

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Editor Adam Smyser '41 Bus. and Adv. Mgr. Lawrence Driever '41

Editorial and Business Office 313 Old Main Bldg. Phone 711 Downtown Office 119-121 South Frazier St. Night Phone 4372

Women's Editor Vera L. Kemp '41; Managing Editor Robert H. Lane '41; Sports Editor Richard C. Peters '41; News Editor William E. Fowler '41; Feature Editor Edward J. K. McForie '41; Assistant Managing Editor Bayard Bloom '41; Women's Managing Editor Arita L. Hefferan '41; Women's Feature Editor Edythe B. Rickel '41.

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Thursday Morning, February 27, 1941

A Legend Of The Past And A Story Of The Little Mumbles

Back in the deep, deep past—further back than most freshmen and sophomores can remember—the rugged old Penn State Collegian pointedly pointed out that State College housing conditions are not what should be desired and most people concerned tacitly admitted the same.

The Student Housing Board admitted it. The Senate Committee on Student Welfare admitted it. The director of the College Health Service admitted it. The President of the College admitted it. Even some of the townspeople admitted it.

That was in the spring of 1939. Since that time there have been little mumbblings from all the people concerned—and little action.

Penn State students, presumably, are living in quarters just as cramped, just as unsanitary, and just as costly as they were two years ago.

Now, lo, on the horizon there is a star, a star hailed as of the same magnitude of one that begot the free hospitalization plan which went into effect this year. A star called the Student Health Board.

That board went out and got student opinion, it wrote to parents for their opinion, it got faculty opinion, it tabulated facts, it compiled that data into an intelligible, forceful report and presented it to the Board of Trustees. It got action.

Much of the groundwork has already been done for the Student Health Board in its new effort. A plan has been submitted, approved by the President and remains only to be worked out in detail. The Senate Committee on Student Welfare has been struggling or overlooking those details for two years—and they aren't that hard.

If the Student Health Board will tackle the job and find a faculty "angel" to provide the continuity it can have a system of room inspection set up, it can have houses graded according to fair rentals, it can have these published and made available.

The job is man-sized, but the Student Health Board is presenting itself as a man-sized board.

Dear Editor: Something Stinks

One of the college papers that came across Collegian's desk yesterday carried a letter to the editor which (the paper comments editorially) epitomizes all letters to the editor that have ever or will be written. It reads:

To the Editor:

Something about this campus stinks.

(Signed) A Senior.

Should it take this editorial commentator seriously, Collegian would have to beg for scholarly disagreement. A hasty check of the 50 or more letters to the editor published by Collegian since September shows only one in every four devoted to a "stink!"

Collegian could not deny that students are inflamed with an irresistible urge to find something that stinks. Collegian editors through the years have some of the very best students by that definition.

More and more, though, college students are losing the idea that they have to knock to show their intelligence.

Even so Collegian doesn't want to discourage those of its readers who feel the healthy urge to take a good stiff rap at someone or something. Knockers have a very difficult time. Some people make progress on it.

THE CAMPUSEER



(The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of The Daily Collegian.)

Fable For Femmes

Once upon a time there was a cute little dark-haired girl named Phyllis who lived in a certain little Pennsylvania college town. Her father worked for the college, and when Phyllis came of the proper age she enrolled at the college as a freshman.

Before Phyllis had been in college very long she had set her heart on joining a certain sorority. The girls in this sorority, which we will call Tappa Tappa Slamma, seemed to like her as well as she liked them, and everything looked very rosy indeed.

In this same town, however, there was another freshman girl named Dottie who was also being rushed by Tappa Tappa Slamma. For reasons best known to herself she disliked the cute little dark-haired girl named Phyllis very much. Maybe she was jealous.

Anyhow, Dottie and six of her friends went up to Tappa Tappa Slamma one day to talk to the sisters. They told the sisters that they would positively not go Tappa Tappa Slamma if Phyllis was pledged.

This would have been very bad for Tappa Tappa Slamma, because Dottie and her friends were the girls the Tappas wanted most to have. So that night they had a special meeting—without their sorority advisor, who might not have understood. They piously decided that the only thing to do was to drop little dark-haired Phyllis.

Now Dottie and her friends are in Tappa Tappa Slamma and they are very happy. But the cute little dark-haired girl named Phyllis has cried and cried and is heart-broken because she didn't get into Tappa Tappa Slamma.

And that, dear children, is your bedtime story for tonight, all about the nice dear little sorority girls and the sweet things they do in a certain little Pennsylvania college town.

They Say

Bunny Bundick: I was born a commoner but I'd like to be an Earl.

(Howie Earl, x-country mgr.-elect)

Prof. Adams (marriage course): Women like men who are intelligent, not handsome—THANK GOD!

Of Sailors, Pins And Royalty

The Delta Sigs are recovering from the seasickness (?) occasioned by their Sailor's Brawl last Saturday nite . . . Jane Giboney has her pin back . . . Betty Long has the badge of a Fiji alumnus . . . and Campuseer has instructed both of his coed acquaintances to vote for Helen Cramer for May Queen. Our slogan: REIGN WITH RED, or CRIMSON CRAMER TO COP THE CROWN.

