

Summer Collegian

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LOVE—OR SUMMER FLIRTATION?

There is an old adage which hints of the rapid passing of time—days fleeting by unnoticed when a man is in love.

This urge this common feeling of enthusiasm, this comforting power, is a summer growth of the Penn State spirit—a true and living feeling, if ever one existed, at this institution.

It is regrettable that the majority of summer attendants have only a seasonable interest in the College, that they are timid about claiming for their own—even though it is granted, they may give the institution an occasional thought or may feel an internal warmth upon reading of it.

All these, and many more, will be displayed before the termination of the session so that students may see for themselves the quality of work produced by Penn State.

The Bullosopher's Chair

(Editor's note: This is how a self-styled atheist, free-thinker, socialist, radical would write the Bullosopher's Chair. Slight deviations from the original text made out of decent necessity.)

SESSION ONE

Smithers: Bullosopher, you old republican, you don't seem normal. I am mystified about you. And I detest the mysterious.

"I've been floating in a spiritual state though the occult is absent. The causes are material. But the effects would delight a psychologist, interest a spiritualist and fill with dismay the educators and Methodists."

Smithers: You may be overheard. Your implications are so shady, however, that my interest is aroused. Let's retire to some secluded spot—the library perhaps.

"Very well, Smithers. . . I have met an unusual woman lately."

Smithers: Not a lady, then. "A woman. A female. A delightful femme personality. If I were an anatomist, I would perhaps do her justice. Were I an artist, I might describe her charms. Being neither, I cannot describe her physical status in elevated language. And I take great pride in seeking to be at the same time human and refined. We first met in a class of educational psychology."

Smithers: Would you spoil my evening? Good night. "Shut up. I am talking."

"For one thing, she is a futurist. She wished the boon of copying my penny tossing experiment, if necessity should demand."

"One glance in her eyes—and I fell. I lost my cast-iron resolve. She smiled, and I saw her vocal cords. Her voice was the sigh of the wind. A moon-lit night. Her teeth were the color of the anemone. And her lips were a lightning flash, torn in two, and curved by tongues of ether in the hands of a Steinmetz. Her ears I saw not. But my imagination functioned perfectly."

Smithers: Imagination! When were you accused of that? "Why not? I have been exposed to psychology. I satisfied professors of education."

Smithers: Well done. . . . Continue. "neck was slender and graceful as a twig of the weeping birch. Her shoulders—"

Smithers: Stop! You are neither an anatomist nor an artist.

"I asked for a date—and got it."

Smithers: You seem surprised.

"But she is an unusual person, an intelligent woman."

Smithers: Impossible. "Last night, we met."

Smithers: Well? "I strengthened my courage with—hush, there is the

clean. I bathed my hands and feet. I poulticed my foot. I sprinkled rose water on my chest. I even scoured my ears and polished my finger nails.

"It was dusk. I was fresh and clean. There was warmth in my stomach. My heart beat strangely. I tried on air."

"We sat on a bench in the amphitheatre."

Smithers: Why only a semi-secluded spot? "The other inhabitants were lacking in interest."

"Well, we talked. We gazed at the stars. I cautiously glanced at her eyes. They sparkled. Her cheeks were sculptured silver. The rhapsody wafted wisps of her hair in my face. The touch of her hand was a gentle caress on my shoulder. Her—"

"The spurs in my stomach rose to my head. The magic of her voice and the poetry in her eyes transformed me. We were three spirits conversing."

Smithers: Nothing unusual. I've been that way myself. "We spoke of the earth, and life, and the beauty of sex."

Smithers: Better not let the faculty hear of it. "Our minds met to exist and perfectly that we knew we were meant for each other. I placed my arm about her waist—and trembled. She trembled. Her head was on my shoulder. Her—"

"But you would be unable to appreciate this."

Smithers: Perhaps not. But the Methodist and related reformers would. And one type of prohibition is sufficient. "No one else would be interested."

Smithers: Except two thousand imaginative women and the administration.

"It is a case of true love."

