

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

Published every Friday morning during the Summer Session by students of the Pennsylvania State College in the interests of the College; students, faculty, alumni, and friends

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Friday, July 12, 1940

ALL IS NOT GOLD . . .

To the casual Summer Session observer, Penn State appears to be all a College should be. It has a lovely campus, plenty of trees, grass, and de luxe natural surroundings. Impressive stone and concrete structures rise on every side, monuments to education

"My, what magnificent buildings," says Ida Summerstudent. "This certainly is a wonderful campus. It must be one of the best colleges in the country. What a lovely place"

Yes, Ida, Penn State, wearing its summer-green frock, resplendent in its shiny new buildings, looks like a million dollars. It glitters. It glistens in the sun. It's a wonderful place.

"It certainly is a tribute to Pennsylvania," Ida declares, "that the State provides such a wonderful place for its youth to receive an education. It's wonderful, just wonderful, what a generous State administration we have. James is a great governor."

Oh, but just a minute, Ida James wasn't governor when the \$5,000,000 building program was started. It was Earle. He put that through. And when he came to the campus, boy, did he get booted! Nothing like knowing which side your bread is buttered on, you know, Ida.

Have you been in those new buildings, Ida? A few of them are partly equipped. Maybe they'll be open next year. It's only taken them a couple of years to get that equipment in. Of course, economy is an important thing—you can't blame Governor James for slashing the College's last maintenance appropriation for the 1939-41 biennium. The administration asked for \$5,593,445; he gave them \$4,425,000—more than a million dollars below the amount described as the minimum amount at which the College could operate efficiently.

Have you looked at the new library, Ida? Looks like a million, doesn't it? Of course, it only has room for a couple of hundred thousand books—about one-fifth the number a college of this size should have. But who wants books—we have new buildings.

Of course, you know why Penn State loses some of its best faculty men every year. They go to the eastern schools, where they can get a decent salary. It's common knowledge, you know, that Penn State professors are awfully underpaid. But who wants professors—we have new buildings.

Too bad we're still a college, when schools a tenth our size are universities. Sort of gives you a way. But after all, they've only been trying to get the name changed for 10 or 15 years now—mustn't rush things, you know.

They tell me those western state schools get millions and millions of dollars from the state governments to spend on scientific equipment, research, etc. Oh, well, we can't expect to keep up with those RICH western states.

Yes, Ida, Penn State is a wonderful place. It sure has the buildings.

THE ANNUAL QUESTION of how strictly women's regulations should be enforced during Summer Session is again facing the administration.

It's a problem. Most of the girls have reached their majorities and don't take kindly to prep school early-to-bed restrictions. On the other hand, the spotlight of unfavorable publicity is still more or less on the College, and there is little doubt that some regulation is necessary.

The Summer Collegian is glad to note that in many instances dormitory and fraternity house mothers are adopting the right attitude, giving out one o'clock generously. State College isn't a prison—but neither is it a hell-hole.

CAMPUSEER

BY HIMSELF

Campy Gets the Urge to Travel

Campy got the urge to travel the other day and took a jaunt down through the Pennsylvania Dutch section where you outen the lights and believe in pow-wow and hex doctors. We were prompted in taking the trip after spending a night at Doggie Alexander's emporium conversing with a couple from Ephrata.

Looking for an action-packed evening's entertainment, we discovered several bands who played on the campus for Spring Houseparty and decided to go a few miles out of our way to "take in" a little dancing. Bud Codori, who captivated the SPES, plays on the roof of the Hotel McAllister in Hanover (where the Dutch and the college crowd mingle). The other band was Dick Peeser who played at Alpha Zeta.

Defense Tax Hits Dutch

Not only cigarettes, etc., have felt the tax blow, but (relax) the price of chicken rings has been boosted by the exorbitant sum of one cent per dozen. This, incidentally, affects women's fashions to no small extent. We saw a Hanover (York County) girl making bracelets and necklaces with red, slate blue, and white rings. The cute little inventor says she got the idea from Vogue, which lends an authoritative air. Quite a thrifty way of duplicating the latest fashion fads.

Blue and Gray Memories

Driving over the Gettysburg battlefield watching the Eternal Light send off its eerie glow in the darkness recalled the memorable week we spent there during the 75th Anniversary celebration. The old campsite looked decidedly deserted as only blank remnants of those rows of tents lingered. Absent also were the aged veterans, Union and Confederate, who thrilled us with their fanciful tales of the Civil War.

