

Penn State Collegian

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In response to a request by the managing board of the COLLESIAN, Assistant Editor Llewellyn Mitstifer and Managing Editor Harry P. Milham herewith record their reactions to their four years in college.

ON THE LAST LAP

As the senior nears the tape that marks the end of his fourth lap of the collegiate race for a diploma and incidentally an education, he is inclined to discard his typical lethargy for a moment and wonder just what good it has done him. The world at large is inclined to ask the same question. He usually finds the query a poser and doesn't know quite what to say. In fact, he doesn't know.

If the senior will lay aside his natural lassitude and attempt to form a definite conclusion, he must begin by asking himself how much time and energy he has spent in the pursuit of knowledge, so-called! A sincere answer will force him to admit that he has put something into it, probably just enough to keep the "yellow" slips from the paternal doorway, but that he has merely tapped his reservoir of abilities.

Suppose Mr. Average Senior asks himself why he has been so parsimonious with his potential capabilities. He must reply that he has occupied himself chiefly in the pursuit of false ideals, in the attempt to be typically collegiate. Increasing his background of knowledge and putting his God-given brain cells through their proper paces hasn't bothered him much. He has been absorbed in acquiring a "smooth" exterior, or in training only those abilities which, in some fashion or other, will be productive of gross gold alone, either now or in the future. To all things cultural that will not, as he firmly believes, help to hoard vast amounts of current "medium of exchange" he closes his eyes. Worship of the Great God Gold is his religion, for which, of course, he is not to be condemned because he has merely adopted the religion of his age.

Our Average Senior has been actively engaged either in winning campus honors, whether they are intrinsically worth anything or not, or in proving himself liberal-minded enough to indulge in poisonous liquids and supposedly immoral pastimes, whether he enjoys them or not! His characteristic wildness in whoopee often lacks spontaneity and suggests a slavery to commercial comics' collegiate ideal.

One of the Average Senior's highest ambitions has been his natural desire to be considered a "good fellow." For the sake of this ideal, he has sacrificed much that mother taught him with her open palm. A few must climb to attain the current standard of good fellowship, but the majority must lower their ideals in order to conform, and therein lies the unfortunate phase of this popular servility.

After all, college is merely a touchstone for character. When father sends his potential President away from the home influence, he frees him from restraining forces, and gives him his initial opportunity to display his inborn traits. Why, then, blame college life if the darling son reveals to type and sows as many wild oats as did stern father in his own youthful days?

THE FINAL IMPRESSION

It is hard to analyze college and even more difficult to put the analysis into words. From every side, it is criticized, praised or commented upon. According to viewpoint, it is decried as a spoiler of youth or hailed as the golden gate to opportunity. Some have declared sagely that it is an artificial environment, an Arabian Night's episode thrown into modern life. If so, what else is childhood with its toys, its make-believe and its tragedies? What else is manhood with its dreams and its ambitions? In the deepest sense, college is not artificial. It is as real as life itself.

College is an ever changing and re-changing panorama of youth. Its scenes vary with kaleidoscopic eccentricity from the somberness of exam week to the thrill of an athletic contest or the gay abandon of a house party week-end. It is one thing today and another tomorrow. Yet, through all there runs a fine thread of consistency. It manifests itself in the final impression of a senior, as he doffs cap and gown and, putting his diploma in the bottom of his trunk, continues his trek through life.

The one predominating impression of four years at Penn State emphasizes the human contacts it provides. Compared with them, classes and books merge into an important setting for the whole drama of college life. The lasting impression is of people, men, personalities. It is a story of valued acquaintances and true, enduring friendships. It is a tale of conflict, men against men and men against things. It is a romance of association.

