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Tuesday, April 5, 1938

OLD MANIA

Late News Flushes:
STATE COLLEGE, April 5—Bathroom furniture for Fran Ath Hall has arrived.
Ray Fishburne and Doris Jane Thomas were married in E. Kton, Md., at 11 a. m. Saturday. Met Wednesday, date Thursday, dance Friday, married Saturday.

Love Letter:
Bruce Harlen, sigma nu, received the following letter from his father, a representative in Washington, last week:

"Dear Son,
My life was never free from sin, I've gambled, lied, drunk bootleg gin, broken speed laws, purchased votes, At Gabriel's call I'll join the goats.

"Eternal torment will be my due But why do I merit a son like you? I might repent and escape the fire But there's no succor for a luckless sire.

"Your grades are lousy, your conceit sublime, Your highest urge is for my last dime. You major in fishing and pitching woe, Like all that I've met from Sigma Nu.

L'envoi
Your letter says you're badly broke, Enclosed find fifty. I hope you choke. (Signed) Dad."

"Nittany Lion II":

We break ground inside of a building, we're going to lay a cornerstone after Fran Ath Hall is completed and now we christen a boat miles from the ocean, parked back of Old Main in the high and DRY Nittany Valley (See page 1).

More interesting than the actual christening was Bob Staph's attempt to cover the affair for the Centre Daily Times. Bill Ulerich sent Bob, one of the Journ. 28 stooges, out on the story.

Bob heard him say they were going to christen the Nittany Lion and so promptly repaired to the Inn, where they knew nothing about the affair. So Bob headed home, greatly fired at what he thought was one of Ulerich's April Fool capers. On the way he encountered the boat, and so saved his face and the Times.

Guy Stover covered the event with his camera but forgot to snap the picture at the crucial moment. Best comment was that of an import: "Isn't that a nice cage?"

And incidentally, Bob Cox, accompanying the owner, will be remembered as the winner of the "most salacious Lion coat" prize last year.

Comments on the News:

"H. O. T. C. PARADES TO BEGIN"
(We can't wait.)

"STUDENTS NEEDED FOR JOBS, CA REPORTS"
(More stonoges for Harry.)

"CO-EDS—DID YOU LOSE ANYTHING OVER THE WEEK-END?"
(Null said.)

I. F. Ball Reminiscences:

Smoothest Haircuts: Bill Endean, John Sabella
M. D. D. O. W. (Escorted by Hank Cartin)
Prettiest Import: (Escorted by Hank Cartin)
Longest Tails: Bill Lindemuth
Best Floor Polisher: Bill Dye III
Smoothest Import: (See George Yeckley)

In the News:

Comes from Hubbersburg a suggestion to call Penn State "Willie's Penn's University." We object. They might call us "Willie P."

B. I. Skirble was in town telling about the best business mgr. the Collegian ever had. Skippy Jennings is flashing a diamond. Dot Shaner and Frank Kimper have their eyes on each other. Damn this typewriter.

—THE MANIAC

Varden Will Address Camera Enthusiasts

Camera enthusiasts are invited by the Penn State Camera club to attend a meeting at 7:30 o'clock Thursday night in the Home Economics auditorium where Lloyd E. Varden of the Agfa Anso Corporation will speak.
Mr. Varden, well known in photographic circles, is a constant contributor to various journals and trade publications. His talk will concern the latest developments in film materials such as direct copy film and the new ultra-speed panchromatic film, which is three times as fast as any known film. An open discussion will follow the meeting.

Letter Box

To The Editor:
I am not one of those rabid persons that write a series of letters to influential persons for the sake of vain-glorious recognition; rather, I shun all forms of correspondence which in any way simulates fan mail. However, on this occasion I feel that this subject is so much in the need of being brought to the attention of the students and faculty of the Liberal Arts School that I must take advantage of this means of approaching them.

The subject of which I speak is that of the deplorable conditions existing in the L. A. School due to the overcrowded conditions, poor faculty, and lack of recognition of deserving faculty members. It is with these latter two conditions that we are chiefly concerned. This last semester we were not able to obtain courses which offered us any amount of selection or choice. If it was possible to get a desirable course, the instruction was so poor as to render the whole theory of liberal education a farce. In our own Spanish department, which I point out as an isolated example, there is one of the foremost Spanish scholars in the U. S. who goes without recognition on our own campus. The Engineering School and the Chemistry and Physics Schools capitalize on the reputations of the professors. Why should our school keep their lights under a bushel?

I believe it is time for the members of the L. A. School to rise up in a bod and demand a larger and better faculty. We should stress our leaders just as much as the other schools on campus. The faculty of the L. A. School recognize this need but they look to the students who are in search of an honest education to bring these facts to the attention of the proper persons. If the student is sincere in his search for knowledge, the prime reason he came to college, it is up to him to see that he gets it. If we are content to be known as graduates of a fourth-rate school with a second rate faculty, we will have no cause for complaint when we are shoved behind the door when jobs are handed out.

