

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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FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1928

CONGRATULATIONS!

With the general election now a vivid event of the near past and part of Penn State's vast collection of memories, the student body can now quiet itself and return to normalcy—after congratulations have been extended. The Collegian itself takes the occasion of this editorial to extend sincere wishes for the future success of every winner, great or small, and hopes that each may realize the full significance of his position to such an extent that he continues to hold the fullest respect for his proud obligation to Penn State and all she signifies.

Furthermore, it is hoped that the disgracefully meagre numbers (usually spoils seekers) which greet new class officers when the traditional inauguration is held in the Bull Pen increase to the fullest extent so that there may be some manifestation of real sportsmanship.

RAG DAY

Shades of Job's turkey! Tomorrow the humble freshmen will don the sackcloth (i. e. burlap and v-hatnot) and ashes (?) to disport themselves seemingly before their collegiate companions. But the lowly neophytes need not be disheartened at the thought of this return to poverty. Certainly not. They will be the object of all attentions, the cynosure of all eyes. Their appearance may be met with jeers, jokes and jibes of lordly upperclassmen, but they need not care, for surely poverty is no disgrace. They may be forced to their scanty-covered knees to present petitions of love and marriage before some member of the fair sex. Again, they should not mind, for such experience may prove of great value to them at some crisis in later life. Experience in proposing is without a doubt worth something, especially when one is positive that the proposal will not be taken seriously. Some of the yearlings may never again have the opportunity of such practice.

As usual prizes will be offered for the most original make-up. Naturally, all will attire themselves with a covetous eye to the awards. In your zeal for prize-winning, freshmen, always remember that originality in costume does not consist of absence of clothing. Long ago Adam and Eve copped the idea of appearing in the "altogether." It is no longer original.

BATTLE OF BRAINS

Battles of brawn and manual dexterity have long occupied the center of the stage of intercollegiate competition. At last a game for which brains, nay brains and scholarship, are the sole armour, has been instituted. A team of ten Yale students, who have grided their loins with the knowledge of the past ages, have met a similar team from Harvard upon the fields of learning. As a stimulation to the wits of the contestants, a prize of \$5,000.00 will be awarded to the winners. The contest, in fact, was instigated by Mrs. William Lowell Putnam and the prize money comes from the Putnam Memorial fund established for that purpose.

Since the purpose of colleges and universities is mainly to impart knowledge, some may wonder why intercollegiate contests which would show the mettle of undergraduate scholars have not been tried before. Would not such competitions show the relative value of the various institutions as educational agents? They probably would. There are reasons why battles of brains were not, and will never be, as popular as the lowliest minor sport. In the first place, there can be no spectators to cheer for the alma mater as the crown of victory sways in the balance. There can be no personal conflict, no opportunity to put that reserve ounce of strength into the fight at the critical moment. And finally, intercollegiate competition is to the undergraduate what golf is to the business man. The student wants a relief from things of the class room. He wants relaxation. Airing his learning upon an examination paper, even in competition, can give little satisfaction compared to achievement of the gridiron, diamond or basketball court.

The spirit of competition invariably stimulates interest and activity. Intercollegiate brain tilts, therefore, are to be encouraged since they will add

rest to the sometimes dry and uninspiring pursuit of knowledge.

An experiment of a similar nature to the Yale-Harvard brain tilt is being conducted in the colleges and universities of Pennsylvania. On Monday and Tuesday seniors, about to receive a bachelor's degree, will be given a general test of educational achievement. The examination will require about twelve hours and will be divided into four equal periods. The purpose of the test is to learn what the bachelor's degree amounts to in terms, first, of clear, available, important ideas and, second, of ability to discriminate exactly among ideas and to use them accurately in thinking.

Certainly this experimental test and the "battle of brains" indicates an awakening of interest in scholarship as such and promises an improvement in educational methods.

ONCE MORE WE ASK—

In a recent issue of the Collegian, there appeared an editorial entitled "For Old Times' Sake," suggesting that some representative team from Bucknell, our tried-and-true brother in combat, be selected to help Penn State christen the new gymnasium next September or whenever the inaugural services are held. Following that lead, an observing editor of the Bucknellian manifests enough considerate interest to type the sentiments of his paper and of the Bucknell student body.

"Some sixty miles of broad valleys and mountains separate two Pennsylvania colleges—Penn State and Bucknell. But the mountains no longer seem to be bars of separation between the Bison and the Lion. Rivalry in sport still exists, but it is a sportsmanlike rivalry, free from the bitterness that formerly characterized the Bucknell-State clashes. Bucknellians who visit Penn State come back singing praises of the hospitality shown by the Nittanyites. To show that this feeling of friendliness of State for Bucknell is no idle dream, the Bucknellian takes great pleasure in reprinting the leading editorial of the April 21 issue of the Penn State Collegian. . . ."

After reprinting the editorial, the Bucknellian concludes:

"The Bucknellian wishes to assure the Penn State Collegian; and through it, the Penn State body, that this friendly sentiment is appreciated and cordially reciprocated. The Bucknellian and the Bucknell student body have only kindly feelings for our friendly neighbor at the end of Old Nittany. May the friendship between the two institutions grow stronger with the years."

