

Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during College year except during College holidays by Pennsylvania State College students in interest of College, students alumni, faculty and friends

THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

LOUIS H. BELL, Jr. '29 President
PAUL C. MCCONNAUGHY '29 Vice-President
WILLIAM S. TURNER '29 Treasurer

THE EDITORIAL STAFF

LOUIS H. BELL, Jr. '29 Editor-in-Chief
LLEWELLYN MITSTHER '29 Assistant Editor
HARRY P. MILEHAM '29 Managing Editor
HERMAN E. HOFFMAN '29 Associate Editor
JUDSON LAIRD '29 Associate Editor

THE BUSINESS STAFF

WILLIAM S. TURNER '29 Business Manager
PAUL C. MCCONNAUGHY '29 Circulation Manager
J. HOWARD KEIT '29 Advertising Manager

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1929.

THE R. O. T. C. MASSES

The spectacle of mass performance, in which the individual is lost, and the display of proficiency in marching, accompanied by martial music, invariably move our admiration. As a matter of fact, we almost lose our naturally acquired aversion for compulsory drill when we witness a military exhibition. It is on such occasions as Field Day and Memorial Day that the Penn State R. O. T. C. wins the approval of onlookers, and the damning of gun-toters. Likewise, these pompous reviews again raise the ever-recurring compulsory drill issue, which was the target for sharp verbal missiles during the recent student elections.

A careful analysis of student opinion on the matter leads inevitably to these conclusions: that to a large number of underclassmen drill is a farce, that the comparatively few who are interested in drill—and then numbers might be increased if the compulsory element were abolished—are deprived of their rights by the indifference of the protesting majority, and that the College is required merely to offer a course in military training. The College knows as well as we do that the terms of the Morrill Land Grant Act do not make drill compulsory.

There are, on the other hand, two strong arguments on the side of compulsory drill first, that it is disciplinary, and second, that it provides exercise. Discipline, to our mind, is commendable, but not at the expense of utter disregard for a recognized military institution. Then, too, there is the well-established fact that anything compulsory is odious to college students. Compulsory chapel is the accepted proof. The question of exercise, in our opinion, is negligible in the final analysis. Shifting from leg to leg during roll call, hour upon hour of slouching drill, and a continuous repetition of the manual of arms is not the kind of exercise that is profitable. Exercise, to be profitable, should discourage the practice of seeking medical excuses on the appointed days, and likewise, should be engaging enough to discourage a close and almost perpetual scrutiny of Old Man clock.

A COSTLY LOTION

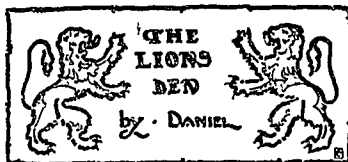
It is with anything but a feeling of satisfaction that we look back upon our first two years of study in the Liberal Arts school. Somehow we haven't forgotten the long, tedious hours we spent in satisfying the underclass requirements of our course. Exposed to twenty or thirty hours of required sciences, languages, and other courses which apparently were devoid of appeal, we regret the time wasted in "getting by." We learned, it seems, because we had to learn, and not because of any particular interest in the courses which we were obliged to pass before we could go on in the school.

Obviously fewer required courses, and an increased number of electives, would remedy the situation. The inability of a freshman to choose intelligently his course of study is instantly cited as an unsalvageable argument against any such grant of scholastic freedom. Which may or may not be true. Nevertheless, scholastic freedom would necessitate faculty advisers playing a more important part in guiding students than they have heretofore. This would be an accomplishment in itself, and perhaps it would open the road to a fuller understanding between the student body and the faculty.

President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin expressed his disillusionment with both the curriculum and the net education result of the first two years of any university in the country, in an interview story which was printed recently in the Wisconsin student newspaper. He predicted a radical overhauling of the four-year curriculum in the near future. "The difficulty seems to be that there is so much knowledge that if you judge four years sufficient to pick it up, you will always be disillusioned," he stated.

With this conclusion we are entirely in accord. Six hours of mathematics were forced upon us and we doubt if it ever did us any particular good, not that a study of mathematics is not desirable, but one must first display an interest before the full educational value of any subject can be realized. Moreover, it is entirely possible that some required courses are a loadstone on the more advanced and intelligent student. Very often a student spends two years studying a subject with which he is thoroughly acquainted. It should be readily admitted that any desirable subject would have benefitted the student far more than the course which was forced down his throat. In addition, the instructor would have been spared the presence of a dullard in the class.

