

Penn State Collegian

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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1929.

In reply to a request by the incoming COLLEGIAN staff for a farewell editorial, Louis H. Bell Jr., retiring editor-in-chief, herein records his reactions to his four years in college.

THE SONG IS ENDED

When a student has served his four years in college and awaits with more or less anxiety the final formality that is to make him a graduate, a possessor of a degree, an official, educated college man, withal, he is inclined to review the fiscal years philosophically to determine the worth of the time, money and energy spent in pursuit of an education.

Where, as a freshman, he had once looked up, he now looks down with a clearer vista of the area he has trod. He can see hundreds in the midst of their venture; he can see hundreds clamoring for admission, thirsting for knowledge, hungering for an education. And he wonders, seriously, what it is that attracts the throng to the college campus. That ambitious search for knowledge? That unquenchable thirst for learning? Curiosity? Adventure? Leisure? Experiment? Perhaps any one of these; perhaps a combination of all of these.

Incidentally he is curious to analyze his own reason for coming to college. Well, it was a modern habit, for one thing. And his father, for another thing, insisted that he be given the advantages that he himself could not afford. Then, too, college was a fad, a fashion, a habit among high school boys of his social stratum. And he must not forget that, according to statistics, college men were more successful, for the most part, than were those who had less schooling. At least, they were receiving more money. Far more. So he would go to college.

He did. Four years have passed—swifly. Now he surveyed the college, education, leisure, time, dissipation, adolescence, procastination—everything—in perspective. There had been no education to speak of. There had been no astounding increase in knowledge. Of course, he knew the truth about Longfellow and Burris and George Washington now. He had gathered a few why's that had mystified him in grammar and high schools, he had broadened his mind, perhaps, but still he was fundamentally prejudiced and comparatively superstitious. His speech in English spoke mockingly for his education and his punctuation strategy was as haphazardous as it had been three or four years before.

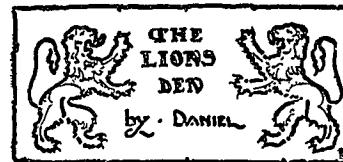
What, then, had he gained from his four years spent at college? A mere diploma? A useless degree? Some keys of gold and some shingles of imitation sheepskin? A little polish? All these, perhaps, and more. The education he had thought so vital for future success he had found to be learning—not necessarily book learning but a knowledge of life, of men, of one little world as compared to another. The intellect he had held so sacred had been understanding—not understanding mere classroom facts but understanding himself, human nature, life and its exacting demands. The honor whose glamor had fascinated him so he had found to be service, faith and fidelity for the college—his college which had been such a greater, such a wiser human being than the student himself.

The adventure that had aroused his curiosity he had found to be real—companionship, contact, experience, a real and vital segment of a real life. There was a song in it somewhere, a vague, soft tune. He had heard it many times but never could locate it. It was vague and soft and almost unheard because he wanted it to be so, because he had wanted it to be mysterious—like life.

BARRING THE "STAG"

Like all problems for which no solution has been found, the question of the "stag" line at fraternity dances apparently is doomed. Unless, of course, Interfraternity and Intramural councils should decide to grapple with the problem before the close of school. Action has not been forthcoming principally because of the intense interest in the rushing code. With the possible exception of rushing, however, this question is the most perplexing problem of the current year. College officials and chapter advisers have expressed their disapproval of the practice in no uncertain terms, it has been learned from an authoritative source. They firmly believe that the social ills of the past year can be traced directly to the abuse of this privilege.

Drinking and knavery are but two of the ills which have come to the surface during the past year. Out-of-town visitors are invariably blamed for the downfall of the system. Likewise, they are blamed for the hitherto unknown practice of leaving a dance with someone else's new hat and topcoat. Would not a ban on unwanted "stags" overcome that objection? Such a move would entail closing dances to undesirable visitors, while still maintaining open house for visiting couples. This distinction is based on the sound judgment that few, if any, Penn State men misbehave while in the company of a young lady, whereas some "stags" are prone to be indecently boorish.



A New One

If Mother's Day is the clever invention of an enterprising florist, as they say it is, and Apple Week the device of a far-seeing fruit grower, then the idea of the Lion suit must have come from some crafty manufacturer of fountain pens.

Believing in Signs

The gullible couple, from Missouri, were riding in Pennsylvania for the purpose of viewing the scenic beauty of the state. They wanted to see some of nature's feasts, too. Thus it was that in their drive toward Penn State the young man and young lady came across the little patches of pine and other trees that grow in the state forest-tree nursery some few miles on the other side of Lemont.

The girl whispered something to the man. They stopped and parked opposite the patches of pine trees. The next morning found them still parked. So did the next. And the next. And the next. For almost a week nearby natives saw the car with its patient couple parked by the side of the highway. People wondered who they could be, why they were there and when they would leave. Perhaps they were out of gas, one ventured to suggest. Maybe they were broke, too. Or lost. Or even tired, although week is a long time for one rest. Perhaps the natives could help. They would offer aid, at least.

They did. The spokesman approached the resting pair, cautiously, for now it occurred to him that they might have been culprits, escaped convicts—all the way from Missouri. But his comrades pushed him onward.

The spokesman eyed the two almost suspiciously, but said kindly, "Lost?"

"Why, no, of course not," said the man in the car, somewhat startled.

"Er—or—broke?" It was a ticklish question.

"No, no. Nothing like that, old man."

"Ah ye hungry, then, by any chance?"