"Such an expression of friendly sentiment can invoke nothing but respect for Bucknell's attitude and willingness to co-operate. The Collegian is hoping—perhaps against hope—that some observing authority will find the time and inclination to arrange the happy fall celebration between Penn State and Bucknell—before it is too late.

The Bullosopher's Chair

Smithers: Have you noticed the atrocity that disgraces the display window of one of the Allen street haberdasheries?

"Atrocity? I don't understand."
Smithers: I mean that hideous specimen whose unsightliness would fairly cause the upset of one's stomach. That brazen banner whose colors blind like oxen's and cream; that college standard which more resembles grease-stained darning signal than a sophomore class pennant that it is supposed to be.

"Pardon me for agreeing thoughtfully, but I, too, have been offended daily by the pennant committee's divine gift of futuristic art. How a group of college men could have the conscience to present seriously that potpourri of lamentable looking tags is certainly one of the outstanding mysteries of the pre-election period. Think of it. Brown and maroon, of the shade the sophs chose, clash here and there, but when bisque is added—"

Smithers: I know it's hard to bear, but be patient. Some day the entire sophomore body may have a say in the selection of class pennants and so, will not evince surprise when insulted with a thing like that. Then, too, the day may arrive when the man in power will be thoughtful enough to appoint a committee composed of men who really know their colors and how to blend them, instead of the pre-destined bunch which usually has no more sense of color harmony than a shanty painter.

"Bravo! Three cheers for the 'brown, bisque, and maroon!"
Smithers: And three sobs for the sophs when they see their class blazer!

Dean Chambers Describes Incidents of World Cruise

The following is the third of a series of letters written by Will Grant Chambers, dean of the School of Education, who is cruising around the world in company with his wife. The letter was written aboard the liner "S. S. Resolute" on March twenty-fifth to Palmer C. Weaver, assistant director of the summer sessions.

I have just had a good breakfast (papaya, rice cakes, bacon and coffee) and am feeling quite satisfied with the world in general. So while I am in an agreeable mood I will send you a note from the most remote corner of Uncle Sam's possessive empire.

A week ago today we were sailing out of Bangkok, and not yet out of sight of the headlands of Sum. Four days we sailed through the South China Sea and tributary waters and on Thursday morning dropped anchor beside a long wooden dock (more than a quarter of a mile long—extending at right angles to the shore) at a lonely spot on the east coast of Dutch Borneo, in one of the richest oil fields in the world. Now by, in the midst of hundreds of oil derricks, was the little native town of Tarakan, the heart of this oil region. On Wednesday morning, passing through the narrow strait of Kalakak, we saw the most south-westerly island of the Philippine group and at noon we passed quite near another bold volcanic island belonging to our revered and bewondered archipelago.

You cannot imagine the thrill we all had on seeing these islands. Ever 'body talked in possessive terms of our fair, sunny territory, but it was not until yesterday morning when we saw Old Glory floating over the flag at Zamboanga that the thrill became audible in a cheer for the U. S. A. After our ship was anchored a tug brought out a large float and attached it to the side of the Resolute as a means of getting us on to the lanarquet. The soldiers at the fort had trimmed up the float like a fairy bower by way of welcoming their fellow countrymen. They had enclosed and covered the float with a light arbor of bamboo, from the edges and ceiling beams of which hung palm leaves and other green foliage. This welcome quite touched us with patriotic fervor. At most of our other stops we had been touched in other ways.

We found Zamboanga an interesting little town made up mostly of native huts, many of them on high stilts, but with a goodly number of two story frame business blocks and dwellings on the main central streets. We were shown the qh, qh, and present barracks, the house occupied by General Pershing during the Philippine insurrection and later by General Leonard Wood. We found there an Army and Navy Club and an "Oceania Club" which has our headquarters on shore. The Mindanao Herald took out a special edition welcoming us to our "homeland" and giving several

pages of fairly recent radiograms containing had arranged special maneuvers with native dances by wives and sisters of the soldiers. A Mohammedan wedding was staged for our benefit. And we were taken for a fifteen mile drive along the coast, through magnificent and almost endless cocconut groves, to the San Remo Penal Farm, with its more than 900 prisoners, more than 200 of whom are living outside the prison on patches for good behavior. The whole farm and all its buildings were in excellent condition, and especially adapted to tropical climate. Even the enclosing wall around the dormitories and headquarters had large areas of non-barbed pennings to permit the free circulation of air and admission of light. The men's dormitories were immaculate each man's bunk being cared for by himself. The commissary stores were stocked with abundant supplies of bananas, papayas, pineapples, citron fruits, coconuts, etc., raised on the farm by the prisoners. The farm somewhat more than supplies the annual cost of maintenance, though not of development or expansion. This system seems most humane and "pedagogical." Long term prisoners, after specified periods of good behavior, are permitted to bring their families and live with them on the farm, and raise their own garden, chickens, etc., and develop their own family life. The system is well worthy of study and imitation. The director who has instituted most of the reforms is an appointee of General Leonard Wood, who has credit for the general point of view. The man who showed Mrs. Chambers and me over the farm (1000 acres plus) is a native Philippine who spent five years at the University of California and is now head of the Division of Engineering and Forestry. There is an Agricultural Experiment Station, saw and planing mill, cocoa mill, bakery, shoe shop, tailor shop, weaving shop, basketry shop, etc. Our party acquired some thousands of souvenirs here, all the work of prisoners.

