

The Summer Collegian

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B. KaplanEditor
L. H. BellManaging Editor
C. F. FlinnBusiness Manager

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. It assumes no responsibility, however, for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box and reserves the right to exclude any whose publication would be palpably inappropriate. All copy for each issue must be in the office by ten a. m. on Wednesday.

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THE NATIONAL NOVEL

There seems to be signs of late that the great American novel like the great American movie is about to appear and that when it is finally evolved it will be something similar to "The Covered Wagon" only much better. Having finished its Broadway run and having finally retired to the sticks Emerson Hough's great Epic has, of course, passed out of the chase for the great American novel. But not without a fight. "The Covered Wagon" had Indians. It had pioneers. It had acres and acres of celestial American soil. It had rivers of blood. It had love. And over it all it had the final touch, the plum necessary to make the pie: the great American flag.

To one interested in the art of beautiful letters it is galling to be reminded both by the past two hundred years and by the present one that unless the "setting" is dragged in—and in our own case—the setting is an exhibition of the American flag—the literature of a young country is looked upon as not having yet arrived. Thus we had no novelist until Cooper began to write lies about the Indians and no "genuinely" American poet until Walt Whitman was discovered by politicians as a profound excuse for democracy. In a phrase American literature, to be great American literature, must follow the brass band and the fire and drums: it must be as distinctly native as the Philadelphia Athletics are native. There must be no mistake. More, there must be not the slightest chance for any mistake. The moment one picks up a book it must scream at him through its timest adjective that it is, together with Doheny distinctly United States. In a word the great American novel must be national: it must represent America as the daschund represents Germany.

Now the best literature is beyond national teneposts; the best literature does not depend for its worth on the Bay of Biscay or Hoboken, gracefully and harmoniously it affonts both time and space. It flaunts the years, it mocks the humans, it exalts the humans, it laughs at humans, it shouts, weeps, curses, sighs, but never does it depend itself as the border to its nation's flag. Never does it reveal, except casually and incidentally the horizons of its country. That is bad business—from the commercial view; but it is good art. In fact it is the only art. The whooping and gnashing of the forty-eight states make excellent foibles: they have made Sinclair Lewis, George Kelly, Theodore Dreiser; they have made, even, in a special sense, James Branch Cabell and Eugene O'Neill. But when these men are analyzed it is more than their country's physiology that they reveal. True they may gloat over it; they may sing and they may chant; they may chafe, singe, impugn. But always there is a spirit symbolical rather than material, a hovering Ka, a ghost. And that is literature: for at the bottom of all prose is poetry; and at the bottom of poetry is beauty. And that is the truth: what American literature is striving; and that, to theorize, is why there is beginning to form a supposition, ironic enough, and a hope that American drama will veer toward the poetical—indeed O'Neill has already accomplished much in that direction—and that the American novel will follow romance and classic beauty. It is not a forlorn hope, this. Rather it is an indication, a moving finger pointed surely at something beckoning in the future and yet it is more than this. Somehow it harks back to the past.

But the great American novel? There is no such thing. No novel is typical. The attempt to make it so has hindered Dreiser and Hamstring Lewis. There have been several great American novels; but the word "American" is simply so much excess cartilage. How strange that no one speaks of the great "English" novel! The American novel, to get down to it, is not a product of the Revolutionary War, it is merely a novel written by a man who happened to be born in a country called the United States, because George III of the Habsburgs happened to be an ass. And the great American novel is not in the making. It has already been made. An American, Herman Melville, you recollect, wrote "Moby Dick." It is, without doubt a great work. Even the enthusiastic idiots who held for a time that Wagner was no musician because he was a German, will call it a great American novel. But strangely enough there is not in "Moby Dick" a single stitch of the American flag.

A MAN IS LOST

Nothing can be more startling than the news that a figure of tradition is going to disappear. We are referring to Dean E. A. Holbrook. For five years Doctor Holbrook had been Dean of the School of Mines. He had seen it grow from a tiny group of old buildings into a structure that was larger than its outward scope. He had seen it raised from the level of a second-rate department into an independent school. During his stay Dean Holbrook had made many friends; hardly

a student on the campus did not respect him and rejoice in his friendship. And now Dean Holbrook moves on to Pittsburgh where he believes greater opportunity awaits him. No doubt his loss will be felt here. But Dean Holbrook has done so much already for Penn State that the foundations he has built are likely to endure.

