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Tuesday, March 5, 1935

WILL THE LESSON SINK?

As the prophet's voice in the wilderness comes the announcement of the demise of another fraternity on the campus. This is the fourth to pass out of existence within the last two years. How many of the remaining legion will heed the lesson written before them?

A sound argument is that a smaller number should make for financially and otherwise sound groups, but this self-complacent smugness has neglected one angle. Every empty fraternity house stands beckoning to an enterprising boarding club mistress. An empty fraternity house will make an ideal club, one with all the external advantages of a Greek letter society and none of the financial handicaps.

How many seniors, as they near the end of their collegiate days, can look upon four years in their fraternity as a beneficial influence upon their careers? How many, rather, will look back upon it as a boarding club to which they subscribed more money than was necessary to gain the same living conditions? It's becoming tiresome to continue asking these same questions, but their answer will determine the trend of living at Penn State.

A CHANGE IN SYSTEMS

There is deep significance in the fact that all of the women's class officers have recently agreed that, except for freshmen, their duties as officers do not even warrant the bother and expense of elections. These women would not make such a decision without seriously considering the question. Some of them have been in office for two, three, or four years, and they know full well the extent of responsibility and honor incurred. Their decision was unanimous and comes as a timely answer to the generally felt question of the value of women's class officers.

It was agreed that freshman offices be retained because there is a definite need for organization among freshmen. Class meetings provide a means of getting acquainted, giving freshmen a certain sense of belonging, and facilitating the presentation of many problems (such as rushing, etc.).

The duties of the other officers are few. The only duty of the senior class president is to make arrangements for the senior dinner, while the junior class president has charge of the organization of the freshman class and the supervision of the campus sister project.

The vice-president of the sophomore class is automatically chairman of the customs' committee. The treasurers of all classes are mere figureheads because their work is checked and limited by the Graduate Manager of Athletics.

The social chairmen are supposed to serve on the class dance committees, but, judging from the fact that the social chairman of the sophomore class has been omitted from the Soph Hop committee, even this function is not recognized. The only function of the remaining presidents, vice-presidents, and secretaries seems to be a trip to the photo shop for the *La Vie* picture.

Officers have become so aware of their uselessness that some have actually asked student government to create activities for them. But why, when they have passed the stage of usefulness, should class officers be retained?

No definite plan for reapportioning the duties has been made but many suggestions have been offered. It was proposed that a president of each class be retained to serve as one of the representatives of her class on Senate and to appoint necessary committees. Thus she would be responsible for what organization was needed in her class and she would be better able to cooperate with student government.

Any other class duties might be divided among the senators, there being four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and two freshmen. The few duties of the treasurers might be given to the treasurer of W. S. G. A. to great advantage, avoiding unnecessary confusion in Mr. Fleming's office.

No one should be alarmed about a proposed concentration of power. There is no power. There has been a survey of the value of having class officers and if the women agree with their class officers that the "old order changeth"—and class officers, except for freshmen, are passe—then some action should be taken.
—A. F. T.

OLD MANIA

Slight Error

For a long time, we've been wondering about just what course is really the most popular one in the U. Now we know, and we can prove it. Art 74 is the winner. Definitely.

A Mr. Bill Sheldon, from the Chi U manse, proved it this semester, and the whole story is quite a tale. It goes like this. Last year, second semester, this Sheldon gent took Art 74, and didn't seem to do so well. He liked it all right, but the grades didn't seem to come in. At eight weeks he had a minus one. At the end of the semester he just took the final, laughed wryly, and wrote the whole thing off as a bad job.

He got back this year, and finally got around to seeing his scheduling officer. "Flunk anything?" the gent asked. "Yeh, Art 74, I think," Sheldon answered, grimacing. "You'll have to repeat it, and it'll cost you fifteen bucks," the scheduling officer gloated, as he signed the slip.

So Willy took it again. And this time he was a new man. He went to class. He studied for quizzes. In fact, you'd have thought he was a student here or something. Came the end of the semester and he got his transcript. A Zip in 74. "Okay, anyhow that's over with," said the happy Chi U.

Then he looked back over last year's grades, and suddenly collapsed limply in a chair. He stared. Then he stared some more. Then he got a Bro. to look at the transcript. Jeez, there could be no mistake. Next to the words "Art 74," in the 1933-34 second semester grades, was the figure '1'.

