

The 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.

B. Kaplan, Editor
L. H. Bell, Managing Editor
C. F. Flinn, Business 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.

Entered at the Postoffice, State College, Pa., as second class matter.

Office: Nittany Printing and Publishing Co. Building, State College, Pa.

Telephone: 292-W, Bell.

THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1927

TRIBUTE TO THE CHEMISTS

To the average student the work of the chemist and physicist here in the Institute of Chemistry of the American Chemical Society, may have no other significance but that these scientists, some of them, have the use of two of the Army tennis courts. But to the world the meeting of these international figures is of striking importance. The NEW YORK TIMES prints the following editorial (July 10) under the title of "The Chemical Revolution". It follows in full:

It is evident from the papers read before the Institute of Chemistry at Pennsylvania State College that the chemist is more than ever sure of himself. Twenty years ago he was a voice crying in the industrial wilderness. Now Dr. Hertz fears a slackening of the pace of research because "the demand for qualified men outstrips the ability of our universities to furnish them."

Economists speak of the "industrial revolution" when they refer to the profound change wrought by the introduction of the steam engine. When we consider that the per capita consumption of raw materials has increased ninefold since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and that the chemist rather than the engineer will henceforth be expected to keep pace with human demands, who knows but the term "chemical revolution" may appear in the literature of economics to define the influence of the laboratory on human affairs? That the chemist already plays the spotlight role in industry was well brought out by Dr. John E. Teeple, winner of the Perkin Medal in chemistry for 1927. "Look over your automobile piece by piece," he bids us, "and see whether you can find anything, except possibly wood, from the tires to the top, and from the lenses to the tail-light, that has not undergone chemical transformation." He boldly asserts that ultimately all manufacturing will be chemical, with the exception of cutting, fitting, weaving and molding.

The signs are unmistakable that even raw materials are to be created. Although the world is now glutted with petroleum, German and French chemists have been conducting research for over a decade to devise a commercial method of producing motor fuels from gases. The Chilean nitrate industry is making its last stand with the aid of American capital and efficiency. Now that the X-rays have revealed the difference in atomic structure between natural and synthetic rubber, nature will ultimately be mimicked in the factory at a cost that business men will not consider preposterous. The catalytic hold enormous and will undreamed of potentialities. When by their means the smelly fish oils can be converted into liquid soaps, and nitrogen can be fixed in the form of ammonia, the manufacturer who does not keep abreast of the chemical times "will wake up some morning to find himself with a good plant and large capacity for producing but with no market." To quote Dr. Teeple again: "Even agriculture is not impregnable against these onslaughts. The late Dr. Daniel Berthelot, and, more recently, J. B. S. Haldane were not romancing when they pictured the synthetic manufacture of foodstuffs with the aid of nothing but gases and ultraviolet rays."

EDUCATION: AN ECONOMY

Insatiable curiosity, says Dean Wendt speaking of the essential of scientific research, has given way under modern educational methods to cock-sureness. A more correct diagnosis of the evil of our educational system could not be given, but is it doubtful whether the preceptors of this system realize this, it is even questionable whether they know there is any evil at all. For theirs is the viewpoint that education is an economy and consequently as long as more Americans ride in automobiles each year and make a living more easily, they are satisfied. They even grow ecstatic about it.

What is there in learning, they say, that makes it desirable to us, after all? Certainly it is not that in education we see a distinction that the ordinary person does not possess, certainly not that we perceive a quest to comprehend somehow phenomena hitherto inexplicable. The very idea! The horror of it! The insolence of suggesting that education is not a process serving to provide a large number of students with the best means of obtaining a livelihood.

Obviously, from an economic viewpoint intelligence (save of course in the working-man) is highly desirable, less obviously, since educators hate to admit it, learning is a splendid thing to show off, "to grow 'cock sure about'" as Doctor Wendt says; and least obviously of all, learning itself, when it meets neither of these two qualifications, is a drag on the market. The true student is an impudent rascal, a Francois Villon who cherishes in the face of disillusionment even, the idea that there is such a thing as learning for its own sake. A wild idea! A wilder student. Such a man is dangerous. A rascal. A very Bolshevik in fact. Strangely enough it is these educators "turning out minds like catalogs" who rant most publicly about correspondence schools.