However much college may be criticized, it still serves to prepare thousands of young men and women for adult life. In hordes, freshmen—youthful, idealistic, unsophisticated and uncertain of themselves—push through Penn State's academic gates each fall. In the successive years of their matriculation they are cuffed, cajoled and caressed. Finally, as seniors, they leave, a little more mature, much less idealistic, but with knowledge and an undimmed eagerness for life. Penn State has given them invaluable human contacts and experience, from which they have developed an outlook on life. As they leave, they feel immeasurably enriched in the goods which money cannot buy and which correspondence schools cannot deliver by parcel post.



Voice and Brains

A prominent psychologist and a well-known educator claim that a man's intelligence can be measured by his voice. Unreasonable as this may sound, you'll have to admit that the man who has no voice is dumb.

Addenda

These same experimenters claim that a man who speaks continually in a monotone, for example, ranks low in intelligence. Judging on that basis, we may say that there is an army of morons on our faculty.

Add: Simile

"As popular as the R. O. T. C. . . ."
 Weeiee Lord, Jr.

Cheating Nature

A Pennsburg (Pa.) boy, student in the high school, recently took an anesthetic so that he wouldn't have to listen to his teacher in algebra class. Strikes us there was a simpler way out.

Early Training

In a recent article about George Jean Nathan, who is one of the nation's most vicious drama critics, a writer told how little George spent his boyhood days by selling score-cards.

And after nearly 20 years, he's doing that very thing this day.

The Latest Scotch Joke

Up on Ag Hill, they're telling the story of a Scotch farmer who spanked his kid because he didn't catch his ball on the first bounce.

Apropos

We didn't attend any of the Saturday morning (early) breakfasts after the Prom, and we're not sure what they served, but we'll make a safe wager that there were pickled pears.

Heard at the Prom

Friday night's Prom certainly pleased us although we heard one disgruntled patron who had just pushed his way through the mob describe it: "Looks just like the Democratic convention, decorations and all!"

My Double and How He Did Me (A True Story)

Co-op corner was crowded Friday afternoon. There were spectators, luses and bankrupt girls going into the hands of the receivers. Motors roared as bus after bus sped away to make room for other conveyances. Our hero's eyes followed each bus and turned to search the next. Ah, there she was! At least, he thought so, having seen her only once before. Timidly, he stepped toward her but before he reached that dainty prize a chap intercepted it briskly and vigorously, embraced it, planted a kiss on its smooth red lips.

Our hero was astonished. But then, he had seen her only once. Perhaps that wasn't her. It couldn't be. Then suddenly he heard the two talking. "Oh then you can't be Bob," she said in a high startled voice.

Our hero, Bob, blushed. His heart came up and obstructed his free speech. Timidly, sheepishly, he accepted his prize—a grab bag, so to speak.

After the Prom (Song at Bus Time)

"Good-by,
 Remember that I love you,
 The sleepy maiden turned
 And yawned to him.
 "Good-by, remember, dear
 I love you—
 And, say, that goes for Bob
 And Jack, and Jim!"

This Week's Worst Joke

A little town kid approached us today and stopped long enough to tell us that he had named his new pup Lindbergh because he was an air-dale.

Add: Simile

"He had as much brass as the jewelry counter in Woolworth's . . ."

The Book Worm

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty . . ."

Little did England's cherished bard, Keats, realize that the essence of his "Ode to a Grecian Urn" would be the motivating force in the conception of the 1930 "La Vie." The beauty is there, from the genuine leather cover bearing a graceful galloon of old Helias under full sail, through the dignified illustrations symbolic of the ideals of Penn State and reflective of the finest of Grecian culture, to the last page of collegiate "facetas" (Latin for humor). And, the truth? Verily, photographs don't lie, er, that is if they aren't retouched, and the record of the classes, college, teams, is history—and it can't be changed. It will not be the dead history of the past—for always on your bookshelf, will you have the "open sesame" to live again—your college years.

