

Another Hat

Blue Key tappings have always demonstrated that it is not a broad junior-class activities hat society, as many believe it to be. Actually, it is more a hat society of first assistant sports managers, since at least two-thirds of Blue Key tappers are usually drawn from that segment of student activity.

As such, Blue Key does an excellent job in the field of sports supervision and even in fields unrelated to sports. On occasion it has met, and assured a good welcome for, clergymen and others visiting Penn State.

Probably its most significant recent contribution to Penn State was a booklet prepared to help acquaint visiting sports teams with the College campus and athletic plant. Blue Key's usefulness can hardly be questioned.

BUT, AS THE ONLY hat honorary limited to junior men, Blue Key is painfully restrictive as far as Players, Thespians, athletes, debaters, politicians (for lack of a better name), certain hard-working leaders in student government, and many others are concerned. Besides the top-heavy managerial category, Blue Key tappers include some junior publications men, cheerleaders and one or two dubbed "general activities men."

EFFORTS TO ASK Blue Key to widen its bounds to include a broader variety of outstanding junior men have been unsuccessful, but this is no affront to Blue Key.

It is rather a solid indication that another junior men's hat society—if conceived with a good purpose—is needed on campus.

Part of the purpose of any hat society is recognition of deserving students. One need only scan the outstanding juniors in campus activity to note that most of them gain little recognition since they are not tapped by Blue Key.

BECAUSE OF A RAPID growth of the student body, there are no doubt many students of all classes who receive no recognition, i.e., are not tapped by a hat society, for their efforts in countless activities. This need for another hat society is most evident in the junior class.

GOOD INDICATION of a junior gap among hat honoraries is lodged in the fact that *Parmi Nous* and *Skull and Bones*—both considered by many as senior hat societies—often delve into the junior class to tap an athlete or politician they believe worthy of the honor.

With the rocketing enrollment and ever-expanding student activities on campus, hat societies—which are supposed to recognize leaders in those activities and serve other purposes to boot—are too few. *Sphinx* and *Friars*, past hat societies, probably died because they constituted a glut on the market. **Not a glut but a demand exists now.**

Gazette

Friday, February 24

SOCIETY OF AUTOMOTIVE ENGINEERS, Student Group, 616 W. College Ave., 7:30 p.m.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Further information concerning interviews and job placements can be obtained in 112 Old Main.

The Ingersoll-Rand Co., Feb. 27, 28. June grads in ME, IE, MngE. Applicants must have 1.8 or better average.

Shell Oil Co., Mar. 6, 7. June MS and BS candidates in MngE and Petroleum and Natural Gas Refining, MS candidates in EE and ME, and PhD candidates in Phys.

Standard Oil Development Co., Feb. 27. MS and BS candidates in ChE who will graduate in June. Applicants must have 1.5 or better average.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Wednesday: James Barclay, William Santel, Israel Dinner.

Admitted Thursday: Regina Friedman.
Discharged Thursday: Sherie Rickel, Patricia Barnett, Bettina de Palma, Edward Shanken, Kenneth Edinger, Everell Chadwick.

AT THE MOVIES

CATHAUM—Chain Lightning.
NITTANY—That Forsythe Woman.
STATE—The Great Lover.

The Daily Collegian

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Little Man On Campus by Bibler



"Why? Well, I simply don't go out with just ANYBODY—and I don't even know you! Besides, I don't go out on less than two weeks' notice; furthermore, I have a coke date at 8, play practice at 9, study session at 12, and a few things to rinse . . . What? Who's playing? He is! A new car . . . it is! Who were you calling? JANE JONES! There's been a mistake!—This is Jaquella Challenger, hold on a min . . . Hello! Hello! This is Jane. I'll be ready in half an hour."

The Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

Headline in the February 18 Daily Collegian:

39 Penn Staters Receive Awards

The story went on to relate how 39 students at the College had been awarded scholarships on the basis of scholastic ability and need. What wasn't printed makes a better story. Tales of hardship, and sacrifice, and a thirst for knowledge which words on a sheet of paper, alone, can't tell.

Stories like the one about a student who is so outstanding he's president of his fraternity—the fraternity at which he also works in the kitchen and fires the furnace so he can remain living there.

HE'S A NON-GI and he doesn't have that thin strip of green cardboard worth 75 bucks in his mailbox the first of every month. Still he values education so much he wants to go on to graduate school. This outstanding example of what grit and determination can do, maintains a 2.94 All-College average in geology and mineralogy.

OR WOULD YOU rather hear about the wife of a GI who lives in a tiny, cramped trailer in Windcrest. Both she and her husband go to school, pay rent, and bring home the groceries on the \$105 Uncle Sammy kicks in once every 30 days. Being a trailerwife, this young lady could only maintain a 2.88 average.

Then there's a lad in the Engineering School. His mother, who's a widow, works as a seamer in a hosiery mill, yet both he and a younger sister are in college. He's not a vet either. To make ends come close together, this young man has to work for his meals and take whatever odd jobs he can find here at the College. No wonder he only has a 2.93 All-College.

The Chem-Phys school is notorious for being one of the most difficult, in point of obtaining high marks, on campus. There's another non-vet numbered among the lucky 39 who has a 2.71 average in chemistry. This future Frank C. Whitmore has been an orphan since high school, and has been working since then. He's forced to live with his brother, a GI, and his wife, in a trailer, which makes studying a trifle difficult.