"Two shoe-boxes full of sandwiches"

The spokesman was growing uneasy—even angry. "Then, why the Sam Hill have ye been parked there for dear near a week is what I'd like to know?"

"Just obeying the law," the Misourian explained as merrily as possible, pointing to a sign across the road.

The old farmer looked over his spectacles, actually mystified. He could not read the sign from where he stood. Slowly he made his way across the road and wiped his spectacles as he went. He put them on to read the sign:

THESE TREES PLANTED IN 1915 WATCH THEM GROW

Tricky Triolet
She was such a bold Jane
In that dull little town,
For she held up the train
And she gained much renown.
She was such a bold Jane
In that sleepy old town
For she held up the train
Of the bride's wedding gown.

Fighting Alone

After reading the subtle letter in the last issue of this journal—the letter by A SENIOR, we are more sure than we ever were that there is something Democratic about Penn State.

At least, we have in A SENIOR a chap who is more or less opposed to high tariff.

Answer To Query

To Agatha P.: No, Agatha, sport shoes are not appropriate footwear for attending a funeral, even if they do have crepe soles.

Ode to Despair and Hope
(Respectively)
Betty, sweet, you know I love you
Dearly as the world, as life;
Betty, sweet, my thoughts are of you,
Dreams when you're my bride and wife;
Betty, sweet, I know you love me,
Know what rank you give my worth;
Betty, sweet, why can't you show me
From tenth place to third or fourth?

Penn State

Auto Tags

Get a pair now for
use on your car this
summer

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KEELER'S

Cathedral Theatre Building

Letter Box

(The Collegian welcomes communications not longer than 150 words on any subject. Letters to the editor will be welcome and assume any responsibility for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box, however.)

Editor, Penn State COLLEGIAN,

Dear Sir:

Members of Owens, sophomore honorary activities society, put forth their best endeavor to make this year's poppy sale the greatest ever, and the results have proved that they worked diligently. We, the American Legion Auxiliary, wish to express our appreciation of their efforts and the general student body's response. The College may well be proud of this organization.

(Signed) Mrs. Daniel Krummeck
Publicity Chairman,
American Legion Auxiliary

Co-ed Chats

Regardless of whether or not we like to admit it, there are frequent occurrences in our organization as well as in all others which we might call simply social disturbances. These conflicts are upsetting and detrimental to our social stability. They are an impediment to progress. If we should be able to eliminate them even to a small degree, we would find that all of our associations would function more smoothly.

Such maladjustments cannot be alleviated by the work of one girl. We must avoid mob thinking and the tendency to follow blindly. There are times in the history of every organization when its members must reason and reason sanely.

As a member of a group no girl is privileged to think that the effect of her actions begins and ends in herself. Freedom is an inalienable right; that's an old plea, but we must set

limits. No one has a right to freedom of thought or action when that thought or action infringes in any way upon the rights of others. We must work in groups. To reconcile individual feelings and reactions to logical and carefully thought out solutions of the group needs, should be the aim of every one of us.

The duty of every girl in a major office is to uphold the highest ideals of the group. The duty of the group is to select for its major offices representatives who are in every way capable of upholding the highest standards. The group owes itself the right of insisting upon these ideals.

KAPPA DELTA PI ELECTS OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR

William J. Saylor '30 was elected president of Kappa Delta Pi, honorary education fraternity, at a meeting Tuesday night.

The vice-presidency was given to Archibald W. Johnston Jr., '30. Miss Anne E. Gillouly '29 received the recording secretaryship and Miss Janice L. Kauffman '30 was selected as corresponding secretary. Dr. Joseph E. DeCamp will serve as treasurer, while Dr. Bruce V. Moore will continue to act in an advisory capacity. Miss Helen L. Gee '29 was elected to membership.

Last call for cap and gown measurements; to be in my hands not later than 10 o'clock Monday night. Orders later than this time cannot be filled. Call J. K. Rankin, 479

Notice of rooms available during alumni week may be turned over to the alumni office at once.

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GENEROSITY is a word frequently used to excuse extravagance.

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

THE

MISS OEHME TO ATTEND NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Miss Marian F. Oehme '30, president of the Ellen H. Richards Home Economics club, will represent Penn State at the national convention of the American Home Economics Association to be held in Boston July 1 to 5.

Miss Oehme will participate in the session devoted to student clubs from which she expects to bring back new ideas for the local organization.

In order to defray trip expenses, a carnival and tea in a Palm Beach setting will be given by the catering class of the home economics department in conjunction with the Ellen H. Richards club on the Women's building June 3. Umbrellas will shade the tables while girls dressed as Japanese will vend flowers among the guests. A fortune telling booth and a fish pond will be among the carnival attractions. The affair is open to the public.

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CHAM

THEATRE

FRIDAY—

Leila Hyams, Charles Morton in "THE FAR CALL"

Synchronized Picture—Music Only

Also CLARK & McCULLOUGH

SATURDAY—

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Jack Oakie, Badenov in "THE MAN I LOVE"

All-Talking Picture

MONDAY and TUESDAY—

Wilma Bankey, James Hall in "THIS IS HEAVEN"

Music and Dialogue

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—

Nancy Carroll, Buddy Rogers in "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

Music, Singing, Dancing, Talking

NEXT FRIDAY—

Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland in "THE STUDIO MURDER MYSTERY"

All-Talking Picture

SATURDAY—

Tom Tyler, Frankie Darro in "IDAHO RED"

All-Talking Picture

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