

**PENN STATE COLLEGIAN**  
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Tuesday, October 13, 1936

**BLAZES AND BLUNDERS**

**E**VENTS Friday night proved two things. First, that the student body as a whole has realized that bonfires costing more than a thousand dollars are not worth it. Second, that town children are probably as much to blame as students when such things do occur.

The crowd on Co-op corner from 8 until about 9:15 was mildly interested in seeing if anyone was going to start a fire, but scarcely anyone, except for a few town children, did anything about it. The three small blazes which did start were quickly checked by students and by 9:30 the crowd had decided there would be no fire.

That they were wrong was not the fault of students. According to those who were present when the fire on Burrows street and College avenue started it was again high school students who were chiefly responsible. Fortunately the blaze was small and short-lived so that the damage was slight. If the borough attempts to collect any damages from the College there should be a vigorous protest.

(Aside to the *Centre Daily Times*:- It was not the first time in five but in three years that students refrained from building a bonfire on Co-op Corner. As we have mentioned above it was not students who built it and it was not stopped by a sudden shower but by several local policemen and Burgess Leitzel—as a request by several students who went to the Burgess' home shortly after they learned that there had been a fire.

(We understand how easy it is for errors to get into stories and we do not offer this as a criticism. We simply feel that the actual facts would not have seemed quite so damaging to townspeople who read your paper as the story which you printed.)

**THE WPA AND COLLEGE PLAYWRIGHTS**

**O**NE OF THE few divisions of the WPA to escape the criticism of the Republican press has been the Federal Theatre Project. Planned primarily to aid actors and others connected with the theatre who were unemployed, this project is rapidly proving that those who were so critical of the plan last winter were wrong. Many at that time claimed that any sort of government-backed theatre would lack vitality and life and would be a failure artistically. Actually neither was the case.

Handicapped by limited funds; forced to take actors, directors, and stage hands whom the commercial theatre did not want; and required, for the most part, to work with scripts which Broadway producers refused to use; the Federal Theatre Project, in less than nine months, has presented some of the best shows in New York. The run of "Murder in the Cathedral" was held over because of the large numbers who wanted to see it. "Triple A Plowed Under" had a good run. "Injunction Granted," despite bad notices (principally, we feel, because the play takes some rather nasty cracks at a number of newspaper sacred cows) is still playing, although it opened about the middle of the summer.

One of the latest projects of the group should be of particular interest to college students.

This is an announcement by Francis Bosworth, director of the Project's Play Bureau, that during the coming year it will conduct a nationwide campaign to encourage undergraduate playwrights. They are urging students to submit plays to them. Those that they consider worthy will be produced in units throughout the country. Others will be given by the WPA Studio Theatre simply for the author's benefit that he may see the flaws and mistakes in his play. For plays accepted the author receives \$50 per week and retains sole possession.

This is an excellent opportunity for amateur playwrights on this or on other college campuses. It is another instance where the present administration has shown itself to be sympathetic toward youth by offering it a chance to help itself.

**ALUMNI AND STUDENTS AGAIN** complain of the difficulty of getting their proper places when they hold reserved seat tickets. If the thirty-odd members of Blue Key, in addition to the special ushers, cannot see to it that people sit where they are supposed to, then they should be replaced or given some assistants.

**BLUE KEY, WHICH WAS OFTEN** criticized for failure to follow the provisions of its Constitution in several matters, has apparently managed to silence its critics. It has been decided not to have the Constitution.

**WE NOTE WITH PLEASURE** the recent revival of "The Letterbox." Contributions are always welcome, although writers should remember that our limitations of space may make it necessary to shorten any letters of more than 250 words.

**OLD MANIA**

**Workings of the Administrative Mind:**

Ten or so years pass during which it becomes increasingly apparent that for some unascertainable reason more—and more—girls want to go here than will go around, dormitorially speaking. As this becomes more and more increasingly apparent the administrative mind ponders it more and more increasingly until, several years ago, the Mind decides at the risk of being thought terribly unoriginal that a new dormitory (for women) would be nice. So letters are written, conferences held, opinions aired, ideas formed, architects interviewed, sites picked, sites rejected, plans drawn, blueprints blueprinted, figures figured.