Willy wondered. "A '1' last semester. A Zip when I take the damn thing over again. Something's screwy somewhere." Then, for a minute he was happy. "Anyhow, I can get my fifteen bucks back."

Lotta funny delusions around this college. Sheldon didn't know Clay Musser. "You took the course a second time. You paid fifteen dollars for the privilege. You don't get it back."

Mr. Sheldon is sad. And he still thinks there's something screwy some place.

Lost and Found Dept.

A Mr. Forney, who sort of wanders around being local fencing manager, could have used the COLLEGIAN classified dept. Saturday night. He lost something. In fact he lost quite a lot of something. To be absolutely specific, he lost the whole Cornell fencing team. He got called by this Mr. Quante, the Cornell team's coach. Mr. Quante was worried, and pretty soon he got Jake worried.

So they looked. From low dive to low dive they wandered, always searching. But no team. Finally, worry out in mind and body, and discouraged beyond the powers of the printed word, they folded into bed. The team came home after awhile. Ask Jake where they'd been; he doesn't like to talk about it.

Love Story

This is a tale with a moral, but you'll have to figure out the moral yourself. We're tired. Jimmy Hackett, Sigma Pi average gainer, is the hero, and he does quite well by himself. Jimmy's in love, it seems, but his darling is far away. He has the right spirit, however, and haunts the post office. 8 o'clock, sandwich hours, noons, all buzz by while he wonders about mail. He has even set the standing offer of a free movie to the freshman who brings him a letter from the lady any day after 4 o'clock. But that isn't the moral. Jimmy had a "2.8" so they tell us, and when his pop found out this fall that elemental passion had entered his son's soul, he was worried. "Son, your average will drop," he warned.

Jimmy grinned, and plunged in. Last semester he got a straight "3." As we said, you figure out the moral.

—THE MANIAC

FOOTLIGHTS

"Peer Gynt," produced by the Penn State Players, in Schwab auditorium, March 1 and 2, and directed by Prof. Arthur C. Cloetingh, of the drama department. Dances directed by Mari Yanofsky and musical accompaniment by T. Robert Bassett, of the department of English Composition. The cast:

Peer Gynt	Kutzer Richards
Ase, his mother	Betsy Ross
Aslak, the blacksmith	Edward Binns
Mads Moen, the bridegroom	Clayton Page
His Father	John Charest
His Mother	Nellie Gravatt
Solveig	Enid Stage
Helga, her sister	Nancy Neusbaum
Their Father	Israel Shulman
Their Mother	Mary Louise Frear
Ingrid, the bride	Margaret McIntyre
Guttorm, fiddler	Lowell Boorse
The Master Cook	Herman Kail
A Peasant	Betty Lenzen
The Green Clad Woman	Gretchen Marquardt
The Dovre King	Richard Allen
The Dovre King's other daughter	LaVerne Reithoffer
The Brat	Keppel Cloetingh
Mr. Cotton	John Linton
Monsieur Ballon	Richard Wagner
Herr von Eberkopf	John Kreeger
Herr Trumpeterstrale	Lars Larsen
Anitra	Mari Yanofsky
The Button Moulder	Wickliffe Crider
Peasants: Anna Soisson, Harriet Lamb, Edwin Kiser, Donald Dickerson, Leo Duffy, Harriet Barjes, Alma Doran, Jean Woodruff, Donald Geiger, Betty Nichols, Martin Swope.	

Some people object to comparing Penn State Players' productions with the dramatic work in other colleges. Well! We suppose they're right. In fact, we're sure they're after seeing a performance of "Peer Gynt" the other evening by the Players. Of course, Ibsen's play is no radical departure from modern theatre. At least it isn't as revolutionary today as it was when it was first produced. Still there was plenty of room for investigation and a fresh interpretation of the play. Neither of these qualities were present. There was certainly nothing new about it, unless it was the total lack of any meaning whatsoever. Peer Gynt is not just another pageant Professor Cloetingh. Such a woeful lack of imagination comes strangely from a gentleman who professes to teach Ibsen.

There were two bright spots in the play, we thought. One of these was Kutzer Richards' Peer; the other was Chester McLaughlin's sets. Both of these men showed real originality and inventive imagination.

