

The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887

Published Tuesday through Saturday mornings inclusive during the College year by the staff of The Daily Collegian of The Pennsylvania State College.

Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934, at the State College, Pa., Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879.

Collegian editorials represent the viewpoint of the writers, not necessarily the policy of the newspaper. Unsigned editorials are by the editor.

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1953ers Should Be 'Roaring Lion' Class

One of the least known but most important organizations on campus is the Penn State Foundation, designed to raise money for the College from its alumni and friends. Under the direction of Bernard Taylor, a well-known money raiser, the foundation has made great progress in its short time of operation.

Formed last summer through the efforts of the Board of Trustees and the Alumni Association, the chief aim of the foundation is to solicit money for sorely needed projects on campus for which money cannot be obtained from state or federal funds. A great many projects are already in the planning stage.

Among these projects are an all-faith meditation chapel, furnishings for the Student Union building, various scholarships and fellowships, and special research projects. Actually, the foundation consists of two programs to gather funds for the College—the Penn State Alumni Fund, and a development program designed as a means for soliciting non-alumni, including individuals, corporations, foundations, and various agencies.

The alumni fund is one of the largest alumni-soliciting organizations in the country. In order to raise interest in the fund-raising drive, the eight schools of the College will compete to see which classes have the largest percentage of alumni contributing to the fund. The competition will be based not on the amount of the contributions received, but rather on the percentage of alumni in each school contributing.

To further heighten interest in the drive, each week the first five classes in each school with the highest percentage of alumni contributing will be termed "roaring lion" classes. Fund literature is being mailed now to some 40,000 Penn State alumni. They will undoubtedly contribute generously. When the Class of 1953 leaves the College, we hope it will immediately rise to the top of the "roaring lion" classes.

Soph 'Poverty Day' To Revive Tradition

All-College Cabinet has passed a proposal designating tomorrow as "Poverty Day" for the sophomore class. The purpose of the day, as explained by class Vice President William Rother, is to preview the class dance that night, the Shantytown Shuffle. It will also revive an old Penn State custom followed for years by students dressing in old-fashioned or "hobo" clothes.

Tradition is overshadowed to some degree in most large colleges. Size seems to have a minimizing effect upon active student participation in events or projects of a traditional nature. Everyone is too busy to be bothered. Penn State has been no exception; consequently "Poverty Day" went by the way some years ago.

Perhaps this was an unavoidable move during the war and immediately following it when enrollment of women was low and veteran enrollment high. There were relatively few students who could be expected to be interested in something that essentially was play.

However, the scene has changed and float parades and lawn decoration projects are drawing more support each year. But class unity is still pitifully feeble. "Poverty Day," in addition to reviving tradition, carries with it a chance to bring meaning to a class undertaking. Sophomore dances for the past few years have been supported by small groups—the same people who carry the class through most of its activities. The rest just don't care.

"Poverty Day" is a start, and a good one if actively supported. Rainy days and snow storms bring out coeds wearing slacks or dungarees, and professors seldom object. Little opposition should be expected to a class project backed by All-College Cabinet.

—Nancy Ward

Tension Increasing In Hot 'Cold War'

A United States Thunderjet and a British bomber were shot down while flying in legitimate areas over Germany last week; they didn't fight back. Sunday a B50 was attacked by two Russian MIGs over international water. This time we shot back. It may be mere coincidence that this happened right after Malenkov came into power; nevertheless, it shows that the Soviet Union is as much of a menace as it was when Stalin was head of the government.

Both diplomatically-insulted countries have sent demands for apologies for the first two offenses but have received no civil reply. What are England and the U.S. to do now to maintain their pride? This is the question that haunts diplomats. The British people become panic-stricken when they think of saving face by a war they can't afford; the American people, we hope, realize that anything, besides the physical destruction of our own country, is better than war. War may save face, but it has the opposite effect on life and limb, and perhaps this time to the country.

This country would have a difficult time expanding to wartime production because we are already at full employment. But what short of war are we to do? Can we ignore such insults to our prestige? The Communists have found a fertile field for agitating the Western countries. It is a vicious circle of losing face—saving lives, and perhaps country, or saving pride—destroying humanity.

The free, but complacent, people of this country must begin to think, for that seems to be all that can be done in this cold war between diplomats. This time it may be more than our beloved fathers, sons, sweethearts, and friends that will be lost—it may be our home, the very being of our so far, God blessed America.

