

# Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during the College year by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of Students, Faculty, Alumni and Friends of the College.

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### COLLEGIATE HUMOR

We glean from The New Student that the Illini Weekly, University of Illinois, says that "the Great American People look on these college humorous publications as barometers of the undergraduate intelligence and morals. The barometer is falling."

In proof of this assertion the Weekly examined a number of college magazines and found that most of the covers of these revealed an expert knowledge of feminine charms, lingerie and the forbidden jug, and that the greater percentage of these cover designs were offensive to the eye and to the morals of the Great American People. The jokes also were taken into consideration and found to be wholly detestable. The bonmots were concerned with wine, women, gutters, walking home, female anatomy, drunken Bacchuses and decidedly décolleté Venuses and kindred subjects. Then, it was concluded that the barometer was falling.

We, not to be outdone, conducted an investigation all our own. Stealthily we wormed our way into the Pi Phi office and swiped a pile of exchanges, eighteen of them. And this is what we found on one cover entitled "99 and 44-100," indicating that at one time of another the staff of the magazine had been "bawled out" for slipping; one cover on which stood four completely dressed young women, not especially good-looking, two covers depicting combinations of wine and women; one front showing a Navy man kissing his sweetheart good-bye; five covers showing either men or women, unusually general, among which Pi Phi had two; eight covers exposing what might be taken for some sort of feminine charm but which was nothing more than good art work. That's that. So we had a look at the jokes.

After reading the humorous lines until our eyes ached, we decided that about fifteen percent of the witty cracks were worth reading twice because they smacked of a double-meaning hidden away somewhere. And out of the fifteen percent, we came on only two jokes worthy of clipping (so that they wouldn't reach the eyes of the gals who you might chance to read a new Froth).

We reread the article in The New Student, remembering how confident we were that we would have a chance to throw a wrench into the machinery of the humorous publications. And now that disappointment has come to us, we divulge an opinion that we have held ever since we reached the half-way mark in the pile of magazines: that college humorous magazines are not all they're cracked up to be by the Illini Weekly. We'd rather read Life or Judge—the magazines that are concocted for the Great American People. They have the covers and the jokes!!!

### THE SENIOR MEMORIAL

Each graduating class leaves to Penn State a memory known as the memorial of the class of so-and-so. The sun dial, which now stands broken on the front campus, was left by the class of 1915; the class of 1925 set aside a sum of money for wrought-iron gates to be placed at the main entrance to the College. The class of 1926 has not yet decided upon its gift to Penn State, the memorial which will not only serve to add to the beauty of the College but also which will be a constant reminder to future students of the love which 1926 felt for its Alma Mater.

Very few suggestions have been given the Memorial Committee. Is it that the seniors, or even the three lower classes, have no ideas or is it that they have no interest in the mark which is to commemorate a love for Penn State? Time and time again the committee has asked for the ideas of students concerning the gift which shall be presented to Penn State by the class of 1926 and at present only a handful of suggestions has been received. Even the seniors themselves hesitate to express their opinions. Cannot the students support the Memorial Committee in telling that body of the needs of the College? Cannot a suitable gift be found which will satisfy a void at Penn State? A few minutes spent in thought by any student may be able to clear up the question and allow 1926 to make a presentation which will be admired for years and which will serve to endear Penn State to coming generations.

### THEY GET WHAT THEY WANT

Those people of some intelligence who have their nightly fling by plunking down thirty cents at the box-office sooner or later begin to wonder why the producers release such imbecilic buncombe as that which flickers across the screen. Surely the producers are capable of doing better. For has not the industry risen to the point of art? Have there not been movies which have proved really worthwhile? Why is it, then, that the general run of pictures produces such a mental nausea to those who have some appreciation of art?

The blame for so many pieces of Fordized drivel, pure and unadulterated, cannot be placed with the producer but instead with the "rum-chewing movie fans"—the ones who, belonging to the uncivilized majority, have their movie favorites. (The "I" as in "ice") and send for autographed photographs of the stars. The bloodsucked bunch demands that the plot be a standard one, one which they can "guess how it's gonna turn out" and which ends with the Arrow-collar hero and the pulchritudinous heroine clinched in a couple of half-Nelsons.

Now, the movie producer is a business man. He is not in the "game" for art. He invests fabulous sums and expects a decent return and gets it by putting on the market a lot of trash that "they'll just gobble up," as the distributor tells the exhibitor. And they do. Once in a while we find a brave soul in Hollywood who will venture a "Greed" or a "The Girl He Loved" but he finds he is casting pearls before swine. The pictures are pronounced "flops" and the producer, disgusted, floods the theaters with Elm-or-Glyn to make up for the loss.

Once in a great while, for some unknown reason, a good picture happens to please the fans. But that is rare. And the producers have almost given up the attempt to elevate the fan. Result: the pictures are reduced to the level of the average audience. Here we get the cream of the offerings, such as those offerings are. But the only time any exhibitor can show the really good pictures is when it pays to make them.

### Sanctumionals

#### On Editors

The Toledo "Campus Collegian" appears to be having its troubles. The paper of our sister municipal institution runs a long editorial, "What is Wrong With Your Paper?"

We don't pretend to know what is wrong with the "Campus Collegian" of Toledo U. But we do know what is wrong with the editorial. It berates and beseeches the students to pick on the school paper. It is tearful—and undignified.

