

SUMMER COLLEGIAN

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Emergency Education

Topics discussed at the Superintendents' and Principals' Conference the last three days furnish an index to what are major problems of the day in education.

Glance at a few of them. For example: "Public Education in the Present Emergency," "Education for Defense," "New Developments in the National Defense Training Program," "Organizing the Schools and Community for National Defense," "Implications for Physical Education in the Present Emergency," and "Teachers and Their Organization in the Present Emergency."

Yes, education, in common with everything else, faces an emergency. We hope that teachers in our schools realize the importance of their job and do it well.

Good Work! Keep It Up

There is good news for Penn. State in what Pierre Henrotte, who has been on the campus for the past three weeks, has to say about the Band, Orchestra and Chorus School. He calls it the only school of its kind in the East and of these words the College should be proud.

Mr. Henrotte knows what he is talking about, too. For 15 years he was conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra. He spends much of his time acting as guest conductor at music schools for young boys and girls. It is not idle praise when he says, as he did, that the Band, Orchestra and Chorus School should soon rival the National Music Camp at Interlochen, Mich., for recognition as the nation's foremost summer music school.

The College should do more than just be proud of Mr. Henrotte's praise. He foresees a brilliant future for the school and it should be made certain that this future is realized.

Market Report For Apron Strings

Dr. Moses R. Lovell, last Sunday's vesper service speaker, said that 95 per cent of all school teachers are women. Some of them were in his audience and we suspect he made a host of friends when he predicted that women will be civilization's leaders in future years.

We disagree with Dr. Lovell and think that women have just about found their proper level. Ask any housewife how often she can get her husband to wash the dishes while she relaxes in an easy chair and reads the evening paper.

May we ask when, and in what female Utopia, will women become generals and admirals? Or won't there be war?

When will they become explorers? Or won't there be anything left to explore?

When will they become engineers? Or won't there be any more industry?

When will they become bank presidents? Or won't there be any money?

When will they become newspapermen? (Sorry, newspaper workers.) Or won't there be any news?

Finally—and this is the vital question—who would take care of the babies? Or wouldn't there be any of those, either?

THE CAMPUSEER



Goodbye, Now

This is the beginning of the end. For, with these paragraphs your unpopular campus columnist bids farewell to the intelligentsia of summer session, those worldly-wise, modern, adventurous persons who have lain awake till 10 p. m. every night wondering what Campy would have to say, who have eagerly devoured every word of this column, digested it, and . . . !

When you look back on it, it has been a great summer.

We heard so much about summers at Penn State that we rather thought a vacation (you didn't expect us to kill ourselves putting out this rag) here may prove disappointing. But inter-session and the last five weeks passed so fast that before we know it we'll have to stop cutting the lawns with our irons on the golf course and getting down to the serious business of telling Bob Higgins what's wrong with our football team.

And speaking of the gridiron, the venerable Hig will find himself with the tough job of filling the biggest hole in intercollegiate football and we don't mean our All-American Leon Gajecki. We're referring to gigantic Len Frketich, huge 300 pound tackle, who will be blocking off the mortgage for his newly acquired bride and kiddies-to-be instead of sitting on the opposing linemen . . . Mary Browne, one of the more attractive additions to the summer hall of feminine charm, is supplementing her art work here with extra-curricular study with fellow artist, Bob Hunzinger.

Dramatic Plaudits

Of the many groups who have put in their spare time toward making our leisure time more pleasant, none is more deserving of plaudits than the dramatic group . . . Night of January 15 held us spell-bound throughout and while Moor Born wouldn't be our choice for a summer play, the characterizations were excellent . . . Leslie Heath repeated his hit in the first play by a perfect portrayal of the degenerate Brontë brother in Moor Born and the remaining cast, from the director to prop man, upheld its end . . . the British War Relief Society sends an SOS to all cigarette smokers to save all tin foil and turn it in at the downtown office.

Judy Moatz is going on the record as being definitely through with blind dates after her sad experience last week-end . . . she accepted one with a Cornell lad, who got a terrific build-up from a fraternity brother here at State, and spend the most miserable evening of her life . . . the payoff came when the Ithacan, one of those I-don't-drink-or-smoke-boys, refused some mild liquid refreshments because he was in training for ski-jumping and rowing . . . at this rate he should be in shape to break the world's record for jumping.

Jeter On The Wagon

The hottest drum-man in town is Hank (what size bowl did the barber use on your head) Jeter with the hottest thirst this side of Bellefonte . . . too bad, Hank, some day you, too, will reach the ripe stage of adulthood . . . after waiting two whole years, DU's Frank "Muscles" Perna achieves his ambition of getting his name in this corner . . . our candidate for Hot Dog King for 1943 is all smiles since Dot Ellis accepted his jewelry . . . lovely Mary Jane Gibson is being squired these sultry summer evenings by Bob Schuler who will get his coveted sheepskin on August 10 . . . ditto Frank Bindford, whose friends will celebrate the long awaited day with the Sigma Nu playboy . . . Sally Hershberger is keeping the Sottung affair on fire by last week's overnight hop to his Elizabeth abode . . . could it be, Sally? We'll be with you when the summer is gone.

Why?

The hundreds of people who daily study the Land Grant mural in Old Main prove that it is just as well-liked by people with only a layman's interest in fine art as it is by art authorities. Which all leads us to wonder why the huge chandelier, which hinders a better view of the fresco, hasn't been taken down. Members of the fine arts faculty asked 14 months ago that it be removed.

This is a small thing but, as usual, it is the small things, that go undone. Why?

Machine Records 'Brain Waves'

Students whose brains may be foggy after cramming for examinations can test their mental faculties on the College's electroencephalograph.

The machine is a recent addition to the equipment in the psychology experimental laboratories. In more simple terminology it is known as a "brain wave" machine and is designed to study electric potentials from brain tissue:

According to Dr. William M. Lepley, assistant professor of psychology, the machine will enable a student to hear a record of his brain. The instrument does not actually magnify the sound of the millions of gray cells grinding away, but records electrical brain

waves which are transposed into sound and released through a loudspeaker panel.

Pictures of electrical emanations from the heart may be recorded by cathode ray tubes which enable the subject to see the "old pump" at work as the waves are picked up.

An ink-writing oscillograph, which can indicate a 400 trillion gain of any impulse, also graphs the waves on paper tape.

Dr. Lepley says that the machine has been useful to the medical profession in the diagnosis of epilepsy and the location of brain tumors.

"Chick" Werner Honored

"Chick" Werner, Lion track coach, was recently awarded a gold football headgear at his alma mater, the University of Illinois, for being the most "right" guy at the summer session there.

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