

Penn State Collegian

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AN UNDYING LOVE

After waiting all these months for her day at Penn State, Mother is standing at the threshold, awaiting the command to enter. Expectantly, she listens for the summons. And happily, we bid her enter. This may be her first visit—and my, how she'll love it—but first or last, we are fortunate in having her with us today. We wish we could entertain Mother more often but, denied that privilege until the spring of each year, we view with greater joy the impending visit of Penn State mothers. There are sights to be seen, places to go, and people to meet. Mother will enjoy all of these things, if only we will help her.

Young or old, Mother is youthful on this day. Her heart has throbbed unusually fast numberless times during the past few months because she knew her day was coming. Now it is here, and she is happy. But she is no happier than we are, for it is a privilege, and a joyous one, to devote these three days to the real sweetheart of them all. Sweethearts—that is, some of them—are nominal, but Mother is a genuine lover. She loves us, not for a week-end, but for a lifetime. Our only regret is that that life is all too short.

Letters, even the occasional variety, have told Mother of Penn State over and over again. Now Mother is anxious to see those wonders. To deny her of one minute is to rob her of a heart beat, for she has lived to spend her life on us. She will lavish her best attention on us—she has done so for years—but we should go her one better, if that is humanly possible for one day. And that one day is today, tomorrow, and Sunday. And all the other days of her brief life. The best we can wish our guests is that the sun shines brighter and the smiles grow wider as each Mother meets every other Mother of Penn State.

"Do Me a Favor," according to an unsuspecting freshman, would be an excellent theme song for an all-College musical comedy the night after a Junior Prom.

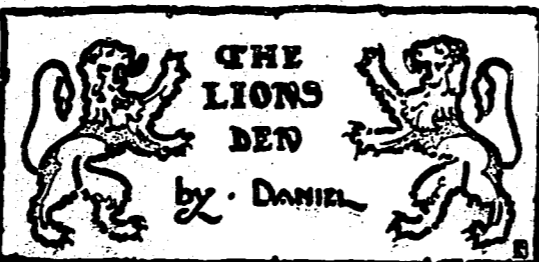
"THE GREAT 'OPEN' SPACES"

A handful of interested voters, curiosity-seekers, close friends, and obliging fraternity brothers listened to the campaign speeches of the men who aspire to the presidential chairs of the undergraduate body at a political mass meeting in Schwab auditorium Wednesday night. As the candidates assured and reassured the prospective voters of their sincerity, their desire to distribute the patronage without the time-honored bonds of earned rewards influencing them in the least, the assembly dwindled in numbers until it seemed as though only the office-seekers remained. If the speakers were alarmed over the possibility of losing votes because of their inability to bring the audience to its collective feet by a deft use of words, they were solaced to find few, if any, votes at stake when they faced row upon row of vacant seats.

Prior to this attempt at an "open politics" system, it was believed that presidential platforms would stimulate interest in the elections, and result in the election of a worthy and able candidate. This belief was relegated to the scrap heap, however, when the platforms were published. They were, as a whole, strikingly similar, not to mention their inanities. The fact that the platforms came last—pushed, no doubt, by the time requirements of the Elections committee—destroyed completely their high and lofty purpose. Likewise, it became evident that the first candidate in the field, the aspirant who had already brought a representative group of fraternities into the political fold, was destined to achieve his goal, whereas the tardy organizer was doomed to disappointment. The outcome of this situation promises even now to lead to political campaigning throughout the entire College year.

Apparently "open politics" is failing in its attempt to stir the student body from its mental lethargy. If the attendance at Wednesday night's mass meeting were accepted as a fair index of the student body's interest in the elections yesterday and today, it would not be unreasonable to believe that there will be an even smaller vote recorded at the polls this year than there has been in former years. Unless the ballot boxes reveal a different story tonight, "open politics" is doomed at Penn State.

"Take My Advice" is the title of tomorrow night's Players' production. The only advice play-goers need, an irritated attendant reported, is whether the Players intend to begin the show at the scheduled time, or fifteen minutes later.



In Hoc Signo Vincit

A personable young chap who has a photographic eye that really sees things about this campus, stopped us a day or so ago long enough to ask why the head of a sacred bull is being used as one of the concrete plaques on the exterior of the new engineering building, the one that is being reared in the vicinity of the power plant?