We think this is a mistaken tone to take with my "student body" in the world, especially to a student corps which has got into the habit of knocking. The editor of a college paper must be a hardened fellow with the skin of a crocodile. He cannot afford to have feelings. He must be a hard worker and it possible a clear thinker, but he will be the dumbest of fools to expect any accolade of merit from either students or faculty. If he wants recognition, let him go in for debating or football or some such other tame activity and give the school paper a wide berth. The editing of a college paper is for one who absorbs checks naturally and has no illusions.

The editor of a college paper must love his job. He must run to meet approach danger and bat it on the nose. Instead of studying his nomenclature or his baldada-hology for the approaching quiz, he sits up nights racking his brain for new ideas to spruce up the paper, for new notions of make-up for distinctive features, and wondering how he can get the business staff into getting more ads.

Trying to do this, he is dismayed when some student nit-wit or pettifogged scullion takes a standardized wallop at his paper. Nay, Gwendolyn, he must stop to gnash his teeth or thumb his nose, but he goes the way he has marked for himself. Certainly he should never go the length of pleading with the nit-wits for a continuance of the hue-and-cry. For what do the nit-wits know? Their criticisms cancel each other out, 197 nit-wits think too much space is given to athletics, 201 think the sport is not being used enough to give the college favorable publicity. Fifty-one percent think the fortunes are fine and the editorials the bunk, 99 per cent think the features are rotten as well as the editorials. And usually there are the kind that cannot write a C-grade theme for Blot 1.

No, let the editor take it for granted that he knows how to run the paper. Let him think, and think, and think again, and turn his policy; then, deaf to the clamorous tattle of the nit-wits, go ahead with it. If they get in the way, steam-roller 'em. The majority of them don't know why they're in college anyway. They need someone to tell them how stupid they are, and why. Let the paper do it.

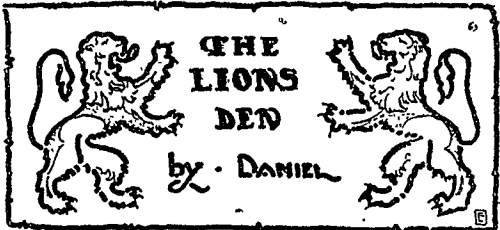
Now and then a student arises whose criticism is informing, intelligent, and sincere in motive. There are very few of him. When he appears, the editor is in a hurry to sign him up.

—Toledo Campus Collegian

#### Injustice

The colleges and universities of America today are subject to more unjust criticism than any other institution in the country. Much learning which is entirely true and valid, but there can be as much said likewise for their beneficial qualities.

The popular printed misconception of college life does more to undermine public opinion of the schools than any other one factor. To pick up the morning paper and read of collegiate activities would be merely to view a resume of the sports contests for the week, the prominence of some orator, the production of some play, or the discovered unseemly disposition of some one individual in the institution. This latter phase is one upon which the newspapers dwell with all of their potent vehemence. One unfortunate misdeed among the portals of a college campus calls forth bitter condemnation by the press throughout the state, or even, in some instances,



#### AN ODE

There are odes to Love  
And odes to Spring  
But this is a new kind  
'Tis an ode  
To the Campus Matchmaker,  
Are you in love?  
Do you want a man?  
She'll help you all she can.  
Short, blonde, dark, tall,  
Makes no difference  
She knows them all.  
The curious girl, the blase man  
Are all alike  
To seize her plan.  
Sometimes they get mixed  
But who gives a darn!  
A pretty girl, a moonlight night  
And Lo!  
The matchmaker sure was right.  
Love is divine, love is supreme,  
Here's to her,  
The Campus Matchmaker Queen.  
(She knows her onions!)

Dear Danny:

The rhyme is poor and the rhythm worse. Somehow or other I feel as though I never was meant to be a poet but I simply had to express my wholehearted admiration of the Campus Matchmaker by some little token. It really doesn't do justice to her, since matchmaking is but one of her many charms. *Chechez la femme!* An Admirer

Throughout the country a student can break down on his way home from a week-end, and he is forced to walk arriving at his fraternal house at four in the morning. If some early rising neighbor happens to see the advent it is food for scandal. A student slips on the ice, falls, and is accused of being under the influence of liquor. Every such unavoidable occurrence is openly reproved by the press and the public.

Student parties are described as lurid affairs, with laughter, liquor and late hours as prominent characteristics. The impression is a vivid one, and one that the public as a whole likes to accept. Scandal and vice are enjoyed by the average wagging tongue. Such misconceptions are strengthened by the undue amount of publicity given them, and the general public reads and enjoys the following features in the daily gazette. They enjoy it, because the papers have perverted their views with only sensational stories of what they term "college life."

In an undertone some one says "ev-

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the populace of the town. This is what comes of the student following upon the entire school—the Wabash "Bachelor."

College life is not all play, and it is high time that it be recognized by outsiders as otherwise. One week-end may be a party but the next will be an equal amount of work, labor not recognized by anyone, for the public hears only of the party and fails to learn that time must be spent in the classroom as well as on the ballroom floor.

Gossip is the utter ruination of an individual and it can be the downfall of a college as well. Consequently, as long as the press handles publicity as it does, it is up to each of us to see that Wabash's reputation is not jeopardized by any unthinking act on our parts. A moment's thought-

less folly may bring condemnation upon the entire school—the Wabash "Bachelor."



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