This may seem to some a cynical attitude to take, but assuredly if this is bitter consider how venomous is the system which produces the poison. Consider how the several thousand students now in attendance studying to be teachers are frustrated, how instead of being taught to grapple reason they are advised under the robe of serious scholasticism, to coddle economics in order to assure a fleshy welfare. What else lies in the minds of those instructors who intitate their successors into the mysteries of inspiration by making these youths toss a penny in the air one thousand times, warning them that on the resultant heads or tails idea depends their success or failure as true teachers! For that is all it amounts to,

Given a knowledge of his subject, the prime requisites of the teacher are sincerity and the ability to appreciate beauty. A large portion of our teachers lack these qualities, how can it be otherwise? The teachers are the products of a system whose chief aim is to turn out an automation, more, they are the automations themselves. Their methods do not take into account either a sensitive or a sincere mind, save only as these are bent to worship an economy; actually, in the pinch they may even make them bend. But if we are to expect inspiration from the vast majority of instructors who, as it turns out, have been only half completed by the factory of educational psychology, how then are we to look for anything better in the men and women these unfinished products are training to succeed themselves? Do you say that whatever the shortcomings evident in our instructors are, they must be due to the fact that the products are still unfinished? Then thank Heaven that there are still some who never were begun!

For it is a fact that some have escaped from the mill—imagine Socrates in it for a moment!—it is this very fact which rescues us. Notice, if you will, that the professor whom the student loves and under whose instruction he learns the best, is that man who has rebelled, inwardly though it may be, against the existing forms. If he has rebelled outwardly so much the better! He will get kicked out of school, probably. But it is he who gets his students thinking and working, he who gets, in fact, what every person would call the best results—except the educational psychologist.

One wonders what the horde of men and women studying education now will look like after they have been done with. It is an acute business, at the worst they will make some headway anyway, at the best they will be able to replace one another without the slightest loss in identity or efficiency; thus avoiding the embarrassment which takes place when one permits a distinguished professor to leave so that rather than pay him more, the money may be devoted to the building of a door for a warehouse or a winning football team. All this the system will avoid. Whether it will infuse in its victims a spirit of learning and of inspiration is, however, a different question. The educational foreman will probably answer it by making his students toss up a penny one thousand times, warning them that on the resultant heads or tails depends their success as teachers. For this is all it amounts to.

The Bullosopher's Chair

Smithers:—You're always speaking of an aristocracy of letters, Bullosopher. What in the deuce do you mean?

Bullosopher:—An aristocracy of letters implies a choice of the best and the rejection of everything else.

Smithers:—Imagine a government like that!

Bullosopher:—A glorious comparison! Government of letters is not the government of any state—even the United States. In the latter we choose, presumably, that which the most people declare they want, in the former we select, doubtless, that which the least want. Often of course we must reject something that we are particularly fond of, but there is no alternative.

Smithers:—It strikes me as a rather savage process. Even hypocritical. We force ourselves to accept the good when in reality we prefer the distasteful. By becoming aristocrats we mean the adoption of an attitude of disdain for others than ourselves. We choose an unnatural behavior, we act against our inclinations and then, duping ourselves, we pretend an air of satisfaction in order to convince the man in the cement factory that we are deriving a pleasure out of certain things of art which is for him an impossible achievement. Is this not hypocrisy? How can conscience countenance this duplicity with impunity?

Bullosopher:—Ah, but listen, Smithers. It is not the man in the cement factory whom we dupe, it is not ourselves whom we fool. No, we are pulling the wool over no man's eyes. We deceive no honesty. Remember that while this attitude of pretense, as you call it, may in some cases breed snobs, it may also reduce attention and later, appreciation, for many works of art. And let us remember that before there was any intellectual learning at all, man, instead of being a snob, was an animal. It was only the fact that some of us wished to become superior to our fellows that rescued the rest from misery. At least, if we were prudent in our taste, we substituted a state which on the surface seems much more desirable. Learning, Smithers, whether you call it "artistic pretensions" or plain snobishness, offends no one but the animal within us. You have your choice, which is preferable, man or animal?

Smithers:—Animal!

Smithers:—Animal!

Summer Session SWEEPINGS

The way these house managers run ballyhoing around town is simply awful. They are doing what is known as advertising. This week-end there are four dances in town.

The Phi Kappa Sigs will stage the best dance of them all.

The Alpha Zetas will make the other houses turn pink with shame.

The Phi Pss have absolutely the best dance this week-end.

The Sigma Tau Pss are letting everybody in on a secret: they are running the most remarkable hop in centuries.

Zerbe pulled a new one. "The Alpha Zetas have the best dance floor in town," he assured us solemnly.

Latest reports have it that the Phi Kappa Psi house, one unwittingly says the notorious Phi Kappa Psi house, will surprise their guests with a gorilla attack, led by Vic Schinnerer, Ben Brooks, Wee-dee Lord and the cook.

The few students who saw Carolyn Le Fevre last week are not yet coming out of delirium tremens. Critical opinions of the intelligencia: "A good violinist. She should have appeared in her bathing suit."—Lannie Pride.

"Shouldn't rap for Miss Music Institute"—Whitney VonNeida.

