

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

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"MEN—NOT THINGS"

ON WEDNESDAY OF LAST week President Hetzel asked the Governor to support a new \$17,000,000 building program from funds coming from the recently passed Relief Bill. Should the College get all or even a part of this amount requested, it would mean that the majority of the proposed buildings would be put under construction or completed.

But buildings do not make a College great, the President and Governor should remember.

Now that one program is well on its way towards completion and there is a good possibility that another one will be started soon, we feel that the administration should endeavor to keep pace with the buildings by filling them with a personnel that is equal to or better than the buildings themselves.

Just as the component parts of a good ball club, its pitching, its fielding, and its batting must be inter-played to give the best results, so also must the parts of a university, its administration, its equipment and its personnel must be in balance to be able to provide a good training for those entering it.

Here, we will in a short while have buildings and equipment far better than those who work in them, and it should be the President's next move to improve that part of this university-to-be.

We need some Charles Heubners, Dr. Comptons, and Willard Walkers to head departments and schools so that those working under them, both students and instructors will have the needed inspiration to pursue their subject with the knowledge that they are being guided by someone who is an authority.

We do have a few of this type of leaders here but we need more—so that there will be balance in this university.

Let us remember that a "true" student would rather be taught in an ugly shack of a building under an inspired professor than in a beautiful architectural monument by an instructor who looks only for the paycheck at the end of the month. In the latter case, the beautiful building becomes but a hollow shell that has not one-half the grace of the shack.

Let's not build a "white elephant" college in the wilderness, let's rather build a progressive university so that we no longer will be in the wilderness.

And we can do that if in our building we remember—THAT, "MEN—NOT THINGS" MAKE A UNIVERSITY GREAT—OR MEDIOCRE!

AN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

THE BOX AT Student Union is gradually being filled with match covers in response to a plea published last week. The match covers, when 150,000 are received will be sent to blind Johnny White, so that he can purchase a "Seeing Dog."

The Collegian expresses its appreciation for the kind and swift response to this boy's needs.

OLD MANIA

NO SPIES ALLOWED

The spy scare has struck Centre county with all the usual hullabaloo. Rockview officials don't want the secrets of the State's model pen recorded in photographs for the way Japs to copy. Furthermore it is ignorant to take pictures, we are told.

Jack DiGirolamo, and pievy, and Mary Romano, asf lodger, sped toward the town of the beautiful fountain where "the water" flows free, with Brother Al Del Rossi and Marietta Sassano, also of the asf lodge. A flat stopped the car in front of the Pen and a guard stopped the merry-makers after Jack snapped a photo of the building.

"There's a \$500 fine for taking pictures of the prison," the guard said as he took the films from the camera. Little Mary, however, was more upset and she screeched at the Rockview toughie, "I'll fine you \$1,000 for taking my pictures."

She didn't get the grand but the warden sent her with his compliments, the pictures fully developed and printed.

THE CUSTOMER WRITES

A customer who didn't like our first attempt sent in a good half column for us to use. She claims this is the real stuff. So don't come at me, I only know what she tells me.

"I'm not a crystal gazer—nor do I profess to be one, but I do 'see' lots of stuff—such as—

Dr. Olewine "smacking his chops" on a piece of an ex-Chemistry student's birthday cake. Tom Hamilton with an injured arm (maybe he ran into a door or something?????) Four fellows tearing around town in an old 1912 Ford with the chaperone of one of the houses hanging on for dear life "Picnic" resigning (?) from a certain class one day. Effie Haven starting a "jam session" at the pink elephant. Buckeye Buckman's dating beginning at eleven o'clock is getting to be a habit (tests are such toments, aren't they Buckie?). Lout Lotz missing LAMBIE PIE in ending, have you noticed the Gingel McKay-Spencer Barber affair.

Enough's a nuff!"

We think so too, ma'am.

APOLOGY

This column wishes to ask forgiveness for the misspelling of Læolotte Constance Bimler's name in last issue. The name is BIMLER, not Bilei, and things are going along fine as reported in last column, in fact the affair is such that we are tempted to write a letter, thusly:

Dear Dr. Maquardt

Miss Bimler is a fine person, and she wants to transfer to State because one Bob Tapp, du smoothie, also goes here. I'm told she is a good student and stuff and thinks that Penn State is the nuts. Now you are a kind person, I know, so think of your youth when you read her application.

Sincerely yours,

BROTHERLY LOVE

Jack Green and Ed Hartman, alphachirho lads, both work in Lambda chiralpha's kitchen where one smooth doll, Betty Stevens, is the dietitian.

Early in the session, Green being the bolder, soon was seen escorting the Stevens lass around the town to various events and things. All went well for almost two weeks. Green felt sure he was set for the summer.

Ah, but these more timid boys work from within, and soon Green could get no more dates. The snake, Hartman, had bided his time and now was acting. So, today, the bold Green sees green when he sees Hartmann.

OUR OWN STUFF AND NONSENSE

Maniac nominates Ginny Lichtenberger, phs lodger, as the cutest judy in the summer session. Will someone tell Frankie Neusbaum to stop wearing those hoard pants. faux pas number 189,909 belongs to the physed major who asked distinguished Prof. Bill Werner if he were the "towel man" and the maniac still has no screens, elevators, but towel chimes are soft pedaled.

THE MANIAC

HOTEL MARKLAND

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Don't Quote Me..