THE ARTISTS' COURSE

After hearing Miss Stell Anderson present the opening number of the Artists' Course there remains no doubt in the minds of her audience that the Music Institute is not trying to pull a fast one, as the boys at Varsity Hall (winter session) have it. For all the entertainers are of Miss Anderson's calibre then Penn State Summer Session students are in for a treat. The artists whom Director Grant has assembled are by no means people of ordinary talent. They are, in spite of flagrant press notices, genuine musicians, entertainers of no mean ability. Carolyn Le Fevre for instance. She is an accomplished violinist, a capable and delightful performer. We have heard her ourselves. (There; that proves it.)

The Bullosopher's Chair

Smithers—I have often wondered, Bullosopher, at your bitter hatred of our school teachers.
Bullosopher—I don't hate them. Some, in fact, I love.
Smithers—What? Me too!
Bullosopher—I hate their system.
Smithers—And what is their system?
Bullosopher—It is called, with profound emphasis, educational psychology.
Smithers—Surely you believe in psychology as a means of bettering one's knowledge, or rather of teaching others how to better their knowledge?
Bullosopher—But did you ever realize what happens to the student who is learning, under the process, to become a teacher? Did you ever see these education students sweating with inspiration over their charts and diagrams? How can true sprits of teaching be aroused by a system whose first principle is the manufacture into automatons of its victims, and whose second is the measurement of ability by means of cerebral slide-rules? Believe me, Smithers, nothing can so smother any feeling for learning, as can a demagogue. By his words, by his actions he makes the quest for knowledge appear not as a search for truth but as a war for bread. Of art he knows little or nothing, of emotions only that which he has seen on the printed page. Consider these people teaching children! It is no wonder they grow up with a feeling of antagonism toward learning! And yet these ministers of knowledge are proud of the impressions they make upon young minds! How many high school teachers did you have, Smithers, who really meant something to you. I mean who were an actual source of inspiration?
Smithers—Two. But don't interrupt me, don't bother me. I'm on my way to play golf.
Bullosopher—With whom?
Smithers—My psychology instructor.

SESSION TWO

Bullosopher—What! Back so soon? I thought you were playing golf.
Smithers—They won't let us. It's Sunday, and the Blue Law.
Bullosopher—But good Heavens man, what has Sunday to do with Blue Laws?
Smithers—Are you trying to be funny?
Bullosopher—No, just rational, Smithers. I think that if we are to believe all that religion wants us to believe, Blue Law must be an abomination to the Lord.
Smithers—Sacrelige! Blasphemy!
Bullosopher—Fiddlesticks! The minute a man hears the Lord's name used in connection with earthly things he yells "Boo! Is the earth so unholy? Not Pennsylvania earth anyway. The fact appears to be that of all these United States only Pennsylvania and Massachusetts will land in Heaven and sing those hymns of which Jesus Christ is supposed to be so fond. Smithers, the common conception of religion angers me. How futile the Bible it is certain in the minds of devout Methodists that no Catholic can possibly enter Heaven, and as for a Negro—I am almost ready to believe that good works are a part of good business. I believe the average pseudo-religionist feels in his bones that goodness is like an insurance it will safeguard his future health by assuring him a harp, a hymnbook and a seat near Gabriel. Of course, a certain amount of hypocrisy enters in, but did you ever see the business man who could not shoulder a bit of hypocrisy? It's part of his sales talk. Well, I'll be hanged. Hey! Wake up!
Smithers—Some, in fact, I love. Me too!

Books of

Grace Hazard Conkling

NOW IN STOCK

Lecturing in English Institute July 5 to 9

KEELER'S Cathaum Theatre Bldg.

Summer Session SWEEPINGS

Among the famous foreign celebrities studying at Penn State is Reba Redburn. She hails from Camden, N. J. and is staying at the Sigma Chi house.

Gus the cavalryman and house manger heard a speaker say the other day that one way of cutting some people is to ignore them. "Wish the same applied to the grass around this dump," was Gus' sad soliloquy.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF:

Lindbergh
Kip Rhmelander
Phil Hess
Pony
Nungesser and Coli
Gertrude Ederle
All the warm summer session salutes!!!

FAMOUS TRIPLES:

Wine, women and song.
Red, white and blue.
Hart, Schaffner and Marx
Sally, Irene and Mary.

Isn't it tough when you think of something funny and then forget it? (The first person, man, woman or child, who says "yes—on us" we will have a brick at.)

