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Editorial Office, 313 Old Main—Telephone 504  
Managing Editor This Issue—Vance O. Packard '35  
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**HIGH SCHOOL HEROES**

Times are still hard; appropriations are slashed right and left; hospitals find themselves with inadequate support from the state; millions are still unemployed; but one good old American institution is getting the additional support it needs so badly. The War Department appropriation bill passed by the Senate a few days ago, carried a sizeable increase under the item R. O. T. C. In fact, nearly five million dollars were recommended for this most worthy cause.

The debate in the Senate chamber about the bill brought out the interesting and very pertinent fact that this appropriation was large enough to insure establishing R. O. T. C. units in at least 113 new schools and colleges. It is not known exactly where these units will be placed, but it is believed the majority of them will be in public high schools. The majority of them will be operated on a compulsory basis.

This means that about 60,000 more young people will be enabled to receive the splendid physical and mental training that a course in fire-control or the best way to shoot the enemy will be taught. It will give mothers something to tell naughty boys. "You'd better be good, or I won't send you to Central high school where you can play intramural murder."

Their object, we learn from War Department bulletins, is to educate the impressionable minds of youth. The courses will "train the public mind to the necessity and needs of defense." No mention is made of teaching arbitration or the use of a World Court which is already set up. "The high school boy in his sophomore year is in his most plastic and enthusiastic stage."

Thus, in high school, monkey suits will be introduced, and instead of wild west novels, military manuals will become the outside diet of our clean American youth. It is the duty of the government to catch youth in its most plastic stage. This done, perhaps the nation can be prepared to swallow another liberal portion of making the world safe for democracy or some other phrase which will be coined by a hack publicity agent in Washington who will be getting thirty-five dollars a week.

Verily, good Mr. Hearst must have felt extremely complacent the day his newspaper carried the news of the largest army budget ever drawn up in peace time. Hurrah, hurrah, and God help us if he and the rest of the fascists manage to strangle the country as they so wildly dream now.

ANYHOW, THE SNOWBALL menace has passed. No longer need we worry about falling down and whether somebody is going to throw coal surrounded by a thin layer of snow. All we have to avoid now are bicycles and roller-skaters on the sidewalks about the borough. Let's clean up State College and make it a safe place to walk about.

**WE'RE ASKING YOU**

If the trend of thought at a recent fireside session of one of the women's fraternities may be taken as a fair indication, it may safely be said that the women students view the hazing of freshman men with the most complete contempt. They consider their own attitude of friendliness toward freshman women far superior to the out-moded one of condescension which men employ.

Their reasoning follows this course. Take, for instance, a certain freshman boy who comes to school as young and as much at sea as any girl. For the first few weeks he shifts for himself—makes his own acquaintances—and if he happens to be the type that can afford fifty-two fifty per month, is rushed in an insane manner until he is either pledged or gets wise.

Not having pledged a fraternity, he is on his own now and lives in a small boarding house blocks from the campus. He is not allowed to date. He has no Greek letter brothers to lead him around and make him feel "unusual" in the Corner. He can discover no meaning to college. Suddenly he finds himself either wearing a dress or sandwiched between two ridiculous signs.

The women may have used an overdose of black paint when they drew this picture, but black or gray, is it any way to help a freshman adapt himself to college? Does the endorsement of hazing add any dignity to Student Government? Or does it bring nothing but humiliation as the women students believe?

—A. F. T.

**CAMPUSEER**

BY HIMSELF  
**THE DANCE**

As columnists we're all for functions like the He-She dance as long as they're held on Wednesday night and keep our phones ringing. A lot of people went to the dance and then there were those, like Bud Pennyacker, A. K. Pi frosh, who had fun lending assistance. Bud was told to cart one of Johnny Keech's suits to Mac hall for use by one of the maidens up there who got an invitation to the reverse costume affair. He not only carted it up to the hall, but right up to the second floor where he stood waiting for something to happen. It did. He saw a Bryant-Lane model. She saw him. She screamed. Bud gasped. Eventually a more fully clad damsel came along, grabbed the suit out of Bud's arms and Bud out of the daze, and told him to scram. He scrambled.

Out at the Alpha Chi Rho manse a lad called Phil Dibert also got the He-She bug. He decided pretty late that he should take in the function and had a devil of a time borrowing the necessary feminine apparel at the last minute. However, after a couple of hectic half-hours he rounded up a stray skirt and blouse with its owner and was all set. About this time he had another last-minute idea. As he prepared to depart in quest of the young lady, he asked one of the bros, "Say, this He-She dance is an all-College brawl, isn't it? Everybody gets in free, eh?"

It wasn't.  
They didn't.  
He didn't.  
He didn't get in at all.

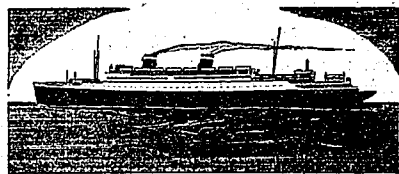
And we also wish to present our personal choice of the lad who most completely transformed himself: George Martin, who pounds on the music box in Lynn Christy's outfit. Mr. Martin's complete ensemble (supplied by Frazier Street dorm, acting *en masse*) boasted lipstick, powder, red earrings, red dress, silk stockings, a green jade bracelet, a pair of red satin slippers, a set of pink silk undies, and a regulation bra to match.

