

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887. Published daily except Sunday and Monday during the regular college year by the students of The Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934 at the Post-office at State College, Pa., under the act of March 8, 1879.

Editor Ross Lehman '42 **Bus. and Adv. Mgr.** James McCaughey '42

Editorial and Business Office Downtown Office
Carnegie Hall 119-121 South Frazier St.
Phone 711 Phone 4372

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Saturday, February 7, 1942

The School Councils

Some campus student leader commented yesterday that there was "much ado about nothing" when a recent editorial was written on the school councils. We agree: that is, about the "nothing" phrase.

We contend that school councils are functioning like a rattling old Model T Ford that should be relegated to the junk heap. We say that this Model T Ford has not outlived its usefulness, that it can be reconditioned into a trim-looking vehicle. However, the vehicle now is a bunch of tin and a twisted frame.

We picked on the Liberal Arts Council as an example. That is unfortunate. It is no worse, and probably better than most school councils. The Liberal Arts Council president, William O. Meyers '42 honestly and sincerely has attempted to accomplish a well-rounded program this year. In fact, he has shown more evidence of a struggle to bring the council out of its doldrums than any other president of any school council, with the possible exception of the Agriculture School Council.

In defense of the Liberal Arts president, he has been the only president who has visited Dean Charles W. Stoddart and has been known by the dean. He has sought to institute new reforms and conditions in the Liberal Arts School. But, he has been stymied, just as other council presidents have been.

What is wrong with the council system? How did it collapse into the junk heap and become the weak sister of student government here at Penn State? Here are a few answers:

First, students who belong to the councils feel that they do not have important enough positions in student government, and it has been known that many of the councils, during the meetings, could never transact any official business because there were not enough members present to constitute a quorum.

These students are right, in one respect. School councils do not have an important position, as they now stand, in student government. But, on the other hand, this has been the fault of the council members. They attempt no reform; they see no evil because their eyes are closed; they pass no helpful legislation to improve school faculty and student relationships because they show no interest; and, like ducks in a mill pond, they swirl around in a never-ending rut. They are willing to shift the brunt of blame upon the council president.

What do school councils do? So far, all that they have shown is an empty hand. What purposes are they to fulfill? What improvements have they made and what obligations have they met? We would say none. We have seen none.

The school council, as a representative unit in All-College Cabinet, is needed. This is one medium in which all the problems of students in their curricula and student-faculty relations can be ironed out. However, the school councils have not acted as that iron; instead, they degenerated into a medium which has no expression, no plan, no purpose.

We call a challenge to these groups to show what they have done. We do not challenge the council presidents (they may deserve part of the blame), but we challenge the council members. The school, and the energy of the council itself—Show us your hands!



Knock 'Em Out

Sorority mumblings and mutterings reveal that a few of the past masters of the art have dragged out the old lead-pipes since Collegian's survey showed that 90 frosh (who intend to go) divided by 14 Greeks equals not a h--- of a good catch.

Patsy Vaughn, comely frosh, has advanced from the pinned to the engaged stage with Delt prexy, George Trimble, and Fred Clever and Elaine Cox are about here, there, and everywhere.

Please Remit

Campy's usual accuracy and brilliance in publishing "Bob Jeffrey, Phi Ep" didn't catch the boys napping. Bright and early next morn he received a very official-looking document from the aforementioned fraternity to the effect that his monthly residence remittance was now due and payable.

They Were Only Two Birds

In pursuit of their respective professions, Bob Galbraith and Bob Lane took a ride (get it) to the hot seat of Centre County but recently, the first to gouge grammar into the jailed, the second to feature the forlorn. While intent in their work, a conscientious guard took a periodic count of heads only to find to his horror—one missing.

Doors were barred, guns flashed, and searchers combed the place for the absent one. After what seemed like hours of confinement, one of the officials came through with the reminder that one of the boys had expired yesterday and they must have just forgotten to subtract one.

For Whom The Bells Toll

Handsome swain of the ROTC department, Charlie Prosser, has finally gone and done it after sampling all the local belles for a year or two. It took Dottie Wagner, Theta, who caught him first, to do the trick.

Further bits in the matrimonial line include Dick Peters of the Centre Daily Times (long may it rave) and Jean Fox, ex-prexy of A.O.P.I.

A La Leg Art

So we sit down for a quiet evening with the daily paper, open to the second page and what stares at us in all its glory but the shapely limbs of six of the smoothest coeds that ever graced a campus. We read on and lo and behold if they don't turn out to be our own Thespian cuties Betty Lyman, Doris Disney, Mim Zarman, Louella Boliski, Joyce Brown, and Mildred Johnson. Nice kickin' gals. If Public Information added a little more of this and a little less of "Penn State coaches hang around for years and years—we never throw 'em out," maybe we'd get somewhere in this wide, wide world.

