

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1930

DISILLUSIONMENT

That great thing called Penn State Spirit is losing its hold on the student body. Heretofore we have avoided mention of unruly displays because we believed that eventually they would die of their own volition. On the contrary, conditions have become increasingly worse. The flagrant outbursts at the basketball game Thursday night brought this fact out in large, black letters. The unprofessional practice of shouting instructions to players and officials was outdone only by prolonged booing and hissing at measured intervals. Formerly this sort of thing was not tolerated at athletic events, but presumably times have changed. Formerly the large majority of clear-thinking students set the pace for the unruly. Now the tables are turned. Now the unruly are in command.

The exodus prior to the tableaux ceremony—and during the playing of the Cornell alma mater—Saturday afternoon was a painful experience. Here was a historical event of tremendous significance completely snubbed by the ruling minority. It made no difference that the program was sponsored by Student Government. Instead, that apparently was more reason why this unruly element should assert itself blatantly. Even the promise of hearing President Hetzel speak was unconvincing.

The challenge is plain. Either this conduct is rebuked or "Penn State Spirit" is relegated to the long list of ancient misnomers. Either the responsibility of upholding an enviable and hard-earned reputation is shared by the entire student body, or it is rejected by the entire student body. Either we have Penn State Spirit, or we don't. It is certain that we can't go on pretending forever.

Fraternities would show their willingness to encourage formal dress for the Navy boxing meet, if they decreed that formal dress will rule at house dances Saturday night.

THE WRONG FOOT FIRST

After reading the questionnaire on unlimited cuts that is being distributed by a faculty committee from the American Association of University Professors, we cannot help but feel that the problem is being approached with bias. In the first place, the committee declares "that final examinations would have to be made extremely comprehensive under the proposed new system;" and secondly, that "Should unlimited cuts lead to failure in a course, would you be willing cheerfully to abide by the results?" After which we hold our breath lest we emit a cry of anguish.

OPPOSING FORCES

There are troubles at every turn, but none is so disconcerting to the college student as faculty dominance. This is demonstrated every day in little ways—in the classroom, in the committee room, or in college commons. Occasionally this inborn opposition comes to a head, making the gap between the two forces immeasurably wider. Minnesota is experiencing this sort of thing right now and, not unexpectedly, the student newspaper is involved.

As it happened, smoking is forbidden in University buildings at Minnesota. Harrison Salisbury, once managing editor of the Daily, protested the ruling vigorously. He personally defied the administration by smoking in the library one day. The next day he was ousted from college for a period of one year. The students' choice as a successor to Mr. Salisbury was Mr. Atwood. But he was not the choice of Dean Nicholson. Dean Nicholson, be it known, presided over a faculty-controlled committee that wished to keep the publication under its wing. Henceforth Mr. Atwood was shown the door. The dean simply would not have him.

And now the war is on. The student body apparently is not "naive enough" (as a metropolitan newspaper would have it) to overestimate the value of a sheet which is a student publication in name only. Instead, there has been a call to arms, and the inevitable battle is in full swing. Happily enough, Penn State publications are singularly free from censorship. This may account for the fine spirit of cooperation that binds the student body and Administration on our campus.

The Show Window

After hanging around the COLLEGIAN office the major portion of Friday afternoon in hopes of securing up a stray complimentary ticket to the Military affair, we accidentally discovered the editor doing likewise, and entertaining the same hope. Realizing that the situation was exceedingly desperate we abandoned our ambitions until evening. Our second attempt to gain entrance was foiled when we discovered that the good old bass drum was stuffed with Ipana toothpaste advertisements. Finally we acquired a non-transferable invitation from a gigantic-hearted manager and strolled proudly into the fray. Despite the fact that we had neither spurs nor sabre, we made several advances and did quite a little skirmishing, but our movements were constantly hampered by the vigilant enemy air service in the balcony. General Harberger and Admiral Geesey performed a cleverly executed flank movement with a grand display of nice new nickel plated sabres; after which the newly-appointed co-ed colonels led a magnificent charge down the floor. All in all it was one of the most successful wars we weren't invited to, but we did our bit anyway.