—Nancy Gray

Safety Valve—

Reaction to 'Lute' Letter

TO THE EDITOR: Concerning the attack on the review and production of Players' "Lute Song" in yesterday's Daily Collegian I would like to remunerate the perversions in Mr. Craige's dubious premises. Obviously he knows very little of the purports and dimensions of presentational theater as contrasted with the goals of a representational production which Mr. Craige uses as criteria for his criticism. "Lute Song" was not intended to parallel reality, it is fantasy; it is not a classic by William Shakespeare, nor was it staged by Actors' Equity; nor was it very likely that Mr. Craige paid a \$6 top for his perch in the Schwab orchestra.

Players shows are designed to afford drama majors a practical supplement to classroom instruction. With people preparing for theatrical careers, are cast rank amateurs. They do not profess perfection. "Lute Song," be it good, bad, or indifferent, was such an experiment. Like the Collegian reviewer, Players are not infallible. We are all here to learn. To the chagrin of Mr. Craige it is indeed unfortunate that we all exist in a world of human imperfection spiked by prostitution of the arts. If Mr. Craige feels that Players' latest show violated his ethereal standards of a cultural millenium, that's his prerogative, but why doesn't he pick up his little dictionary and come down to earth with the rest of us—who knows, he might enjoy it!

—Chiz Mathias

Gazette...

March 19, 1953

AIR FORCE HONOR GUARD, 7 p.m., Armory. Class B uniform.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE ORGANIZATION, 6:45 p.m., 304 Old Main.

DEMOLAY CLUB, 7 p.m., behind Old Main for trip to O. W. Houts.

FENCING CLUB, 7 p.m., Rec Hall.

INDEPENDENTS COORDINATED SPRING WEEK COMMITTEE, 7:30 p.m., McElwain Lounge.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, 7 p.m., Northeast Atherton Lounge.

INSTITUTE OF AERONAUTICAL SCIENCES, 203 Eng A.

JUNIOR BOARD LAVIE, 6:45 p.m., 412 Old Main.

PENN STATE HELLENIC SOCIETY, 7:30 p.m., TUB.

PORTUGUESE CLUB, 4:10 p.m., TUB.

RIDING CLUB, 7 p.m., 317 Willard.

THETA SIGMA PHI, 6:30 p.m., Grange Playroom.

WRA BEGINNING SWIMMERS CLUB, 7:30-8:30 p.m.

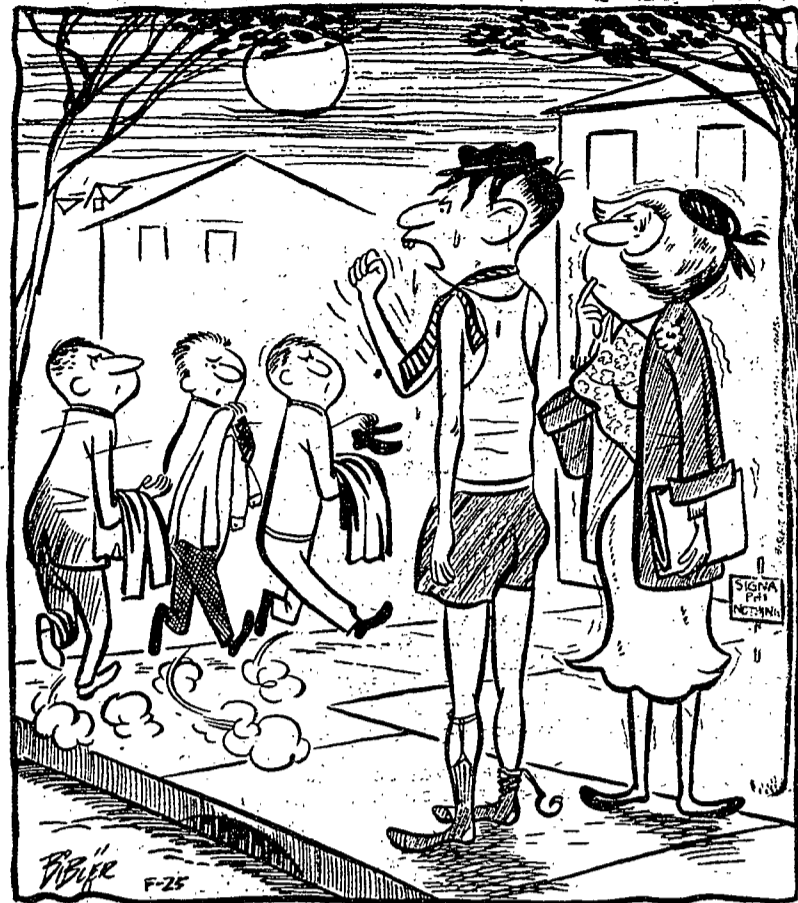
WRA BRIDGE CLUB, 7 p.m., White Hall game room.