As to "the Glory that was Greece," the art staff was supported by Professor Dangler, who authenticated all mythological symbolism and by Mr. Case of Fine Arts, who worked tirelessly with Jim Hornbeck '30, Art Editor, to make the illustrations ultra-professional. All true themes, such as the "Parnassian" facades of Greek temples and the Laocoon group have been avoided and original has re-appeared (ancient rendering of two-handled Froth mug) and cycles (other "still" life) have been substituted. Photographs of the campus are framed within architectural arches and the soft blue in which they are reproduced gives the effect of moonlight. In the athletic section, the various sports are set off from one another by animated gulfex camera shots. Pictures of the two Penn State men who represented the United States in the Olympics and striking cuts of the Interscholastic Boxing Championships, are other interesting features presented by C. E. Patterson, Athletic Editor.

The vignettes of the fraternity houses are splendidly arranged. Other innovations include increased size of the book, a facsimile of Dr. Pattee's original manuscript of "Alma Mater," several pages devoted to the Glee Club trip to Europe, and an impression in gold of each junior's name on the front cover.

Collegian-a

The Prom favors were delightful little trinkets, neat, compact and unusual.

Unusual if you got one.

Ask the man who got one.

If you can find him.

And if you can find the man who received one.

You have the man who missed the track meet, the baseball game, the evening meal, the after dinner movies.

In order to get to the dance before the favor—pardon, the favors were all gone.

The lack of the Prom souvenirs created an extraordinary situation. We've heard of men who do you a favor.

For BUILDING and LOAN MORTGAGES
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RAY D. GILLILAND
 DRUGGIST
 State College Hotel Block

Under The Spotlight

That Gilbert and Sullivan operetta has lost none of its perennial and ever modern charm was demonstrated anew Saturday evening in the presentation of *H. M. S. Pinafore* by the Thespians and the Combined Glee Clubs.

The house was filled—rather it was at last after the usual few rude late-comers had finally arrived to the inconvenience of the audience and the disturbance of the performers. When will a Penn State audience learn the good manners of punctuality? But, in any case, there was a sold out house, and it was one that enjoyed thoroughly the play's happy humor, colorful charm, and melodic mastery.

Director Grant's weeks of careful drilling in the score were justified by the accuracy and tune shown in the singing. Maurice Darcy deserves no less praise for the finished character of the staging and dancing. To be particular—in a matter that means so much but is often neglected by the poet, particularly of amateur work—the gestures were without exception easy, natural, even graceful. The foot work of the dancing team and of the choruses was delightful.

The characters seemed chosen for the persons who played them, a difficult matter in college dramatics, the more so when both singing and acting are required. Mr. Paul J. Sturgeon's Sir Joseph was properly pompous, and his vibrant voice had just the right quality for the old egotist. In the role of Josephine, Miss Edna Rederick sang clearly and accurately and carried her part with convincing sweetness and grace. We shall not soon forget the dreadful Dick Deadeye (Robert Free), nor the flashing hero Ralph Rackstraw (James Waterfield), nor the pleasing person of Little Buttercup (Miss Sarah Wentzel).

The lyrics of Gilbert contain many involved and interesting rime schemes. Coupled with the breath-taking speed of Sullivan's music the task of choral production is no light. The work of the choruses was good, the voices accurate, and the breathing fair, the tone production passable, one might ask for a little more clarity in the enunciation of the lyrics. This is a quality needed in all Penn State stage productions, but is especially in demand in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. It is perhaps too much to ask in this day of higher demands on choral training, especially of less experienced singers.

Some of the voices were weaker than one might wish, but again one must realize the exacting nature of the music and words as well as the youth of the singers.

We wondered, as we looked over the program, whether some highly modern "Prom" Queen might not think they was a misprint in the phrase *Burnt Woman*; but we had no opportunity to learn their escorts and they were too much absorbed—in the music, of course!

Altogether this was a delightful performance. We hope that Director "Two Soyvards" some day in the not too distant future.

And now we have those who do you out of a favor.

But life is like that.

Man must be content with Fate and can hold only envy.