I wonder if Peer has ever before been conceived as quite the fantastic scalliwag that Richards made him. There was something of Fil Eulenspiegel about him, but more of Peter Pan. The posturing was a little overdone at times, reminding one of Douglas Fairbanks in *The Black Pirate*. We wish there had been a little more of the ruthless pirate, especially in the scene on the Morocco coast. He seemed a little weary toward the end of the play after his earlier cavorting on the stage. The fault here was probably the director's, who didn't seem to understand the role. Richards did especially fine work in the scene of Ase's (pronounced Osa) death. Here, the set was very striking. Good job, McLaughlin. The accompaniment was too feeble to put the scene over. Grief's music does not possess the power of the Ibsen play, but it is lovely and in spots, highly dramatic. This you would never guess from the playing of Ase's Death. The music limped weakly behind the spirited performance on the stage. It was sad but not because it was a dirge.

As for the rest of the cast, here goes: Betsy Ross, since her recent climb to character roles, has been developing the cult of unintelligibility. People in the front row thought she was fine, but couldn't understand a word she said. Eddie Binns did well enough as the blacksmith. He's slated for better roles in the future. Clayton Page as the bridegroom looked foolish, but that was the idea. Enid Stage's Solveig was feeble support to Richards' Peer. She looked the part of the Norwegian country lass all right, but when she opened her mouth she spoiled the illusion. Ingrid, played by Margaret McIntyre, was not at all convincing. Nor was Gretchen Marquardt much better. She didn't do her father-in-the-play justice. Dick Allen made a pretty fair Dovre King, and in between cues doubled as Monsieur Ballon. Kreeger did a good job as the German. Not only was his accent good, but his gestures and walk didn't spoil the impression.

Experiments on a large number of subjects at the Harvard University psychological laboratory have shown that difficult material is better assimilated by students by means of a speaker in the room than by receiving the same information by radio.

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Canvass Raises \$200 For China Plant Fund

With \$200 already advanced, the canvass to help G. Weidman "Daddy" Groff '07 in his work of introducing new plant varieties to China is rapidly nearing its goal of \$600 at the end of the second week of the campaign.

Mr. Groff is now in Florida, which has a climate similar to that of South China, experimenting with living plant materials to be used in further improving the flora of China. For more than twenty-five years, Mr. Groff has had an important part in introducing new plant varieties to the fertile lands of the Yangtze Valley. Some of his transplants are: the Siam banana, the Australian eucalyptus, and the Italian lemon.

Leaders of the funds drive here are Dean Ralph L. Watts, of the School of Agriculture, who is chairman of the Penn State in China committee, and Dr. William A. Broyles, of the department of agricultural education, who is faculty adviser to the committee. Both Dean Watts and Dr. Broyles feel confident that the \$600 goal will be reached.

Three hundred books have been donated to the University of California by the Italian government.

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Whatever you need — we have it—and you may be sure that it will be authoritatively correct.

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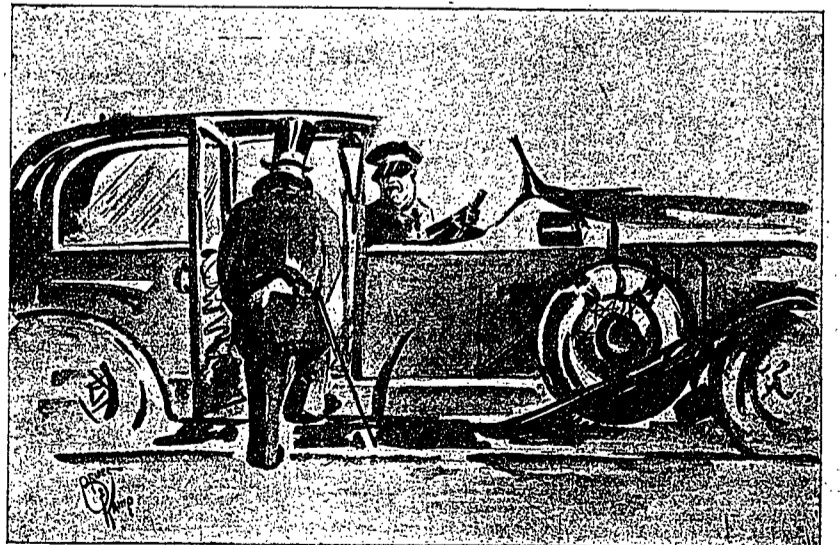


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