

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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The Labor Front

Today, as it drives for realization and coordination of its national defense, the United States is running up against the same selfishness and narrow-minded outlook that contributed to the downfall of France.

Natural as it is, the naturalness hardly makes it easier to bear. We are hardly in as bad shape as the French whose manufacturers sold coal and iron to Germany by roundabout channels until last April, but we are experiencing the same stuff in our current labor troubles.

The labor troubles today are not as widespread as in 1917, but that hardly excuses them. Compare with a peak of 499 strikes for January and February, 1917, we had only 460 strikes in the corresponding months this year. In the period last year there were 272.

Playing an unmeasured part in the present troubles are groups simply trying to hold up defense, some employer groups, some labor groups. America's criticism of them is so unreserved and so outspoken that we need not dwell on it.

The people we really need to consider are those who, believing in the necessity for United States defense, still take advantage of the rush and prosperity to push personal ambitions.

These people are not all laboring men, although certainly the soft coal strikers are in the same category. Management, too, has won its criticism for obstinate action, inciting strikes and failing to arbitrate. Witness the Bethlehem strike.

One fact looms important, however. Only labor has the power to strike. Management may incite strikes by its action or its refusal to act, but only labor can strike.

The weapon labor possesses is dangerous when not wisely used. Today it is being badly used. Has arbitration died altogether? Why more strikes today? Are employers any worse or is arbitration more difficult than a year ago? Is labor taking advantage of admittedly bad situations, at the expense not only of the employer (who may deserve it), but of the whole nation?

Prof. A. H. Reede, who provided the statistics presented here, has suggested what seems a wise solution to the present strikes—a federal law requiring 30-day notice before a strike may begin.

The Railway Brotherhoods, now among the strongest and best-managed labor unions, operate successfully under such a rule, which curbs the power of neither the employer nor the laborer but gives time for arbitration.

Too many people don't know how to use power judiciously. A great many labor groups don't know. Perhaps the employers don't either, although they have had theirs longer and have a wider experience. It's too bad it takes a war to educate us.

Northwestern's Purple Parrot told of a student who turned in a 20-year old term paper from his fraternity's files. He got an A minus, and a note from the prof which, roughly, ran like this: "This was an A paper when I wrote it, and by golly it's still worth an A minus!"



THE MANIAC

(The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of The Daily Collegian.)

Penn State Spirit

On display in the window of Crabtree's jewelry store is a beautiful trophy which will soon be the well-deserved possession of Paul Scally, greatest Penn State boxer since Billy Soose, and present 170-pound National Intercollegiate Champion.

The trophy, which is worth quite a few more shekels than the intramural bridge cup, is awarded each year to the outstanding senior on the Penn State mit squad. The trophy, or trophies, is the gift of Frankie Goodman and is known as the Frank J. Goodman Trophy.

Goodman, Who's He ?

Saturday night at the finals of the boxing Nationals, Frankie, with the valuable trophy under his arm, waiting to get in and present it to Scally, tried to get the complimentary blessing he had seen others get. But all he got was a high-sign from the strong-armed ticket-takers: "We got two ticket windows over there, boy."

Why Goodman didn't get a pass long before the bouts is something we don't understand and if the ex-champ is hurt he has good right to be. Penn State's apologies, Frankie.

Draftee's Dirge

With due apologies to those who are inclined to frown on modern poetic trends, we offer the following effort by George Schless '40, who edited this very column before it degenerated to its present state of literary oblivion:

Constantly this one wish
Comes stealing through my gloom;
To be back on the Penn State campus
When the sweaters are in bloom!

Step Down, Brother

Johnny Barr may be top dog among the athletes in the Lion Lair but his standing as a lover seems to be in jeopardy. Big Jawn has been very much enamored of Connie Smith, Kappa queen, for nigh onto a year, and she, apparently, was hot for him. But it develops that John is not the only man who has crossed the path of the lovely Connie in the last four year.

The villain is none other than a brother SAE, Frank Clark, who has come all the way from West By God Virginia to spend a few days with his brothers, and it seems, Miss Smith. Well, you can't have everything John.

Coincidence

We wonder if the idea struck anyone but us what a coincidence it is that the football manager-to heart. After all, it wasn't the Kappas and the boxing managership passed from the Phi Kappas to the Betas. A funny thing, fate.

Have A Heart, Girls

We really didn't think the senior girls would take our blast about their political policies so much to heart. After all, it wasn't the Kappa's and ChiO's we were attacking (hmm) but the principle of the thing. Although we don't have any bones to pick with the persons honored in election number 2, we do think it looks a little spiteful to have left the ChiO's and Kappas out entirely.