Incidentally, we wondered whether Perry Ravenscroft Smith, of Delta Chi, went to the affair. The reason we pondered over this was on account of how he might have insisted that his date don those beautiful, long, woolen drawers that he persists in wearing.

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**CORN**

Out at the Phi Sigma Delta house there resides a gentleman named 'Kak' Kleinberg who is favored with the degree of caterer. During the past two months he has displayed a definite favoritism for corn which resulted in menus consistently composed of Corn Bread, Corn Meal, Corn Fone, etc. The other day, just to prove his versatility, he popped up with Corn Fritters. The lads were all getting pretty corny by this time, but they didn't say anything. However, that night when Caterer Kleinberg crawled into bed he discovered the reason for their noncommittal. As he rolled in, sighing sleepily, he felt his pajama-clad frame encountering what felt like foreign substances. You got it. Every last one of the Corn Fritters was right with him.

**PIN POINTS**—Speed Swerman, Phi Sigma Delta, standing around bitching because dinner isn't ready . . . he didn't know his roomie had upped his watch two-and-one-half hours . . . Pinzy Needles, it is rumored, will sport his Brown Derby at the Publications Dance . . . he won with ease . . . Frank Hillgartner, one-time presidential threat, playing tag on front Campus with Jean English . . . The Wrestling team too tired to play with the cast of Life Begins at 8:40 on their train . . . they couldn't understand why the dames all went for that ronty guy . . . he turned out to be Bert Laibr.



**Are You Planning a Trip By Boat This Summer?**

If you are, we will be glad to obtain any information you may desire on the various tours to Europe, regular and for students.

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Winner in the Heard-In-A-Corner-Room Booth Contest Will Be Announced Next Week.

**Art and Artists**

Beginning his study of painting with the great teacher and artist, Robert Henri, Stuart Davis, whose "Landscape" is on display in the engineering exhibit in Room 805, Main Engineering building, has developed into one of the outstanding artists of the twentieth century. He is associated with the early group of liberalists in which are included such other men as John Sloan, Kenneth Hayer Miller, and Glenn Coleman.

After the War, Davis returned to the more extreme modernists' tendencies. He was strongly influenced by Picasso and Fernand Leger but, above all, he borrowed his bright raw color technique and gay pattern design from the Frenchman, Raoul Dufy. Among the painters of abstract tendencies, Stuart Davis is the most prominent in America.

He uses broad flat areas of bright poster-like color fused with structures of lines and planes that achieve some of the most brilliant decorative effects of the day. His popularity can be deduced from the fact that he has particularly good examples in the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York and that he was called to paint the murals in the basement lounge of the Rockefeller Center Music Hall in 1932.

The picture in the College's collection precedes most of his abstract work. It is a spontaneous landscape sketch in a sensitive color pattern of green and violet with the values delicately handled to give the effect of distance. This painting, while it may be puzzling to some observers, is one of the most striking and decorative pictures of the collection. By comparing it with orthodox landscapes in the collection, one realizes the superior value of this painting and its clear, visually-stimulating pattern of lively color which characterizes it as "not a mere nature painting."



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To the Editor:

It was with tears welling in our eyes and a sob tearing our throats that we read the impassioned plea of a tattered, worn Old Maniac for the purity of co-ed elections, specifically of May Queen. Such sublime innocence, such baffled disillusionment as he reveals in the words: "It's political, it seems, and this lady wasn't politic enough" is particularly pathetic coming from one whose worldliness and cynicism we felt we could count on. The greatest favor the co-ed populace could do Old Maniac, we guess, would be to rid him of the medieval notion that women on this campus are incapable of dabbling in politics.

And dabbling it is—a pretty mess they make of matters. Having heard of cliques and running elections from the men, they madly collect a few of this group and a few of that together for the purpose of saying, "Now, if you'll play ball with us . . ." Non-fraternity women are the source of much concern—who are the best bets for support in view of a return favor? These votes of the ostensibly unorganized women are a vital factor in swinging elections and as voters they are not unaware of their

power. The real cliques is done by the fraternity groups, however, and the strength of a particular faction is determined by the number of votes they can count on, not by the potential or real ability of the candidates supported. There is none of this that is not generally known—it's essentially the same set-up as the men of the College have.

However, there are real advantages to be realized from the men's elections—what they may be is not the subject of this letter, the purpose of which is not to muckrake the politics played by the men of this College, but to question the necessity for the women of the campus to play politics, considering the doubtful benefits to be realized from office holding in the women's organizations. It is questionable whether the claim on so many campus officers brings much prestige to a women's fraternity, for they are still judged on a social standard at Penn State, yet that is the justification for the mad struggle for offices. It makes it practically impossible for even the most deserving of candidates to rely on her personal qualifications and the force of public opinion to secure her election.

The ultimatum is "play politics or get out." Office holding, so far as the women's organizations at Penn State are concerned, is an individual distinction. It ends at that whether the election is achieved by organized effort or on the basis of individual merit. The reward is hard work and criticism. If the women voters for student officers would stop to figure out how little they realize from the surrender of their vote to a group, the messing around in politics that characterizes women's elections now would die a sudden and deserved

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