

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

Published weekly during the Summer Session by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interests of the College, the students, alumni, faculty, and friends

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VERY WORTH-WHILE

Among all the types of intellectuality seen at this and other colleges, the Summer Session Student stands out as a type to be observed with the greatest interest. The Summer Session Student is now entering the last week of his stay at Penn State. In another ten days he will return home to tell the folks how worth-while it all was. He will speak in glowing terms of great lectures, varied entertainment, unlimited facilities for study.

It will be obvious to the folks at home that this certainly has been a summer of profit for the Summer Session Student. He's spent his time educating himself to the greatest things in life. He's been surrounded by intellectuality. It certainly must have been very worth-while.

Yes, indeed it's been very worth-while. The Summer Session Student (one hundred and fifty of him) has condescended to attend a visiting lecturer's series now and then. He's rushed in large numbers to hear one celebrity say a great deal about nothing, and considered his lecture four complete. He's gaped and stood agape at a few revolutionary remarks of a leader in his field. He's managed to amass several credits in classes.

If the Summer Session Student (and we speak now of 3000, leaving the remaining 500 to unspoken commendation) were to arrange a balance sheet, marking the opportunities he had and missed, the possibilities he did not see, the benefits he did not take advantage of, we wonder where he'd be.

Yes, indeed, knowledge and opportunity are two very worth-while things, if you take advantage of them.

Summer Session Sallies

IN ANSWER TO "THE MARMAID"

As Pope of old evoked brave Colley's ire And lampoon pamphlets made the sage retire, So here a champion for my injured sex Replies to him who does them vex. What though the "schoolman" sits and smirks, 'Tis some relief from him who utters With questions nice and quite beside the point (I fear this rhyme, like his, is out of joint.) The caustic comments fall like bits of steel; The wounds they make are very hard to heal. We toil in books through half the weary night— In vain we try to ape the erudite. "Now why quote Schlegel?" "Say you Pope's innane!" This quoting Moulton drives the man insane, For teachers know the book, he says, by heart; From freshman dullness we must needs depart. That Pope had no philosophy he doubts, With anger and with vitriol he flouts. Come now and show this "bath-tub" sage that we Can do our jobs from pedant learning free. For Laput and the Yahoos now we pray. Good prof! give time to let him have his say. Oh ho! two baker's dozens lines he wrote. "The Marmad," now, I know the thing by rote. "A very pretty poem" 'tis, I hope, Avant! good sir, "you mustn't call it" Pope! L' Envoi from Marmaduke Th' attack was not for Swift savants, I'll swear it; But if the cap fits, pedagogue, why, wear it!

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

Among other things it seems that some of that notorious O E crowd had a picnic out Scotia way last week-end. Little Nancy Ream took it into her head to stray away from the festivities, and in the course of her wandering she happened to take a mis-step (even the best of girls take them). To her utmost horror, consternation, etc., she tumbled almost the entire way down the shocked mountain before she finally got stopped, and even then she came within an ace (maybe a deuce) of landing in the midst of a private male swimming party. The little gal hasn't been on speaking terms with mountains since.

They were a couple of young mademoiselles from the French Institute and they walked along conversing hesitantly and quite audibly in what we presume was French. They were a charming pair and really deserved a couple of paragraphs of description but we must get on with the story. Wishing to be affable and gentlemanly, we strolled up to them and said in our most Gallic manner, "Good evening, mademoiselles." They slightly elevated their delicately powdered noses, and with the utmost disdain and contempt addressed us in French in such a way as to make us suspect that there were hell weeds on our family tree. Not to be outdone, however, we calmly drew ourselves up to our full height (six feet one inch, according to the dispensary records) and imagine their embarrassment when we said, "Sprechen Sie deutsch?" There's nothing like being a linguist.

The picture man is around taking pictures of the girls in the fraternity houses. The other day we watched him trying to make the Beta Kappa bunch look pleasant. It took quite a while for him to succeed and it lasted for only a brief moment, but he had the picture snapped before a muscle could twitch. It must be awful to go through life and see so many people looking the way they think they should.