WRA OFFICIALS CLUB, 6:30 p.m., 2 White Hall.

WRA SWIMMER'S CLUB, 7:30-8:30 p.m.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT
Camp Conrad Weiser, Pa., will interview March 17. Boys wanted to work for meals on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, for the rest of the semester.
Summer resort seeking three or four piece combo.
Camp Redwing and Winnicut will interview March 18 and 19.
Camp Skycreek, Pa., will interview boys March 28.
Camp Sinking Creek, Pa. will interview boys March 18.
Couple without children wanted for summer employment near State College.
Boy with experience wanted as linotype operator.
Walters wanted for permanent work in fraternities.
Interviewers for survey.

Little Man On Campus By Bibler



"Well now, I suppose you guys have never borrowed any of my clothes."

—Sealing Wax and Cabbages—

By ROBERT LANDIS

Children's literature has come a long way since Hansel shoved the witch into a stove. In what direction, I leave up to you.

The original intent of this article was to expose the current juvenile horror fare. I thought that before I started lambasting, I ought to first look at the literature I was condemning. I ran downtown to a newsstand to leaf through the objects of my vitriol. I wound up buying four comic books: Weird Tales, Marvel Tales, Adventures into Weird Worlds, and Haunted Thrills. What happened was I became engrossed in them. Who wouldn't be with such stories as "Dial Z for Zombie," "Waitin' for Satan," "Too Horrible to Live," "Don't Lose Your Head!" and many, many more?

My first contact with these works came a year ago when I boarded a bus for Washington D.C. My seat-companion for the trip was a female-type urchin of about eight. She carried with her a library of such books as I have already mentioned. I opened my New Yorker and began chuckling at the Charles Addams cartoons. After a while I put down the revered magazine, content and filled to the ears with sophistry.

Thinking I was out of reading material, the girl thing proffered me a "comic." For the next 15 minutes I was frozen with horror. Superb art work. Never have I seen so arresting a portrait of boiling eyeballs as was on the

cover. Equaling the art were the story plots.

Mind you, it has been a year since I've seen that comic, and I still remember one story vividly; A man loved his wife very much, but she thought he was a bore. One night the kindly wife bathed his face in acid. A court trial followed. Hubby, however, still loved his wife and therefore refused to bear witness against her. He was quite pathetic there on the witness stand with his face all swathed in bandages. The court released the wife in his custody.

Later, at home, the husband closed the door and locked it. His wife looked on in askance while he unwrapped his head revealing a face whose lips had been eaten away so that the gums and teeth showed white and red and the rest of it a bloody, scabby mess. He seized her, poured acid on her face, and gave her a mighty, bloodcurdling kiss, tooth-to-tooth.

Chilled, I handed the magazine back to the little animal. That moment I felt very-very old. "What is the younger generation coming to?" I wondered.

Wild Lifers Live It Up As Naturalist Protests

By BYRON FIELDING

Once again those of us who have not been celebrating it all year, commemorate Wild Life Week.

For those of you who earned some money last year or just picked it up some other way, and have not filled out that little government tome on your economic situation, we suggest a trip to the Amazon jungles to observe the native flora and fauna. By the time you read this article, the heat around here will be very unhealthy for you.

However, since most of us up at the College never will get in trouble with anybody over earning power, it is safe to assume that we are going to celebrate Wild Life Week up here in the dew of ole Mount Nittany. Therefore, we must caution those of you who will be traveling to Bellefonte during the week—the Highway Commission warns us that the road

between State College and Bellefonte will not be safe for driving for at least a week. The State Commissioner said that the road is dangerously slippery when wet.

It is appropriate that Wild Life Week should fall on the same overweighted week as St. Patrick's Day. The poor Irish will only have enough strength to whoop it up for just one day of this glorious weekend. But we must warn all Irishmen that this is not a dirty English plot to steal the rest of the week along with Northern Ireland. This is a true blue, American Legion approved week.

Pardon us, we always see double this week, someone is glancing over our shoulders. You don't approve. You mean that is not what this week is for. No fooling? Say, who are you? Oh! I'm sorry Mr. Burbank; I'll see that it doesn't happen again.