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PENN STATE COLLEGIAN Published semi-weekly during the College year, except an holidaya, by students of The Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of the College, the students, faculty, a lamni, and friends.

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# MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1934

VERBAL BAFFLERS BAFFLED

The debating team here is confronted with a problem. They've been trying to get students to come to their meetings, and the students persist in going to the movies. They've tried signs, posters, COLLEGIAN stories blazoning their appeal to "at least drop in on the way to the matches." The students don't drop in

Rother obviously, with everything except an audienco taken care of through student funds, the problem is a very real one to the squad. "Students aren't interested," they wail, and the students blithely reply, "Why should we be ?" People outside the oratorical world have often remarked the populiar aversion students possess for things intellectual. The orators have a point in their favor there. In this instance, however, it apears that the points for the disinterested student more than justify his position.

Students don't avoid debates because of lack of interest in the efforts, amacurish though they may be, of their public speaking fellows. They probably go elsewhere because the verbal battlers don't put on a show that will interest them. The chief difficulty seems to be in the matter of subjects. This year, for instance, the first few debates on the NRA question attracted considerable interest. However, regurgitation of what was at best second-hand material week-end after week-end certainly fuiled to get student support. Students can't be criticized there.

The inability of the debaters to cover more subjects seems to lie with the intercollegiate organization, which limits the topics for the convenience of arranging schedules. Debaters here aren't alone at fault, but before increasing complaints are heard, it might be well for them to look to their association.

In actual form, the debates, as run off this year, seem to be some improvement over the more old-fash ioned, "canned" style of judges decision affair. The Oregon style at least offers to the speaker some spirit of convetition. Its most frequent criticism is that it leaves the audience in a quandary as to just who did the best piece of work. People have a natural desire for a fight to the finish, and without some form of decision, audience or judges, the idea of competition, at least as far as the audience is concerned, is lacking. Without real controversy, the term "debater" is farcical.

Unless the teams as sponsored here now can come back, unless they can get students to show more interest in their oratorical work, there seems to be no justifiable reason why registrants should be forced to contribute fifty cents apiece, well over fifteen hundred dollars a year, for the subsidization of Penn State's public speakers.

The debating team must make a real effort to put on a show that will interest the "public" or prepare to face increasing student demands that the subsidization of publice speaking be either reduced or cut off completely. \_J. B. W.

#### "THE DARING YOUNG MAN . . . '

Secretary of the Commonwealth Beamish's advocacy of enfranchising voters in Pennsylvania at the age of nineteen is not particularly new. From time to time during the last decade the idea has been suggested, chiefly from the classroom. But it is the first time that any executive so high in the State's officialdom has broached such a plan in recent years.

Coming as it does with a turn-over of administrations in less than a year, it may not mean very much as far as having the State Constitution amended immediately. But, at least, it is a definite indication that those who hold public trust are giving some consideration to the merits of Youth's foresight.

Not since the frontier days has American youth been brought so close to realities as today. Four years of depression have taught him, if not to think, to wonder "Where will I fit in ?" and "Why are they doing it that way?" The tightness of money has taught him to watch closely over economic, political, and social progress, and even, in some instances, to demand some part in making decisions. There is no doubt, then, that he is ready for sihility The original twenty-one was only an arbitrary decision. Only a State amendment-voted upon by an electorate older than twonty-one-would be necessary to modify the set-up installed in 1873. If a State Constitutional Convention sixty-one years ago could write in a twenty-one year age voting requirement, then reducing that limit by two years years would not endanger the goal of intelligent voting or sane government by admitting "rattle-brained" adolescents to the executive council of the country's governmental machine. Men in Pennsylvania colleges and universities would create the least part of the problem of educating voters up to "unemotional standards." Just what those standards are, as they exist now, remains to be defined. Gaining an intelligent vote is not something that can be attained through legislation. Certainly "immature" minds could not make more blunders than have been made in past elections. College and university students would have had the benefits of the elements of an education and instruction in the theories of economics, political, and social questions. The mass of high school graduates or less could be instructed toward intelligent

# OLD MANIA

### Shoot If You Must

Penn State drama reached new heights last night and no mistake. You remember the scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where Liza crosses the ice, followed by a pack of yipping pomeranians? Well, that wasn't in "Redemption," but at one spot in the show, this column thought they'd run it in as un "out front" bit. It would have been all right, we guess, if the script

hadn't called for Kutzer Richards to shoot himself, a thing he does in princely fashion. Tolstoi would have enjoyed the shooting scene, else he would have rushed to the scarest exit and poisoned himself. "Redemption" got up to Kutzer and six-shooter

in fine style, but that's another story, handled by the Footlights guy. Stiff-legged, resigned nobly to his fate, Kutzer leveled the gun next his solar plexus and made ready to end it all. He snapped the triggerhorror of horrors, he was going to kill himself for real. "Click," went the deadly instrument, and "clickclick-click-click" it went some more.

Now Elsie Douthett had charge of the off-stage noises. Elsie had done her dooty all right, but the cartridges she bought, at the last minute, were rim fire, and the gun wanted center-fire. If all had gone well, there would have been explosive noises similar to a gun shot when Kutzer pulled the on-stage trigger. You, dear reader, know well enough what happened. Put yourself in the gun's place and devise a way out, if you think it was easy.