While hastening across the beautiful Penn State campus the other evening, we inadvertently fell over one of the newly-planted traffic signs, lollypops, etc., much to the disadvantage of our morale. Thinking the thing over we are inclined to agree with a prominent Liberal Arts professor who said that they limit the freedom of the campus to visitors and garbage trucks. However, they are quite chic little arrangements with their lovely scarlet plates, jet black stems, and adorable lettering. We are told that the International Association of Moronic Decorators is planning to garnish each sign with a magenta ribbon tied in a bow, and peonies and hyacinths will be planted at the foot of each. This column is inclined to encourage such tendencies inasmuch as we believe that they offer indisputable evidence in support of learned writings by such doubted scientists as Darwin and Barnum.

Overheard in the local taproom while waiting for the sylph-like barmaid to return with the sandwich we ordered the day before: "Did you have any jokes in this issue of the Froth or will it be all right to send it home to mother?"

Dutch Ricker was seen near the cow barns, the home of the late-lamented Jessie, last week. It has been supposed that he was merely looking for Jessie's suicide note, in the event that she left one.

About the campus: Jimmy Gilder of the O. E.'s, looking distrustfully at a barber . . . Eddie Welch handing out Salvation Army capes to the co-ed colonels at the Military Ball . . . There were plenty of souls to be saved at that affair . . . Somebody trips over a sabre and looks sheepish . . . Dick Whetstone, the rhythm king from the Beta Manor House . . . Somebody remarks on the similarity between the Sigma Phi Epsilon and a California gasoline station . . . Madeline Delaney without Lola Haid trudging by her side. It looked strange . . . Gus Eisenman, who never learned how to frown along with other things, it is said . . . Marjorie Fisher, a town girl who gets places . . . D. D. Mason and his patent napkin holder.

Kappa Beta Phi Elections
 James T. Wolfe
 William Hammaker
 Robert F. Campbell
 Raymond Bowers
 George J. Schauts jr.

THE CAMPUSEER

The Playgoer

"WHITE COLLARS," a comedy by Edith Ellis, staged by David D. Mason, and presented by the Penn State Players.

THE CAST
 William Van Luyn..... Charles Kray '30
 Joan Thayer..... Dorothy Ley '31
 Cousin Henry..... Arthur Cunningham '31
 Helen Thayer..... Justine Bondine '32
 Mr. Thayer..... James Aber '31
 Mrs. Thayer..... Olive Osterhout '30
 Frank Thayer..... Benjamin Conard '32
 Sally Van Luyn..... Shirley Thorpe '32
 Tom Gibney..... Kenneth Page '32

PORTRAYED 'Cousin Henry' in Players' Show



ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM '30

In "White Collars" appeared a cast of unmistakable ability. All the characters, even down to the blustering and coarse-voiced truck driver, Tom Gibney, were cast with a meticulous care and consequent superior results that a professional director might envy, and that speaks highly of Mr. Mason's dramatic eye.

A critic is ever chary of praise, but following the old adage, "Honor where honor is due," it is impossible to speak of the players and Saturday night's performance in any other manner. The play, the acting, the stage sets were good—perhaps the best of the present season, and, if one is to believe the audience, the result was thoroughly enjoyed.

A sentimental farce, into which class "White Collars" properly falls, always holds a fascination for any audience, but it is a class, too, that is highly dangerous from the director's viewpoint. A little over-acting, a step past the brink of proper exaggeration, and there is a fall into cheap melodrama or mere burlesque. But neither Mr. Mason nor his players made either of the two false steps, and the whole was a happy performance.

Centers Around Two Problems

"White Collars," is Shavian in its concern with a modern economic problem, the old dissatisfaction that springs from the unequal distribution of the world's wealth, a fact that the laboring class, and the "middle class"—the "white collar" workers—continually deplore, but a problem for which everyone admits there is no solution.

The author, Miss Ellis, makes the character Cousin Henry her mouth-piece in explaining the problem, and this mechanism becomes so painfully obvious at times that it detracts a great deal from the interest of the play. In spite of this, Arthur Cunningham performed the role to perfection. After seeing him portray Cousin Henry, one is almost inclined to believe that the "Great Middle Class" should after all be elevated to the millionaire class.

The second problem lies in the character Joan Thayer, so nicely mirrored by Miss Ley. After the first scene, the practised theatre-goer knows that "White Collars" can end only in one of two ways. To bring it to a happy conclusion, the class distinction must be removed, and this can happen in only two ways: either some rich relative must will the Thayer family a million dollars and elevate them to the social rank of the Van Luyns, or Joan's husband, William Van Luyn, must somehow lose all his money.

