

**THE DAILY COLLEGIAN**

"For A Better Penn State"

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Thursday, June 18, 1942

**The Roast Is On Again**

Light the fire, chef, here we go. Some of Penn State's finest—the boys in hats—are due for an awful let-down unless more individual interest is displayed by certain members. Naturally enough, this movement originates in one of the organizations in question. Recently, Druids were notified by phone of an important meeting. Only five men showed up. As a result, Druids have not yet been able to hold their Spring tapping.

Conscientious officials are much disturbed by the apathy and are doing all that they can possibly do to remedy the situation. Before new men are taken in it seems to us that certain conditions should be enforced.

At present the men picked for the select membership are usually the number one or two men in their sport. Some are satisfied with being "big men." They wear their keys, hang up their shingles, promenade their hats, and—that's all.

Unless a definite interest is shown in the work of the society it seems to us that it is not necessary to be restricted to the first two outstanding men. Why not get rid of the dead wood at the first gathering?

In line with this proposal it might be advisable to place in the hands of the president or some impartial observer the right to withhold keys until the end of the year.

We'll admit that this system, if adopted would postpone some of the glory of being a hat man, but it would undoubtedly provide the necessary incentive to be a worthy member.

**An Open Letter**

By now, it is generally agreed that the opening freshman mass meeting, which was held several weeks ago, was appropriate as a Sunday night meeting—but was not appropriate as a type of meeting that is best suited for the frosh who have just spent their first day at Penn State.

As a result, the opening meeting for next semester will not be scheduled for Sunday night. Instead, a typical pep rally will be substituted, and sponsored by All-College Cabinet on some night during the week.

The following letter from Dean A. R. Warnock to The Daily Collegian will clearly explain several questions concerning the first meeting on June 7:

"When it appeared that June freshmen could not fairly be asked to come to the campus before Sunday, June 7, the Freshman Week Committee reached two decisions. It decided that the program of this first meeting, because it would be on Sunday, would have to be somewhat different from the program of the welcome mass meeting ordinarily held on Wednesday night. It then decided to ask the Student Religious Council, representing the local churches and the Christian Association, to be in charge of the meeting and to prepare a program suitable to a Sunday meeting.

"It is the opinion of the Freshman Week Committee that the program prepared was in keeping with these decisions, though probably not the best type of program for an opening mass meeting. It is expected that it will be possible hereafter to schedule the opening meeting for some night other than Sunday. The committee, however, is grateful to the churches and the Christian Association for their cooperation in the June meeting."



**Lion Tales**

*Aw, Hell*

Hell broke lose in Mac Hall yesterday a. m. when Greek gals stormed, lines and smiles, on frosh women. Frantic lead piping rivaled that of a week ago when freshmen were pummelled into subservance. Typical scene (duplicating sig manure tactics) . . . telephone jangles on Mac 2nd north . . . a Greek from a well-know campus house answers, "Sorry, Mary's not here. Who's calling? Yes, I'll tell her. What sorority is that?" Receiver bangs. "Come on, Mary. Let's go to the Sandwich Shop."

*If Ya Wanna Know*

They're desperate, they told me so, The house will fold if I don't go. They clutter up my room with talk And trail me when I take a walk.

I'm flattered by so much attention, But here's something I should mention. The Thetas, ChiOs, and Alpha Chis Must give me up to the Gamma Phis.

*Town Talk*

Jimmy Kerr '42, alphasigmaphi, trekked back to his Alma Mamma last weekend with a diamond for Martha Riechley, ZTA. Jeanette Ginsberg and Stan Silverman, betasig, were united, etc. Jim Hartman, phisigmakappa, sojourned back to his Kappa sweetheart, Shirley Tetley. Marce Stringer took Ted Clauss and the town in tow. Paul Scally, SPE, and Beth Paine, DG, were old-timing it.

*Beware, Men*

In a room in the Home Ec Building, made unique by a five letter word on its door, the following conversation between several of our mature inter-session coeds was heard.

"Well, I for one don't plan to teach the rest of my life. And so I came to Summer school at Penn State . . ."

*Some Call It Music*

As a potential Rachnaminoff strumped the keys in "sound-proof" Carnegie Hall, over in Sparks Eddie Nichols cocked a critical ear and listened. "Oh," he said, "we have a fourth year student with us today."

