



Too Warm for Girdles!

Staff Takes Busman's Holiday; Women Drive

Faloon Tells New Campus Sob Story; Can't Lick Stamps

Red-haired Drive Head Saves Vanilla Till Last

By ALICE R. FOX

"I wanna lick stamps," Rube M. Faloon, big man about campus and chairman of the Red Cross lick 'em for victory campaign, sobbed last night in an exclusive-to-the-Collegian interview.

With tears falling into the basket of bills on his desk and a catch in his voice, the most eligible bachelor who isn't one told the sad story of the Red Cross on campus.

"Cissel made the drawing of the Axis boys and we promised we'd cover it with Red Cross stickers and it's got to be covered and it isn't getting covered and if we don't cover it we'll look foolish and so people have to give more dollars so that we can lick more stamps," Rube explained.

A count of the bills in the basket revealed that the total at present is something like \$2,000. The counting, however, involved some trouble and eventually aid from the Collegian reporter, since Faloon, like ordinary people, has only 10 fingers.

"I have licked only 900 stamps," R.M.F. revealed dully, sticking out his tongue so we could see the blisters. "To get them covered I'll have to lick 1,000 more and I can't do it till people kick in with the extra money."

Thoroughly believing that no one could be unselfish enough to give so much time even to the Red Cross without getting anything out of it, the Collegian searched for an ulterior motive in the chairman's devotion to charity.

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11 O'CLOCK PICK-UPS

CAMPUS.—Phi Gamma Delta's High Command announced last night that surprise moves the last few Saturday nights on Beta Theta Phi's beer guzzlers put the Phi Gams on the offensive for the first time since the beginning of the battle in 1888.

CORNER ROOM.—Last night reports show more coed reconnaissance forces sweeping the Corner Room surveying the Army Air Corps situation. Communiques from the coed forces report hopes for marital victories rising.

DEAN RAY'S HEADQUARTERS.—Dean Charlotte E. Ray announced last night of a surprise attack on the Army Air Corps barracks 48, formerly the KDR house. Only gain reported was the capture of Commander Campbell's epaulets.

FROTH.—Enemy forces announced last night due to obsolete humor in all parody issues of Froth, Daily Collegian staff members will be asked to donate their services to the next issue.

Who Dis Man?



"It Seems to Us We've Seen This Face Before," but in cleaning out our files, we found this cut and can't decide who it is. Will the owner please call at the office?

'Oh Where, Oh Where Can Cissel's Dog Be? Echoes Over Campus

(Late Bulletin—It came back!)

"Has anyone seen my dawg?" Bill Cissel, former All-College champion party thrower on a small scale who has gone in for bigger things in the way of Dry Dock, again sent a frantic appeal in his Collegian communique last night for somebody, anybody, to let him know the whereabouts of his pet and star, a red Chow puppy.

If the dog doesn't return by Saturday, Dry Dock will carry on without her, but something will be lacking, the head stevedore of the campus amusement port assured us. Cissel revealed that he fears for the animal's sanity, explaining that she has been subject to fits of melancholia since the advent of meat rationing.

Although Dry Dock will still be what is known in the Pugh street vernacular as dry, the top boy said that this week's offering will not be so bone-dry as the last attempt since a new attraction in the way of soft drinks will be offered.

Staff Has Last Fling Before Service Calls Deplete Ranks; Few Toasts, Many Roasts

By JANE H. MURPHY, Editor This Issue

Today's issue of the Daily Collegian is more than a traditional women's issue. It's a busman's holiday for the entire staff.

It doesn't indicate, as it has in the past, that women have been held back, that they have been limited to writing for one page, or that they don't have the opportunities to act as daily managing or news editors. Changes made in the current semester have brought about a situation exactly suiting the desires of coeds all through Collegian history.

This issue is the last of one series and possibly the first of another. Bugle calls and service summons have put Collegian among the ranks of those that war has reversed so completely. Women will necessarily be editing the paper alone in the near future.

The staff put out a paper as usual. But they did it against all rules, regulations, and good natures of campuseers. Forgive them. It's a last fling before war really strikes the entire male staff down.

It was a joint fling. The gals gave the orders and wrote the big stories and the men printed what they've been kidding the women about these past months. They met coed leaders, interviewed woman directors, made fun of female actions and took everyone for a ride.

Few are the toasts and many the roasts, but today is All Fools' Day and the Daily Collegian staff ain't proud.

Lunceford Will Knock 'Em Dead At Ball, Sez Hicks & Swope

By RITA BELFONTE

Attention, music lovers!

Carl P. Swope, one of the star-studded actors who helped slit Walt Price's throat in one of the biggest shows this campus has ever seen, and Bob (no compensation) Hicks proudly present Jimmie Lunceford and his orch. in what they say is the last big dance of the year.

Jimmie Lunceford with his famous tempo de hep characterized by a dashing tail gate smudge pomp, smear swing out with stuff that is solid in the gutter or groove, 'tis said.

