

Penn State Collegian

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TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1929

A REWARD FOR DISHONESTY

Because of the cheating prevalent among students during the mid-semester examinations at one of the Western universities, the head of the sociology department in that institution recently voiced protest of the condition. His words of condemnation were directed especially against those students who deliberately defy regulations and then are unwilling to resign themselves to the consequences. If a man signs his name to a bond that is not his, the world calls him a criminal, consequently the sociologist holds that the student who places his signature upon a paper that does not contain all his own work should also be branded as a criminal.

In an effort to remedy this deplorable situation the professor suggested that a column containing the names of all students who fail because of cheating, as well as the names of those on the honor roll, should be printed in the newspaper of that institution. He explained that the cheater should be recognized among others in the same manner as the student who has distinguished himself by the high quality of his work.

To many the words of the prominent sociologist will have no specific meaning other than that they are merely the utterances of another reformer whose sole purpose in life is a cynical one. They will consider him a nincompoop, or a habitual fault finder whose pessimistic ideas are always causing trouble for students. And possibly their cheating complex will blot out all sense of right and wrong and will create in them the attitude of a martyr to a cause. Whatever position they assume, however, will be a direct admission of their defeat, for this professor has struck a true note which should prove a remedy for dishonest practices among students.

In ancient times it was not considered a crime to steal as long as the person was not caught in the act, but when the person was apprehended he was branded as a criminal and punished according to the seriousness of the offense. This idea seems to inhabit the minds of students who exult in cheating but who resist any preventive or corrective measures. They do not seem to realize that their ideas are antiquated and obsolete and that they are entirely out of tune with rest of society.

The student who carries a "pony" to examination or receives help from a fellow classmate to pass a course will be influenced to continue these same practices when he graduates from college. He may be able to "get away with them" for a while but at sometime or other his actions will be discovered and his life will be ruined. The time to curb dishonest tendencies in a student is at the very outset of his college career while he is constructing the foundation for his life's work.

There is every reason to believe that these tactics in dealing with dishonesty could be applied to certain Penn State students, who go through four years of college on knowledge gleaned from the mental efforts of others. Although the number of students here who fail because of cheating is relatively small there is still a large group of undergraduates who violate classroom regulations without fear of apprehension. Perhaps the knowledge that their names would be heralded before the eyes of the student body through the columns of the college newspaper would make them think twice before resorting to knavish deeds. The idea at least deserves consideration on the part of college authorities.

C. A. M.

There should be established in all large universities a College of Bologna," declares the *Minnesota Daily*. "There is a greater need for the establishment of this sort of college than for the maintenance of many now in existence."

Probably a good suggestion would be to teach only Economics courses in this mythical school.

When asked his reason for joining a fraternity while attending college, Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin said "I joined a fraternity because I found I could run a board bill longer in a fraternity than in a boarding house."

Little wonder that Penn State boasts an exceptionally high percentage of fraternity men. Doctor Frank's philosophy has many adherents.

The Bullosopher's Chair

Smithers: (Upon hearing knock at door) Come in Bullosopher, come in. By your knock I recognize you.

"Well said, Smithers. You must have been reading *Heavenly Discourse*. Or perhaps the new issue of *Fifth*. Smithers: Heaven forbid! Are you trying to nauseate me? *Heavenly Discourse* is had enough even though it does contain some wit and humor.

"Yes, yes. But before this session falls so low as to become a discussion of ultra-modern popular fiction or amateur college comics, let's have a word or two on the *Players* Saturday night interpretation of society sophistication."

Smithers: I don't like the way you stated that, Bullosopher—"Don't misunderstand. Their portrayals of sophisticated folk were splendid, or, as the sophomore behind me whispered past my neck, *divined good*."

Smithers: Despite the fact that both experienced and other members of the cast had the occasional absent-mindedness to pronounce their *u's* like Philadelphia's, Ambidragians, Shenandoahs or Serantonions instead of like N'Yawkah's, or, more correctly, Londoners.

"That may be, but you can hardly expect anything more genuine from Pennsylvanians. One must travel abroad before he can acquire the air and accent of a Britisher, don'tcha know? Of course, your next question will probably ask why on earth they didn't enact a Pennsylvania, at least an American play. Which I may answer by stating tritely that there's nothin' like t'yn'."

