

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN
Successor to The Free Lance, established 1887.

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WASHED UP

With this issue, the COLLEGIAN passes into the hands of a new staff, a staff fired with ambitions and ideals for making their newspaper greater than any that have gone before.

The COLLEGIAN, during the past year, has attempted to be progressive. A livelier style of presenting the news was essayed, and a sincere attempt was made to interpret fairly and accurately events and circumstances which seemed significant.

Despite the best efforts of the paper, considerable criticism was incurred at various times. A word of explanation, not defense, might be appropos at this time. By virtue of contacts and a knowledge more intimate than the average individual, the editor often knows that much of the "sensational" news which comes to his ears is nothing more than empty campus gossip.

Next year's staff will find itself confronted with many problems. The College is undergoing a definite transition period, and undoubtedly drastic steps will be taken in an effort to remedy the situation.

There are many national problems with which the average undergraduate is none too familiar. The imminence of war, fascism, militarism, regimentation, and a flood of propaganda which will attempt to sweep this nation into a war is far too real.

As the term of office draws to a close, the unpleasant memories of the year seem harder to recall. In their place comes only the satisfaction which honest effort seems to generate.

To the new staff, the outgoing seniors have only the sincerest hope that the COLLEGIAN will be much superior to this year's. For us, the two nights a week vigil has ended; your task has only begun.

REACTIONARY PROTEST

As the final editorial is written, it seems to be a familiar topic—one concerned with the reactionaries which daily expose themselves in this town.

Mutterings were heard from many points. Some doubted if the members of the Players' cast could speak English or visited the barber shops regularly; others wished to display machine guns and educate the younger generation to be men; others deplored the fact that today's youth were reluctant to be shot through the middle while the band plays gaily.

The crowning touch, however, was the tearing down of posters which mentioned the nasty word, "Peace," and threatening of bodily harm both to himself and his property if the owner of a building did not have some advertising removed from his windows at once.

It is a shame that free thought should be endangered this way. If Communism, Socialism, or any other proposed form of government is as fallacious as the old guard would believe, why does not the old guard allow the clean-cut, clear-thinking, one hundred per cent American to study the facts and draw his own conclusion?

OLD MANIA

Patriots

State College has, it seems, in addition to its foggy students, its mentally constipated Burgess, and its absent-minded professors, a group of those who, having nobly served in the last war for their country, are bound and determined that, damn it, people from this College aren't going to be given any opportunity to find out that there are some who don't think that bayoneting of other students is the best way in the world to settle financial controversies.

The Penn State Players, as you may remember, planned a production of "Peace On Earth" for Friday night. As part of the publicity for the show, there were a great many posters displayed in windows about town.

About ten o'clock Thursday night one bourgeois had a telephone call at his home in Bellefonte. "This is the American Legion in State College. We don't like that display of war posters in your window. Unless you have them all down by midnight, there just won't be any window."

He, of course, didn't want to lose his window. He called a stooge. At eleven something, the stooge took them down.

That's all very interesting. Even more interesting is the fact that Kermit Gordon, Players' Publicity man, got wind of the reactionary *putsch* Thursday afternoon, and called Policeman Yougel. Mr. Yougel wasn't terribly interested.

Did somebody say something about Fascism?

Futile

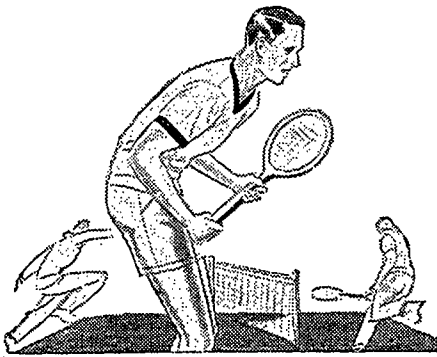
A lot of weird things happened all over the country in connection with the Anti-War strike Friday. At Columbia, we are informed by *Froth* editor-man Rowles, who has just returned from the big city, that that great liberal, Nicholas Murray Butler, opposed the strike.

Thursday night, the wags hoisted to the twin flagpoles in front of the administration building, two flags, that of the U.S.S.R., and that of the Socialist party. To the flagpole bearing the Socialist banner, they added a pair of dirty black trousers, just for the decorative effect, sort of. Informed New York newspapers sent photographers early Friday morning, to flash the somewhat unusual sight.

At noon, while the photographers still stood vaguely, and not too hopefully around, the newspapermen still diddled. They never did get the pictures—the wind just wouldn't cooperate with the radical movement.

About Town & Campus:

To Eddie Binns, all glory for his guts in attempting to add to Anti-War strike numbers with his "R.O.T.C. Men, Drop your Guns, STRIKE!" sign. Of course the R.O.T.C. men laughed, but who ever gave an animated monkey-suit credit for intelligence? . . . Jess Hawkins had some little difficulty getting into his car along about four o'clock Saturday afternoon—especially after he'd ripped the door handle off . . . Phil Evans, the greatest little key-amasser of them all, has a new one—Sigma Omicron Lambda.