I ask your aid in bringing this message to the students of the L. A. School with the hope that they will DEMAND what is their just due. Sincerely yours, J. Marynow

Ed.—The current building program seems a fitting answer to Mr. Marynow's "overcrowded conditions." Undoubtedly such a situation had much to do with the original intention of the program. The writer's view of the L. A. faculty appears to include both commendation and condemnation. In all fairness to a moot point, let it be said that there are two sides to every question. The L. A. faculty question is no exception.

To The Editor:
The editorial in the April 1st Collegian, which dealt with faculty salaries under the title of "Administration Mathematics," is somewhat premature. It has been the seasoned policy of the American Association of University Professors, developed over many years, not to rush into print, but rather to wait for a thorough consideration of the problem in hand from all angles and by all interested parties. The original report on the present subjects, presented some time ago at a meeting of the local chapter, is in the nature of a preliminary report. Since that date well substantiated revisions of the report have been made. As discussion proceeds, further revisions may be made. When the final report appears, then the A.A.U.P. will welcome a full discussion.

Your very sincerely,
Leonard A. Dorgett,
Member National Council of the A.A.U.P.

Ed.—Sorry to have jumped the gun. If the faculty can wait all this time for results, surely the Collegian can.

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FOOT LIGHTS

Starting a bit slowly but picking up speed, the Thespians roused an after-the-IFball audience out of its customary lethargy with its spring show, "Hey, Rube," in Schwab auditorium Saturday night.

Although the plot was more complicated than the usual Thespian venture, the show still clung closely to the tried-and-true music-comedy stuff with Mabel, the educated bear, Swalmi, the Indian yogi/not-of-this-world, the iron and steel heiress who'd come "clean from Pittsburgh," and the aristocratic old-world nobleman turned pickpocket.

Briefly, the story dwelled on the trials of a carnival outfit which went broke in Weehawken, N. J., bought out a New York escort bureau, got mixed up in a jewel robbery, and finally ended up in Weehawken once more.

Laurels for the best all-around performance go to Bart Henderson who brought his minor part of Swalmi to major dimensions as the show went on. In addition to a well-executed solo dance to Provost and Big-ham's "Schizophrania," Henderson revealed a hitherto-unknown voice in "I Love You More" and a touch for comedy which culminated in a dinner scene when Swalmi, as head butler, doused a huge bowl of discouragingly-realistic soup over the protesting Papanoti (Paul Dean) whose protests, we understand, were motivated by the fact that the damaged full-dress was owned as well as operated by Dean.

Dealing with the principals' first, Konopka and Hertz as the juveniles showed some uncertainty in their speaking parts, but swung nobly into their respective singing and dancing specialties. Buddy Yanofsky carried the comedy along well but those who saw him in the Players' "Idiot's Delight," couldn't help but be disappointed when, on several occasions, he faltered on lines, took his cue too soon, or laid down on a punch line. The redoubtable Hunt, as the iron and steel heiress, came through as usual and Peggy Scheaffer handled well her part as Trixie, the punchy bareback rider. Dean did well except in the telephone-love scene with Hank and Eleanor where he talked away from the audience, making inaudible some of the lines in a good sequence. However, he did yeoman service in the dining and shower scenes. Both he and Scheaffer should have been given dance specialties. A good opportunity for Scheaffer was afforded in the girls' chorus number in the dining scene, but for some reason or other, she was in the back row. Dean, a good dancer, was confined to a not-too-convincing toe dance routine.

Apt-to-be forgotten by his anonymity, Lou Hall as Mabel, the bear, helped pick up the show's tempo when it might have lagged and did a good job as Primrose, the etiquette instructor. The musical number in this, "Gotta Dance," could be shortened without losing any effectiveness. Best bit part was the round George Pomeroy's Mr. Slabsides who was also the turkey in the "Waddle Around" number, probably the best musical number of the show.

In fact, the music was the best this reviewer has heard in his four-year stay in these climes. The lines for the show, designed

To Stand Still Is Danger—Tweedy

Yale Divinity Professor Talks On "Fear of Change" In Chapel Address

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they move forward," was the text chosen by Dr. Harry H. Tweedy, professor in the divinity school of Yale University, New Haven, Conn., to illustrate his Sunday chapel speech, "Fear of Change," in Schwab auditorium.

"It's surprising how many people feel that to stand still is to play safe," said Dr. Tweedy. "To stand still is the most dangerous thing in the world. We remain in a rut—an elongated grave. It is a form of suicide."

Dr. Tweedy cited the poor economic distribution of wealth in which 504 men can receive annual incomes totaling several billion dollars as a proof that there is a vital need for change.

"There is always a host of good Christians who arise and call down change," said Dr. Tweedy. "Whatever our school of thought, we must realize that Christianity never promises changelessness. Only that which is essentially good and true should be kept."

"We like the Hoffman-Scott costumes and the sets but could cheerfully have throttled the youth on the lights who pulled at least two, maybe three, of the blackouts too soon. And, now, while basking in the self-bestowed rosy glow of one who feels he has dwelled lightly on liabilities and strongly on assets, we would deliver to the Thespians this opinion:


"Hey, Rube" is a good show, individually and collectively, but Saturday's performance was ragged for one reason and one alone: the damnable Thespian habit of refusing to take rehearsals seriously until the last week before the initial performance.

