

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1931

THE CAMPUSEER

—BY HIMSELF—

The scene is near any of the fraternity houses lying out any distance from the bright lights of the center of the town. The time is that inebriate period between day and darkness, sometimes known as the children's hour. The *persona dramatis* are a well known co-ed, a poet in our little world of women, and a prominent Greek letter man about the campus. They walk along aim in aim, laughing and talking uncomformably as only those who have their minds on other things can laugh and talk. They are painfully nonchalant. Suddenly they give a quick look up and down the street and then melt into the fraternity house as unobtrusively as one of the deepening shadows. Some here a church bell tolls a call to evening worship. The Sunday seems twice as holy on account of the twilight hush. Love has found a way!

One bright day last week, Sock Kennedy, prominent hooper and ice cream vending alumnus, entered the portals of a local bank and with the first proceeds of the dancing class which he is conducting in partnership with Grace Baei, fair freshman co-ed.

He slipped the checks under the grill with a proud smile. "Under what name shall I place this account?" queried the teller. Not wishing to have it confused with his personal deposits, Sock replied "Oh, just call it the Baei Dancing Class."

We object. Grange Dorm gets all the breaks. The latest bit of luck to wish itself upon the sweet dainties came Thursday. Late Wednesday night—after dating hours—a fuse blew out, a wire crossed—anyhow, something happened to the electrical system and, strangely enough, the lights went out.

Nothing was done to remedy the situation immediately but on the following morning the great event occurred. Instead of a lowly electrician appearing to repair the damage, lo, and behold, a stalwart band of senior electrical engineers made their way into the dormitory, and, mind you, gals, those boys went right upstairs looking for the trouble. To deepen the plot, it seems that many of the inmates had not been notified of the invasion and were more or less negligent. We mean not fully clothed.

Blushing co-eds to the right of them, other co-eds to the left of them, into the valley of slugs went the sixteenth century. In fact, there was quite a scramble for a few minutes.

Oh, yes, we didn't learn if they fixed the lights. C'mon, Mac Hall, bust a few radiators and give us mechanical engineers a chance!

About the town and campus. Dot (as in period) Johnson languishes over some exotic sandwich in the local Schnapszimmer. Mid (as in midget) Kist stops for a moment to straighten the seam in her stockings. Daddy Rhoton's lips always seem to be moving automatically, saying, "Talk to me, children, talk to me." Those plangingly incomplete sentences in the movie trailers. . . . New spring suits temptingly displayed in the local haberdasheries.

A band of ROTC lads stalking the Infirmary. Our mid-winter anti-spot shoe movement does not seem to affect several prominent fraternity men. oh well, they are probably not style-conscious anyway. . . . Dave Mason and the recently wed Mrs. Mason go promenading on a Saturday evening. Where would this column be if it weren't for adjectives? Professor Schweitzer says something about us in German to his fair companion. That's taking an unfair advantage but we hope the remark was complimentary. . . . One of the Divids on Co-op without a hat. . . . Mid Wentz goes colonelling on the campus. . . . Sue Allen (no adjectives needed). . . .

Footlights

For anyone who does not know we may say that the Players gave a show Saturday night called "R U R," which is the trade name of the company manufacturing Rossum's Universal Robots. And for any one who cares to know we may add that as far as we are concerned the Players gave their most disappointing performance this season.

To be completely frank we don't believe the cast was to blame. The play itself was one of those half-breed, fantastic melodramas. It struck us as being one with a Jules Verne background and Horatio Alger dialogue.

Our heat went out to the actors as they tugged and toiled to keep the play on even terms with the passing evening. But when the epilogue came, the evening was over. Not even watching a couple of robots become sentimental could make us get over that idea. Besides we had sort of a snaking sympathy with the robots all along until they started slopping over each other.

Our lamels, right in between the thorns, go in this instance to Myrtle Webb for her portrayal of the maid.

Nam, she furnished us with the only smiles of the evening—there were no real laughs. Maybe this is no compliment, but she did live up to the role of the lowly servant girl.

As for the leading characters there is not much that we can say. Pealin as the general manager of the company, got off to a poor start, but improved somewhat later. Marion James, the heroine who eventually became Mrs. General Manager, made a very sweet stage appearance. Her voice, however, lacked color, and her most fervent lines were spoken as though she were asking for an order of fried potatoes.

