

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1931

THE DANCES

That orderly and enjoyable dances can be held during the Summer Session was certainly proved over the past week-end. Those in charge of the social affairs which took place Friday and Saturday nights are to be congratulated.

In every group, and without doubt in every student body, there can always be found a few who take advantage of hospitality to the extent that those who have offered the courtesies are forced to withdraw them and replace the customary "open house" with heartless doorkeepers.

During the summer the COLLEGIAN purposely abolished a practice which is followed during the regular session, of publishing a list of "Who's Dancing" on the front page. This service to students was deemed unnecessary when all dances were closed.

Judging from the success of the week-end social affairs it seems that a majority of the students respected the "invitation only" request. The few that ignored it were well in the minority and may be eliminated altogether in the future by a little more forceful check-up at the door. It's hard enough to dance during the hot summer nights without being forced to dodge the stags all evening.

Summer Session Sallies

Another week, another column, and that's the way it goes. Well, wade into this one with us, and we'll tell you all about the woes and worries of an amateur columnist (and we're probably the most thoroughly amateur columnist in these United States and Canada, ha ha none). If you think there aren't any worries to a thing of this sort, you never parked yourself in front of a badly battered Elsie Smith with several hundred words to be conjured up out of practically nothing and one hour before the rag goes to press (as we hardened old journalists have it). And that's exactly the situation with us, except that we wasted five minutes of our sixty trying to get the shift-key working like it oughta.

A columnist leads a full life, people. If he starts jingling in names of people prominent among the Powers that Be, someone takes a red pencil and makes a red ring around that offending portion, meaning "Throw this out. Do you think this is the Mirror or the Graphic or what?" And advertisers, must only be spoken of in terms of highest respect and admiration, if not in actual endorsement. And when the column is too long, the editor invariably picks out the choicest, wittiest paragraph and junks it, leaving a lot of small talk which nobody cares much about anyway. When the harassed columnist hears a bit of interesting dirt which is not supposed to make people curl up on the floor and die of hearty laughter, but merely to take their alleged minds off the mundane world about us, and someone always picks it up, looks at it quizzically, and says, "Hey, What's funny about this?"

Now don't get the impression that we're trying to cry on your shoulder. Not us, brother. But being a leveler of our fellow-man as ourselves, we thought you'd appreciate a bit of a warning as to the perils and pitfalls of this racket. And if anyone ever sidles up to you with a leering expression on their pan and says, "Hey, you. D'ya wanta write a column?", why you take our advice and make for the nearest exit, and that right hurriedly.

All of which leaves us with a few more minutes to go and several more inches to fill. We might tell you about Prof. Dengler, who during a lecture the other day made some reference to the Oedipus Complex, and vehemently described it as a "damned lie." Now here's a man who is not only up in the know regarding phases of Greek drama, but is such an authority on abnormal psychology that he can stand up and refute a whole school of psychologists at one fell swoop. Prof. Dengler and a well-known denn-about-town ought to start a club. Then again, we might find grounds for complaint in the location of the stairs from the first floor of Mineral Industries to the second floor, which the architect evidently intended should be a secret. But it wouldn't do any good. Dengler would still think the Oedipus Complex is a lie (and it may be, for all we know), and the stairs in Mineral Industries would still lurk way over at the sides of the building. And that, as the man says, is that.

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

It was just a rumor at first. Maybe the campus squiblers started it or maybe the Locust Lane robbers chipped it too loudly, but one day in that exceedingly unusual and damnably hot corner place we heard that the masonry of the O. E. (Omelette Eaters') house sheltered the most dazzling and charming assortment of American womanhood in the entire summer session. Hastily gathering together our safari, we trekked through the Kappa Sig jungle, across the D. U. veldt, and finally reached the O. E. Oasis after having our lives endangered by predatory chevrolats and marauding fords which infest that part of the continent in vast numbers, especially after a nightfall. Ernie-of-Himes, ranking amir of the tribe, welcomed us profusely. We were the first white men he had seen for months. All the rest of the male population out that way had been baked to a shoe-polish brown, giving themselves a more foreign aspect than usual.

Anyhow we entered and sat down beside a particularly attractive brunette to vialbe about the weather. It was some hours later that we discovered that she was the chapetone. Ah, why is life like that! Then who should have in sight but Edith Wamright, wearer of flaming red berets and abbreviated bathing suits, besides holding the open championship for soup-ladling and charley-horses. Imagine our consternation when we discovered Gladys Kit-milroy, her hair none the less red, and Laura Belle Lee, both winter session campaigners, vacationing at this delightful spot. There's a fellow named Hen-zey and a road-ter called a Packard that hang around there a lot also, for some season or other. Then after a glance at Irene Steltzer and Nancy Reann, we decided that the rumor was well founded.