Smithers: It's not the first time I heard that. Such episodes in the life of a man—and a woman—are many and often. For the moment it seems different. But sanity returns—in most instances. When it does not, when someone continues to encourage actuality, continues to hide the emotions in woven gold and moonlight, marriage results. Then, the poetry disintegrates into dust, and the parties are abashed, disillusioned. Few individuals sip the nectar of Love and dance on beams of light until death ensues.

SESSION TWO

Smithers: Saw you last night—after I heard you about midnight on Co-op corner, puffing loudly and exchanging garrulous laughs with a nocturnal companion—male of course.

"Indeed? And why didn't you venture over and playfully slap me across my sunburnt shoulder like you usually do?"

Smithers: You were having such an enjoyable time as leader of the laughing duet that I felt my intrusion might cause a lull in the impromptu entertainment, for surely such laughter could be invoked only by extremely personal discourse.

"An odd theory for one so unoriginal as you to hold, but nevertheless your conjecture is correct."

Smithers: Never!

"Believe it or not, we were exchanging et-uh, rather unwholesome stories, witty jokes, they are called, and spent a pleasurable hour or more at it."

Smithers: Never! In a public place? The heat must be melting your brain, old timer.

"Not at all. Such stories are really educational to a man."

Smithers: Lunatic! You must be mad with the heat. First you stand staunchly behind the tales, confessions and the like and now you have the audacity to claim that filthy stories, or jokes, are educationally beneficial.

"Positively. They aid effective expression and uncover any real declamatory talent which, dormant when the public calls, is suddenly revived in all its actual glory when private discourse is held. From my experience I have learned that some of the most miserable public speakers possess real, artful ability to tell such jokes."

"Joke telling is really an art, you know. Unless the events leading up to the climax are presented cleverly, in an orderly manner and with certain phrases shaded more than others, there will be no explosion when the powder is reached, only a squib. Unless proper stress is laid upon the point, unless the heater is deceived, mystified, suspended on the tongue of the narrator, the joke fails to 'go across.'"

Smithers: But what about the derogatory effect of these risqué jokes on one's morals?

"Risque? Sir, you forget that that word has been reserved for the immoral parts of Shakespeare, Boccaccio and other French writers who were thinking not of filth, but of art. Ah!

"It is no more unpardonable, as far as moral degradation is concerned, to recite such jokes for acquiring an education in private speaking, let us say, than it is to read the forbidden pages of great authors in order to acquire a literary education."

Smithers: And do you really believe the faculty would find sympathy with you stand?

"Probably not. But, being entirely human, they enjoy such diversion among themselves in private. Why, here's one a prof told me. (Whisper). And you blushed at it, too!"

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SUMMER SALLIES

The commotion at the Collegian office this week wasn't caused by our quick-craving clientele but by a garrulous and highly lubricated customer who insisted that the name of this column be changed to Summer Session Sallies! Maybe he's wrong.

We were expecting to publish some personal items from the Phi Psi house this issue until the head man reminded us that our motto still goes at "All the news that's fit to print." In this case, the censors would have the fit.

Today's Worst Joke

Here! Look out brother or I'll lob one around your neck. Seha! Yes, and I'll volley one right through your baseline. Max: Say, what'nell is this, a love game?

The Smoothest Girls in Town

There's a team of girls in college— Been here a week or so. And their monies are shortened 'Til they read just Peg and Flo. They are really quite exceptional, And they claim a wide renown. Yet, it's only fun they should 'cause They're "The Smoothest Girls in Town."

They are dating every evening, While they never miss a dance. And their budget is just exalted! Still they never pass a chance To tell the folks around them (In this place where girls abound) We're having loads of fun 'cause We're "The Smoothest Girls in Town."

The silly part of all this fuss— The part that hurts 'bove all Is the tragic truth in knowing That you've begun to fall Their line is 'most auspicious And they have it done so brown. That they're really safe in saying We're "The Smoothest Girls in Town." Finnie

Be that as it may, we're certain that many a smooth girl ships on her own polish!!!

Keep your heads, Peg and Flo, he may be joking.

