

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

Published weekly during the Summer Session by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of Students, Faculty, Alumni and Friends of the College

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The SUMMER COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of college interest. Letters must bear the signatures of the writers. Names of communicants will be published unless requested to be kept confidential.

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YOUR DUTY TO PENN STATE

At the community singing last Monday night, Director R. W. Grant of the music department introduced "Victory" as the keynote of the campaign to bring summer session students to the realization that they are part of Penn State.

Summer session is well under way in its sixteenth anniversary, but it is not too late, it never is too late, to join the throng and cooperate with the interests of the summer session authorities in seeking after the welfare of the College.

With these privileges and joys comes the sober second thought of the obligations. One of these originated some years ago. The Penn State Collegian has always opposed the use of the word, "State," as a nickname for Penn State.

"State" means nothing Penn State refers to an institution of higher learning which is supported by the State of Pennsylvania. Further protest is found in the fact that there are forty-eight states in the union and almost as many state-supported colleges or universities.

Remember you are attending PENN STATE! However, there is still another obligation on the part of the students to Penn State. It is needless to ask the question or meditate upon its answer as to how many know and appreciate the songs of the Nitany Lion?

This opportunity is open to those students who are interested, when Director Grant will instruct in the singing of the "Nitany Lion" and the "Alma Mater" in the Auditorium at seven o'clock Monday evening.

PLUMBERS CONFERENCE PLANNED FOR AUGUST

Industrial Education Department Fosters Meeting Stated for Fourth and Fifth

A state-wide conference on apprenticeship and apprentice education in the plumbing and heating industries will be held at the College on August fourth and fifth under the auspices of the department of industrial education.

The purposes of the conference are three-fold:

- 1. To get information on the national plan of apprenticeship in the plumbing and heating industries
2. To build a better understanding that employers, employees and school officials are all genuinely concerned in the problem of apprenticeship training and that their interests are practically identical and are not opposed to each other.
3. To set forth and adopt methods, aims and objectives in organizing and operating schools for apprentice plumbers and steamfitters in this state.

which employer and employee groups will give support
4. The establishment of more apprentice schools
5. Increased effectiveness of local trade and school authorities in establishing and maintaining schools

PENNSYLVANIA LEADS IN BULL ASSOCIATIONS

Organizations Prove Popular as Aid to Dairy Farmers of Twenty Counties

That bull associations are proving popular among the dairy men of Pennsylvania is evidenced by the fact that at present there are thirty-nine such organizations operating in twenty counties in the state according to F. D. Pitts in charge of the dairy extension service at Penn State.

The newest association to start is the one in Sullivan county with a membership of fifteen farmers. Three exceptionally serviceable sires were purchased at an average delivered price just slightly in excess of \$500. This makes a site investment of \$512 per cow for six years which is less than the previous cost of such sires.

At a recent meeting of the Bedford county association steps were taken to renew the accredited herd certificates of the members so that these herds may remain tuberculosis free and two additional members were elected. The Clinton county association has just increased their organization to five bulls and arrangements are under way to exhibit all of them at their annual field day.

First Thought Column

Well, it's all over now and we can give undivided attention to our column. Of course we refer to the examination for an automobile license. It really wasn't so bad. In fact, looking back we can see only one flaw in the whole thing—we didn't have an opportunity to express ourselves on "road hogs".

A hint to the wise—tip to the ladies. There are to be three colors predominant in the autumn wardrobe: opal green, golden pheasant and vermilion. We are not an authority on color, but our first thought would be that there's nothing new about these but the names.

And this subject of color reminds us of a story we heard the other day. It was designed, we understand, to show the influence of color upon size which by no direct interest for any of our readers we know full well. However, it is a good story. An American woman of rather ample proportions dressed in many colors and much bejeweled, consulted a French dressmaker on the proper color for her. The reply we quote: "My dear madam, when the Creator fashioned the hummingbird and the butterfly He made them of brilliant colors. But when He created the elephant He made it trapezoidal."

