

PENN STATE COLLEGIAN

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

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DANCE ECONOMY

With thoughts of economy influencing all the expenditures of the College as well as of individual students, it seems reasonable to insist that dances this year be conducted to conform with the cutting down process last year.

Although advances have been made in bringing the cost of tickets for all-College dances somewhat within the range of the average student's purse, further progress must be made along that line this year if dances are to be successful both from the financial and from the social standpoint.

Although the student body thrills to the knowledge that a nationally known dance band will play for its functions, it soon forgets this passing charm and looks deeper for more than a famous name.

Fortunately for the students, uncontrolled checking practices are a thing of the past. The times are gone when a student was forced, by circumstances, to pay exorbitant fees for checking that was very poor.

Indicative of the fact that the fraternities know what the present financial situation holds in store is the large number of houses that are holding joint dances at houseparty.

Loud lamentations arise from the office of the keeper of grounds and buildings. For some time this department has been directing the cultivation of the campus that it might lose the aridity that came of excavations for new buildings.

ON LETTERS

Believe it or not everybody likes to get mail. That may explain the fact that even such wordily-wise persons as publications editors like to receive comments, suggestions, upbraidings, compliments, and other literary contributions besides the stacks of annoying propaganda letters that request the aid of the editors in sponsoring democratic clubs, republican clubs, birth-control clubs, the green shirt movement, and so on.

Letters are interesting—especially those addressed to a newspaper. They can hurt. They can make warm, happy sensations run up and down the spines of people for whom they are intended. They can teach lessons. But most of all they are a help in giving the editor a well-rounded picture of all the things that are going on about him.

Especially welcome are letters of controversial subjects when they contribute something to the building up of one side or the other. Their appearance in the columns of this paper are reasonably assured if they fulfill two simple requirements. First of all they should be written in recognizable English—experience has taught that there are such beings as ignorant undergraduates who have thick fingers as well as skulls.

OLD MANIA

Edrtl. Note: "Calling Police Car 78 . . . Calling Police Car 78 . . . proceed to the corner of College Ave. and Allen St. . . . proceed to corner of College and Allen . . . find the guy who said that the COLLEGIAN is responsible for what appears in this column . . . find the guy . . ."

Once a-punster time a school by the name of Penn State went all the way up to Cambridge to play Harvard at football, and a goodly company of loyal rooters followed the said team on its journey . . . How sad, how sad that a few of the more wayward souls should partake all too freely of whiskey-sours, highballs, cocktails, gin-fizzes, beer, and other alleged drinks!

We spent three hours the other day watching a man giving a manicure. He was standing right across from the Library tenderly coercing slices of reluctant wood from the top of one of the splendid additions in the line of posts.

Did you go to the mass meeting? Did you see the Chi O's with Helen (call me Franklin D.) Hoover at the head make an entrance? And Johnny McAndrews dirty-looking the Frosh? And didn't you think that Woody did a nice job of it, until that last, dulcet phrase which swept out over the hushed crowd, that whispered, that single Vallee-Crosby-Columbo-Dot Johnson word—"Goodnight . . ."

Here's one we bet you haven't heard. There's a Freshman in town who likes Spanish. He thinks it's great, and gets all he can from it. He has it so often that he dreams about it. His whole future is built around that one thing. Yessir, he told a pal of ours that he liked Spanish—because there was iron in it. Steel our stuff will you! Nuts. He bolted . . .

For the Swine

Famous last ones . . . "He was a great speaker but he talked half an hour overtime" . . . "D. U. im-bibe?" . . . "Beta make up your mind" . . . "Auf Wiedersehen Mateer." What's become of: Ruth Bartels, last year's best dressed man, the Pink Elephant's Seal, various and sundry pledges, Joe Miller, last winter's derbys, Angie (play girl) Bressler's modesty, the Kappa's incognitoes, prosperity, and the dances just around the crooner, the girl with Doggie Alexander in Harvard Sq. . . we were only kidding . . . we know where Ruthie is! . . . Nate Cartmell's boys run around a lot (at night) . . . And then there's the one about the State student who planned to eat at the Boston Commons!

DER MANIAC

Library Officer



Willard P. Lewis, College Librarian, was elected vice-president of the Pennsylvania Library association during its convention held at the Nittany Lion on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Speaking Of Books

"Red Smoke," by Isaac Don Levine. No less an authority than President Hoover says that there are more minerals in the State of Montana than in the entire Soviet republic.

"The Fortress," by Hugh Walpole. This is the third volume of a quartette picturing an English family from the early eighteenth through the Victorian era.

"Josephus," by Lion Feuchtwanger. One of the most widely read novels of the nineteenth century in the United States was Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur" perhaps because of its presentation of biblical scenes.

"Owen D. Young," by Ida M. Tarbell. A writer in a current journal won-

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Co-eds To Voice Uncensored Opinions Of Men Students in Alumni 'Froth'

Penn State co-eds, long the object of sarcastic darts hurled by the male gentry of the institution, have broken precedent and will voice their uncensored opinions of various and sundry men students in the Alumni Day issue of Froth, the campus humor magazine, which will be on sale Friday.

Revenge will be sweet after fifty years of grinning and bearing it. So thought the co-ed froth of the funny magazine when they asked seven prominent fraternity and unaffiliated co-eds to list the defects of Penn State Adonises.

Nearly fifty men, who are prominent on the campus, have been stung by the caustic comments of the curt and convulsive co-eds. Uncensored, the essays were sent to the printer in sealed envelopes, without even the editors having read them.

"Through the Hawse Hole" By Florence B. Anderson. One of America's lost industries—whaling—is pictured at a prominent center, Nantucket, in the life story of Captain Seth Pinkham. A bit of the briny deep, too.

Greetings Alumni
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by the caustic comments of the curt and convulsive co-eds. Uncensored, the essays were sent to the printer in sealed envelopes, without even the editors having read them. A second feature of the current issue will be a vigorous exposure of turtle neck sweater scandales. Inventions for man or beast will appear on a "mail order page" which is appearing for the first time.

Drawn in blue and silver, the cover design will express an appropriate Alumni Day theme. Four pages of the Mug and Jester column, instead of the usual two, will also appear in the magazine.

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How To Avoid BONERS
AN INCUBATOR IS SOMETHING YOU BURN RUBBISH IN
TSK! TSK! Isn't it too bad! Bill Boner thinks a blizzard is something you find inside a fowl!
Why doesn't somebody give him a good pipe and some tobacco? For a pipe helps a man to think straight. Of course, it's got to be the right tobacco. But any college man can guide him in that. A recent investigation showed Edgeworth to be the favorite smoking tobacco at 43 out of 64 leading colleges.
Which is only natural—for in all tobaccoedom there's no blend like the mixture of fine old burleys found in Edgeworth. In that difference there's a new smoking satisfaction, a new comfort, for the man who likes to think and dream with a pipe between his teeth.
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