India is not the only country where the bull is sacred.

Inspiration

The idea for the popular musical comedy called "Boom! Boom!" was first conceived in Chicago. Maybe that's why it has made a sure hit.

More People Killed!

"In more ways than one," a disgruntled and cynical dance patron writes, "the prom was a wet affair."

Wanted: Another Party

Our correspondent reminded us, incidentally, that after Friday night's party, some wide open and inspired politician might organize a Prohibition Party.

Which, in turn, reminds us that much scandal may be caused by an aggressive party, especially at a prom.

REQUIEM

Of all the words
Of tongue or pen,
The saddest, these—
"I'm broke again!"
Oh! Oh!

Wednesday night at the open mass meeting when politicians were pouring a thousand I's on a dozen ears that sat listening in the Auditorium, a misplaced co-ed crept stealthily down the stairs adjacent to the stage. When she reached the open space near the door next to the organ she smiled and scampered into the great outdoors just as someone who had seen her remarked casually, "Wonder what she's running for?"

Helpful Henry

Mr. Sinclair (we believe the name is) the scout who was committed to jail despite his enormous wealth (mind you, despite his enormous wealth!) is making himself useful about the great gray mansion. The erstwhile financier, who has had some previous medical experience, is now paying his way through prison by aiding the prison surgeon.

And surely no one can doubt the skill of Mr. Sinclair in performing delicate operations.

Money Talks

Now that the talkies have drained so much of the public's pennies, we are expecting any day to read of the suicide of the bloke who wrote the maxim about silence being golden.

TO TOM-BOY GAL

I cannot live
Without you dear,
While you are there
And I am here;
You have my shirt,
You have my tie,
My cap, my knickers,
Socks—and I?
I cannot live
Without you, dear,
While you are there
And I am here.

Our Own Local Interest News Story (If the other side were told)

John L. Flooker '29, of Punkeyville, a local boy who is enrolled in the Pennsylvania State College, failed to make the Sigma Phi Nothing honorary scholastic fraternity last night at their annual spring election.

Young Flooker recently flunked a blue book in Commerce 616 although he was one of the most original dancers at the annual Junior Prom. The Punkeyville boy is spending his fifth year at the State College institution and is in high hopes of staying another year. Last year he acquired the second lowest number of honor points, which, though it sounds good, is pretty bad.

Young Flooker spent the Easter holidays at home recently. At least, he was in town.

Seniors

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for

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for
COMMENCEMENT

BEST PRICES ON
PROCESS OR ENGRAVED CARDS

KEELER'S
Cathaum Theatre Building

Collegian-a

THE FISH WHO WAS WRONG

(A one-act playlet)

(The historical background of the play lies in a recent advertisement by the Hookum Sports Supply Co., which ad carries the company's time-honored slogan: "If it's a Hookum Special No. 6 fly, the fish will bite.")

JOE SHADD: Good mornow, brother Trout, you look prosperous this afternoon with your big cigar. Business must be good.

BRO. TROUT: Yes, indeed. I'm getting plenty of dough these days, plenty of it.

JOE SHADD: I'm certainly glad to hear that. Er—perhaps you could—er lend me a fin'?

BRO. TROUT: I'm sorry, Joe, but I need every fin I have. They're sorta essential, y' know, to my support. Besides, I'm living in hope that Sally Sucker will be my mate in the not very far future. Fine girl, Sally.

JOE SHADD: Well, well, that's sure a surprise. I never thought you'd get hooked up with any dame. But then, as you say, Sally is a fine girl. Hm. Here she comes now.

SALLY SUCKER: Hello boys, why weren't you in school today? We had an interesting lecture by Prof. Pike.

JOE SHADD: Oh, we just decided to play hooky. Huh, Bro?

SALLY: The prof. read us an ad today, sort of a joke, but it gave me a fine idea for a money making scheme. (Reads the ad.)

JOE: Say, that is a noble thought. Let's get to our business. (They swim off together and spy little Johnny Smelt flirting with a luscious worm.)

SALLY: Johnny! Johnny! For Lord's sake, stay away from those unprofitable worms! Come with us and we'll get something worthwhile. (They see Billy Bass approaching a fishing fly.)