The other day we noted that Dr. Johnson was reputed to have little faith in romance and believed marriage might as well be arranged by the Lord Chancellor. That is to say, the contracting parties would have no choice in the matter but each would take the marriage partner handed out to him or her by the person to whom such a task had been assigned. We are fully acquainted with the fact that nervousness must have interred which probably accounts for the paucity of such an article. However, if it were necessary we could work up considerable argument against such an arrangement.

We pondered over the preceding paragraph for at least fifteen seconds and concluded that right here and now we should express ourselves on the very vital question involved. We have promised our readers a little discussion on this love business anyway. In this day and age when everything is either run by machinery or taxed we extremely oppose any such arrangements being put on law. It brings enough problems—among which the contest plays no small part—in its wake, let us be free and unimpeded at the outset and we'll endeavor, a man has so little chance to be individual we are fully convinced he should choose his wife—or be chosen.

Probably it is all right as far as it goes but sometimes it goes too far. For instance one of the heroines of the Silver Sheet contracted a sunburn at Santa Catalina Island not so long ago. Immediately there was much speculation throughout the land as to why Gladys Swanson was having her face scrubbed. And it was a harmless sunburn all the time. Speaking of publicity our first thought is that those devotees who happen to read this column will wish to see the next Gladys Swanson picture just to find out if we are right.

It is with difficulty we bring ourselves to comment on the tests made by the American Automobile Association, whose women are declared to drive better than men. However, a columnist must be fair and impartial, so here's the story (two outstanding tests) in which women excelled, and which are of great importance: (1) The speed with which the driver reacts to danger and takes steps to avert it such as applying the brakes, and (2) the consistency with which the driver responds in such a situation. Now, humble members of the stonewall set, let us all be thorough with deriving from the rear.

With the constant increase in the cost of rubber, one should have considerable respect for one's neck. A columnist would, we suppose, scarce be timely without a few Dixon comments. To tell the truth, we have rather lost interest in the scapes that it is a psychological fact that one cannot maintain a high emotional pitch for a great length of time. We had our moment of indignation and now the monkey news is relatively unimportant in our opinion. We might make one comment in passing, however. Scopes was going to lose his job anyway and we think he stirred up all this fuss in order to gain a little personal publicity. He was going to lose his job, as we have said, because he both smoked and danced. The School Board could not conscientiously continue a man of such character. Our first thought is that this explains other happenings at Dixon, Tennessee.

Could his sustained another blow in the formation of a "snooper" squad at Magnolia which patrols the Black Horse pike for "motor cutters", "one arm drivers", etc. We do not approve of betting, but if we did we would be willing to make a bet about the leader of this squad. At least we wager that when he was a boy he stole the locomotive intended for use at parties to which he was not invited.

Summer Session SWEEPINGS

I was trying to dash the other night, but there wash something wrong with the floor. I don't mean that the floor wash bad or rough. The chief trouble lay in the fact that every time I tried to go forward the floor wanted to roll up and tip me over. Indeed it wash a funny sensation. The first thing the chairish begin shiddling around, just ash though they were on a hot in a outh shet. My feet felt sho light and my head sho heavy that it shime took shome juggling to keep myself in a vertical position. I gave it up and deshidled to go out and shoe the beaversh. When I got to the football field these little animalsh were bushy chewing the concrete blocks from under the bleachersh. Wish these they built a bulldwars across the field. Dear Editor if you don't believe, me just come to our town and you'll shoe the shame ish we.

Viliginity voursh, Ill Lee Stud

Lallo's Note It may be so, but I don't know. We heard one sweet young thing remark that she would never do any double dating for she had always been taught that the well-known double standard was absolutely wrong.

After much discussion the school mams have decided that the popular Thespian song "No Neckin No Muggin'" will not be their choice for a new national anthem. On the contrary mams seem in favor of that venerable respected number "Last night on the back porch."

The expression back porch is not to be taken literally, it also stands for such things as bleachers and grandstands. In fact, anywhere.

We hear that several of the ceteris have decided not to serve soup until there is an adequate supply of tating forks in town.