Shanghai'd Lil

Lil Brand is burned up, and with good reason for she had her part in the current Thespian production "The Joint's Jumpin'" cut 25%. One of her four lines was ruthlessly slashed from her part by Will Hays Kennedy at the last moment. The line went like this:

Startzel: "Didn't I meet you somewhere in Europe?"

Our Heroine: "Why, do I look like I just came across?"

Now we ask you, what's dirty about that?

One of the well-liked professors at the University of Richmond felt lazy one day and wrote on the board, "The professor will not meet his classes today." One cute little coed got cuter, erased the "c" from the word "classes," leaving "lasses." When the professor returned to the classroom next day, he saw what had happened, went to the board, and, calmly erasing the "l," took another day off.

If things don't come your way, chances are you're on the wrong road.

Kilts have been worn since 1626. Scotsmen always have been known for their thriftiness.

Footlights

'The Joint's Jumpin'' Reduces Schwab Auditorium To Shambles

By ROBERT L. WILSON '40
The Penn State Thespians played their 44th annual production—"The Joint's Jumpin'"—to a jam-packed house last night, and when they had finished, staid, sober and sedate old Schwab Auditorium was left in shambles.

And no wonder, for in "The Joint's Jumpin'"—a knock-em-down, drag-em-out musicomedy—the Thespians have another hit on their hands, and we want to be the first to acclaim it.

Of course, the plot, like all Thespian plots, is just about as thin as a slice of drug store ham, but the music is fine and the scenes, with one or two exceptions, are superb.

As indicated by last night's fracas, the fascination for "corn" and out-and-out burlesque has by no means abated. For the most part, the antics, diados and gaglines of the show reek with both, and the cast makes no bones about it. Fortunately, the "corn" is of a college-bred Golden Bantam variety and shrieks from a crowd of 4,000 last night bore testimony that this type of "corn" is just what the doctor ordered.

The dialogue by Mike Brotman, the Three Stooges and Leon Rabinowitz is brighter than any we've been permitted to hear in four years, and, thanks to J. Ewing "Sock" Kennedy, the action is fast and sure. "Sock," the director, keeps everybody moving with his usual dexterity, and Tommy Slutter's costumes and settings seem quite stylish and appropriate.

As usual, the Three Stooges—Ned Startzel, George Parrish and Roy Rogers—carry the show. Probably the most "professional" amateur unit in Penn State Thespian history, the Stooges knock themselves and their audience out with a number they wrote last summer entitled "ZeKe, Zulch, Zunk" or "Who Are the Guys Who Stole the Deacon's Outhouse?" Their bedroom scene makes anything Selznick ever did look like child's play, and their antics in the barroom scene literally stop the show.

Les Lewis as Mrs. Herbert VanSmyth, is hilarious at times in her role as a society blue-blood who takes her fling as a rug-cutting hep-cat, but the audience missed that Stringer girl who had a change of pace that Leslie lacks.

The Singerettes—Janet Hartz, Barbara Gnau and Miriam Rhein—were swell in every one

of their numbers, and Three Beats and a Pick-up—Jackie Reese, Bill Nesbit, Jimmy Leyden and Bill Bogar—gave "The Joint's Jumpin'" everything else that was needed to make it musically flawless.

Gentlemen will like Jane Parson in her jitterbug numbers with Jimmy Smith. Ladies may well go to sleep.

Of the rest of the cast, we can honestly say that Joyce Strobe as Nan Ray, Dick Hertz as Jives, Mike Kerns as Superman, Ted Clauss as The Drunk, Joe McCoy as Shakespearian, and Leon Rabinowitz as Rajah all deserve your respectful attention.

We liked Tom Cummins' tune "Why Can't We Be Friends?" and Jimmy McAdams' number "Ya Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet." We were impressed by what was probably the smoothest Thespian dancing chorus in years, but we tired of the La Conga routine, the Dream Fantasy and the antics of Superman and The Drunk. All this, we are happy, is preliminary to saying that "The Joint's Jumpin'" all but carried us away.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY

Varsity football game with St. Francis on New Beaver field at 2 p.m.

Thespian show "The Joint's Jumpin'" in Schwab Auditorium at 7 o'clock.

TOMORROW

Hike to Lemont, Oak Hall, and Airport. Meet at the postoffice at 2 p.m. Leader, Bob Kauffman.

MONDAY

All students and faculty members interested in fishing report to 316 Sparks Bldg., at 7 o'clock. Subject, fishing equipment.

Pledging of Alpha Lambda Delta, at 5, Southwest lounge of Atherton. Please wear white.

Fraternities!

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