JOE: Billy! Halt in your tracks.

BILLY: Aw, let a kid get his breakfast, will ya?

SALLY: All right, dearie. We're just trying to help you. What kind of a fly is that? (She swims near to see.) A Shoor-Katch. Goodness, what a close escape. Don't you know any better than to stay away from all flies but Hookum! Special No. 6? They're the only kind we're to bite on now on.

BILLY: Why?

SALLY: Don't be silly. The paper said so. I mean an ad.

BILLY: How foolish of me. I might have known better. (Swims off.)

BRO. SHADD: Nice work, Sally, there's no commission for us in Shoor-Katch flies. Our line is Hookum Special No. 6.

SALLY (Shading her eyes): What's

that I see? Billy has one! At last, we'll get our commission. Maybe two percent. Hooray for Hookum Special No. 6. (She swims to Billy.)
JOE: Let's see it, Billy. (Aghast.) My Gawd! Billy, what have you done? What have you done?
BILLY (Between his meal): Nothin'. I ain't done nothin'.
SALLY: Why nothing's wrong Joe. The kid's right; it's a Hookum, isn't it? Isn't it a Hookum?
JOE: Yes, it's a Hookum, all right, but it's a Life like No. A. and not a Special No. 6.
SALLY: We're sunk. (She faints.)
BRO. SHADD: Spit it out Billy. Out with it. Now run and hide your face in the corner. For shame! For shame! (Curtain).

She makes an attempt to do everything but does nothing as well as she might.
Later life will call for a selection. One cannot possibly become active in all of the alluring fields of the world. It is necessary to choose. And might not this choosing begin now to good advantage among Penn State women?
In this way the quality of our work would go up. Instead of a girl being on the rifle team, in plays and on the debating team besides countless other things, wouldn't it be better for her to be simply a very good actress, an excellent debater, or a fine shot?
The world wants specialists. In other colleges movements such as these are on foot. Are Penn State women going to be behind the times?

Co-ed Chats

When the freshman girl first begins college life she is overwhelmed with the variety of extra curricular fields in which she may express herself. Penn State with its comparatively small women's student body presents about as many activities as any of the larger universities. It is quite natural for a freshman to try out for everything in which she has had any experience or in which she thinks she may have a chance to come out on top.
All this is excellent but there is a limit to the amount of work one person can do well. Frequently a girl is able to prove herself capable along several lines. What is the result?

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Would Vote To Re-elect This Smoke
So: Richmond, Va. July 26, 1928
Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Gentlemen:
As a constant user of EDGEWORTH Tobacco for the past four years, I can say I have enjoyed the comforts and pleasure of the World's Finest Tobacco. If EDGEWORTH were running for re-election, here is one sure vote for it. Its uniform quality is the outstanding feature and I recommend it highly. The EDGEWORTH Club hour over WVA is highly pleasing and helps to form a good combination.
Fraternally yours,
(Signed) Franklin Montgomery

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Extra High Grade Smoking Tobacco


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Hand Decorated
VASES—CANDY BOWLS—JUGS—MINT JARS—JARDINIERS
CANDLE STICK HOLDERS—ASH RECEIVERS
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College Cut-Rate Store
Allen at Beaver

Mothers' Day Sunday, May 12



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as a symbol of your
ADORATION

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State College Floral Shoppe
Allen Street West Side
Phone 580-J or 580-M



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Forain
ZEPHYR-WEIGHT RAINWEAR
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Forain garments are made of balloon cloth rendered absolutely waterproof by the famous Sawyer process.
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See Sawyer's "Forain" Coat, Golf Blouse, Sport Shirt, Fishing Shirt and complete suit for speedboat racing at your favorite shops.
H.M. SAWYER & SON
EAST CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

MOTHERS' DAY
CARDS AND MOTTOS
LATEST FICTION AND GIFT BOOKS
The Athletic Store
Student Supplies of All Kinds



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as D'ARTAGNAN in
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"One for All; All for One!"

DIRECTED BY ALLAN DWAN

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SWEEPING!
THRILLING!
With Synchronized Music Score and Sound Effects!

Monday-Tuesday
MAY 13 and 14
Matinee Daily at 1:30