For the favored few

India School Head Returns Here To Study Conditions

Returning to America to study the most modern farming methods, John L. Goheen, superintendent of Sangli Agricultural and Industrial school in western India, is making a two weeks' survey of the School of Agriculture.

Since he began his tour eleven months ago, Goheen has inspected a number of American institutions in the South and Middle West. After studying instruction methods here he will incorporate them in the course of study at Sangli. His inspection of the College is the most extensive one he has made in the United States.

"I chose Penn State as the final stop in my tour of the colleges because of its reputation and also for sentimental reasons," the agricultural missionary declared. "You see," he added, "I was born down the valley and I wanted to return to the country I knew."

Officials of the Indian school endeavor to teach their pupils the most up-to-date agricultural methods and Goheen believes that with the information he obtains at Penn State and other colleges, he will be able to improve the curricula. Several hundred natives learn how to raise citrus

fruits, maize, and other products at the seasons which are instituted twice a year.

"The majority of the students own small farms," he continued, "although several native princes and lords are also enrolled. The natives are of average intelligence and readily grasp new agricultural ideas," Goheen said.

Although the climate here is more severe than at Sangli farming procedure is similar, while methods followed at the University of Illinois and Tuskegee institute will also be introduced. Thirty miles from the Sangli school William Kincaid, a member of the class of 1924, conducts a similar institution.



New Lower Prices Now in Effect

TUESDAY—

Fred Waring's PENNSYLVANIANS in "SYNCOPE" All-Talking, Singing, Dancing, Playing

WEDNESDAY—

Corinne Griffith in "SATURDAY'S CHILDREN" Talking, Sound and Music

THURSDAY—

Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor in "CHINATOWN NIGHTS" All-Talking Picture

FRIDAY—

Alice White in "HOT STUFF" Dialogue and Music

Nittany Theatre

Showing Silent Pictures Only

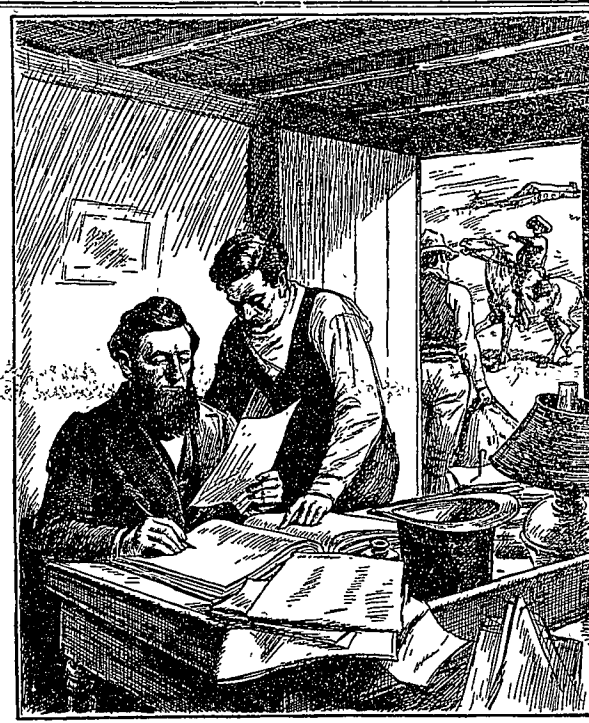
TUESDAY—

Norman Kerry, Sally Eilers in "TRIAL MARRIAGE" Laurel and Hardy Comedy

THURSDAY—

Ruth Taylor in Aunt Loos' "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"

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Henry Wells, developing the mail and express business of Wells Fargo, knew the necessity of careful preparation and alert management. Communication was more than the picturesque racing of pony express riders; behind the scenes there was always the systematic planning of routes, the watchful inspection of outposts and men. Communication today is immeasurably faster

than it was then, thanks to electricity. And to a vastly greater degree has the work of preparation behind the scenes become important.

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