One of the best tales which stays with us was the following which a Confederate "General" related. During the battle (he was then a young lieutenant) he found shelter in a Northern farmhouse. While the battle raged, the young officer had a meal of apple butter bread in the safety, though dampness, of the small cellar. But the climax, he informed us, was when he returned to that same farmhouse cellar 75 years later and was fed apple butter bread by the daughter of his 1865 hostess.

There were many more ear-catching stories told us when we worked in the office of the Confederate encampment, but we also like to spin a yarn. The event that Campy's grandchildren will be bored with is recollections of that July afternoon when we posed with several of the old soldiers at Bloody Angle, for the newscreeks. Watching those men of the North and the South shaking hands across the time-worn stone wall gave us a thrill never to be forgotten. It will be a stirring thought to remember the satisfied smiles on their aged countenances as they cast aside sectional hatred and forgot that three-quarters of a century before the boys in blue literally slaughtered the gray advance. Such forgiveness and fellowship is perfect exemplification of true Americanism.

Dutch Ramblings

The farmers down that way treated us with unparalleled hospitality, despite their constant jibberish about the height of wheat and the effect of the war on their production.

Not far from historic Gettysburg is a religious shrine which long anti-dates the great battlefield. It is the Conevago Chapel, reputedly the oldest Roman Catholic Church west of the Susquehanna River, which contains some of the oldest religious frescos and paintings on the continent by Spanish artists. This great, Southern, Pennsylvania shrine has already celebrated its bi-centennial and is a monument to the spiritual life that exists among its people.

To top off the excursion among the Dutch, Campy wishes to pass on an old song (suitable for both the campfire and the rathskeller). It is entitled "Dunderbach" and consists of three verses with a chorus.

Dunderbach

There was a big fat Dutchman, his name was Dunderbach
He had the finest sausages and sauerkraut, in fact
He had the finest butcher shop that ever you did see
And he took out a patent on the sausage meat machine

OOh, Dunderbach, Oh Dunderbach, how could you be so mean
To ever have invented the sausage meat machine
The pussy cats, the dogs, and rats will never more be seen
For they'll all be ground to sausage meat in Dunderbach's machine

A little boy went down the street and in the store he went
He ordered up some sausages, the value of ten cents
And while he was waiting, he whistled up a tune
And the sausages began to hop and jump about the room.

Something was the matter, the machine refused to go
So Dunderbach crawled inside the matter for to know
His wife was having a nightmare, and walking in her sleep
She gave the crank an awful yank, and Dunderbach was meat.

READERS' ALLEY

If you are a nascent novelist, incipient story writer, or budding biographer (or autobiographer) you had better have an evening with THIS IS ON ME by Katherine Brush, a "sort of a kind of autobiography," apologizes the author in the preface, containing a score or more of her better stories to illustrate her life and work.

You will discover how Miss Brush, starting her literary career on a Boston paper as movie commentator, learned to weave the wizardry of words, how her stories grew from the life around her, how close to fact her plots and characters are.

The chronicle begins with her childhood at Dummer Academy (her father was headmaster) skims through her days at C. C. I. (you must have known someone who went to Centenary Collegiate Institute) relays the inside stuff on her repertorial work, her marriage, first successes in fiction, all against the backdrop of the Mad Twenties and era of Bootleg Days. She snorts at the articles written about her Joseph Urban decorated apartment, and tells you what creative cramps she really got in that elegant "salon."

Her comments on the sources of her writing are honest, and thorough, from idea to first draft, from galley proof to bound volume, with editorial explosions and publishers' footnotes included. We aren't advising you to follow her footsteps today, but to learn from one author's personal history what the trials and tricks of the writer's craft and trade are. There were few secrets, Miss Brush discovered, but a great deal of pam and hard work. No, not an important book, but a very interesting and amusing one.

Now, when a reviewer BUYS a book, the event takes on the same newsworthiness of the item "Man Bites Dog." The book we paid our hard-earned cash for is SO YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE by Clarence E. Lovejoy, Alumni Secretary of Columbia University (We knew him when he was at Rutgers, just after the War).

Lovejoy's volume not only discusses the business of attending college, but tries to guide confused youngsters and parents in the selection of a satisfactory school and course. Furthermore, he devotes many chapters to costs, scholarships, loans, jobs (regular and extraordinary) and activities. These sections of the book contain all the answers we have struggled to find for inclusion in our letters to eager seekers of college educations. We can henceforth refer our petitioners to the opus by mail, or, if they arrive in person, just lift the book down and trundle our guest into an easy chair and tell him to read to his heart's content.