On second thought, we find the only logical explanation for the above lines of flattery or esthwaile and indefatigable calculation manager discovered, upon consulting the file of enrolled sallies, that more than 66 per cent, en masse, bore the names of Margaret and Florence and felt that by familiarizing them to the believing public with a bit of boost (just what they need) he would increase the enrollment at least 20 per cent. (Consult masthead for office hours.)

Sorry Peg. Sorry Flo. We mean the original pair—if girls can be original in this age of eleven cosmetics.

And now, we have a rival to Finnie, a rimester who contributes this bit of nonsense:

To A E L

You didn't write to me today— And yet you could have—just to say. "You didn't write to me today— And yet, you could have—just to say." "You didn't write to me today— And yet you could have—just to say. Ad infinitum!" Finnie

Which reminds us of the words of a recent speaker; viz: "Do right to men and you'll never regret it; don't write to women and you'll never regret it."

Authorities have refused to allow a student hypnotist to perform in public because "there is the possibility that he might fail to hypnotize anyone." Considering the fact that only motions, imbeciles and insane subjects are unaffected by hypnotic powers and considering the enrollment this summer, maybe the will of the authorities should stand, open, s'help us, a member of the faculty.

Famous Leftovers:

- Quiz Hash Customs Chaperones Iced tea.

"These aesthetic dances are misnamed," claims Charlie, who has a soul for nothing more artistic than bubbling beer. "They should be called anaesthetic dances."

Dutch, whose sobriquet is a short-cut over his last name, chanced to fall asleep on the Theta Xi davenport the other night for three and a half hours. This morning he received a bill for 47 cents from Brandt and Berryhill, Inc., the only boy manager since Johnny Smaith handled the football team two years ago. Smart boys, all of 'em.

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THE PENN STATE PHOTO SHOP

Eddie Baron, former basketball star, and Johnny Roepke, of football fame, are scraping College buildings trying to scrape up enough money—but, then, who cares?

Dick, who dives Marty Baby's back, was seen casing out of town yesterday in the general direction of Oak Hall. The guggle in the story is that he was carrying a towel and a cake of soap. Dume Rumor has it that Sir Richard went tubbing. A fair country bath, we call it—

Goat, who wrestles a nasty dish at the Phi Psi house, and Eb, who scours 'em at the same establishment, will be remembered as 50% of last year's incomparable varsity quartette.

Since the now famous Irving Berlin once labored in a food joint, we believe our waffles are on the right trail.

The Class of 1928SS (Summer School) in a meeting last week decided to import 3,000 husky gents with lusty voices to provide the necessary applause at their commencement. The expense of the project will be covered by the profits from a square dance to be given by the class in Old Main Cellar on August 8.

If they happen to get any mutes, the committee will be accused of fraud.

MISS HELEN HEYL TO LECTURE HERE

New York Educator Will Give Course for Teachers of Rural Schools

Conducting a course entitled, "Budgeting the Time of Rural Superintendents and Supervisors," Miss Helen Heyl, assistant in rural education of the New York State Department of Education, will continue the special six-weeks curriculum in rural education for which the College is providing a number of specialists as instructors during the Summer Session. Miss Heyl will be the instructor next week.

The course next week will treat of the need for making most effective use of energy and time, what effective planning of work includes, the execution and application of time budgets, and the distribution of attention to major and minor activities.

Experienced Educator

Following Miss Heyl as the visiting specialist will be John M. Foote, director of the division of reference and service of the Louisiana State Department of Education, and William McKinley Robinson, director of the department of rural education of the Western State Teachers college at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Foote will conduct a course entitled "Improving Classroom Instruction and Procedure."

Cathaum THEATRE

FRIDAY— Esther Ralston, Gary Cooper in "HALF A BRIDE"

SATURDAY— Bebe Daniels, Neil Hamilton in "HOT NEWS"

MONDAY AND TUESDAY— Matinee Monday at 2:00 Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien in "SUNRISE"

Special Prices: adults 50c, children 25c

WEDNESDAY— Eddie Gribbon, Lila Lee in "UNITED STATES SMITH"

THURSDAY— Return Showing of Douglas Fairbanks, Lupe Velez in "THE GAUCHO"

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