"I am more interested in individual performance than in proper play selection or any of that rot. Robert McKune, with his natural advantages of London air, appearance and tongue, was just one seat ahead of Donald Buchanan, whose most difficult role was nobly, or (as author Lonsdale would have it) ignobly fulfilled. The careful observer noted that Buchanan lived his uninteresting part even better than did McKune, whose interpretation was just a bit artificial and whose witty lines were too often crushed in the scramble between teeth and tongue or smothered under too much London accent. He seemed to forget that the real Lord Grenham was probably a slow, careful, deliberate speaker. He even murdered his last line which, I believe, explained the curious title of the play."

Smithers: And the girls?

"This is a case of gentlemen before ladies, Smithers and I don't intend to explain why. George Robertson was indeed a gracious valet, butler, handy man, call him what you will, but he was not the type one would expect to find in the mansion of a Tatham. He was not even dressed fittingly and the speed with which he ran his errands detracted from the dignified atmosphere of the Tatham home. To me, he will always be the prize-fighter of the play *Is Zat So?* Saturday night marked the second time he was miscast as a butler. They'll learn—in time."

"As a reverend gentleman, Phillip Roos left little to be desired unless it was greater concentration upon the stage—instead of sneaking friends in the audience. The outrageous curse that Lord Grenham heaved at the Reverend Lynton (Roos) was a prayer compared to the *thoughts* Roos was thinking about the sneaker Anton Hardt was himself, steady, reliable, capable. Yet too much powder blanketed the tan baked by Egypt's hot sun. Or maybe it was London fog."

Smithers: Doubtlessly. And the women?

"My dear Smithers, if you're expecting praise for a girl friend, your hope is futile—unless that friend is Miss Osterhout or Miss Buckwalter. Of the actresses, their performances, were the only commendable ones. Miss Osterhout filled her part like four quarts of water in a gallon jug. Her eyelids, her nose, her lips—forgive me for waxing poetical, or is it anatomical—were made for a Lady Finton. Occasionally she forgot to walk stiff-legged (like a widow of forty) but when she did remember the careful observer knew and appreciated it. So was Miss Buckwalter made for a Reverend's wife. So did she fill her part exceedingly well. Incidentally, the careful observer also felt inwardly pleased for the clever resourcefulness of Donald Buchanan."

"Without being cruel, Smithers, how can I discuss the other female players? How can I say that Miss Sneddon was as disappointing as she was pretty? How can I say that Miss Dutton was as dull as she was attractive? For truly, Miss Sneddon was not the Margot that author Lonsdale pictured. She was rather, a villainous type, reciting lines like a high school girl offering *Lincoln's Gettysburg Address*. Not once did she strike me as a heroine. Dull, like Miss Dutton, and uninspiring, she was too much an amateur."

Smithers: But then, Bullosopher—*aren't we all?*

THE MUSIC LOVER

To a packed house that enthusiastically supported them through every minute of a program nearly an hour and a half long, the Penn State Glee Club gave its first campus concert of the season Sunday afternoon. The organization showed fine tonal quality, accurate pitch, and effective ensemble work. The voices are well balanced; the tenors especially seem unusually able to hold their own, while the basses as a whole are not strong. In fact the whole club sings not so lustily in quantity as have those of past years.

Some of the old campus favorites captured the pulse beats of the audience with bass-drumming and beetle-zooming. The whole program was well distributed in interest, musical variety, and mood. The arrangement of the club in seats on the stage seems an improvement in time and dignity. More snap in stepping into singing position would make its appearance nearly perfect. In this connection, a tremendous help is the fact that the quartette does not have to cower in from the side lines and look funny (or foolish). The Pittsburgh cup, proudly rearing its slender grace on the piano (well placed in the center of the club) was a happy reminder of the triumph that we hope will be repeated next Saturday at New York.

The contest prize song (Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me") was sweetly and feelingly sung. There was just a hint of hesitation, of overcaution. Let the Glee Club sing this with the assurance and abandon of their other numbers; they need not fear the result, musically at least. Mr. Forman Slack of Columbia Uni-

versity added a welcome baritone voice in solo and ensemble work. His singing of *Homing by Del Negro* was excellent; and all were stirred by his rendering of "Pennsylvania State" a splendid song (words by Professor Espenshade) that we ought all be singing.