Fully cognizant of the advantages and disadvantages of such a plan, it is our opinion that the student in a liberal arts course would profit considerably if he were granted more freedom in the selection of his courses. A more extensive system of faculty advisers would, of course, make the plan more feasible. Moreover, a wider selection of electives in the Arts and Letters course here would be of immeasurable worth to the student, and "kill" the belief that two of the four years of study in the Liberal Arts school is of no value whatever to the student.



Getting Expensive

Some extra Lion Suits, states an article in this newspaper, are on hand and will be sold for \$2.50 apiece. Not to be too questioning, we would like to know how much a whole suit costs.

College Lingo

College slang, according to prominent educators is inelegant and entirely hopeless. But after learning in no uncertain terms that this guy is a pineapple, that guy is a good apple; this dame is a prune, that broad is a lemon; the other female is a peach; and so on for many orchards, there is little question that collegiate slang is entirely fruitless.

False Alarm

What appeared to be the makings of a great pajama parade Tuesday night turned out to be only part of the crowd waiting in line to receive their Junior Prom favors. At that, some of the waiters wished they had brought their pajamas with them.

Add Simile

"As useless as adjectives in a telegram . . ."

At Woolworth's

(Tucky Triolet)

I asked for a kiss,
And the maid turned around;
She was such a coy miss
As I afterward found;
I asked for a kiss—
And she sold me a pound.

A Fable

When the little babe was born, he was merely a boy, nothing more. By the time he had become ten, he was no longer a boy but a Fourth St. eater. Yes sir. In college he was a loyal freshman, Bazon U. man, free-thinker, Pi Pi Pi, Sig Tau Yota and engineer at the same time.

Then he became an alumnus of Bazon, a Rotarian, Mason, Republican, Fourth Wader, behaviorist, realist, Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, American, vegetarian, pacifist, lawyer, gentleman, husband, father, son, grandson, uncle, nephew, bi-ether, cousin, Elk, Easterner, taxpayer, property owner, citizen and a steadfast and loyal movie fan.

There's real achievement for you. Without effort.

Matter of Conscience

We were about to type a bit of doggerel to Izzy this evening but, knowing at least 8 different people (male and others) who might consider it personal offense, we hereby refrain.

Many A Slip

Says the sentimental stenog' (who lipps) with perhaps more truth than she suspects. "Absinthe maketh the heart grow fonder" And that's not all.

Wear, O Wear

Since the advent of Lion Suits, many trick and novel signatures and name marks are breaking out on the white vestments. In fact, it would not be unfair to surmise that this Lion suit business is inspiring originality in many seniors.

Why not, then, a few such suits for the freshman, sophomores and juniors?

Literally True

Young Joe, the senior, had got his Lion suit. All day he had strolled about gathering signatures. It was a cloudy day, a cold day, but he must have signatures. Then, suddenly, the clouds fulfilled their threat and a sprinkling of rain that grew to a heavy downpour caught young Joe unawares, Lion suit, signatures and all.

At home he surveyed his ink-spotted Lion suit with sad eyes. Most of the names were blotted. He skinned the shirt from his back and, much to his surprise, noticed many names on that. It was becoming funny, he thought, as he snid in half humorous resignation, "Well, the boys came through."

Collegian-a

Today is Field Day.

We can tell by the weather.

When the cold retreats and the hot sun beats down on the quagmire that has come into notoriety because it is a drill field; when the cool wind that is early summer's godsend dies and goes North, or wherever cool winds go when we want them most; when the sun becomes merciless, and the air just isn't; when breathing becomes as difficult as acquiring honor points.

Then it is Field Day.

When those brave little soldier boys, whose bravery, incidentally, is not optional, plod proudly on their weary way, line after line, man after man, side by side.

For the most part.

When those long rows of rifles gleam under the hot sun and those boys who came for a liberal education begin to feel that the education is getting too damn liberal.

Then it is Field Day.

And still those khaki-clad sons of a great democracy stride down the dusty field—tramp, tramp, tramp.

A thousand tramps.

And they look it.

Rank after rank they march.

And each one ranks.

All in uniform.

But few uniform.