Faults of Play

Joan is not ashamed of her family, as would usually be the case. Instead of eloping without the knowledge of her family, Joan prefers to obtain their consent. She then wraps her husband, the rich Van Luyn, around her finger and attempts to make him one of the Thayer family, to make him one of the "Great Middle Class." One cannot help admiring Joan's loyalty to her family, perhaps it is meant as an object lesson, but the author seems to have overstressed it a little.

Diamonds

at
Crabtree's

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 Extra-large showing of Topcoats and Knicker suits—By all odds the most complete line RICHMAN BROTHERS have ever produced.

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Honor Roll

Striking another blow at Penn State's outworn "Hell Week" traditions, Delta Tau Delta last night added its weight to the increasing sentiment against rough initiation practices. Sixteen fraternities have now banned "Hell Week."

PHI DELTA THETA
 ALPHA CHI RHO
 DELTA CHI
 DELTA Upsilon
 OMEGA DELTA EPSILON
 ACACIA
 PHI KAPPA PSI
 SIGMA CHI
 TAU KAPPA EPSILON
 PHI EPSILON PI
 CHI Upsilon
 SIGMA PHI SIGMA
 BETA KAPPA
 TRIANGLE
 PHI PI PHI
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Bellefonte State College
 Wed. 3 pm to 5 pm
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 Sat. 10 am to 5 pm
 Garbick Building
 Opp. Court House



TUESDAY—
 25 Favorite Stars in
 "THE HOLLYWOOD REVUE"

WEDNESDAY—
 William Haines, Anita Page,
 Karl Dane in
 "NAVY BLUES"

THURSDAY—
 Cecil B. De Mille's
 "DYNAMITE"

FRIDAY—
 Charles King, Bessie Love in
 "CHASING RAINBOWS"

SATURDAY—
 Sue Carol, Dixie Lee in
 "THE BIG PARTY"

Nittany Theatre

TUESDAY—
 J. C. and Elliott Nugent in
 Screen Version of "Kempy"
 "WISE GIRLS"

FRIDAY—
 Cecil B. DeMille's
 "DYNAMITE"

SATURDAY—
 Charles King, Bessie Love in
 "CHASING RAINBOWS"

SPRING and SUMMER SAMPLES

On Display Now at

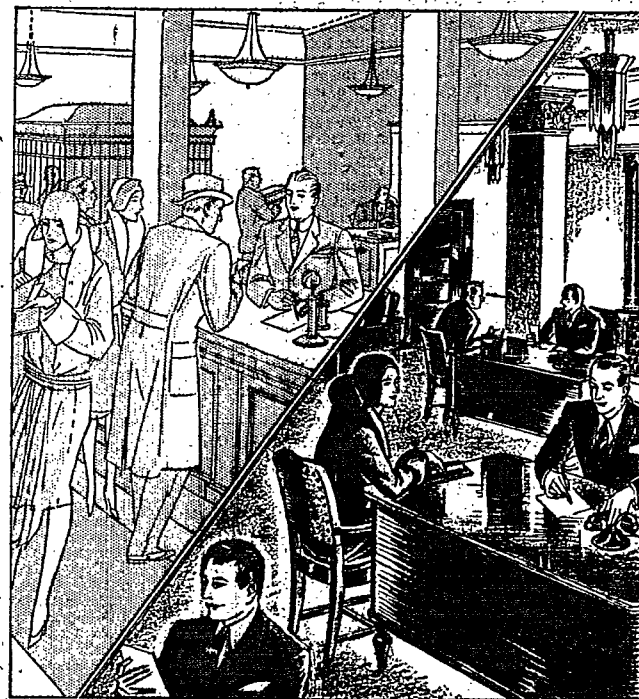
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Removing mental barriers

In the Bell Telephone System men are constantly studying new ways to make the customer's dealings with the company easy and pleasant. The new "counterless" idea, now being introduced in the telephone company's business offices, is a case in point.

Here the customer is placed at once on a friendly personal basis with the company

representative. He is invited to sit down comfortably and discuss his business. Certainly more satisfactory than standing at a counter.

This single instance represents a point of view which telephone men think is important. Telephone service calls for engineering skill and more—it needs human understanding.

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 Haberdashers
 In The University Manner

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 AND PLAIN
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