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Tuesday, December 15, 1936

"IT'S A PLEASURE"

(Continued from page one)

cent; the faculty has been increased; new schools and departments have been established; new buildings have been erected. Yet the success of Dr. Hetzel's presidency does not lie so much in these material changes. It is rather that in that time Penn State has been established as one of the most liberal colleges in the East.

Most students here do not realize this fact. We hold peace demonstrations. We agitate for the abolition of compulsory ROTC. We hear professors speak critically in class of religion, capitalism, and other sacred cows. We present plays that are socially conscious. Our publications are uncensored. We take these things for granted. It is only when we hear of other colleges which have warned, disciplined, and even expelled students for the same things that we do here that we realize how fortunate we are.

It has not always been easy for Dr. Hetzel to maintain this attitude. In addition to being an educator, a college president must also be a good business man. When he has been trying to get appropriations and endowments he has often been under pressure from alumni, politicians, and trustees to set up here a stricter system of discipline so as to curb student freedom. Alumni who object to purity in athletics, parents who object to impurity in plays, and townspeople who object to practically anything have all tried to force the President to carry out their wishes. They have almost all failed, yet Dr. Hetzel has usually withstood their demands without at the same time causing ill-will.

The fact that the College went through the recent depression without any serious retrenchment is a tribute both to the President's executive ability and his skill in handling the people upon whom appropriations depended.

In a collegiate world so full of fake liberals it is a genuine pleasure to find a real one.

LETTER TO SEVEN M. P.'s
(with tightly rolled umbrellas)

As admirably British as their tightly rolled umbrellas, a brave little group of seven M. P.'s of assorted British parties arrived in Madrid last week. After calm inspection of the scene of carnage they radioed home: "We make no comment upon the military situation, but a city of a million inhabitants is being subjected to attack from the ground and from the air... Starvation is at work and epidemic seems inevitable... We doubt if the magnitude of the appalling catastrophe is fully understood."—Time, Dec. 7, 1936.

To seven M. P.'s (with tightly rolled umbrellas): I read your radiogram as quoted in Time and would like to inform you that although State College is a very small borough hidden away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, thousands of miles from Madrid, we are fully aware of "the magnitude of the appalling catastrophe" you mention. And furthermore, gentlemen, we are doing something about it!

Backed by America's great reputation and tradition of aiding victims of misfortune all over the world, we here in State College are coming to the aid of the hundreds of thousands of homeless, destitute and poverty-stricken people of Spain. While you British M. P.'s are viewing with alarm and issuing radiograms pregnant with horror, we here in State College are acting to aid these desperately needy people you so vividly describe.

Sincerely,

E. Townsend Swalm, Chairman, State College Spanish Relief Committee

BUT NOT AT STATE DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

At Northwestern University last week, President Walter D. Scott announced salary raises of 10 per cent and 5 per cent for nearly all staff members, effective January 1, 1937.

OLD MANIA

Dept. of Admiration, Commendation, Congratulations (Little Used):

To Messrs. J. Richard Clements, Robert S. Givler and anybody else who had anything to do with getting the best band here since Casa Loma, that old caster of many brickbats and few, few bouquets, the Maniac, tosses a slightly faded rose. (We've had this rose for a long time, which accounts for the slight withering). Tommy Dorsey's "Annie's Cousin Fanny," & "Trombone Man Is the Best Man in the Band" were swellegant.

Speaking of Soph Hop, Swing Music, etc., brings to our mind a new disease which is sweeping the country. We have had "Golf Widows," "Sat. Night Club Widows," even "Miniature Golf Widows," but now it's "Hot Jazz Widows." We've gotten 'round about complaints from Mrs. Eddie Nichols and Doris Ramage about how good swing music is so good it's practically sacrilegious or something to dance to it. The idea is to hang onto the band stand and vibrate or leave your partners in some secluded corner and go off and talk to the band boys in some foreign language.

We tried to get the name of the gent that passed out in front of the band stand, but failed. We believe his swoon was not entirely due to the swing music. Fes Tibbet, sophomore class prexy, lost much of his cardinality last Friday when the important looking individual to whom he had just spent twenty minutes explaining the swell arrangements made by the committee for the Dorsey boys said: "Maybe you better talk to Mr. Dorsey over there. I'm just the bus driver."

STINKER CLUB
(Honorary Onerous Society)
James H. Plummer '37
George Elile Sisson '37

Terror Strikes in Bellefonte:

It all happened over in Bellefonte the other night to eight alphaphidlets in search of LIFE. Joe Scarpello, Joe Saporito, Joe Scarlat, Nick Semenza, Al Vichiarelli, Jack Di Girolamo, Sal Sala, and Gus Faranelli, disdaining the tepid entertainment facilities of the Boro, were "doing" Bfte. Along about quarter to twelve our heroes weaved out of their uptenth gin mill to find a covey of comies (you know—GALS) lining the sidewalk. With little or no effort on their part our boys soon became friendly with the gals and were just getting around to that line about the etchings when the Terror started. Roughly, and in no uncertain terms, a harsh voice roared in their sixteen ears: "Hey, you! You get the hell out of this town—FAST!" Looking back only enough to ascertain that the entire Bellefonte police force (both of them) were the originators of this terrifying order, our heroes got.