Being rather intellectual and curious anyway, we tried to discover a reason for this unnatural phenomenon. Never before outside of Earl Carroll's Vanities had we seen such galaxy of beautiful gals. There were three things to which we could possibly trace this mystery: first, Eddie Walker, the popular sleek-haired waiter, second, Jerry Maus, the moustache-twisting, crooning head-waiter, and third Bilious Bill, the best chef that ever made tea in a coffee pot. And somehow we think the chapetone also had something to do with it.

The whole scraggle gathered in the telephone booth to cheer us as we started back to civilization, but just then the telephone rang and seven were killed in the crush.

About the town and campus. The Dwight Peirley-Dot O-wild affair is worth writing about by this time. Wally Brewster and the Bettyhill girl walking slowly under the elms. Ethel Hobson in riding boots and breeches—she had other clothes on too. Helen Price and Bill Hughes in the air-cooled Franklin—sometimes we wish we had a Franklin. Fredericka Brooks Chevroleting down the main drag—we like Chevrolats too. The chapetone at the S P E. house personally tucks all the little girls from Maryland into bed at eleven o'clock each night. Automobiles filled with tanned couples in bathing suits. The Munch twins are giving us optical illusions again this summer. Old Main lounges filled all day with people who are really studying. That new swimming pool out beyond Whipples Dam. Some boys pause to gaze at a lighted window out Locust Lane way and Ph Eppert with spy-glasses—youth is a wonderful thing! Mary Maricle favors us with one of the Maricle smiles—ah, would that we were young again. Lolly Evans, whose presence enriches the Pi Kappa Phi love nest, etc. the little blonde Hippie boy tells a rousing good story once in a while. There is a rumor going about that Cecelia Murphy is Irish. Has Yougel been around yet?

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(Continued from first page)

interesting, but all it amounts to is that, in most cases, they are enthusiastic.

"I have had readers so enthusiastic they have complimented me on books someone else has written. My own feeling is that generalization about the American public as readers is dangerous. There are too many of them."

"Moreover, with so much material wealth available, there are so many interests to take up an intelligent person's time that we are apt to accept a mere fetish for living as a substitute for culture. And culture nowadays is like polish on wood—the thinner it is the brighter it shines."

Asked whether he planned to go back to the sea, Mr. McFee said that he returned occasionally, but not for long intervals. His engine-room days are over, and he expressed no intention of frequenting his former scene of action again.

Chatting of his experiences with New York reporters, the New England author said they seemed the most literal individuals on earth. He recalled an incident that happened to Conrad at one time.

"In Conrad's visit to this country," he said, "one of the reporters asked him what book he liked best. Naturally it was a pretty foolish question, but Conrad tried to be agreeable, so he said, 'It depends on the day.'"

"Well, the fellow rushed to the telephone in a little while, and sent the news in to the city desk. Conrad's favorite book is 'It Depends on the Day.'"

Although Mr. McFee is originally from England, he is now an American citizen. During one of his lectures, an agent persisted in teasing him.

"Butcher lecturer," for the effect it would have on the audience. "I never lost any opportunity to inform the audience of my true status," the author explained, smiling over the incident.

Penn State was privileged to be the first audience to hear the lecture on "The Sordid Side of Literature," we learned during the conversation. Mr. McFee had finished the talk just prior to coming here.

Players' Rehearsal Of Mystery Thrills Solitary Spectator

(Continued from first page)

you" we realized afresh that this was just a rehearsal.

We really marveled that Howard E. Langhammer did not crack his clavicle or twist his femur out of joint on one of the many occasions that he feigned fainting. To him we should award the Pulitzer prize for acrobatics. For as "the fainting sheep" who aids in solving the murder mystery he does an excellent job of swooning at the faintest mention of blood.

Howard has been so busy fainting that Director Neubaum fears he has lost his sense of balance, and is considering sending Howard to Colonel McCaskey to learn the about-face he must execute at the end of Act 1.

We were actually sorry when rehearsal was over, and as we sauntered down towards a well known corner of State College we just began to loosen up those nerves which had been stretched taut by the shrieks of Doris Wiling and Mary Johnson.

Indeed, the reality of this rehearsal was carried even to this point for us, because just as we reached the main gate we came upon a strolling

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pair, arms entwined, speaking in affectionate undertones. They were Robert Ayers and Mary Johnson, who play the roles of the newly married couple in the show. We knew they were still rehearsing.

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