About the town and campus: Chick Leni does a gently undulating hula hula for our entertainment. He must have Hawaiian blood in him. . . . Have you seen Jack Good imitate a lard can in a food truck on a rough road? See him by all means, and then Miss Marmola. . . . Danny Preston dropped into town for the week end (that's a helluva way to put a guy's name in the paper). The John Henszey—Laura Belle Lee case is coming along quite nicely, thank you—but we do wish John would quit smoking that corn-cob pipe. It doesn't match the Packard. . . . It is whispered that Edith Wainright has a spaghetti complex. Wanted—more explanatory whispers. Dot Wertz and Paul Blye of Brown (Joe E.) . . . The sun shining on Lucy Bennett's hair—quick, Watson, the sonnet paper! . . . Manny Perkins without a necktie on! Horrors! Eleanor Black in one of those exotic, etc., dresses. . . . Our personal nomination for the pleasantness prize winner—Helen Messelole. . . . There are six girls from Hood at the O. E. Hermitage. But then we know one girl who represents five different schools all by her self. . . . Frances Davis favors us with one of those smiles that only blondes can smile. It's too bad her time is being monopolized by one man. . . . Marian Hemmons, the dark-eyed beauty from south of the Mason-Dixon line. . . . Di Dye reminds us of the Rotary Club president back home. . . . Isabelle Baer—so queenly and all that that she didn't even notice us. No wonder democracy is more popular these days. . . . Overheard in the Unusual Place: Are those old shoes or did you wear them to the Sigma Phi Epsilon Dance Saturday night. . . . Little Jo, the tatty-haired ray of sunshine from the Sigma Nu house. . . . Bill Wells and Anne Wellsbach tripping the light fantastic.

The Book Shelf

Directing, gay stories rightly take precedence with the heat-stricken these days, but there are degrees of pleasure which last no further than the last paragraph and then again other degrees that have a slightly more tenacious effect.

Examples of the first type would be Nancy Hoyt's Cupboard Love is witty and boasts of two super-sophisticated New Yorkers with the painfully plain names of Matt and Emmy (oh, sorry!). To alleviate that combination a Lady Deirdre Hayling-Hamill is introduced with devastating results.

Lady With a Past (Tomorrow) is by Harriet Henry whose association with Vogue gives her New York-and-Paris setting a nicely authentic finish. It is avowedly the story of a "modern Cinderella who discovered that you need a bad reputation to get a good man" and when you read it you discover that that is actually what it is about.

Alden Hatch, brother of College Humorist Eric, has an obvious tale of a lady gamblers' blood in her veins—she is Gaming Lady (Farrar and Rinehart) who comes to Bar Harbor and New York with her lorgnette-shielded nearsighted eyes and impresses her American contemporaries with her poise and hauteur. The characters fall into the usual grooves almost too easily.

The group that creates a distinct impression with somewhat lasting qualities would include Hugh Wallace's adventure yarn Above the Dark Tumult (Doubleday, Doran) because besides its thrilling tale it is written well and furnished with delightful characterization.

All the action, which takes place in a period of only a few hours, occurs in an apartment and a theatre in London's busiest section, Piccadilly Circus. The story is told by a character who becomes involved in the situation through his earlier acquaintance with the individuals and through his love for the heroine. He supplies the background, the characterizations, and does it carefully as seen through his own eyes. He has a piquant way of announcing that something important will soon happen, then delving into a mass of back-

ground detail, and finally emerging a few pages on with the dramatic situation.

The character descriptions would be fertile field for English Comp-takers and for compilers of dictionaries of the year's best similes. They go like this:

"Then the door was pushed open and Hench came in—that big flabby misshapen body like a bolster, with the small round head set on the top of it, and on the head perched a bowler ridiculously minute. It was characteristic of him that he should carry an umbrella, untidily folded, that bulged like a cabbage. He exactly resembled, as he stood there, a figure of the music-halls, stout in the wrong places, unhappy, bewildered, about to burst into a piping and desperate little song."

Dwarfs' Blood by Edith Oliver (The Viking Press) also comes in this class. It is primarily a psychological study of the effect on an apparently normal man of the realization that there is dwarf's blood in him, of how he has become suspicious of everyone, supersensitive and embittered.

because he considers this a disgrace, of how his married life is nearly shattered when the second child is born a dwarf.

The story of Hans' life and development as a great painter forms one of the more delightful parts of the story. Of all the well-drawn characters, Hans' nasty big sister makes the finest impression. Portia is so persistently irritating that her connection with the other members of the family is difficult to appreciate.



FRIDAY— Charles Ruggles, Tamara Geva in "THE GIRL HABIT" SATURDAY Ramon Navarro, Madge Evans in "SON OF INDIA" Adventures in Africa and Fox News MONDAY and TUESDAY— Shows at 7.00 and 8:45 Maurice Chevalier in "THE SMILING LIEUTENANT" WEDNESDAY— Ruth Chatterton, Stuart Erwin in "THE MAGNIFICENT LIE" and BOBBY JONES and JOE E. BROWN in "Trouble Shots" THURSDAY— Nancy Carroll, Fredric March in "NIGHT ANGEL"

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