After the smoke clears the Mind has decided that about \$2,000,000 worth of building and accessories should do right by our Nells and Holmes Field, on or about the Theta shack, is a hell of a smart spot for the new *chez femme*. So far so good. But here the Mind reached an impasse. How to break the news to an eager—and probably unbelieving—world? How the Mind solved that neat little question is revealed by a headline in the COLLEGIAN for Tuesday, October 6:

**Parents To Petition New Dormitories For Women; Hear Dean Ray On Topic**

Super, Super, Super

Why not an Olympic Games movie? Something like "United Artists present ADOLF HITLER'S production of Deutschland's Olympic Games of 1936 co-starring JESSE OWENS and MRS. ELEANOR HOLMES JARRETT." It'd be colossal! "With a supporting cast of millions including Goering, Goebbels, and the whole Germany army . . ." It's a natural!

**Any Charge for This Service, Doc?**

Sign on a blackboard in room on the fourth floor of Old Main: "Do you have a baby in your home? If not, see Dr. Ritenour."

**Society Note:**

Chuck Hughes, Bob Beddow, and Dick Clements, pipsi stoges, drove down to the Birmingham School for Gals the other day in search of a little social life. It seems that as they drove into the drive practically every window in the place became alive with Birmingham beauties in various stages of dress and undress. Greatly heartened by the stir they had created our heroes entered the sanctum, only to re-appear immediately, having been informed by the Birmingham Powers That Be "not tonight, Josie," or something. Our dejected heroes climbed sadly into their car and giving a last glance at old "Birm" were startled to discover hanging out of the window on the third floor where nothing had been before a pair of women's pink silk pants.

**Correspondence:**

Got a letter from Israel K. Shulman '36, last year's Players publicity agent and sometime actor. Like it will be remembered, inhabited that low den, the Beaver House, and his letter is revealing. He wondered if we could find out for him who sent him a blank postcard posted from State College on October 7. We quote from the letter: "If the denizens of that Bohemian outpost (the Beaver House) were the senders (of the card), then I know the reason why they sent it blank. I once asked them to write me concerning 'what the boys are doing;' they remembered that you can't send pornographic literature through the mail!"

**Stuff:**

Eddie Roberts doesn't like the new arrangement of the Froth contents page. She liked the old page because "you used to turn to it like you turn to the joke page in *Good Housekeeping*." . . . Chuck Wheeler borrowed Ben Jones' car to take his COLLEGIAN dance date "to get some cigarettes" and was gone an hour . . . Penn State sophomore humor reached new heights Friday night with the placing of the Nazi flag on the top of the flag pole in front of Old Main . . . High-pants Freudenheim and Dud Himoff are voting strenuously for the favors of Jeanne Walker . . .

—THE MANIAC

**Manhattan**  
 TRADE MARK  
 Formal Shirts  
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

EXPERTLY TAILORED BY  
 THE WORLD'S FINEST  
 SHIRTMAKERS

\$2.50      \$3.00      \$3.50

**STARK BROS. & HARPER**  
 HATTERS HABERDASHERS TAILORS

**Letter Box**

To the Editor:

I have had the privilege of reading your recent interesting satire on the medical profession as it exists in State College. I wonder if you realize how little has been accomplished through it in cementing a decent feeling between the local physicians and the student body. I also wonder what sort of a feeling of insecurity may have been aroused in the minds of your student readers, your parent readers and your faculty readers, bearing in mind that many of this latter group depend on the advice of these same physicians who are referred to in rather unwholesome terms.

It is rather disagreeable that such an issue might be made from one incident when I know (if the other physicians in town have attended as many students as I have) that the student body as a whole has never suffered greatly from want of attention when it was requested except in the case of an incident such as you have referred to, which is not common.

I have never hesitated to recommend the Infirmary for the student who is ill enough to be confined to bed, and who cannot attend to his own wants. The attitude of a student body towards a division of the College which is well equipped, provided with adequate nursing care at the hands of graduate nurses and directed by two registered physicians is difficult to understand. The traditional "thumbs down" attitude with regard to the Infirmary was one of the first discoveries I made when I became a student at Penn State. As I see it now, with the eyes of a physician, I can see no justification for this attitude. I can surely see it as an advantage to the student if for no other reason than the proper bed care and nursing which is provided as compared with the ridiculous attempts made in the average fraternity or rooming house to secure these important contributions to the welfare of the sick.

In addition to calls on a nasty night, with the hour at ten-thirty, there may be some other phases of his life that might be called a "doctor's business." One of these may be that the doctor is just as willing to protect his own health as the patient is anxious to secure his. There have been a few times in my own life when at the close of a busy day, mind and body alike are so completely exhausted that another call appears as a personal insult and as an outrage. It is totally unnecessary for a physician to furnish an alibi. As I read your editorial, and even if the statements are correct, they all appear as straightforward answers. However, if I am the physician who said he had a patient and was quitting for the night after he had finished with him, and I suspect that I am, I can safely say that the true remark was merely jugged to make it more effective for purposes of ridicule. As a former news editor on the COLLEGIAN staff I ask you if you must print sensational stuff like this, at least get it accurate.