MANY EX-DOUGHBOYS, gobs, and leathernecks like to brag about how many summers they have seen. It's doubtful if many can match the 32 years owned up to by one of the outstanding female scholars in the Liberal Arts school. Not lack of brains, for she has a 2.6 All-College average, but lack of money kept her from getting here sooner in life. She had to work for five years to accumulate enough money to come to Penn State. Now that she's here, she still has to work every day to keep the body that feeds the spirit alive.

This young woman can't receive any help from home because her father's a miner, now living on a small pension.

HARDSHIP DOESN'T KEEP all those people out of activities, either. There's one young lady included in this group whose name, if it were printed here, would be almost as familiar to most students as Ted Allen's. She has to work summers to keep herself in school and in the multitude of extra-curricular undertakings she's part of. Despite all that, she still manages to maintain a 2.54 average.

So you see, Mac, that measly 75 per you complain about and try to stretch over the full month would look like manna from heaven to some of the students up here—some of those I've just mentioned. The next time you rip open one of those muddy-brown envelopes and make a wry face because it isn't more, remember, it could be lots worse. For some people, it is.

No Churches in State College

Prior to 1887 there were no churches in State College, the people attended services at the near-by hamlets of Centre Furnace, Lemont, and Boalsburg. There were chapel services at the College, however.

Safety Valve . . .

Not Sadists

TO THE EDITOR: It is indeed regrettable that the proponents of freshmen customs have been painted as sadists by their critics.

In the first place, the argument that upperclassmen show poor spirit in their attendance at class meetings is an excellent one for the advocates of customs. I can also point out the inability of many on campus to sing the Penn State songs, in whole or in part. School spirit and loyalty are built upon knowledge of the above things and active participation in campus life. Customs foster both of these.

I wonder how many of the critics have gone through freshmen customs at Penn State. I have, and several of my associates have. In discussions concerning this problem we have been in complete accord on the following points:

1. We never felt that we were "being made fun of and jeered at." In fact, the attention given us in making sure that we were thoroughly acquainted with the campus and its traditions gave us a feeling of belonging—a welcome feeling for a lonely freshman.

2. That knowledge of Penn State served as a foundation for a love and loyalty to Penn State, not only as a college, but also as a home.

3. At no time were we forced to submit to cruel and unusual punishment by a group of sadistic upperclassmen.

Customs serve a definite and admirable purpose. It would be a mistake not to bring them back.

—Paul Thayer

Letter Cut

Misinterpretation

TO THE EDITOR: I know it is not exactly cricket for an engineer to take pen in hand, and proceed to deride one of the members of your staff, but the time has come where something must be done, and I shall attempt to show you what I mean.

In the Saturday morning, Feb. 18, 1950 issue of the Daily Collegian, there appears at the bottom of the front page, a masterpiece of misinterpretation, and a sound demonstration on how not to write an article. This article, titled, "Players Drama Below Par In Centre Stage Production," and written by one Deanie Krebs is the article and author to which I am referring.

I suppose this article is considered a critique or review of the show, but if so, it is a very poor one, technically speaking. (Easpershad, Gates, and Mallery, Essentials of English Composition, page 347) "One kind of exposition, known as the criticism, is often misunderstood to mean mere faultfinding. In point of fact, the word criticism means nothing more than judgment. To criticize a given thing means to evaluate it, to determine its worth, to point out its merits and defects according to some reasonable basis or standard of judgment.

In that last part of the quoted section lies the whole trouble. She does not take into consideration that she is not watching a group of highly paid professionals, but a group of her fellow students, who are only doing their best to give the public what they consider the best they have.

All those that saw the show, or are even connected with the show know of its faults, but it seems that none can find the mistakes of which she speaks, even those that know more about it than she, (myself excluded). It is evident that Miss Krebs has neither worked or acted in a show, and knows nothing at all about dramatics.

—Mal Knott

Letter Cut

Defends Froth

TO THE EDITOR: I've never read such nonsense as appeared in Red Roth's column in yesterday's Collegian. FROTH is the funniest magazine published. If, as Mr. Roth intimates, FROTH isn't any good why do so many students buy it every month. I understand that they sold 4000 copies yesterday which is more than the Collegian was able to give away. If Roth can write such nonsense it's no wonder that FROTH attacked him. And I imagine that those other two aren't much good either if they have anything to do with the "Red Menace."

—Don Vosel
Alpha Tau Omega

Too Much Bitterness

TO THE EDITOR: Bitterness in the columns of the Daily Collegian seems to be the rage, as witness the diatribes of both Red Roth and Ron Bonn for situations that seem to alarm only these two gentlemen, both with column space delegated for comments on life here on campus.

Granted they have the right to rant about whatever pleases their sensibilities of the moment, but there should be no passing that there is a responsibility to the entire student body that should not be ignored in favor of personal gripes that seem to make trivialities grandiose.

That is a whale of a lot of space for telling the students that the debaters were qualified and that the rotation principle for the presidency is absurd. The humor, wry or subtle or whatever you call it, was bedraggled enough for two humorists with reputations to uphold—not fall back upon.

—Joseph G. Hudak

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