"So pretty. So distinguished looking. Such ankles can do no wrong."—Lou Reilly.

"I want something with melody. One can get technique anywhere. I want temperament. Show us some temperament."—The young lady back of us.

"I wonder what she weighs"—The other music critic back of us.

FOUND:—Cook without ample bosom. For particulars see Mr. Frank Scott, the Blue Moon.

LOST:—One blonde. Mole under left a.m. Likes to eat \$2 dishes every other hour. Says "Oo musn't" when pinched. Please shoot when found. Reward.

PERSONALS:—Will the good looking girl who walks down West Beaver avenue near Allen street at noon please turn her head when the dishwasher whistles?

A certain student disciple of education, once immaculate in snow-white linen neckers and shirt, staggered home yesterday as black stoned as though he had crossed the main street in Pittsburgh. That's what comes of taking a drop. No, no, not of moonshine but from Pete's Ford.

By the way, Pete's benzine beetle is trailing the road on one side. It's only another of those unique effects of the Laplanders, is the demon driver's explanation.

If wishes came true
In our culinary strife,
Our cook would have lockjaw
The rest of her life!

Excursionists To Visit State Forest and Cave

(Continued from first page) This forest has good walks and an abundance of pure water. Many come long distances to see the big trees and the grounds are visited annually by thousands of people. No matter how many may be there at one time, the place is never crowded.

The return route will lead around Jack's Mountain through the Seven Mile Narrows in Penn's Valley to Woodward Cave where another stop will be made.

Parties going on this excursion will need two lunches. One will be eaten in the Snyder-Middleswarth Forest at noon. This lunch will need to be taken along since there will be no opportunity to buy any along the way. The evening lunch will be eaten at Woodward Cave where there is a lunch stand, and a beautiful forest park, with very good water. Both noon and evening there will be an opportunity to build a fire for cooking. Those wishing to visit the Woodward Cave will have opportunity to do so.

Tickets Two Dollars. Tickets will be sold for two dollars at the Summer Session office until Friday noon when the sale of tickets will close. The total distance that the excursion will travel is about one hundred and thirty miles. About three whole hours will be spent among the gigantic original forest trees and

Rent a Car Drive-It-Yourself
116 McAllister St.

TOILET ARTICLES
A COMPLETE LINE OF BEST BRANDS
Specials in Coty's Products
SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY
RAY D. GILLILAND, Druggist

R. V. HOY & SONS CO.
New State College Bakery Bldg.
311 W. Beaver
Frigidaire
Equipped Meat Market
AND
Complete Line of Groceries
Candy, Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, Tobacco
OPEN EVENINGS

the party will probably not return to State College until about eight o'clock. On Tuesday evening, July nine, there will be an excursion to Woodward Cave which will leave the Auditorium at six-fifteen o'clock. The total cost of transportation and entrance into the cave will be one dollar and seventy-five cents. Tickets will be sold at the Summer Session office until Tuesday noon when the sale will close.

Largest Dry Cave in State Woodward Cave is a large subterranean cavern formed by disintegration of limestone rock. It is the largest dry cave in Pennsylvania and it takes about forty minutes to make the trip with a guide. The stalagmites and stalactites present many diversified and freakish forms which are the delight of every visitor.

At six-fifteen o'clock on Friday evening, July twenty-second, the last general excursion to Penn's Cave during the present Summer Session will start from the Auditorium for which complete announcement will be made next week in the SUMMER COLLEGIAN and on the College bulletin boards.

At six o'clock on Saturday morning, July twenty-third, an excursion will leave from in front of the Auditorium for Gettysburg Battle Field. The route will lead through Huntingdon, Mount Union, and Chambersburg to Gettysburg and will return via Harburg. The cost of transportation will be \$9.00. Those interested should see W. R. White who will be at the Summer Session office from seven-fifty-five to eight o'clock in the morning and from twelve-fifteen to twelve-thirty o'clock noon. Other times he can be seen at the Experiment Station Building or called on the College phone.

Noted Baritone Soloist Offers Recital Tonight

(Continued from first page) Word has come from abroad that M. V. I. Grenville, noted English impressionist and actor who was scheduled for the fourth number of the Entertainment Course is unable to ap-

Fresh Fruit, Ices, Sherbets, and Ice Cream

50c a Quart
GREGORY'S
CANDYLAND

STARK BROS.
Haberdashers
"In the University Manner"

DANCE

SATURDAY, JULY 16

AT

Phi Kappa Psi House

HOBEBY BATTORF'S ORCHESTRA

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

SPECIAL DISPLAY

New Books

Chemistry

A. C. S. I.

Books Stationery Fountain Pens

KEELER'S

Cathaum Theatre Bldg.