But in addition to all this you will find the Lovejoy College Rating Chart, a yardstick by which to measure 200 institutions of the first rank (of course Penn State is in this list) and 600 "other colleges," many of which were strange names to us. The facts concerning these mills of learning include such helps as the number of students, ratio of students and faculty, value of annual loan and scholarship funds, typical expenditure, endowments, rank in Who's Who, volumes in library, presence or absence of Phi Beta Kappa, social fraternities, intercollegiate athletics, and C. A. A. pilot training. The only schools omitted, so far as we were concerned, were Black Mountain College, and Commonwealth College.

Because Lovejoy has sprinkled a liberal peppering of personal experiences and humorous anecdotes among his pages of data on education, his prose keeps you whipping along at top speed. For this reason, the "going-to-gee" as well as his parents, teachers, and advisors will find it most readable. Alumni will quibble about the rank their Alma Maters rate, but will get a lot of satisfaction out of the dope on colleges attended by their associates. Vocational guidance workers, professors, administrators and the public at large will find that this handbook is indispensable.

At this moment, our copy is in the hands of a verdant frosh who is arriving in September.

Announcements

(Continued from page one)

the direction of Dr. George S. Howard, Guest conductor, Mr. Arthur Piyor, Schwab Auditorium

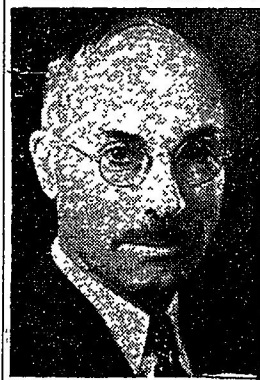
NOTICES

The College Observatory, located about 200 yards east of Buckhout Laboratory, will be open from 9:00 to 10:30 p. m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights throughout the Main Summer Session.

Persons interested in helping British refugee children should meet in second floor lounge of Old Main at 8:15 p. m. Monday. Information has been received from the national office of the AAUW, which has been registered with the State Department, to collect money and arrange with families to take care of children.

*Children under 16 years of age will be admitted only if accompanied by parents.

**Professor W. R. White, Director of Excursions, may be consulted at the entrance of the College Library between 7:45 and 8:15 a. m. and from 12:15 to 12:30 p. m. daily. At other times he may be seen at the Agricultural Experiment Station or called by telephone.



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28 Promotions, 11 New Appointments Announced

Twenty-eight promotions in rank and 11 new appointments were made at the College, it was announced today by the College Board of Trustees.

Those who received promotions are Agriculture, H. A. Wahl, from instructor to assistant professor of botany, Max Dercum, from instructor to assistant professor of forestry, S. Agnes Brumbaugh, from assistant in 4-H Club work to assistant professor of home economics extension.

F. V. Grau, from instructor to assistant professor of agronomy extension, W. S. Jeffries, from instructor to assistant professor of agricultural extension.

The following were promoted from assistant home economics extension representatives to home economics representatives: Mary L. Kelsey, Marion B. Marsh, Henrietta B. Nichols, Barbara M. Rose, Ruth B. Schultz, and Clara A. Stankovich.

Promotions in the School of Education are Della J. Avery, from instructor to assistant professor of home economics, M. Joan Jones, from assistant in institutional administration to instructor in home economics, Gilma Olson, from assistant to instructor in home economics, Margaret E. Riegel, from instructor to assistant professor of home economics.

In the School of Engineering Frank Tebo was promoted from instructor to assistant professor of engineering drawing.

Promotions in the School of Mineral Industries are P. D. Krystine, from instructor to assistant professor of mineralogy, C. R. Horn, from research assistant to instructor in petroleum and natural gas engineering, and R. B. Hewes, from assistant supervisor of coal mining extension to supervisor of fuel technology extension. Glenn N. Thiel was promoted from instructor to assistant professor of physical education.

Promotions made in the School of Liberal Arts are A. B. Sutherland, from instructor to assistant professor of English literature, L. T. Dunlap, from instructor to assistant professor of mathematics, W. O. Gordon, from instructor to assistant professor of mathematics, Beatrice L. Hagen, from instructor to assistant professor of mathematics, and R. N. Wood, from instructor to assistant professor of English composition.

Katherine M. Stokes was promoted from circulation librarian to second assistant librarian in charge of readers' service, and E. Elizabeth Ulrich was promoted

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