

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Saturday Morning, May 1, 1943

(Editor's Note: This is the last editorial of the editor's college career. It winds up a semester of editorials all aimed to fulfill the Collegian's policy. "For A Better Penn State.")

R.I.P.—Paul Woodland

To Thy Memory

"Where the vale of old Mount Nittany,
Meets the Eastern sky
Proudly stands our Alma Mater,
On her hilltop high."

Those were the words which stirred us when we first set bewildered feet on Penn State. They were the words which made us feel that here was more than grass and buildings. That was our first thinking—that night when all we green frosh got together and sang and cheered the Lion. That night we lost that lonely, strange feeling and took one step into what lies behind Penn State.

We wore our customs, our green bows. We tipped our dinks when a bully yelled "Button." And we were the culprits who threw the eggs at the "toe-nail biting" hatmen, yet looking to the day when we could be hatmen.

We felt then that our turn to attend the big dances would be a long way off. We swapped stories with our classmates going through Hell Week; we took our share of orders from the upperclassmen—all the while complaining about it, never stopping to think what we were going through, or how we'd regard it later.

And so we went on through college, later turning the tables on the frosh. We went out for activities, aiming for the top spot; working for one thing, attaining it, then seeking further heights.

Now we're going to leave Penn State. We're going to leave behind those Old Main chimes, the willow tree, that view up the mall, the fraternity, the pals from all corners of the state, the wet dance weekends, the football games, Penn weekend, the fast step of the Blue Band, frosh hazings, pep rally bonfires, the heated political campaigns, gossip about pinnings, Penn State bull sessions—even the fraternity brawl.

It won't be long now. Less than two weeks to make all the things count which we never appreciated before. Less than two weeks to absorb as much of Penn State as we can—two weeks to walk around campus and dig up all those memories of what seems like yesterday.

Penn State is where we put the best years of our lives. Penn State. That's the place where some of us had the chance to work our way to an education; where there were jobs for those who needed them; where the fellow working his way through college was admired, not frowned on; where the students had a strong voice in what the college did and thus prepared for life through many means not in books.

Soon we too will stroll across the stage, get a diploma in one hand, a handshake in the other, while all sorts of emotions grip us inside as we try to grasp what it is we're leaving.

And as we ride down the highway from Penn State for the last time and see that tower gracing the sky as it fades from view, perhaps we'll think of the chorus of that song we learned when we were wearing green—just yesterday.

"Flag we love, Blue and White!
Float for aye, Old Penn State, o'er thee.
May thy sons be leal and loyal
To thy memory."



Lion Tales

By M. J. WINTER

Everybody seems to have heard that this is the last week of publication before Uncle Sammy really takes a crack at the ratio, so we won't go into that. At this point people seem to be getting their final kicks in with the campus strewn with nature-lovers. Maybe Grounds and Buildings thought of that when they distributed the subtle signs hereabouts.

What a Life

Romance has finally taken a turn for the better, it seems, with local yokels getting tied down before the great exodus. Morton Hocks and Sylvia Milberg, sdt, tied the old knot recently . . . 'tis rumored that lady-killer Hank Yeagley, phidelt, will settle down for good when he and Gladys Beck, kappa, take the vows May 8 . . . Al Crabtree, teke, will take himself a wife—Phyllis Watkins, dg—two hours before he gets his sheepskin. That's really timing it . . . Doris Dunkle, whose engagement was announced recently, wants it known who the lucky man is—Richard F. Markel '43 . . . Bill Brown, thetachi, gave Mickey White a hunk of rock . . . and Jane Cron is also flashing a diamond from her home-town love . . . Then, in the lesser leagues, there are a few pinnings to report. Seems like The Cub and associates have slipped up on one job for a long time, but better late than not at all—Bill Fortman, delt, and Sally Myers, kappa, held out on us for a long time . . . Collegian business manager Phil Mitchell continued his big-time operations when he pinned Alice Miller not so long ago . . . Other hardware exchanges of late include Harry White, phidelt—Muriel Bogardus, kappa . . . Ray Brodie, phiep—Muriel Klorman . . . Alex Taylor, deltachi—June Daniels, kappa . . . Herbert Hasson, phisigmadelta—Cecil Henchel, sdt . . . Howie Schwartz, phisigmadelta—Nancy Sobleman, aephi . . . Bill Sick, thetakappaphi—Peggy Weaver, kappa (the kappas really are making out) . . . Thespian stooge Bill Reutti, phigan—Anne Hardwick, dg . . . Lib Winner has an alphadelta pin from Wesleyan via the Air Corps . . . and Gerald B. Maxwell Stein, phisigmadelta, planted his jewelry on a Curtiss-Wright cadette, Sylvia Morganstern . . . Anne Radle and Gordon Fiske of Players are acting off-stage, too, we hear.

Here and There

Members of the armed forces seem to be drifting into town again—they just can't keep away from the old place. Helen Schmeltz is planning to do her bit for morale building when Jimmy Leyden, former Thespian song writer and BMOG, arrives May 5 in his Air Corps zoot suit . . . Former Judicial chairman, women's editor of this rag, etc., Jeanne Stiles is back for the weekend in uniform, too—ensign in the WAVES . . . Fellow columnist Chervenak commented on the fact yesterday that some profs are inciting women's debate squads. If it isn't true, don't blame him; the makeup man just left out a few necessary lines of type. Blame it on the gremlins . . . The Air Corps boys, to say nothing of regular students, seem to be enjoying the warm weather, especially when the sun's out and coeds take to sun bathing. Have you seen all the neat tans around already? . . . All wolves and wolfesses ought to have a hep time tonight at the Backstage Canteen in the Armory . . . Well, kids, this has been the last bit of drivel a lot of you will be reading. The Cub doesn't believe in getting sentimental, but good luck and all that stuff. And don't think it isn't going to be queer around here from now on.

—The Cub

Just Sentimental

There was a story about a man who, having been bitten by a mad dog and having contracted hydrophobia, called his lawyer to his hospital bed. The lawyer asked if his client wished to make out his last will and testament.

"No," replied the patient, "I just want to make out a list of people I want to bite."

Spending these last few days at Penn State, we began to feel the same way although not having hydrophobia.

Our biting list included only one class of people—all who from the broad aspect disapprove of Penn State.

Sorry—just sentimental.

—R.D.S.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY

El Circulo Espanol will celebrate its last meeting this semester in the form of a party in Grange Playroom, 8:30 to 12:00 tonight. There will be dancing, games and refreshments. All members and guests are invited to attend.

At The Movies

CATHAUM—
"Slightly Dangerous"
STATE—
"White Savage"
NITTANY—
"Unknown Man"

We Ask Your Cooperation to Speed War-time Telephone Service

America's war-time demands for Long Distance telephone calls are tremendous.

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With copper and other metals and materials drafted for the duration, additional circuits cannot be built to handle the load. We must make the most of the facilities we have.

So we must ask everyone to keep Long Distance calls as BRIEF as possible.

Call Washington, Norfolk, Detroit and other war activity centers *only* if your call concerns the war or is otherwise urgent.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PENNSYLVANIA

We asked for it and brother, we got it!

The March issue of *The Penn State Engineer* featured an article in which three of the lads took a few mean digs at the coeds. Some of the girls took it to heart and prepared two sizzling replies, in which they analyzed Penn State men.

Read these articles in the May issue of *The Penn State Engineer*, on sale Wednesday, May 5, at the Corner, Yongel's, Kaye's Korner and Student Union.