Miss Martha J. Gobrecht, Penn State's fine marimbist, had her audience as always with her in her capable and happy presentation of selections from Arndt and Herbert. We shall no doubt hear in after years from this young woman with her unusual gifts in this exotic type of music.

In "Pucker Up and Whistle" the Club sang a jolly number, and sprang to surprise of an amusement when Joe Reiff had the crowd tittering through his inability (apparently at least) to shape his own lips into a whistle, whereupon Charlie Jaton turned the folks into howls of glee by whistling (and such whistling!) without using his lips at all. As Director Grant observed, this is something we never heard the like of before on this stage.

In the final ensemble, Greg's Land Sighting, by the Club, Mr. Slack, Mrs. Grant at the organ, and Miss Lachenmeyer at the piano, Director Grant brought the concert to a splendid and compelling climax.

Each Sunday afternoon in March, extending perhaps into April after the Easter vacation, a musical treat is to be offered in the Auditorium. May we hope that this Glee Club program is an augury of the excellence of performance and of the enthusiasm of attendance that will characterize the entire series.

An admirable treatment of the subject of calcium carbide and acetylene is given in a 120-page booklet lately issued by the department of chemistry under the authorship of Dr. G. G. Pond. It is Dr. Pond's belief that the use of acetylene will develop wonderfully in the near future and judging from the facts which are given in this bulletin his predictions will doubtless prove true.

La Vies will be limited to those who have subscribed in advance.

Twenty Years Ago

The city of Chicago celebrated the Centenary of Lincoln's birthday with fitting services at a public meeting in the Auditorium there on February 12. President Sparks of the College and President Wilson of Princeton university were the main speakers on the interesting program.

On Saturday evening the Glee and Mandolin clubs gave a most successful concert in the auditorium. It appears that the student body is wholly in favor of these organizations from the way in which they applauded the several numbers.

The Ben Greet company of players presented "The Merchant of Venice" and "Macbeth," Saturday afternoon and evening under the auspices of the Men's Literary club. Both performances were largely attended, the evening showing being especially notable. A goodly number of Bellefonte people came on a special train.

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Letter Box

"Again—The Stag at Eve—" February 25, 1929

Editor COLLEGIAN: An editorial in Tuesday's COLLEGIAN dealing with some aspects of the "stag" problem at fraternity dances contained this sentence "The situation has become so acute that the College intends to suggest a remedy. . . . Personally, I am convinced that, as the popular saying is, "something ought to be done about it," but I should be reluctant to think that the College should step in to handle a problem which is distinctly a student problem. Such a course, it seems to me, would indicate a break-down in our student government machinery. The "stag" problem is an abuse of a very fine tradition of hospitality among our fraternities. By general agreement, it is considered an intolerable abuse. I hope this abuse will not be allowed to destroy this fine tradition. It will do so, however, unless the fraternities are able to check it."

At every "open" dance I have attended lately I have tried to figure out the philosophy of the stag. For instance, at a recent dance my wife and I were greatly amused at three stags who were in the stag line when we arrived and were standing on the same spot when we left the dance (three hours later). They did not remove their overcoats, they held their hats in their hands, they did not dance or talk much—they just looked on. I wondered by what queer, far-fetched conception of fraternity hospitality they justified their presence at the dance. However, probably more annoying to the host chapter were the antics of the stags who joined in the dancing, helped with the "Whoopie," assisted the orchestra and did every-

thing but converse with the chaperones. These popular "open" dances have one advantage for the shrewd observer: when the bars are let down, when the restrictions are off, we are likely to be more natural—we show ourselves as we are. It may be an unfair thing for me to do, but I form my estimate of people not so often when they are all dressed up and on parade as when they are in life's "open dances."

A. R. WARNOCK

February 25, 1929

Editor COLLEGIAN: I am writing to congratulate you and the other members of the Editorial Staff on the editorial appearing in the issue on Friday, February 22, 1929, entitled "College and Character." Every student in State College should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" this editorial.

M. T. DEAN

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