Adv.

Cook's Tour Department

A harmonized Make-Up Ensemble by Evening-In-Paris for A Night In Manhattan, (Senior Ball motif) reads like the first cousin to a candle-light Cook Tour, but in reality is the Order of the Day at McLanahan's.

Probably one of the smartest little ensembles that ever came out of Evening-In-Paris's New York salon, it features Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick of harmonizing tones. In State College, at McLanahan's. Price, one buck, which, incidentally, isn't nearly what "He" is going to lay out to take you to the Ball.

Advice to Bluebeards

If you look like a refugee from the House of David's basketball team, and you've tried Burma and it won't work, don't shoot yourself in despair, we've got the answer to your problem.

It's the new Gillette "MILORD" Razor, and, to put it mildly, it's "Fit for a King."

Easily one of the niftiest gadgets that ever scraped off an extra layer of skin, it's a one-piece affair that comes in a leather kit and is mighty handy for packing.

Sold in State College at McLanahan's, complete kit, with Milord and entourage (Leather Kit and Blades to Engineers, Phys Eders and Aggies) for only \$1.39.

A Bargain at twice the price, if you don't shave yet, buy it to cut your fraternity's steaks.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY

Campus and Independent party chairmen report to Richard C. Peters '41, Student Union, 4 p.m.
-La Vie Senior Board meets in Room 315 Old Main at 4 p.m.

WSGA and WRA elections in first floor lounge of Old Main at 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Sophomore ROTC students report to Room 10 Sparks building instead of Old Main at their scheduled hours.

Jazz recital, College Book Store at 4:15 p.m.

Compulsory Cwen meeting in Miss Stevenson's apartment, Grange Dormitory at 5 p.m.

All Mechanical Engineers invited to Engineer Open House meeting, Room 121 Sparks building at 7:30 p.m.

Wrestling, Penn State vs. Michigan, Rec Hall at 7 p.m.

Basketball, Penn State vs. Muhlenberg, Rec Hall at 8 p.m.

Mortar Board meets in Room 305 Old Main at 5 p.m.

'43 Campus meeting in Room 318 Old Main at 7 p.m.

'44 Independents meeting in Room 405 Old Main at 7 p.m.

Chemistry Student Council meeting in Room 305 Old Main at 7 p.m.

DeMolay Penn-Centre chapter will hold its regular meeting in the Masonic Lodge at 7:30 p.m. Masons, members, and alumni are invited.

CINEMANIA

Coming to the State today is the screen version of Eugene O'Neill's amazing story of "Emperor Jones," starring Paul Robeson, America's leading baritone.

Robeson, has been acclaimed "something to marvel at" in his portrayal of the Emperor. Others who aid in the presentation of the screen classic are Dudley Digges, Fredi Washington, and Frank Wilson.

Bank Notes Exhibited

A collection of old Pennsylvania bank notes are now on exhibit in the main lobby of the Library.

Nibbling At The News

With ROBERT LANE

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We—The Sacrificed

The fatalistic feeling that war will come eventually, regardless of what this country does, is entirely too predominant in the minds of many congressmen as evidenced by their statements concerning the Lend-Lease Bill.

It is that attitude, and none other, that will be indirectly responsible for getting the United States into war. Lately, it hasn't been a question of "if war comes," but rather "when war comes."

Recently Senator Bailey of North Carolina said, "The Lend-Lease Bill does not necessarily mean war, but if it does, I am ready." In 1939 the same Senator Bailey fought the arms embargo repeal by saying that the European War is "not our war." Maybe the southern senator could be induced to change his mind again if someone would toss a rifle at him and say, "Go ahead, you fight, we'll watch if you don't mind."

Senator Bone of Washington believes that when it becomes necessary to fight . . . "we will fight!"

The original purpose of H. R. 1776, if any of our senators care to recall, was aid to Britain short-of-war. Now our fatalistic senators have paraphrased it, "including war."

History serves notice that in 1927 a combination of Colonel Lindbergh and "The Spirit of St. Louis" presented an unbeatable "WE." But "when war comes" the boys in the front trenches will find that the airplane that got them there is tuning up in a hanger back in the U.S.A. making pretty little speeches on how "we will win the war."

\$ Dollar Days \$

Wind Up Fromm's Winter Season

35c Hose - - 4 pair \$1.00

50c Hose - - 3 pair \$1.00

\$5.00 Schoble Hats, disc. - \$1.00

\$1.00 Ties - - 2 for \$1.00

\$1.65 Shirts - - each \$1.00

\$1.95 Pajamas - each \$1.00

\$5, \$6 Men's Shoes, each foot \$1.00

\$5 Women's Shoes, ea. foot \$1.00

Florsheim Shoes, Discount \$1.00

Sweaters, various styles - \$1.00

Suits, Topcoats, Finger-tip Coats, Sport Coats, Reversibles Have Been Drastically Reduced!—Our Loss—Your Gain

FROMM'S

114 E. College Ave.

Opp. Old Main