Nothing to do, then, but die somehow, said Barrykutzermore. He died, all right. He made out as if the gun were a stiletto and ran himself through, groaned, folded, and was no more. Bravo! He died with his gun loaded, amid the frantic "clicks" of the backstage mate to his weapon. But after all, it's for the best that things turned out as they did. Think now his friends would feel if he actually had shot himself! \* \* \* \* \* \*

Later, in the place unusual, three witnesses were menting on the brain-blasting scene. "Lousy."

"Louisy." "Louisy." Over the top of an adjoining booth popped Kut-zer's devilish mop of stage hair, and down it popped again. He had heard all. O. Faste is erool.

\* \* \* \* \* \* NOTICE

Will the slug who filehed the ex-Maniae's over-coat and the Maniae's hat please get out of town in a heap of a hurry? Pinkerton and his entire force are, this very minute, combing the sewers for you. Any-way, how did you get into a publications dance? \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Wild westerners aren't the only people who speak to strangers. An innocent male was nibbling a bite in the Oh Mane Suntwhich Shoppe when he heard the drawling voice of Co-ed Dagmar Hansen, the gal who wore the cellophane gown at a recent Poverty Dance up on the campus. "Hay neighbor, got a cigarette?" she soothed. A little surprised, because he didn't know the girl, the man fumbled for a fag, produced one and tossed it over the flower bed to her, then turned back to his food.

to his food "Say, neighbor, golla match?" Dagmar again. "Say, neighbor, golla match?" Dagmar again. Wa can't go on. She got the match, but dear goodness, isn't it awfud?

Much as we hate to tell you, Operator No. 6 of the night squad for the College switchboard, that heckler who bothers you every night is a curly-headed Sigma Chi, which makes you the far-famed Sweet-heart of Sigma Chi, doesn't it ?

voting as easily and successfully at nineteen as at twen-

The Penn State campus might become something besides a center of mere dabbling with undergraduate playthings that smack of "theory, training, and experience for the future." Pennsylvania, backward in Blue Law and child labor legislation, would be in the vanguard And a voting franchise to idealists of nineteen would go a long way toward stamping out the evils of vote control which gains its opening foothold among the pseudo-cynics of twenty-one .-- F. W. W.

ANNOUNCING **INTERCOLLEGIATE** EASTER BALL SATURDAY, MARCH 31

9:00 P. M.

#### THE PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

Footlights "Redemption," adapted from " Corpse" by Leon Tolstol, and by the Penn State Players under tion of Mr. Frank Neusbaum, night, March 24, "THE CAST night, March 24, THE CAST Anna Pavlovna

bin E. Ryan. With a set of the best, she ac-When the curtain closed after the complished the difficult task of play-last of the ten scenes in "Redemption" ing with case and naturalness an ex-on Saturday night, the audience wait-ter a minute of this, the applause sub-ing back to State College, they re-sumed the applause. This time it was Joude rand more insistent. The audi-lieve, in a Players' Dramatis Per-ence had scen a good, entertaining, scenae for the first time. Half of the state of the ten scenes in the set of the set of the scenes in the set of the set of the scenes in a players' back to state College, they re-sumed the applause. This time it was Joude rand more insistent. The audi-lieve, in a Players' Dramatis Per-ence had seen a good, entertaining, scenae for the first time. Half of was not always of the best, she ac

Jouder and more insistant. The audi-lieve, in a Players' Dramatis Per-ence had seen a good, entertaining, sonnae for the first time. Half of well-handled show, and they were just these newcomers were unworthy of beginning to realize it. The Players' version of the Tolstoi as definito "finds" for Messrs. Cloe-play was of such calibre that the audi-tingh and Neusbaum. Alex Segal as

New Library - -This is the first of a series of letters by Willard P. Lewis, Col-lege librarian, on the need for a new central College library build-

One day last week Professor Hunt

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# -THE MANIAC

ty-one.

## DADDY' GROFF TO RETURN FROM CHINA THIS SUMMER George W. "Daddy" Groff will re

George W, "Daddy" Groff will re-turn from Ghina early this June, to visit' the College, according to Dean Ralph L. Watts, of the School of Ag-riculture. The botanist will study citrous plants here. The rest of his time will probably be spent visiting his par-ents in California and at Washing-ton D. C.

ng. One day last week Professor Hunt-er of the faculty in Iowa State Col-lege, taking special graduate work here in Industrial Education, cane seeking library privilege and parti-cularly a library faculty study or locked stack cubicle where he might keep the books with which he was working and his papers. This was a privilege to which he was accuston-ed in his own library and which fac-net or the faculties because this crowd-d milding possesses neither faculty studies nor stack cubicles nor other space available for such purposes. Such facilities are essential for re-search work, particularly in the hu-mainties, social sciences, languages, literatures, education and psychology. Willard P. Lewis, Librarian.



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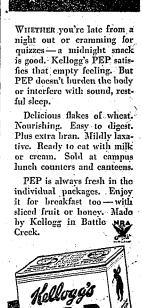
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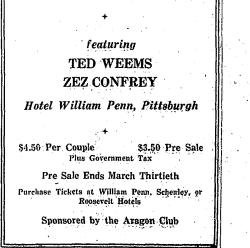
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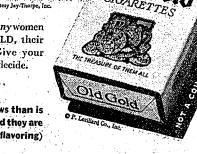
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