

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1910. 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 3, 1879.

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

Chief Fool-In-Command Jane Murphski
Vice 2 Fool-In-Command J. M. Winterowitz
General Gester Sal Hirschbergillo
Major Clown H. Keefauvinski
Foolish Fledglings Alice Foxless,
Rita Bellefonte, Jane McChestnut, Peggy Gooder-
thau-thou, Serene As-a-Rose, Lee You-leu-er
Chief Censor Sorry-Just-an'haid
Subcensor Lash symse

Thursday, April 1 1943.

We Want Moitle

Chee kids, we can't let 'em do it to us. Spring comes to de borough at long last and de boids choip all over the place like mad. So what happens? Before I answer yer question I'm tellin' y'puse kids dat Collegian has jest got to do something reel radical about dis here ting der doin to Spring—we got make a big fat policy or something.

Now the question has to do wit all dis stuff dat's bein throwd around camps and spoilin de cool, sweet odors of spring.

It could be dat "don't-tread-on-me-Ebert" has had this goo spread around so us stoogents don't step on his "grass in de makin." If dis is de case then we surrender, dear, dear Mr. Ebert. Our sinuses is revoltin and not only dat . . . de stuff gets all over yer shoes.

Neverthehowever, if this here menace makes for bigger and better blades—who are we to complain? (but, chee, we got to bitch about something—we're the voice of the pimples, y'know).

We, Pauline Ivanhoe Woodpulp and Company, want some action, some cooperation or we'll blast the Grounds and Buildings wide open. Our ideer is to perfume the mess, if we got to have it, wit sweet moitle or wiolet odors, say fer a ferin-stance.

We have such a short time to brighten fer instance.

We have such a short time to brighten yer drab woids—(spoken wit a sob in de voice and tear in eye). We want to leave our Alma Mammy with the sweet odors of stale beer and the last issue of Froth lingering in our nostrils. So, what does this low Grounds and Buildings go and do, please? Ah, ha, they pull a fast one and fertilize. Welcome sweet spring time, it stays here. We wait for three months to welcome it and then de littlemen on the white wagons drive us out of this woid wit the smell.

Again, and inconclusion, I rave on in true Norristown Times Herald style—THEY CAN'T DO IT TO US. So there.

(Editor's Note: Boy, are we ever doity.)

—M. L. G.

College Needs Bath

What this College needs is a good bird bath. Now that the senior class gift is being considered, rumors around campus seem to indicate that our fine feathered friends, the heralders of spring, the birds, should have a place to nest and rest and bathe.

What would be a more beautiful sight (in the our fine feathered friends, the heralders of birds, singing happy little songs, around an enormous fountain? And what could be a more appropriate spot than in front of Old Main?

Besides that, many students, weary of the day's activities, could cool off by also jumping gayly into the bath with the birds. Now that the days of the car are put aside for a while, it seems only right that students be permitted some recreation. And a bird bath seems to be an answer to our problem.

Of course, to be centrally located, the bird bath would have to be in the same spot that the flag pole now occupies, so the flag pole will have to be removed. Now, the question arises, where shall we put the flag pole?

And like every question under the sun, even this one has an answer. Holmes Field, naturally! What a great difference it would make in that broad, barren expanse to have a flag pole situated right smack in the middle.

We propose that the Senior class give this year's profits to the boids what despoive it!

—R. M. B.

Call 5051

Ed. Note—Clever Classified 1-A, and left for the air corpse, consequently "Clever no longer comments." In a vain attempt to locate a few slugs to fill the ensuing cavity in this female folly, and with aid of several cohorts we dug up a few choice (?) ade-wanted items from the local moining joinal, verabtim.

Top rates, unlimited overtime—excellent working conditions; night shift; amuse George Pittenger while Ruthie Storer strives to keep up air corpse morale.

Chambermaid - Waitress - Cook - Houseworker, Nursemaid—inefficient; experienced; under 21; dependable; excellent salary; considerable treatment. Call Barracks 18.

Competent Engineer—to measure myriads of holes in socks sent by Wesley Nyborg, grad, to Ellen H. Richards Sock and Button Clinic—open only to eligible bachelors—so the gals don't havta count 'em.

Has Romance Failed to Knock At Your Door?—Apply Central Penna. Marriage Clinic, ask for Mable at Pi Kappa Phi. (Repeat by popular request.) Apply at own risk.

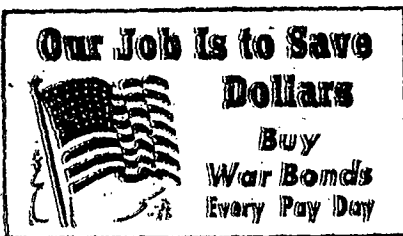
Wanted: Tonic or sufferers daring to read the following:

Springs come after Winter;
Springs come after mattresses;
Springs come down mountains;
Ah! Springs!

Wanted: Experienced roofers; Saturday night; Armory; clean up after Cissel and the gang get outa Dry Dock.

Adding machine wanted: Tabulate calls the Chi O's'll undoubtedly get after their latest brawl with the Kappa Sigs last night.

Few grains eau de cologne needed to counteract Spring breezes gracing the campus.
—Helen Keefauver.



IMPRINTED STATIONERY
MADE TO ORDER

\$1.25

New Styles—New Colors

SERVICE STATIONERY

FOR ALL BRANCHES
OFFICIAL INSIGNIA

—Trade At—

KEELERS
Cathaum Theatre Bldg.