*Velky Sholly*

So, Campy calls us an excuse. Well, Campy, we admit our error, beg forgiveness, et al, from the BMOG and the Kappa dolly . . . but not from you. 'Cause you're just sour-graping 'cause we scooped you in the freshman cuties.

**Campus Calendar**

**TODAY**

Players tryouts for "The Little Foxes," starting in 405 Old Main at 7:30 p. m. Students should sign list at Student Union.

Senior engineering lecture, Col. Guy C. Mills talks on the subject, "Opportunities for Engineers in the Army," 121 Sparks, 4:10 p. m.

**TOMORROW**

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**Murals Get Go-By**

(Time: Spring of 1942. Place: Board room of a large college in central Pennsylvania. A meeting of the Board of Trustees is in session. All members are board members; a few in good standing, others seated. Most of them wear paper hats in the shape of tall cones.)

Gentlemen! (3 socks from the gavel.) The next item for consideration is a rather unusual proposal. The three oncoming classes in college have voted to pledge their combined funds for the completion of the Land Grant Fresco project in Old Main. They want to have Henry Varnum Poor paint the rest of the walls around the balcony of the lobby as a triple class memorial, claiming that the success of the first mural proves that the project is worth completing. Their class funds will more than cover the cost of the painting.

(Pause: silent period of 31 seconds.) I was afraid that would come up some day. We ought to pass a rule against any more tampering with Old Main. It's too full of junk now.

Are you by any chance referring to that Land Grant what-you-ma-call-it?

Well, there's the president's portrait, too. (One half of Board): Most regrettable. (Other half of Board): It stinks.

(A Weak Voice): The art department thinks it's good. Let's not get too much art mixed up in this thing. We've got a practical problem to decided. What about painting them walls?

They've just been painted. What's the matter . . . (Hearty laughter.)

I wish you could see the mooral an Italian fellow painted in a church up near Scranton. It's really pretty, and everyone likes it.

How much'd it cost? Don't know exactly. Damn sight less than this Poor fellow got, though. Heh, heh—this Poor . . .

Forget it. Y'know we have a talented chap down at the plant that makes decorations out of linoleum—just cuts patterns and glues 'em on. He done a scene with palm trees . . .

Tain't Georgian. But it don't have to be palm trees.

I mean linoleum. It's alright on floors where you don't see it.

But what's Georgian about that Lincoln thing we have? All the Georges were dead before Lincoln came along. Besides, it's depressing.

Maybe we could use some nice Colonial wall paper in the balcony. We ought to play up this Colonial stuff; it's honest-to-gosh American, and that's what we want these days.

(Weak Voice): We aren't colonies any more, even if a lot of Englishmen think we are, still.

I object to that being in the minutes. After all . . . (Gavel again.) There are recent letters here from the Treasury Department's Division of Fine Arts in Washington, warmly commending the proposed continuation of Mr. Poor's murals.

Aha! He's a Democrat. That's probably why Roosevelt appointed him to the National Commission of Fine Arts. No wonder he made such a mess of Lincoln.

Well, the chandelier hides it some. We've got to put our foot down about removing that chandelier.

Yeh, it's Colonial, too. It used to look nice in front of that hole in the wall over the stairs. By golly, I wish that hole was there now.

Can't we tell those fellows we got a mural and maybe they would just as leave give something we don't have—like a bomb shelter?

(Weak Voice): It's not customary to reject class gifts without good reason.

Ridiculous. Are we Trustees, or are we merely trustees? It all goes to show 'tain't safe to allow kids to handle so much money. How much have they got?

About six thousand, end of this fiscal year; probably the same next . . .

Y'mean they ain't got all the money now?

Uh huh.

Well why didn't you say so in the first place? . . . Gentlemen: Among measures taken to guard against inflation in these perilous times, it is proposed to curtail installment buying. This proposal is nothing more than an easy payment scheme, and we cannot therefore condone it. I move that the students be informed that the Board cannot accept their plan for the completion of the Land Grant frescos.

(Weak Voice): You forgot to say the Board regrets that it cannot accept.

(The motion is so amended, and passed. The pointed hats nod in satisfied approval. A shadow drifts toward the door, as the ghost of the undone Old Main murals goes to join the ghost of the undone Library murals.)

**Father's Day**

June 21

For The Greatest

Guy In The World

+ Books

—All Kinds

+ Stationery

—Personal Monogram

+ Wallets &

+ Key Cases

—Genuine Leather

+ Pen & Pecnil Sets

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