Our operators have reported to us of many a rehearsal where Mason and Kennedy sat, waiting for principals or chorus to get around to rehearsals anywhere from one to two hours late, or rehearsals postponed because of week-end trips that ran into Tuesday; of chorus routines held up while a couple of "cats" swung in a corner of the stage, and a general don't-give-a-damn attitude.

Thespians have a fine tradition behind them and a rosy future. Kennedy has been able to work up increasingly better shows with a mixed cast. Trip itineraries, although not of the magnitude of the all-male heyday, are nevertheless growing. We hate to see this future threatened by a lackadaisical student attitude.

And now, having delivered ourselves of this speech from the throne, we will repeat that we enjoyed "Hey, Rube" no end. —J. W.

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HOW MUCH FOR SYPHILIS?

"WE MUST HAVE protection against fascism; we must spend billions to save our democracy!"
"It is our duty to spend billions to protect our people from the ravages of invading armies!"
"We must have billions to thicken and maintain our 'big stick' to warn foreign powers that we will stand by the Monroe Doctrine!"
"We must prevent misery and suffering from reaching the American people at any cost!"

On and on our Congressmen rage, fuming at the mouth, yelling for billion dollar appropriations to build an impenetrable wall around our borders to block invaders bent on destroying, maiming, and killing our populace.

But when United States Surgeon Thomas Parron asked for \$25,000,000 to adequately fight the invisible army of syphilis that is already inside the wall with 12,000,000 people—10% of the population—in its grasp, Congress mumbled and soon forgot.

Twelve million citizens ravaged and scarred by an enemy that holds no secrets to modern science. We know the answer to the problem. Syphilis can be wiped out! Sweden and Denmark have proved it. What is holding us back?

Canons, gas, battleships, and soldiers are helpless against this invisible plague. High-power guns cannot kill the dread germ which attacks the brains and heart, destroys the nervous system, and rots the sight and locomotion mechanisms of the human being. Modern science and skilled physicians, with the co-operation of Congress and the people, alone can defeat syphilis. And we know the answer. Why not use it?

Last year, the heaviest barrier against the fight on syphilis was broken when the public no longer hushed talk on the topic. Editorials in most college newspapers adopted the plan of free Wasserman tests to be given every student. The response was more than encouraging; students did want protection against syphilis—the dread disease that accounts for most of the deaths in the nation.

At State, the Wasserman tests were voluntary, and the number who submitted to the test was large. State students are in accord with the nation in demanding protection against the plague.

Why isn't the Wasserman test a compulsory requirement for every student admitted to the College?
Why don't our Congressmen stop howling for billions for iron and steel defenses and start clamoring for adequate appropriations to squelch the scourge that is maiming and killing our people?
Let's wipe out syphilis. We know the answer! —S. S.

ELECTIONS TODAY

THE BEGINNING of the end starts today. Or something about that screwy will be done with. Or some such stuff. Anyhow it's almost time for the politicians to haul the garbage in off the streets.

And when that is done it will smell a lot cleaner in State College.

Fighting tooth and toe-nail for the nominal leadership of next year's student body a line of demarcation has uncannily been set up between the fraternity and non-fraternity man. The result has been horrible to behold. That should never happen again.

Whoever wins this week's election will be well splattered and "smeared" by Move-Up Day. Next year when the senior class president advances "clean politics" for all the platforms, when he professes sincere interest in doing the right, noble thing for the constituents, let him remember the trail of fermented hognags that he trod to become the College's Number 1 shot.

MORTAR BOARD MEETING

JUNIOR WOMEN WHO are interested in becoming members of Mortar Board should make an effort to attend tonight's membership meeting. Those concerned with the future welfare of the honorary should come and indicate whom they believe are best fitted for enrollment.

Mortar Board has gone out of its way to adjust itself to the best interests of the woman student body and that extra effort toward improving and developing the society should be met cooperatively by all junior women.

SUCCESSFUL I. F. BALL

INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL PLACED another feather in its cap and continued its campaign to regain vigor and esteem by presenting a very definitely improved Interfraternity Ball Friday night. The Council is to be congratulated for thinking of a plan to eliminate most of the old evils. It is to be commended for then going ahead and doing something about it.

WE NOTE WITH interest that St. Thomas College of Scranton has become the University of Scranton.

STATIONERY SPECIALS
London Crushed Bond With Penn State Seal
59c
Hammermill Bond
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\$1.00 Ream
.60 Half Ream
.25 100 Sheets
Odd Lot Stationery ASSORTED SIZES Values to \$1.19
19c - 39c - 59c
KEELER'S

New Botanical Plots Are Planned Here

(Continued From Page One)

would combine in one great project a garden of trees, shrubs, and other plants for scientific study, and a great park-like area unified in design, filled with landscapes attracting interest and appreciation.

According to Secretary French, the arboretum will furnish living specimens of trees for students' study. It will also be used to help standardize wood plant names, and to test the suitability of various species for planting in this climate. Experiments in the development of new plant breeds will also be conducted.

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