Students who expect to get ill this winter should request treatment when they become ill and not wait until the late evening or early morning hours to call a physician, as three out of four who call in the night have done in the past, and incidentally they should pay their bills. Come down sometime and I'll show you the records of enough deadbeat students to make you wonder how any physician who held that many could ever look at a student again.

And, here's a little tip. If at first you don't succeed, call him back the second time and tell him your patient is very ill and you have tried every other doctor in town—even tell him that all the rest is out on maternity cases if you wish. He may swear and be mad as H—but the chances are ten to one he'll come.

Very truly yours,  
 E. H. Coleman

To the Editor:  
 This letter represents the opinion

of a large proportion of students, parents and townspeople—a proportion larger upon reflection than upon the first impression. It concerns the Players' production, "Personal Appearance" on Saturday night. This reaction is not that of a Victorian old-maid, nor is it the impression of a dogmatic, religious ascetic or a squeamish, hot-house variety of human-being. I express the real conviction of the majority of that audience of thoughtful, dad-respecting college students, their parents and townspeople in this year 1936.

Unlike most of the Players' shows during the past three years, "Personal Appearance" was a very smutty, an extremely low comedy. It left a distinctly bad taste. To admit that sex aspersion and fluent profanity offer the only opportunities for laughs is, to say the least, an insult to the intelligence.

"Personal Appearance," the Dad's Day show, although well enough acted, was utterly foreign to all the deep, worthwhile things Penn State stands (not stood) for. It was foreign to all the finest in life, to all the bases upon which anything endures in God's world. We felt about it afterward, as we often feel after a movie,—that it was a waste of perfectly good money and time. For many parents, it created an impression which Penn State's founders and present administrators oppose for the good of the institution.

Since this was an exception in the long line of worthwhile plays, we feel it is still perfectly safe to entrust the future selection of shows to Mr. Cloetingh and Mr. Neusbaum.

Very, very sincerely,  
 Robert W. Young, '37

**We Women**

By MARION A. RINGER

This is the first year that freshman class meetings have not been compulsory. Some of the freshmen this year have preferred seeing the best movies, which inevitably come on Monday nights, to class meetings.

One thing we get from Polit Science, is that primary elections are more important than the finals. It is too late, now, to worry about the primaries, but you can put your two cents in on your final officers.

These meetings are expressly for you. At every meeting there is a selected speaker who has something vital to offer you. If his suggestions are taken seriously you'll find out in a year they have had more than a grain of salt in them.

Unknown to many students, W. S. G. A. has a loan fund for women needing financial aid in finishing their college course.

One advantage of this fund over others is that interest upon the loan does not begin until September a year after graduation.

Loans are made preferably to juniors and seniors who have justifiable qualifications. Inquiries may be made to Gene Ziegler or Dean Ray.

**YELLO-BOLE**  
 CAKED WITH REAL HONEY—The first smoke as sweet as a well broken-in pipe.

The honey in the briar keeps the pipe sweet.  
 High efficiency  
 Condenses cleans, purifies  
 smoke, traps moisture, No clogging. Non-toxic. Proves it your friend!  
 At Your Dealer

**Laundry Worries?**

Why send your laundry home when you can have it done here for practically the same amount that it costs to send by Parcel Post home and back?

We now offer to the students a special BUDGET bundle which saves them money, bother, and time.

Two or three students may "budget" their washing together as one wash and send it for the low rate of twenty cents per pound. Minimum bundle \$1.00. (Average student's washing weighs from two to three pounds.)

All laundry called for and returned beautifully washed and ironed (including shirts.)

Not only doing away with the bother of packing and Parcel Posting it home, but also gives the mothers at home the relief of this extra work and packing.

DIAL 2403

**The COLLEGE VALET SERVICE**  
 113 E. BEAVER AVENUE  
 "IT'S SMART, THEY SAY—TO SEND THE VALET WAY"

**CINEMANIA**

Robert Donat. Laughton, of course, plays a terrifying Henry.

Tomorrow at the Cathaum, Victor McLaglen, whose work in the "Informer" indicated to a doubting public his abilities as an actor, and Binnie Barnes co-star in the academy award winner, "The Magnificent Brute" McLaglen does the part of the idealized steel worker who fusses around with molten metal in the daytime and spends his enormous salary chasing blondes at night. Great stuff for the steel industry. At the Nittany Thursday.

