfluous foliage on the campus. The process was repeated. Of course, the same thing, happened daily after that and only because the freshmen grew into sophomores was the leave-cleaning business abandoned. But the cessation did not matter. College spirit, so long slumming (pardon) slumbering, became over night a fierce and vital thing. And though it was now a thing of the flesh—the customs, that is—the freshman fathers awed by their own genius, beamed in gratification, gave three cheers, and yawned. After winter's hibernation they appeared last week.

The latest achievement of the Student Tribunal was turned to practical purposes yesterday. It was difficult to see how a lack of complaints necessarily meant a falling off in student customs, but the Tribunal has eyes for the future, and this week the sophomores and upperclassmen will turn into freshmen inspectors whose duty it shall be to observe that every moss-topped student has matches, black socks, and the proper deportment. At this late hour it appears to us that Check-up week lacks something. It seems to have no prospect of thrills—and a customs revival without thrills is a farce. We must have thrills.

There is no better way of securing these necessary concomitants than by turning loose the sophomores and freshmen and letting them have a snow ball fight on some convenient spot like New Beaver Field or Allen street. It might even be called Snowball Week. Each freshman would be required to carry at least three snowballs with the privilege of hitting a sophomore on sight. Of course, if the freshman should make a mistake and crack the president of the Tribunal or a visiting athletic coach behind the ear, it would be unfortunate, but as long as he would hit something besides windows, the purpose of the week would be fulfilled. The campus will have been cleared of snow, customs will have been revived. In case of another lethargic customs can be resuscitated at will. We shall have more snow.

B. K.

## CUTS REVERSED

Is there a student in our midst who has not rejoiced with great zest when his professor fails to put in an appearance for a scheduled recitation or lecture? If there is, he probably would be loathe to step forth and admit it hidden as he is within the depths of obscurity. Granted that our query would receive a unanimous negative answer, just stop for a moment to consider the logic of that question. Good American dollars have been paid out of respective pockets in order that each one of the thirty-seven hundred odd students at Penn State can enjoy a college education. And how do the students attempt to justify the money thus expended? Simply by scheduling only the "easy" courses with a plentiful supply of vacant afternoons in addition to various other sundries that constitute a "good" schedule.

If a professor does not arrive at the door of the class room before the last bell stops ringing the chances are remote that he will find his "scholars" within. If the class does remain for the allotted five, ten or fifteen minutes and the "prof"

is still among the missing, there is an immediate and spontaneous acclamation (that disturbs every other class room in the building) and the fortunate (?) students lose no time in disbanding. The fact that they were "cut" will serve as a topic for conversation throughout the rest of the day. The day seems brighter on such occasions, the student is "licked to death" because he was relieved of one hour's imprisonment in the class room. As a matter of cold fact he was "cheated" out of an hour of lecture or recitation that "was bought and paid for" out of a probable none too easy purse string.

Two years ago an incident is recalled that will well illustrate this subject. In a French section a professorless class was assembled. Five minutes elapsed. The group of students began to grow impatient. Six, seven minutes ticked off and at the suggestion of several members of the class, the group began a hasty exodus. That is, all but one member, a Japanese. Classmates returned and urged the Jap to leave. This he refused to do, despite the pleadings of his fellow students. Finally he said: "Why should I run away from my professor? My father gave me money to bring me all the way from Japan to get education. Now you want me to run from the man who would come to do what my father pay him to do. I cannot see it. I stay."

The logic of that simple ultimatum is clear. It merely brings to light the thoughtlessness of the average college man. Millions of dollars are expended yearly for education in the higher institutions of learning and yet the colleges are crowded with students who are thrown into ecstasy on the occasion of the professor "cutting" the class. It is something worth pondering over. Are we doing the right thing? Are we giving our parents a square deal? It is certainly food for thought.

W. L. Jr.

## The Bullosopher's Chair

Smithers—Say, old man, you seem quite preoccupied this evening. What's on your mind?  
Bullosopher—Well, I read an article today that stated me to serious reflection. For a long time out paper has been the subject of severe criticism, not for any one thing in particular but just generally. It has been accused of being dull, inaccurate, uninteresting. Well, this article, which was written by the editor of the Coe College Cosmos takes college newspapers as a whole and finds the same condition to exist in other institutions. But what is the point the author places the blame entirely on the college paper.

The news-editor will tell you that looking through the exchanges is his most loathsome task. I have tried it myself, Smithers, and I find that, stripped of its local appeal, the average college newspaper is little less than a meaningless splinter of ink. The front page is usually cluttered with sports events, announcements of meetings, in general a lot of filler. Even more glaring is the make-up. Comparing several issues of the same paper usually shows a stereotyped form which becomes tiresome and detracts from the general value of the sheet.

But that alone could hardly be the cause of the seeming ineffectiveness of the college paper. The article referred to indicates the newspaper with a lack of critical power. It is not critical enough and therefore is not self-critical enough. Some of the more intelligent newspapers have criticisms of the administration or student body, but never of the student newspaper. In connection with this, Smithers, I venture to say that the paper which does criticize usually encounters many knocks and in some cases, editors can do little if the student body does not have the critical attitude also.

But to return to our subject, a more aggressive, critical attitude on the part of the student newspaper is greatly to be desired. The paper is the moulder of college sentiment and should take the lead in obtaining favorable legislation in student government matters. Of course the editors can do little if the student body does not have the critical attitude also.

One of the saddest departments of the average college newspaper is its editorial columns. Too often the column is filled with nothing but rah-rah, blah-blah bunk, which shows nothing but a lack of inspiration. This criticism, while applying mostly to the small college paper, also holds for many of the more prominent publications. Yes, I fear that a great deal of the blame for ineffective college papers can be placed upon the newspaper organization itself.