Then comes the time for stunts.

That is, stunts out of parade line.

But this year there may be a new feature—a sort of reciprocal affair.

Last year, or was it the year before, or the year previous to that?—anyhow, one of those years—on Field Day one or another of the student paraders, fainted while the officers looked on.

Maybe the officers will do the faint this year.

When they review our well-lept boys.

Twenty Years Ago

Our New Beaver field comprises more than seventeen acres of ground and lies over 1200 feet above sea level. It has fine mountain views in two directions, an elegant quarter mile track, perfectly drained football field, tennis courts and a lacrosse section which will mean much to State men in the future.

The freshmen strengthened their hold on first place in the interclass baseball tournament by a no hit, no run victory over the juniors. They themselves made only three hits but those three hits accounted for two runs, the margin by which the game was won.

On Friday evening students will have the opportunity of listening to our orchestra render a program of music which is sure to please everybody. The orchestra this year is one that we can be proud of. Visitors to the College never fail of remarking on the excellence of the music and this year with thirty members the organization is better than ever.

It is the duty of every undergraduate to support his class team in the annual debate which will be held in the Auditorium at 8 o'clock tonight.

The Salad!

CRISP — DAINTY — APPETIZING

"BLUE MOON"

Co-ed Chats

Clubs and fraternities have proved an asset to Penn State. There are few people who would deny that. On a campus where fraternities have been a boon, the arguments against them fall unheard.

But there are numerous things of which we feel club and fraternity women should be more careful. While the groups living in houses are to be specially reprimanded, the others are also in need of more consideration of their actions.

Ask yourself "How many friends do I have outside of my own sisters? How many girls do I really know who are not members of the same fraternity as I am? How many times do I let myself have the opportunity of getting to understand the ideas of the numerous other groups?"

A society which one has chosen as best is perhaps to be preferred but a spirit of snobishness toward others is anti-social, narrow-minded and contrary to the highest ideals of any college. We, who are college women, should try to give ourselves as many opportunities to meet and make friends with people as possible. An attitude of seclusion which some girls have taken is only harming them and will make it harder for them in later life when it becomes necessary to meet and work with all types and classes of people.

Others besides club girls do the same thing but it is most true of the inactive fraternity girl. A girl who wants to get the most from College will grasp the chance to increase her socializing ability.



FRIDAY—

Special Cast in "NAPOLEON'S BARBER" All-Talking, Condensed Feature and "ACROSS THE ATLANTIC" (The Flight of the Zeppelin)

SATURDAY—

Dorothy Burgess, Robert Elliott in "PROTECTION" Synchronized Picture—Music Only

MONDAY and TUESDAY—

Maurice Chevalier in "INNOCENTS OF PARIS" All-Talking-Singing-Dancing-Romance

WEDNESDAY—

Return Showing of Lily Damita, Ernest Torrence in "THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY" Music and Dialogue

THURSDAY—

Dorothy MacCall, Jack Mullan in "TWO WEEKS OFF" Music and Dialogue

NEXT FRIDAY—

Leila Hyams, Charles Morton in "THE FAR CALL" Synchronized Picture—Music Only

Nittany Theatre

SATURDAY—

Jack Holt, Baclanova in Zane Grey's "THE AVALANCHE"

TUESDAY—

Jacqueline Logan, Skeets Gallagher in "STOCKS AND BLONDES"

DEPENDABILITY—

WE ARE IN A POSITION TO GIVE YOU DEPENDABLE SERVICE AT ALL TIMES

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF STATE COLLEGE
DAVID F. KAPP, Cashier

Just another good thing added to the other good things of life

CAMEL

CIGARETTES

WHY CAMELS ARE THE BETTER CIGARETTE

Camels contain such tobaccos and such blending as have never been offered in any other cigarette.

They are made of the choicest Turkish and American tobaccos grown.

Camels are always smooth and mild.

Camel quality is jealously maintained . . . by the world's largest organization of expert tobacco men . . . it never varies.

Smoke Camels as liberally as you choose . . . they will never tire your taste.

Nor do they ever leave an unpleasant after-taste.



© 1929, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston Salem, N. C.

Seniors

SEE OUR SAMPLES
GET OUR PRICES

BEFORE PLACING
YOUR ORDER FOR

NAME CARDS

KEELER'S
Catham Theatre Building