Thursday at the Cathaum, Shirley Temple is again with us in "Dimples." With her is Frank Morgan, Stepin Fetchit and a cast of goons. As the story goes, Shirley is a street singer eking out a living for herself and her old grandfather, Frank Morgan, who also picks pockets on the side. Shirley sings and dances, also plays "Little Eva."

**Sackett at Meeting**

Dean Robert L. Sackett is attending a meeting of the committee on Engineering in Colleges of the American Society of Civil Engineers in Pittsburgh which will be held from today until Friday. The purpose of the meeting is to make plans for future contacts of engineering colleges.

**Where Is SALLY?**

**FALL BOOK NOTES**

**A BAD PARENT'S GARDEN OF VERSE** by Ogden Nash, 132 pages, \$2.00. (Simon & Schuster)

Now that Ogden Nash is a father, his reflections on children come with a new mellowness:

"Many an infant that screams like a callopse  
 Could be soothed by a little attention to its diopse."  
 So, without attempting to review his new book, we dedicate to him this which has come on as an acute attack of whimsy:

From changing often, changing pronto,  
 Nash is writing Esperanto.  
 In the nursery—an abhorrence—  
 It never rains but comes in torrents;  
 Hemingway can hunt the kuds,  
 And not endure what we and you do.  
 In Africa's mud old Hemingway splashes,  
 But Nash in the nursery, gashes and gashes,  
 And parodies poems of the poet, Stevenson;  
 As we parody parody, just to get even, son!

**A WORLD I NEVER MADE** by James T. Farrell, October 22, \$2.50. (Vanguard)

The first edition of this book will be limited to the number of copies ordered before publication date.

**CATALOGUE** by George Milburn, 279 pages, \$2.00 (Harcourt, Brace)

Better read this thin, rich slice of Americana and discover what happened when the fall deluge of Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues swamp the small town Conchertee. Milburn's first novel, the funniest book so far this season.

**THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE** by Robert Nathan, 187 pages, \$2.00. (Knopf)

An amusing satirical fantasy by the author of *ONE MORE SPRING*.

Hector Pecket was a carpenter and he dreamed of sailing to the Bay of Fundy and other romantic places; he was a Viking anchored to the Bronx.

He built an uncaulked boat without a keel and named her the SARAH PECKET for his wife, a practical woman. She was irked about the ark, the dreaming, and the fact that Hector did odd jobs of carpentry for less than cost. It didn't help matters when she put wheels on her and sold her to Schultz, the butcher, to use for a hamburger stand.

Pecket stole the boat from the butcher on a stormy night and headed for the Caribbean. On his way south he picked up a waitress, Mary Kelly, who dreamed of the good life that is laid in the movies. And another itinerant, a combination scissors sharpener and dentist. He was a realist heading south, but who would like to have been going north to see if pemmican is really good for the teeth.

Mary and Williams, the dentist, fell in love enroute.

At Beaver Dam, Virginia, Hector sent a card to his wife and wrote "Greetings from Valparaiso." Soon afterward he was put in jail for harpooning a hen. Meanwhile Mrs. Pecket is heading for Beaver Dam.

As she was bailing him out he did Pecket's charge for the boat. The enchanted voyage ends as our hero ran off the road into the river. Hector and crew are saved, but not Hector's illusions which went down with the boat.

**MORE POEMS** by A. E. Housman will be published on October 26th. English and American editions are to be issued simultaneously. As the first printing will be small, an advance order will be necessary to secure a first edition. \$2.00. (Knopf)

Here is a partial list of the many books to be published at reduced prices on October 20th. It looks like National Reprint Week:

Sinclair Lewis: *IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE*, \$.98  
 Somerset Maugham: *CAKES AND ALE*, \$.89  
 William McFee: *THE HARBOURMASTER*, \$.89  
 Richard Aldington: *ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES*, \$.89  
 Stephen Leacock: *GREATEST PAGES OF AMERICAN HUMOR*, \$.89  
 Aldous Huxley: *BRAVE NEW WORLD*, \$.89  
 Arnold Bennett: *IMPERIAL PALACE*, \$.98  
 Ellen Glasgow: *THE SHELTERED LIFE*, \$.89  
 Siegfried Sassoon: *MEMOIRS OF A FOX HUNTING MAN*, \$.89  
 Christopher Morley: *HUMAN BEING*, \$.79  
 Theodore Dreiser: *AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY*, \$.98

« KEELER'S »  
 Cathaum Theatre Building State College