

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

Published semi-weekly during the College year, except on holidays, by students of The Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of the College, the students, faculty, alumni, and friends.

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Member Eastern Intercollegiate Newspaper Association

Entered at the Postoffice, State College, Pa., as second-class matter

TUESDAY, MAY 10, 1932

CUSTOMS

It is significant that the new class presidents as one of the first acts of their administrations have asked for revision of freshman customs. Each year after Move-up Day dissatisfaction with customs arises anew.

As the College continues to grow, it sheds and will continue to shed the vestiges of its days as a farmers' high school. Restrictive customs are a vestige, slow to go because student tradition somehow makes them sacred from the encroachments of reason.

Each class as it finishes its term under the regime of customs realizes how impotent is the naive philosophy which supports freshman customs. They realize that the very physical numbers in the College provide an insuperable barrier to the successful continuance of restrictive customs. They realize that a blanket system cannot deal successfully with such a wide range of personalities as a thousand freshmen present.

Evidence of the trend away from restrictive customs was concrete in the student poll last year which paved the way to the abolition of sophomore customs and the lightening of freshman rules. The retention of a number of the rules was due largely to inherent student conservatism rather than to a great deal of sincere conviction that customs are an indispensable part of the College.

One semester of dress customs is enough to accomplish any constructive purpose which customs may have. Other restrictions serve only to tempt the freshman to evade them. Let the freshman date. He can still be intelligently controlled by fraternity and personal advisers. It is better to do this than to pull off the lid entirely in the sophomore year and invite quick reaction. One semester of dress customs is plenty. By that time, the freshman is part of the College.

It certainly is amusing to see how educational institutions go after their little bit of publicity. Just take for example the recent dubbing of the animate Alice in Wonderland as an honorary Master of Literature by Columbia University (adv't). With all due respect, the abuse of the privilege by many institutions is disheartening to persons who believe that honorary degrees should be earned even if not gained through the conventional channels.

MORE SENTIMENT

Most of the time things about the campus seem pretty mechanical and cold-blooded. The way in which oftentimes one student rivals another for campus and even for scholastic honor, which of all things should be matters of personal growth and satisfaction, not of fooling bystanders, becomes appalling on second thought. It raises the question whether, with all the superficial traits of our materialistic generation, the College student is anything more than a finely timed competitive machine.

For the most part Lion Suits, Blazers, Move-up Day, and other traditions of student history are gone through here with the same air as attends the smoking of a cigarette. Planting of Ivy was overlooked by last year's senior class. Certainly that tradition is worthy of observation if for no other reason than the cold-blooded one of adding to the beauty of the Campus.

Suggestions that seniors hold a "sing" of some sort in the open-air theatre as part of Commencement Week should be put into effect. Such a function would certainly afford wonderful opportunity for seniors to grow sentimental and would become one of the things which alumni would look back to with feeling when thinking of their college experiences and graduation, in particular.

To stage such a function and to have a small turnout, such as attends even important senior class meetings, would, however, be the saddest of sad failures. With the proper organization and class cooperation the affair could be easily arranged and could provide satisfaction to all but the coolest of cold-blooded creatures.

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

For weeks we've been sticking this down at the bottom of the column and for weeks the column has been just that many lines too long. So this time it goes at the top. Not that it is really worth being at the top but—here it is. Mr. Trullinger looks modestly surprised when you tell him that he is right up in there in the best direct contest. He's not surprised, because he thinks he has a pretty good chance, and he hasn't a pretty good chance on account of how he wears his ties short.

I, has ever been one of our most easily suppressed desires: to watch May Day festivities. They generally leave us cold, and sometimes even pneumonia. But events conspired, we perceived, objections expired, and we went Saturday.

There were a lot of people around. Ex-May Queen Tjke Haller, as one of the catterer of our nasty co-eds call her, was looking pretty. Pretty Hetzel and family were around. People were practically stepping in each other's coat pockets to see things, hence there was anything to see except a little music.

Muriel finally appeared, to the edification of all neat enough to see her. The heralds came on before very handsomely, we'll tell you, but didn't even give one feeble toot on those nice long trumpets. One of the members of the chain gang didn't get there on time so they wound up the steamer she was supposed to pilot in order that it wouldn't get tangled.