We liked San Remo so well and were so interested in inspecting the place that most of us lingered all forenoon and missed the military drills, the dances and the Mohammedan wedding. We were in Zamboanga from early morning until 1 p. m. I believe that the judgment is practically unanimous on board the Resolute that Uncle Sam has here such a beautiful and rich empire, and has already done so much to improve the condition and increase the happiness of the people that it would be not only unwise but inhuman to consider withdrawing several generations at least. What effect Manila may have on this judgment I can tell better two days hence. After introducing you to Tarakan in East Borneo, at the beginning of this letter, I dismissed the place th-

er unceremoniously to hurry you on to American territory. Parlon may taking you back for a few pages. We remained at the oil dock a day and a night while the Resolute filled her fuel tanks with some 3000 tons of fuel oil. There being not much but nature to engage our attention, we proceeded to find out what nature had to offer, as follows: A dense jungle running down steep mountain and hillsides to the water's edge, and around a cleared hill on which were grouped 23 huge oil storage tanks. An irregular belt of tall, dead tree trunks skirting the bay to the eastward and indicating the destructive effects of the overflow of the oil supply from the immediate hinterland. And a winding, dirty, oil-covered little river, flowing down through the dead timber from the little town of Tarakan and beyond, through a bottomless swamp. Some of our party attempted to reach Tarakan overland via a narrow road now dug up for surfacing and were almost sunk-in the bogs. They (or most of them) finally arrived sans shoes and stockings and smeared with mud and oil to the hips, on higher. Others of us went around by launch and up the river to an oil landing, when we walked or rode in a Ford truck to the town a mile away. At Tarakan we were surprised to see but few evidences of the natives who live farther back in the hills. Tarakan was made up chiefly of one story frame houses with extensive "lanais" or porches and great openings for air and light. These are occupied by white people engaged in managing the oil developments. The company maintains a fine club house for its men and women including bar and restaurant, theatre for home talent and movies, dance floor, bowling alley, swimming pool (outdoors), two concrete tennis courts, billiard tables, etc. We were hospitably received by the people and given all the privileges of the Club. We learned that the Resolute is the only large passenger boat which touches at this point, hence the people look forward to its coming as the big event of the year, for it means a good dinner and an evening of dancing aboard, with a good orchestra, to many of them. Those of us who went to Tarakan were hosts to some 40 or 50 of the people for the dinner and dance. It was really a great treat to observe the joy they got out of the event. We felt like real humanitarians!

Well, "that's that," as my wife objects to my saying. Twenty-four hours after leaving Tarakan we arrived at Zamboanga, and you know the rest. We will be in Manila to-

morrow from early morning until midnight and 36 hours later will arrive at Hong Kong where three days will be spent.

Pfeifer, Stahley Win Presidential Elections

(Continued from first page)

Wilson and Tom Whittaker while Charles G. Hall was chosen to represent the School of Mines and Metallurgy.

1930 Council Delegates

Next year's junior representatives from the School of Liberal Arts are Stuart Dimwood and Paul Williams. From the School of Education Lemmon C. Staudenmaier will be the delegate to the Council while from Chemistry and Physics comes Frazier J. Elhot. George T. Jones from the School of Mines and Metallurgy, Thomas Schofield, Richard Sherts and Richard Wilkins from the School of Engineering, Thomas A. Zary and Robert McKean from the School of Agriculture complete the list of junior representatives in Student Council.

Sophomore Representatives

Frank Diederich from Liberal Arts, John P. Bell from Education, Monton Macomb from Engineering, Evan L. Reese from Chemistry and Physics, Claude Henry from Agriculture and William Rushworth from the Mines and Metallurgy School are the 1931 delegates to the legislative body.

Several class votes occurred in the race for junior class treasurer and for business manager of La Vie. The preceding returns are unofficial and must undergo a recount before becoming official.



Nittany Theatre

FRIDAY—Cathaum—Reginald Denny in "GOOD MORNING JUDGE" and "10,000 MILES WITH LINDBERGH"

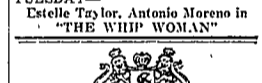
FRIDAY—Nittany—Lillian Gish, Ralph Forbes in "THE ENEMY"

SATURDAY—Cathaum—Midge Bellamy, Johnny Mack Brown in "THE PLAY GIRL"

SATURDAY—Nittany—"GOOD MORNING JUDGE" and "40,000 MILES WITH LINDBERGH"

MONDAY and TUESDAY—Matinee Monday at 2:00. Charlie Murray, Louise Fazenda in "VAMPING VENUS"

TUESDAY—Estelle Taylor, Antonio Moreno in "THE WHIP WOMAN"



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