Distressing to party workers of the Democrats is the Governor's latest attempts to balk the probe of his administration by legislative action. Realizing that the public would call a legislative probe a "wintewash" because of the overwhelming majority in that body, the little Democrats think that Earle has bungled the handling of this case.

Rumors around the state capitol this past weekend were silly, the worse one being that the Governor was to declare martial law in Dauphin county to set aside the counts Earle's attempts to extricate himself have put him in a bad light and it has begun to worry him.

Particularly bothersome is the secret charge which Dauphin County District Attorney Shelley was to bring to the grand jury trial. If these charges are supposed to be as bad as they seem then Shelley, if he were acting for political reasons, would probably an them before the trial so that the people would have time to digest them and draw the "right" conclusions.

Personally, we believe that the Republicans want the Governor to call the legislature into special session so that then the onus for the GOP can rant and rave about the usurpation of judicial procedure in this Commonwealth. By keeping these "charges" secret it makes a good build-up for the trial which the Republicans hope will never come off. If it doesn't, then GOP is sitting in the driver's chair in Pennsylvania politics once again.

"Read the label," a maxim which didn't mean much until this June, will have significance when the new Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act of 1938 goes into effect. The new act requires much more positive information of value to consumers than did the olden law. Dietary foods will have to be labeled to inform buyers fully on the vitamin, mineral, and other properties. Possible misuses of the product will also be specified on the new labels.

Latest talk in the capitol concerning international relations is the British-American Trade Agreement. With this country showing improvement in economic condition, the foreign press site on the dollar has risen.

This column can't help but mention the flight of "in again, out again, gone again, Corrigan," which was a dream come true for a Lindbergh worshiper. Corrigan's flight may not have been the scientific adventure of Howard Hughes but we think that it will have some bearing on the near future of trans Atlantic flying.

When a young man with no fancy instruments, but with plenty of daring, can fly across the ocean in a nine year old plane, what can an experienced pilot do with the latest aero nautical equipment? We feel that Nonstop's flight is the last push that is needed to start the airlines on regularly scheduled flights. And so his flight in the future will be known not that of a damn fool's, but rather as the sparkplug which set off scheduled air crossings on the Atlantic.

Borough Will Install Meters On Allen St.

Parking meters along South Allen street in the business district will probably begin operation tomorrow, borough officials said. The borough is testing the efficiency of such parking regulators for a trial period.

Should the meters prove effective in curbing over parking, additional ones will be provided for the main business streets. Charge for parking is five cents for each hour.

'Wegs' Invite Wives

The "Wegs" invite all wives of graduate students to their next meeting on Wednesday, July 27, at 3 o'clock in Old Main Sandwich Shop. Entertainment will be provided and tea will be served.

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the centre
Corner Allen and Beaver

Reader's Alley

Of course, if you are a *New Yorker* addict, Ruth McKenny is old hat to you. But, if, on the other hand, you have missed her sprightly stories in the *Gotham weekly*, you will find her collection of rather extraordinary stories, *My Sister Eileen*, packed with laughs and vitality from beginning to end.

Perhaps we are sticking our neck out when we say that Miss McKenny is the literary heir to the place so neatly carved out of contemporary letters by Clarence Day, whose *Life With Father* set an all-time high in autobiographical and biographical writing. But we feel certain that no one who reads *My Sister Eileen* through will contradict us.

Miss McKenny's sketches and stories deal with those crises in family life that are so familiar to all of us. Each of the fourteen pieces deals with home, its joys and terrors, in a different way. Not all, to be sure, rely upon their setting in Ohio, the author's birthplace, for, arranged in chronological order, they eventually bring us to apartment house life in New York.

Miss McKenny's first adventure deals with the movies she attended with her young sister Eileen, back in the days when movies were judged by the quantity of tears one shed. "No Tears, No Good," treats the cinema and its values in the days when Wally Reid, Fatty Arbuckle, Rudolf Valentino, and Lon Chaney were the flicker idols. And, if you were sneaking to the films in those days, you'll get many a nostalgic twinge.

And if, like Ruth and Eileen, you were the victim of your parents' and relatives' decisions on the question of culture via the amateur theatrical, dance, or piano-playing route, you will howl at "Hun-gah." If you ever attended camp (against your will and with many misgivings) you will snort at "A Loud Sneer for our Feathered Friends." Did you ever try for a Red Cross Lifesaving Badge? Ruth gives all the torture in "Guinea Pig."

Was there never a time when your local newspaper carried the serial, "Chickie?" Did the family spend its days keeping the wretched story from you? Ruth and Eileen read it by using their wits.

Well-meaning ladies of the neighborhood sought to keep Ruth and Eileen from discovering the facts of life as they were portrayed on the stage of the Cleveland playhouses in such vehicles as *The Captive*, and *The Vortex*. But the Irish adolescents had, already seen these plays and were awaiting the shocks they hoped would jar them in *What Price Glory*.

Two hilarious episodes during her years at Ohio State come to life in "The Sock Hunt," and "The Prince." The first concerns Ruth's interview with Randolph Churchill, to whom she refers as "the breath of the Empire." The second relates her startling romance with a Georgian Prince, (remember the *Mdivans*?).

Country gals will be dissuaded

Henry Carson, Penn State undergraduate, spends his summer managing a young Pittsburgh singer by the name of Melvin Stewart, just one of the peculiar jobs college students make for themselves.

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