• OPEN EVENINGS •

Dancing Class 'Drags' On

By JANE MCCHESENEY

The Penn State Club will hold its dancing class in Prexy Hetzel's living room from 7 to 9 p.m. Saturday, according to Sam Sideburns Koval, publicity chairman.

The president decreed that this worthwhile organization should really carry on instruction in style. Lessons in the shag, tango, two-step, lindy hop, waltz, wrestling, boxing, swimming and ju-jitsu will be given by Carl Shot and Marie Hate.

Food and coeds will be served during intermission. Miss Charlotte E. Ray has been asked to lead the jitterbugging and music will be supplied by the Sunny Aristocratic Owls with solos by Prof. Fishburn who will hum.

Statistics show that one person out of 500 has learned to do the box-step by merely stepping over a box. After soliciting aid of the coeds for the last mpth, the club has agreed to pay everyone who will come this weekend.

Incidentally those who learn how to dance can go to Junior-Senior Ball April 9. Remember there are always Curtiss-Wright Cadettes.

Campus Calendar

TODAY

College Senate meets at the Corner Room to discuss final exams and the Army Air Corps.

Grange meeting, 405 Old Main, 7 a.m. New members are invited to bring refreshments.

Interfraternity Council meeting at the Ratskellar, 10 a.m.-12:30 p.m.

PSCA will hold a special meeting at 1 a.m. in the bell tower of Old Main. Bring your date.

All-College Dating Bureau will hold a rat race for the Air Cadets, 5 to 5:30 p.m., Old Main.

Hillel Round Table discussion, 4:15 p.m. Please bring square pegs.

TOMORROW

Outing Club will hold a Co-rec overnight hike. Will leave White Hall at 2 p.m. and proceed to the golf course.

At The Movies

CATHAUM—
"Air Force"
STATE—
"Hit Parade of 1943"
NITANY—
"Casablanca"

Us, The Hour-less Men

By EDITOR WOODPULP

Every once in a while we men get pushed to the back page, usually about once a semester. But today being a certain day on the first of a certain month, honoring a certain type of individual, we have decided to let that class of humans have their fling on the first pages, while we are cramped back here with the ads. All right, so we don't have ads.

This "We, the Men" is to bitch about men's hours. We're not going to fill this with the usual tripe about "Get on the ball, gurlies, and do something," but we're just going to bitch.

In the first place, the College has placed no restrictions whatsoever on our hours. We can crawl into bed any hour of the night or morning without suspicion. If we get a black mark it's only because we didn't see the door in the dark. We can sneak out without sneaking when we feel like it and run down to the diner. Their closing hours are our only form of regulation.

But we're going in the services soon, so we want to be regulated. The coeds won't have much more time to enjoy our presence, so we want to be told to get in like they are. It'll make them feel better knowing that they have companions penned in at the same time they are. Besides, look how it will improve our health, especially since juniors and seniors are fatigued after taking their weekly three hours of compulsory phys ed.

Just think, we wouldn't get loose

to be little devils when we have to move from fraternities, and the town rulers wouldn't have to tear their hair out because we put lights, meters and signs on the blink.

Telephone operators would get more sleep, since that business of doing homework over the telephone all evening would have to stop at 10 o'clock. The diners, too, could justify their early closing.

But result of all results would be a better moral behavior. Men students would have to deliver town girls back to their homes before ten, in order to get home in time themselves. And this would probably eliminate many of the problems the deans have on their hands concerning the coeds getting in trouble.

Oops, one thing is wrong with that. Who's going to regulate the ensigns?

LETTERS TO EDITOR

Dear Sir:

This has got to stop! I've taken a straw vote and found that it doesn't happen to anyone but me—and I'm about fed up.

I'm referring, of course, to this set-up whereby I get four Daily Collegians delivered to my door every morning. Impossible, you say? Not a bit of it! It's been going on all semester and I can't take it any more.

To begin with, I haven't even subscribed for one. The print's too small and it takes too long to unravel the typographical errors. Your columnists are too profound, and your editorials too heartbreaking.

If I got only one paper—I'd feel no compunction about throwing it away or giving it to the kid downstairs to make ammunition for his tin soldiers. But four copies of the darn thing! In view of the paper shortage I haven't the nerve to throw all of them out.

So I'm saving them. There are roughly about 200 of them piled up in my bathtub now. Two hundred papers—that's 800 pages of newspaper—that's 4,000 columns—that's—oh, well—it's just plain murder, I say.

Have a heart, bud. Either sober up your delivery boys—or quit printing the rag.

And, in the meantime—how about sending out a boy scout, or a freshman candidate, to cart away the collection in my bathtub? I want to wash out some stockings.

Yours,
Disgruntled.

Dates with La Vie

Ya know this here yearbook which Harry "come on, kids, have your pitchurs took" Coleman puts out? Well, he wants another batch of you to come down to Ye Olde Photo Shoppe today at all sorts of queer times when you have a million other things to do.

Freshman Council	5:00 p.m.
PSCA Council	5:15
Mortar Board	5:15
Thespians	5:15
Masquerettes	6:30
Blue Key	6:45
Portfolio	7:00
Friars	7:15
Druids	7:30
Skull and Bones	7:45
Interclass Finance Committee	8:00
Lions' Club	8:15

Harry ought to remember us with some committee appointments for printing this.