The combination of soup and sleep writers will be about as popular with the school mams as a guitar snake at a baby parade.

We heard of a bright lady who after picking some golf-bags inquired if they would not leak and how many umbrellas would they hold.

Sure we're old friends we used to hang around the same gallows together.

Some people are dumb enough to think that the Bellefonte Central is a telephone exchange, and that Old Main is a water pipe.

The same people call the L. A. building generous arts, and want to know if "Mac" Hall is a junior or a senior and if the Bull Pen is as good as the Waterman.

A green pitcher was put on the mound for his first game with the local nine. He twirled the ball high and low, in and out, so twists that the opposing team were retired in one, two, three orders. At the end of the eighth he finally asked the coach, "Am I doing all right?"

She cuddled close to him in trusting confidence. She was as helpless as untold millions, as beautiful as the beaded Corinne Griffith, Mary Pickford, Marie Prevost or Norma Talmadge. Her small white arm encircled his neck. He was about to kiss her when the Mue Hall waiter was rudely disturbed by the clanging of the alarm clock which summoned him forth to another day of work and toil.

Parody on "SWITZBERGART OF SIGMA CHI"

(Adapted from modern bed-time stories. No apologies necessary.) The girl of today is a different girl from the girl of yesterday. With her boyish bob and her shingle shave and a face like a dab of clay, she drinks and she pees, and she smokes cigarettes. And her limit is high as the sky. Although her eyes are blue, she'll never be true, she's the sweetest of every guy.

If all the rings given out by alarm clocks each morning were divided equally among our women students, a stranger might believe that each and every one of them was married.

If all the gasoline used in going to the Evergreens and Triangle each week were placed in one large open can—it would burn if someone applied the match.

We have long been wondering when signs say "end of the 15 mile limit" just which end they refer to.

A sweet young thing answered the phone at one of the fraternity houses the other day and in order to help the telephone company hang up the receiver while calling the girl who was wanted. She giggledly thought that phone service was charged for by the time the receiver was off the hook.

So much has been happening lately in our dear-oh-ohed community that we have arrived at the conclusion that two full weeks here might equal a few hours more than a day in New York.

An innocent school marm noticed a sign of a meeting stating the place as "Eng D." It puzzled her and so she asked the first person she met where "English D" was located on the campus.

EPITAPHS IN A DESERTED CHURCHYARD I Early to bed Early to rise He died of sunlight In his eyes II He stole He borrowed He beat his wife What fun can he have In after life? III Amy Kant Did rave and rant Because her uncle Married her aunt -The Dartmouth

The two best places to eat— HERE and HOME The Penn State Cafe

P. H. DEWEY APPOINTED TRUSTEE BY GOVERNOR

Philip H. Dewey, of Gaines, Pennsylvania, was recently appointed by Governor Pinchot to the Board of Trustees of the College, succeeding Dr. Frederick Rasmussen. Dr. Rasmussen was the former secretary of agriculture of the state and served four years on the board by virtue of this office. Following his term as secretary of agriculture he remained on the board for two years as a gubernatorial appointee.

Mr. Dewey is the present master of the Pennsylvania State Grange, and was formerly lecturer for the same organization. He is chairman of the committee in charge of the Grange Memorial for Penn State. The memorial is to be a girls' dormitory and at this time approximately thirty thousand dollars has been raised. The remaining appointee positions on the board also expire this year, but as yet the Governor has made no further appointments.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

The Duffell Theatre Co. Photo plays of Quality

THURSDAY—Return Showing Day—Theatre opens this day at six JOHNNY HINLS In "The Crackerjack"

FRIDAY—IRVING RICH and WILLARD LOUIS In "A Man Without a Conscience"

MONDAY—CLAIRE WINDSOR and PAT O'MALLEY In "The White Desert"

TUESDAY—ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN In "Darling Love"

WEDNESDAY—FRED THOMSON In "That Devil Inuendo"

THURSDAY—Return Showing of MARIE PREVOST and MARY BLUES In "Requiem" A Sequel to "Simon Called Peter"

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