Smithers—But, surely this doesn't apply to the COLLEGIAN.

Bullosopher—Perhaps not. But there is something wrong with either the paper or the readers for the two are apparently not in sympathy with each other. The editorial policy of our paper has endeavored to fill the columns with constructive criticism, and too often the criticisms have not been taken in the spirit in which they were given. Perhaps a little more constructive self-criticism both on part of the local newspaper and on the part of each student will bring about a closer harmony. The student paper should be pointed to with pride and each student should feel it his duty to place the paper in its proper position of respect.

## Preferred Blond Relates Meteoric Ascent to Fame

Within a few minutes, a group of admirers, attracted by the beaming personality that seems to radiate even through his golden crop, had gathered about Whitey Kaufman.

"Wondered how you ever organized your bunch!" an admiring bystander ventured. Whitey, accommodating, took up the question.

"Six years ago," he began, "a few boys from Lebanon Valley college picked up a small band, practically casual and decided to try their hand at musical luck. We soon combined with several pianists, one from Franklin and Marshall college, arranged a smooth combination and set forth to try our luck at Virginia university."

"Much to our surprise, we went over big," Whitey continued, noting that his colloquial phrase pleased his small audience, "and we were deputed in Virginia to play for several events that made us popular throughout the South. From then on, we were regarded our profession seriously, increased our band to eleven pieces (it has been seventeen at times), gradually gained experience and here we are—what people call a popular and leading band."

Since then Kaufman's orchestra has played in nearly every section of the country and before his local engagement, filled a ten-week contract at the

Oriole Terrace in Detroit. From State College the music makers journey to Camden, N. J., to record for the Victor company Albany, where the band plays for the State ball, is the next stop. Patrons of the coming Ziegfeld follies will hear Kaufman's accompaniments, as he has been booked to play for the coming edition.

The group of listeners had not yet dispersed when Whitey concluded hastily, "Boys, a musician's life certainly is tough. Always on the go. Seldom home, unless it is just for long enough to say 'hello, I'm leaving again, good-bye!'"

As a soft call summoned him to resume duty behind the baton, he waved a general farewell, eagerly leaped to his post and in a moment was supervising sweet strains for anxious dancers.

And the little audience, noting the enjoyment and removal of notebooks, would fix things if anything will.

We ostracize folks from polite society for improper etiquette at the table and elsewhere, and yet we are perfectly willing to accept them after they have committed such a breach as cheating during an exam! What a turvy world! How our values are confused!

It is up to the students and professors to correct the condition, and the feat is not an impossible one. Let's start in this new semester and rid ourselves of the loafers and parasites. In this way we will raise our scholastic standing, and rise above the kindergarten tactics prevalent now.

Let's all us good fellows in the true sense of the word and do our share in our school work or else take the medicine!

## Thespians To Present Show in Philadelphia

Parents, friends and relatives are offered an opportunity to buy their tickets in advance, and may do so by communicating with Mr. Jordan Gauthier, 806 Finance Building Philadelphia.

Plans for showing at Pittsburgh and other cities have not been completed as yet, but it is expected that "Girl Wanted" will play there as well as Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and Bellefonte.

Preliminary tryouts for the Thespian production will be held at eight o'clock tomorrow evening in the Auditorium. All candidates for the cast and the chorus are urged to report. Those who wish to try for a position in the Thespian orchestra will be called out soon.

Opportunities for cribbing. A clear statement of the punishment, a method of detecting the act, separation of seats and removal of notebooks, would fix things if anything will.

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## Foresters To Attend Spring Practice Camp With Yale Delegation

As Penn State delegates J. H. Abbott '27 and K. J. Seigworth '28 will attend the practice forestry camp at Urama, Louisiana, this spring. Fourteen Yale forestry students are included in the practice camp contingent, which will be headed by Professor J. A. Ferguson, now teaching at Yale on leave of absence, and G. P. Rupp, of the forestry department, both of Penn State.

The use of an 800,000-acre tract of timber land has been donated to the practice camp by a large lumber concern. The course will open March nineteenth and last for ten weeks, and includes general forestry practice work and timber land management.

## Cathaum

AND Nittany Theatre

(Matinee Daily at Cathaum)

TUESDAY—Marion Davies in "THE RED MILL"

TUESDAY—Nittany—Clara Bow, Antonio Moreno in "IT"

WEDNESDAY—Jack Holt in Zane Grey's story "THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER"

THURSDAY—Douglas Maclean in "LET IT RAIN"

FRIDAY—Alec Francis, Lois Moran in "THE MUSIC MASTER"



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## Sanctumionals

Cheating at Examinations.

Editor The Mountain Student: We have just finished another semester, which reached its climax in final exams. Together with chatter about exams we have heard a great deal of talk about cheating, cribbing, etc. It seems rather a pity that at such an institution as this there should be necessity for such actions, and so much talk about them. But the matter is here, so why not tackle it, diagnose it, and destroy it once and for ever?

Such remarks as, "Of course I know there will be no cheating," are absolutely ineffective, and yet professors use such timid remarks to instill fear into the would-be-criblers. How much more effective would be a statement that anyone seen cheating will receive an "F" on the quiz in question. It would not take a Solomon to judge such students to make sure they are rightfully accused. And then let the powers-that-be ACT, and "ACT in the living present" and not at some future date, or "the next time." No other way will remedy this situation.

We have tried Honor Systems, and they have failed; we have tried policeman duty but it has failed due to ineffective punishment. So why not revive the rule already established and enforce it?

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