"She No Longer Loves You if... she goes on Penn State houseparties."—Drexel Drexerd.

Stuff: Barbara Bowes, decorative & efficient Student Union Office secretary, sets the keynote for that office. She graduated from Sleeper's Business College, Chester, Pa. . . This dept. would hate to have to devote a whole column to Prof. R. E. Murphy (his pupils call him "Lullaby"). He is reported as not honoring honest-to-God doctor's excuses, etc. . . And Art 74 Blue Books Saturday morning after Soph-Hop . . . Graham Luckenbill, who didn't make out in the soccer election, is still confident he will be soccer manager . . . Kutzer Richards is rehearsing in Max Reinhardt's "The Eternal Road," which will open in the Big City Dec. 27, 28 or 29. He's living at The Langwell, 123-129 W. 44th st., N. Y. C., and wants his friends to drop in over Xmas . . . Bob Dannehower attended deltachi "Shipwreck" dance in brilliant plaid underwear shorts & nonchalantly wore same costume to crnr rm . . . Town Swalm still swears that it really was a little black & white dog . . . feechtur story which didn't get in this issue tells all about the purty red & green lights atop Our Building. Adds that they look marvellous from a distance . . . The surrealist exhibit of object d'art in the Froth office is pur excellence . . .

—THE MANIAC

Evans Will Represent College at Convention

Marshall K. Evans '38 will represent the College at the Intercollegiate Conference on Government which will meet in Philadelphia Friday.

This conference will deal with the formulation of plans for the spring meeting of the group in Harrisburg. Miss Genevieve Blatt, graduate assistant in political science at the University of Pittsburgh, and co-founder and executive director of the conference, will be the guest speaker.

Last spring thirteen students attended the conference. Student-elected officers from the College are William V. Jackson '39, second assistant clerk, and Roy Wilkinson '37, parliamentarian. This spring the delegates will act as a state legislature.

FOOTLIGHTS

"Post Road," a play in two acts was presented by the Penn State Players in Schwab auditorium Saturday, December 12, under the direction of Arthur C. Cloetingh.

- The Cast
George Preble - Irving Tershow
May Madison Preble - Anne Boyer
Wesley Cartwright, Thomas Frymoyer
Bill - Cal Evans
Celia - Betty Reyburn
Emily Madison - Pauline Lowe
Jeeby Cashler - Claire Robinson
Dr. Spender - Jack Wolgin
Nurse Martin - Henrietta Cutler
The Girl - Elizabeth Jervis
Matt - Richard Ponemon
Virgil Bemis - Leo Baker
Jay - Jack Mishler
Mrs. Cashler - Mary Hatton
Mrs. Canby - Katherine Holden

"Post Road," Saturday night, suffered the death of most amateur college theatricals; slow death with torture. After fighting the late comers for the first quarter of the initial act the show rose to a certain point of interest by the first act curtain. But the first scene of the second act began the inevitable decline of interest and vitality until, by the final scene, the actors were very, very tired of it all and the audience was beginning to doze. Truly, the outbreak of shooting and screaming that was supposed to be the climax, was very frightening, coming out of that vast stillness.

Because certain bluesoes and purty leagues have protested the sexy plays seen here lately, we get, as a result, a play with a fairly novel situation, a few good gags, stock characters (henpacked husband doing a worm-tuning act, sinister gangsters and phoney preachers), complete lack of motivation and a dull and silly play.

A play like this with a largely inexperienced cast, gives a boring evening. Miss Lowe as Emily had the only real grasp on character and with experience should do big things. Mr. Tersuhov's George had the virtue of loudness at least. But the Bad Guys, Reverend Cartwright and Dr. Spender, were lost characters devoid of conviction and without interest as played by Mr. Frymoyer and Mr. Wolgin. Miss Boyer, as the jabbering May, had something but simply was not convincing. In general, the cast was largely unintelligible and awkward. And, really, we couldn't excuse Miss Boyer and Mr. Tersuhov for being so amused at themselves.

We had heard it said that Mr. Cloetingh was a master technician and from his handling of the radio business and all the inexplicable alarms and excursions, we agree. But how about the blank spots on the stairs; why those stairs in the side of the wall that you had to break your back to get out of; and why the total darkness at the telephone, the vivid yellow trimming and the flickering lamp that had no spot on it? We wouldn't quibble about such insigni-

KEYS MADE ICE SKATES GROUND SCHILLING

the theater is the greatest agony in life. This is a place for vivid, thrilling stuff and not half-baked drivel. Let's have some guts in the old Schwab sometime soon. —E. T. B.

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