A Toast

We present the following contribution—obviously far from our silly symphonies—but written in all sincerity and designed to provoke a bit of thought in the carefree collegiate: Come fill your glasses all you lads For four years now I've known you.

Let's drink to the one who's first to die Where e'er the four winds blow you.

Let's drink to those who won't come back, And again to those who do.

And another yet to old Penn State, Once more—you '42.

Don't think of the days that lie ahead— Of the war, and the Japs, and the Hun.

But dream of the days in '38 When we were first joined as one.

Think of Keps and Duke, and good old Mac, Damn Maggie Woods, and the rest.

You can bet that not all of us will be back, '42—it was one of the best!

So fill them up again you lads And raise your glasses high.

Let's drink to those of us that come back And break glasses for those that die.

Movie Celebrities Visit Alma Mater

(Continued from Page One)

partment made no pertinent remarks in the ensuing discussion, her name will be omitted. But she did have one helluva time doing her work and trying to catch the cracks flying back and forth.

At this point Professor Cloetingh made an entrance from the left, proceeded to the center of the stage, and greetings were exchanged all around. While the good professor was casting a variety of smiles in the direction of Penn State's dramatic products, another chair was rushed to the scene and we had a fifth for the bull session.

Entering the discussion wholeheartedly, the good professor told of his trip to Hollywood. The brothers expressed their regrets about not being in town at the time, and assured the good professor that he would have seen more had the boys served as guides—which the good professor did not doubt.

Phil leaned forward, looked seriously at the good professor, and asked him if he got to Afaska on that trip. Receiving an affirmative reply, Phil went on to ask the good professor's opinion of the theatre in Alaska. Keeping in step, the good professor quickly retorted, "What Theatre?"

The discussion buzzed around from alumni to Professor Neusbaum's interest in the feminine talent he has available, and finally settled in Westwood, Cal., the pride and joy, and incidentally the home, of the Hollywood visitors.

They'll be flying West Sunday, Phil explained, to end their 1941 vacation, which they had coming to them from last year. Maybe, he added, when they get there they'll start on their 1942 holiday.

New Course Offered

(Continued from Page One)

units, and use of compass in battle-field movements.

Soldier Without Arms and Manual of Arms. The object of this six-hour course is to prepare the student for his first phase of training in the service after induction. Lieut. R. C. Chervanik, instructor of the course, pointed out that the impression made upon one's instructor in this phase of training is a lasting one and is very instrumental in securing a rating later on.

All the pre-induction training courses under the STCD program are being organized by the department of military science and tactics.

University of California: Answering an urgent call from the Nursing Council on National Defense for 50,000 qualified students to enter schools of nursing, administrators have mapped out a plan which will speed up graduation of nurses by six months.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY

Freshman basketball game with Kisk, Rec Hall, 2 p. m.

Gymnastics meet with Princeton, Rec Hall, 7 p. m.

Varsity boxing with North Carolina, Rec Hall, 8:30 p. m.

TOMORROW

Bi-weekly meeting of the Meteorological Seminar will be held in Room 313, Mineral Industries Building at 3:30 p. m. Tea will be served and all who are interested are cordially invited.

Hillel Town Meeting will be held at the Foundation at 7:15 p. m. "What are Causes of War?" will be the subject of discussion. The League of Evangelical Students meets in 318 Old Main at 2 p. m.

Wesley Foundation Service, 9:30 a. m., Church School. Wesley Fellowship League meets at 8:30 p. m. Friendly Hour Service will be held at 8:30 p. m.

Important meeting of Pi Lambda Theta executive council in 244 Atherton Hall, 6:30 p. m.

Important Pi Lambda Theta business meeting, northwest lounge of Atherton Hall, 8:15 p. m.

Tuesday.

MONDAY

Future Farmers of America, 405 Old Main, 7:30 p. m.

Paper Donates Books For Courses

The Pittsburgh Press yesterday donated 500 copies of a condensed form of the official Red Cross first aid textbook and made possible completion of the first aid courses of the College's physical fitness program. Dr. Carl P. Schott, chairman of the physical fitness committee announced last night.

Because the texts, not purchasable and usually donated by the Red Cross, were not available in this district, the Press volunteered to print them free of charge for the College.

Bicksler '41 Wins Architecture Prize

The department of architecture has just received word that Mr. Charles S. Bicksler '41, graduate student, has been awarded the House Beautiful Prize of \$50 for the design of "A Business Man's Retreat" or week-end house.

The competition was sponsored by the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. Eighty-three students from all over the country competed for the prize. The winning design will be published in a Spring issue of House Beautiful.

The older a mother is the more likely she is to have twins, according to Census records. During 1940, mothers aged 20 to 24 bore most single children, and mothers aged 25 to 29 bore most twins.

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