Nate Cartmell on hearing of Gus Karbach's victories in the Germantown Business Men's games: "Anybody can beat a bunch of bow-legged business men half filled with beer. And Philadelphia beer, too."

Question in intelligence test: "Why are all cooks ample bonomed?"

Heart along, Co-op Alley:
"Bill! Wellwhatnellareyudongere?
"I flunked too. Got a job?
"Sure, but I'll have to give up my course in Hyd. 48. It interferes with my washing dishes.
"Say, I was going to organize a strike.
"A what?
"A strike. A potato peelers' strike. Starve them out and make 'em come to terms. It isn't reasonable, Bill. Making a fellow wipe dishes and peel potatoes. And I was getting to be one of the best little potato peelers in the business. Jove! hear of a dishwasher peeling potatoes? It wasn't in the contract either.
"Well, did ya strike?
"Ach, no. I was fired."

After Doctor Pike's psychology lecture Tuesday night an apoplectic dame discovered she had lost her purse. After a hysterical and frantic search during which a miniature army of vigilantes combed the Auditorium, the coveted article was recovered. It was with a great feeling of relief and satisfaction that the grand old lady discovered that every penny of her twelve cents was safe and undisturbed!
Queer people, these multi-millionaires. And the Scotch, too.

Val, Venetian violet vender from Scranton, nearly got the gate in class the other day when he giggled because the instructor said to a few marms who have circled their teens thrice: "Here, girls, take these seats!" Girls won't be girls, Val claims.

LOST—Black Fox Fur Neck Piece on College Avenue between Allen and Burrows Sts Monday afternoon, July 4th. Please return to State College Hotel and receive reward.
Mrs. Thomas C. Eicher

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OPEN EVENINGS

The Critic

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL: MORE OR LESS

"The Talk of the Town,"

By Lynn and Lois Montross. Harpers \$2

Of late there seems to be an idea hovering about that the great American novel, for years the only rival of the great American movie and the great national game, is in the making; that all the coming biblioteen needs is a little more glory, a dash of Lincolnton, and a love element pinned grandly, as it were, on each of the forty-eight stars and the thirteen stripes. The rumor that this epic will shortly appear is more than a myth. It is whispered in libraries. It is noised about hopefully by sweating publishers. It is shouted across streets. And it is spoken of in hushed tones by such reverent authors as Lynn and Lois Montross (the College Humor gemuses.) In corners they meet and scheme and think and at last in a pink flush of inspiration their literary tongues fling forth and though the result appears at last as a cross between Michael Arlen and Van Vechten, the motion while it lasts makes a flashing gesture. "The Talk of the Town" will, if you believe the publishers, set the summer session student by the ears. The ground for this belief is that "The Talk of the Town" is sophisticated that therefore the yokels will gloat over the pages of potting and the one pseudo-seduction with the same feeling of warmth that they experience when they gaze at a woman in a low cut gown, and that furthermore the school teachers (who, it is notorious, have always been plagued with tingling desires to spend a night in Greenwich Village) on glumpling a life more loose and more carefree, that is to say more romantic than theirs, will straightway be thrilled to death. As a matter of fact "The Talk of the Town" will affront the yokels, as a matter of interest the school teachers will be anything but thrilled to death by it: the percentage of College Humor sales in the summer does not run nearly as high as that of poetry.

(Continued on page three)

O-nix Hosed by State College Fire Laddies

(Continued from first page) then he heaved the pill with all he had. There was a tremendous explosion. Everybody stopped talking. Everybody gathered round my pavilion. And when the dust had cleared away we saw that he had budged Tommie about three inches. Well, sur, he fainted right away and they carried him out. Ony, I mean.

"Yes, sree. I tell you we don't have no tigers or bears or anything like that around here, but we certainly are there one hundred percent when it comes to the side shows."

Cathaum THEATRE

(Summer Opening Time 7:00 p. m.)

THURSDAY—

Return Showing Day
Karl Dane, George K. Arthur in "ROOKIES"

FRIDAY—

Esther Ralston in "TEN MODERN COMMANDMENTS"

SATURDAY—

Pauline Starke, Ben Lyon in "DANCE MAGIC"
Fox News and Fable

MONDAY—

Richard Dix in "MAN POWER"
Fox News and Cartoon

TUESDAY—

Virginia Valli in "THE FAMILY UPSTAIRS"

WEDNESDAY—

Pat O'Malley in "PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS"

NEXT THURSDAY—

Return Showing of Lon Chaney, Joan Crawford in "THE UNKNOWN"

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