Jean Simmons undoubtedly gave us the best robot impersonation, and James Grace as Radus, leader of the robot revolt, came a close second. It can be added that the costuming of the robots was novel and that the squariness of their faces can be credited to a clever make-up artist.

As for the managers of the robot factory, we are just sorry. It was cruel to make them stand around all that third act, looking for excitement when there wasn't any within several hundred yards of them. And those third act times were as obvious as a girl scout opera!

Campbell and Cobough struggled gamely while Benjamin was neatly uncomformtable. Keaton, as the bus-

CATHAUM

Wagner Brothers Theatre

TUESDAY—
 Matinee at 1:30
 Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels in
 "REACHING FOR THE MOON"

WEDNESDAY—
 Ann Harding, Clive Brook,
 Conrad Nagel in
 "EAST LYNNE"

THURSDAY—
 George O'Brien, Warren Hymer in
 "SEAS BENEATH"

FRIDAY—
 Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards,
 Charlotte Greenwood in
 "PARLOR, BEDROOM and BATH"

SATURDAY—
 Helen Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman in
 "MILLIE"

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

YOU'RE RIGHT, NOAH!

LIBRARY—An apartment or building devoted to collected books, also, an establishment for the custody, control, and circulation of a collection of books.

That is Webster's definition and it puts at rest a doubt in our mind. Certainly, we have a Library. Doesn't Mr. Webster say that it is a place to store books and don't we have such a place? Even though it is almost impossible to get books out when we want them, we still have a Library.

The Library is here with all the trappings even though the clock is generally wrong. There is place in the building to store all the sacred volumes. The only trouble is that they are stored away so that no one else ever can find them. But then a library is a storehouse for books.

Stacks and stacks of books are pushed away in all the nooks and crannies of our beautiful building. Magazines and papers are there, too. At least, we have heard about all those things.

Of course, that is only hearsay. But we do have a Library, a storehouse for books.

VALUE IN ACTIVITIES

The results of the freshman investigation of extracurricular activities may bring to light many interesting facts for the benefit of those who have not yet begun the race for campus honors. The possibilities in each field of endeavor is a matter which may be looked into with profit by underclassmen eager to begin the lex and shingle race.

Whether activities are inherently beneficial or not is a much mooted question and one that can probably be argued indefinitely. Investigations for some have not even proved that there are positive benefits to a college education itself. The worth of an activity, like college itself, invariably depends upon the individual and no rule can be laid down that will hold true for a large majority of students.

Some receive inestimable benefit from activities while others get no positive good and may be seriously harmed by participation. The man who feels himself bettered will inevitably urge participation in activities on his associates. He who has been injured will wholeheartedly and sincerely brand activities as worthless parasites in college life.

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HELLO—HOWDY

"Hello" No answer. "Hello." A hurried nod. "Hello." An incredulous glance. "Hello." A look of contempt. "Hello." "Howdy." Ah! At least one student on Penn State's campus disagrees with the prevalent idea among the undergraduate body that "Silence is golden." But he is one among thousands and perhaps is too far in advance of his age—too ultra-modern, for he is trying to trample underfoot that hideous adage that "One should be seen but not heard." What's that? You say that "the one among a thousand" is merely a loyal, old soul, who believes that traditions are sacred and as such should be preserved. Perhaps. Let's find out.

Last week Student Tribunal tightened its grip upon class custom violators and imposed penalties on eleven freshmen. But there is one general custom, a Penn State tradition, that Tribunal can never enforce even if it possessed the combined determination of an Alexander, a Caesar, a Napoleon, a Washington, and a Foch. "Students shall speak to each other on the campus and in buildings." That is one of the seven general College customs and it is being allowed to gradually fade out of the lives of the undergraduates and it will soon succumb to an ignominious death of "silence."

Where is that old hello spirit which was so traditional of Penn State? Where is that friendly feeling which prompted us to say "hello" when you and I were freshmen? Are we too busy to speak to one another or do we think it is too childish or out-of-date? We think that none of those answers apply. In fact, we have become lax in the observance of the "hello" custom just as we have grown lax in enforcing others through a mere "don't care" attitude. But let's care. Don't wait for the other fellow. Don't him to it and say "Hello" before he gets a chance. Let's find out whether he will merely pass us by with a casual nod or come back with a friendly "Howdy." We're betting on the "Howdy."

W. S. T.

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