Well, when that had been handily disposed of, the gel put in her appearance, and the parade started again amidst much complaining of humlock bearers and flutists. Our aesthetic sense wasn't working worth that. Or maybe it was because we couldn't see anything, or anything except the heads of the taller ladies of the ensemble and the football shouldered of Marie McMahon, whom we sort of expected to do the crowning of Dr. Ritenour.

While sweet, smooth gales moved about in the crowd trying to convince people that the women's election had been crooked, while small boys shouted, while a couple of wise guys were following the procession and thereby falling heir to all the best seats, it was growing darker. The thing finally broke up, after the coronation was over and nobody could think of anything else to do, or else they were afraid to do what they were thinking of. We went home, resolving to attend next May Day. If they gave out cake and ice cream.

Seen about Sigma Nu match box holders scattered liberally around the Theta house. advertising? . . . Ja hear about the guy that got his week-ends mixed and late dated somebody's mother? . . . Burry, big shot in Peshing Rifles, is nothing but a piccolo player to the bluband . . . Tommy Thompson comes through with a sotto voce "not so damn good" after one of the pieces Sunday afternoon . . . Someone was there carrying a large brown and white cat. The Prom is Friday the thirteenth . . . How many of those linen tux coats will be there? . . . Did they put those things on the Beta Shamrock stairs so people wouldn't scratch their matches on the walls? . . . Sullivan, manager of the theatre, has a little window in his office through which he can view the current cinema when he tires of the daily grind . . . Add smile. As dumb as the metallurgist who thinks an ore vessel is a row boat . . . Have you seen the lion on the inside of Chuck Khno's prevarication suit? . . . Innocent thirty-five asks why these professors were up so early picking dandelions on front campus . . . Publication of their names would probably react somewhat like a cyclone in a confetti factory . . . we don't know 'em anyhow . . . damnit. Marge Hudson makes her contribution to the campus beautiful by sitting on it . . . the campus we mean. Cheers for Laurel Queen Bobby Vincent . . . even if we did call her an Amazon once . . .

FOOTLIGHTS

"BIRD IN HAND" by John Drinkwater, produced by the Penn State Players under the direction of Frank Neubaum.

John Greenleaf . . . Hale Sandberg
Alice Greenleaf . . . Barbara Vincent
Thomas Greenleaf . . . Donald Keaton
The Harpans . . . Perry Smith
Gerard Greenwood . . . Thomas Egan
Mr. Harquet . . . Burton Rowles
Cyril Beverly . . . Peter Mack
Andrew Godolphin . . . Frank Hertz
Sir Robert Arden . . . Robert Ayers

When and we're mothers dutifully crowded the auditorium to watch frantically as the Players present "Bird in Hand." In fact, before the first act had dragged out its weary length, we were quietly conquered by our understudy. We had dreams of going out and counting stars with the May Queen or something cool and quiet like that. We stayed through because, not being Nathan, nobody would give a damn whether we went or not. That discouraged us.

We're glad we're around because the general second act was so much better played and so much faster in action that we forgot entirely how sticky the seat was. J. Drinkwater is a good deal to blame for that first act which is written like an English novel. For the second act, we could forgive him anything. All in all, the comedy was an intelligent choice for Mothers' Day.

We're all here and there on the acting. The two seniors, Keaton and Meek, gave splendid performances, unequalled by anything we have seen them do here. That is no idle comparison because before this, then last performance, they played two and three shows each year. While on the red side of the edge, we mark down others who did not in the least show dramatic promise.

Keaton, in a long and difficult character part, sustained the role consistently and spoke so well that, in spite of the dialect, he could be heard at every point. As much as we dislike to bring his up again, we note that Keaton, Meek, and Hetzel were the only ones that were audible throughout. It's encouraging to remember, though, that the three are

were thoroughly convinced that he never could do anything impressive while the curtains were open. He fooled us. His impersonation of an English country squire was impressive.

Except in the first act, the scenes hung together well with the players' attention properly focused. The stage design was conventional, without excitement. Some properties were out of place and anachronistic. The music was less plagued by sour notes than at "Holiday."

The show entertained, but was not as well produced as "Holiday."

PHI SIGMA IOTA ELECTIONS

- Faculty
Dr. Francis M. DuMont
Undergraduates
Arthur R. Anwyll '33
Carrie B. Gibbons '33
Marian E. Polts '33
Leonore Schwarze '33

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JOHN D. LEX, Res. Mgr.

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