The famous Dixie Land Draftees will play music that will make listeners want to clap their hands wildly—against Lunceford's face.

Lunceford has played in such noteworthy spots as the Rio Dance Room in Atlas, Pa.; Joe's Jivin' Joint in Ramshankle, Kansas; and has even entertained at the Kappa Theta Omega formal initiation dance.

Swope and Hicks feel that having Lunceford here is one of the greatest steps forward that Penn State has made since coeds were given regular hours.

The co-chairmen invite all those who enjoy dancing to the tune of four dollars per to the affair. Those who can't dance are asked to attend the Penn State Club dancing classes (see page 4).

Ned's WSSF Drive Bursts Forth Today

By GLO WHYEL

April 1 marks the beginning of spring showers and also the beginning of a drive for showers of donations for the World Student Service Fund. Yeah, the PSCA's sponsoring this, too.

PSCA executive bored with G. B. Maxwell Stein holding the gavel, WSSF committee members and also Pete and Ned have been sitting on needles and pins waiting for the shell to explode so they could spout forth fast and furiously about the WSSF campaign. Plans and programs have been revised and rewritten for two months, and now the great day for fools has arrived.

Through the WSSF Fund, men in prison camps and students from bombed universities may keep digging in and continue their education. Examinations (those little books with blue covers) are donated from leading universities throughout Europe and England. All contributions will aid American boys, who were drafted while perusing knowledge, to get their degrees.

Ned said he wants all men (if that is what they are called) to buy red carnations in the Corner Room today for their favorite coeds. The red carnation is the symbol of the campaign, so rush to buy one and prove you are a loyal WSSF contributor.

MY DAY - - -

Told Foolishly by DEAN A. R. WARNOCK— To Sally Hirschberg

Since spring has blossomed forth on this campus I have done nothing but meet with a few friends and feel thoroughly twit-terpated. My, how time does fly—April 1 has actually arrived—hasn't it?

Today a very serious affair was brought to my attention. It concerns five young ladies who went to the Doggies. A very painful subject, this, as I am forced to decide upon their fate. I can see myself spending many sleepless nights while the pro battles the con in my mind. To set an example to other animal lovers—the culprits should be expelled. I do hope I come to the right decision.

After returning from an inspection tour of Engineering C, I found several adjutants waiting to discuss the latest problems concerning the pre-pre-pre flighters, newest influx on campus, you know. Do you remember the first lines of your theme song?

"Off we go into the wild blue yonder . . ." Charming, isn't it? I seem to hear that tune constantly. Must be spring fever. Must discuss this in "My Daily Half Colyum."

Solicited for Mrs. Hetzel's loan fund outside the Corner Room this afternoon.

At tea with Myrtle Ma Gargle, I reviewed the history of Centre Hall. I had a long discussion with Mr. Ebert concerning the big stink raised by one of his ground crews. What a day!

Army and Navy Exams Scheduled For Tomorrow

Navy V-1, V-7 Members Must Report for Orders

By LEE LEARNER

We don't think the Army and Navy will appreciate April Fool games, so this is the only news we're giving you straight, kids. Can you take it?

Army A-12 and Navy V-12 exams will be given in 121 Sparks for names from A-R, and in 109 Ag Building for names from R-Z, at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning, Robert E. Galbraith, FAWS, announced yesterday.

Admission will be by identification application blanks which are obtainable in 243 Sparks no later than 5 p.m. today.

Navy V-1, V-7

Only about 10 of the 50 men in Naval V-1 and V-7 programs have reported to 243 Sparks to get their orders for immediate action from the Navy Department, Galbraith also stated.

Those who do not pick up their orders this week will be subject to reprimand by Naval authorities if the blanks are not returned as ordered.

Army Air Corps

Thus far only 25 men have indicated their desire to apply for the Army Air Corps, but if the

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Get the Lowdown On Seniors' Dough

We're going to put you on the "in" about all this money that people have rumored is being dished out for senior class committees. Gee, kids, you've got to stop believing these dreadful, nasty rumors, that's all.

Wally "Cheerful" Murfit really made out. Big Stuff Faloon put him in charge of Caps and Gowns for the senior class. Not that he has any pull with the big shots or anything evil like that but \$70 is enough to pay anybody's house bill at the DU house. 'Course, there isn't any more DU house, so it's all o.k.

Harry "Creepy" Coleman is going to see that all seniors send invitations to all their fond relatives. That is a plenty tough job and for his efforts he will profit \$60 worth. But everything is all right about that, 'cause he's married and quite possibly prexy wanted to make sure the rent was paid. See, kids, everything is on the up and up just like in other years.

Now then there is the Lions Coat committee and their duty is to see that . . . Well, anyhow they have a big job ahead of them. Walt "Sexy" Gerson, Jerry "Victory Garden" Heisler, Richard "Ad Crazy" Marsh, James "Theta" Loughran, and Shirley "Tsk, Tsk" Tetley are just a few who will see that the \$100 given to that committee is used to best advantage.

'Please Let Me Lick The Last 1000,' Faloon Begs