ACTION IN COMFORT

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HATTERS HABERDASHERS TAILORS

FOOTLIGHTS

"Peace On Earth," a play in three acts by George Sklar and Albert Maltz, produced by the Penn State Players, featuring a cast of fifty-six students under the direction of Frank Neusbaum, in Schwab auditorium, on Friday night.

Rarely, but wonderfully, there comes along a show which the critic, risking neither his neck nor his name, may review without resorting to apology, equivocation, double entendre, or the other concomitants of praise covertly intended to damn, slightly or generously.

"Peace On Earth," as presented by the Penn State Players, was such a show. We feel (and we aren't taking any courses from Director Neusbaum), that it was the best Players show we have yet seen.

We have, of course, a number of reasons for indulging in the superlative. One of them is the script itself. We have a regrettable suspicion that some people, who didn't see the show, stayed away because of a preconceived notion that "Peace On Earth" is a dirty red drama in which all the characters froth with anti-social venom. We want to correct this idea because we sincerely hope that the play will be presented again.

The efforts to which the authors went to make "Peace On Earth" a play worthy of the concept, are evidenced in the intricate but gripping stage effects which they concocted to reveal the innumerable forces at work when war is in the making. Which brings us to something else. As it exists in script, "Peace On Earth" is a play calling for direction which will guarantee the swift and accurate response of about fifty-six people to about 5,000 cues, stagecraft that will afford rapid-fire changes in scenery, properties, and lighting effects, and a large number of entrances in which only superb timing and pitch can render effective.

Practically the same point might be made about the roles represented in the show. Most of the principals must register as highly individualized types. Were any of the roles merely "attempted," the resultant character, along with his lines, would verge on the ludicrous. In other words, "Peace On Earth" is not a diverting little drama well-suited for use by high school and church groups. Because the Penn State Players took this story of a college professor, who is unwillingly drawn into a tangle of humanity shouting a great propagandist paen in which every note represents a life, and presented it masterfully by supplying the necessary stagecraft, the sincere interpretation, the convincing characters necessary to successful production, we hand out our orchids with very little stint.

If we were omnipotent people we would return, in the form of unbroken hours of rest, the sleep which Frank Neusbaum lost getting "Peace On Earth" to the point of perfection it reached Friday night. At the moment, he's our personal nomination for the man about campus with the greatest number of new laurels to lean on. And, before we run out of space, may we congratulate the members of

the technical staff who aided in carrying out Director Neusbaum's suggestions—as suggested.

In dealing with the cast we face a handicap in that its size denies an individual analysis of the players. Those that we fail to mention should attribute their omission to the fact that they were, shall we say, outnumbered, rather than outdone.

Of the cast, we can't help feeling that Edward Binns, in the role of Professor Peter Owens, easily eclipsed anything which he has previously done. We have seen people that we felt possessed what is called the "feel" of a part. Binns had it.

There were three others who impressed us as having caught the spirit of their roles with a great deal of accuracy. Betty Lenzen, as Jo Owens, was admirably our conception of the solicitous faculty man's wife. Jules Vernik managed to give a lot of the genuine to Fred Miller, the leader of the strikers, while Frank Warrington, portraying John Andrews, a munitions manufacturer, had everything—the nervous fumbling with lapels, the hunched stance, the dictatorial, but unhurried speech, and the outward evidences of greed and cupidity.

Among the other bits that we liked were: Joe Lockard as a hard-boiled and hard-headed copper; Jack Maize as the chalk-faced Bishop Parkes; Don McGovern as Bill Prentice, a drunken alumnus; Sylvia Schindler as a propagandist-shouting blues singer; Herbert Nemeroff as Bob Peters, a student who got the gate because he

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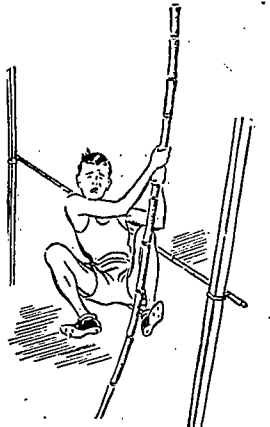


When Horace Hippoof drops one of his rock-crushers on Ermintrude Muggins' dainty instep . . . Ernie simply grips the injured dog in one hand and a sympathetic Old Gold in the other. Old Gold has a talent for soothing stepped-on feelings.

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A Smooth OLD GOLD

Musser Joins Senators

Dan Musser, former infield star of the Nittany Lion baseball team, has been added to the squad of the Harrisburg Senators for this season. The opening drill of the season will be staged on the Senators' diamond tomorrow.



Perhaps you can't POLE-VAULT—

but you still use up a lot of energy—rushing to classes, plugging at the books. A large bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, in milk or cream, will set you up in the morning. These crisp, golden flakes are packed with energy, easy to digest.

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