

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, October 1, 1943

Finals Muddle

With the attention of faculty and students suddenly directed last week to the approaching final examinations situation came the field day for the wild rumors which seem almost a corollary to each semester's end. Despite efforts of the College Scheduling Office to make clear its attitude on the subject, inability or unwillingness to accept the exam schedule as it stands has resulted in wholesale switching.

Most unaccountable among the various interpretations is that October 11 is the starting point for underclass finals. As a result of this assumption, some students find themselves with as many as four or five tests several days before their examination week is supposed to begin. The fact that many of these students are enrolled in senior courses is a partial explanation.

In cases where the two-hour test-taking will not interfere with regular class meetings, there is no objection to underclassmen's taking the examination with seniors. However, the Scheduling Office has ruled that no student may be excused from a class, that where such conflict exists the professor should arrange a second examination.

Then there is the perfectly understandable desire of both students and professors to round out the semester's work as quickly as possible, which has caused a few non-senior courses, particularly in the "by appointment" category, to jump the gun. This early disposal no doubt provides a happy situation for all except those unfortunates who must face a line-up of exams, a full class schedule, and a minimum of study time.

The final confusing factor can be attributed to the uncertain status of the Collegian's limited examinations plan. Its fate now rests with the College Senate; its passage is still a possibility, though it seems unlikely that Senate will endorse a last-minute change in policy.

Obviously the main reason for such confusion lies in the tendency of people to rely upon what they hear rather than upon what they can see printed on the schedule. It seems equally clear that any further attempt to improve on the efforts of those in charge of preparing the program can only aggravate the already unpleasant situation.

What About Entertainment?

Penn State Variety Shows of this past summer have set a high level of planning and cooperation that many other campus activities would find hard to beat, even if they tried. The concerted effort of the dramatics department, extra-curricular students' organizations, such as Players and Thespians, and servicemen combined to produce weekend entertainment that State College on a war basis so sadly lacks.

Working against such obstacles as lack of time and money, and Army and Navy curfews, a small but loyal nucleus stuck together to recruit talent and whip it into shape for the bi-monthly Variety Show that students and servicemen alike came to look forward to on Saturday nights and Sunday afternoons.

But if the social calendar for the weekends of the coming winter is to be filled adequately, we cannot rely on the Variety Shows alone.

The servicemen's constant complaint of, "What is there to do in State College on Saturday and Sunday?" is a problem deserving coordinated action on the part of all the campus groups. It would seem obvious that a central planning committee made up of faculty, students and service groups is in order if Penn State is to offer anything besides Saturday movies in the way of weekend entertainment. And it would also seem obvious that the initiation of such a committee lies in the hands of student govern-

The CAMPUSEER

BOB KIMMEL

Penn State won't be without a cheering section at the game tomorrow in Chapel Hill if plans of some of the boys from here now in the various branches of the service aren't upset. We've heard from at least three fellows who wrote that their companies are planning to attend in a body if they can get permission. There will be 70 or 80 from Elon College from the Air Corps, a whole flock from Fort Bragg, and lots more from several other posts in that section of the state where Penn Staters are training. In a way, it seems fortunate that North Carolina should have been the team added to the schedule for there isn't any other game that would have provided the same opportunity for the alumni.

More From The South . . .

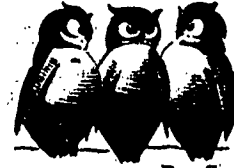
In *Time* the other week we were reading about the new course given naval flyers near Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and the article mentioned the Craighead twins, Penn Staters, as instructors. They're ensigns now, and have another book under their belt. The course in which they are teaching is one to help the flyers to live in the woods if they are forced down over uninhabited territory. Their new volume is appropriately called "Living Off The Land and Sea." The twins, Frank and John, spent nine months in India several years ago as the guest of a maharajah, who invited them after he had read their book on falconry. Their sister, Jean Craighead, was here then, and she told us some tall tales that they had written her about life in a palace in India. Beats the Arabian Nights' all hollow.

Casualty

If you weren't paying attention to the cheerleaders during the first half of the game last Saturday, you missed the cause of that gust of laughter that swept the stands. One of the rah rah boys threw his arm out of joint when he ended a "Fight," and promptly collapsed on the ground in front of Doc Griess, who didn't have too much trouble, apparently, in repairing the damage, for the guy was up and pitching again in a couple of minutes. But it did look funny from the stands, for it was enacted in the best manner of the football players themselves.

Body, Body, Who's Got . . .

Bill Emmons is again preparing for a villainous part in a Players' show, this time in "Arsenic and Old Lace." Bill doesn't believe in practicing at rehearsal and then dropping the role until the next night. He lives them. After the last show in which he and Dolinger were the dastards, the effects took some time to wear out, for two weeks later they were in the library one night going back



And Having Writ,
Moves On . . .

By Serene F. Rosenberg

For about two years we've watched with a mixture of boredom and skeptical amusement while various Collegian column writers from Dave Samuels through Milt Dolinger and Fred Clever right to M. J. Winter and Bob Kimmel ran around the office once a week pleading with their comrades to please give out with some campus news items. It's been part of the fun, laughing while they fumed, but like lots of childhood joys now gone, it has about-faced and now it seems almost tragic. We realize too late what those others must have suffered.

'Tis Rumored

If the rumor is true, a lot of coeds stayed away from the grid till with Bucknell unnecessarily last week. Word somehow spread around, as word somehow has a way of doing, that coeds who were dating servicemen would not be able to sit with their dates at the game. Rumor somehow was wrong. AA books presented at gates are all the credential necessary to sit with the uniformed dates, instead of in a dorm room alone and bitter.

There Are Two Sides

Another little fact about servicemen and football games that seems to have gotten lost in the shuffle of pro and con argument concerning the \$1.10 admission charged the College's uniformed proteges is this. Servicemen with visiting poppas and mommas, other miscellaneous relatives or girl friends, can purchase tickets for them at the same half price they themselves pay. The half price idea is one that is being used by colleges over the nation and this little sidelight should make for happier students all around.

Once Upon A Time

It happened in a sociology class when the good professor took roll. "Miss Belfonti," he called and a voice from the back of the room mumbled, "Here." The nice man finished checking his class attendance and began to ask for a verbal response from his students. "Miss Belfonti" he queried. There was an awkward silence and then a voice from the back of the room, "Well we tried anyway."

Busy Saturday Night

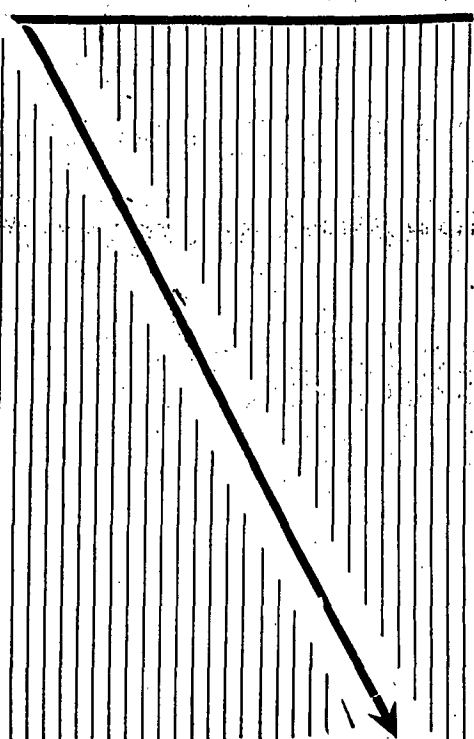
Then there's the case of the bemoaning frosh, bemoaning because he couldn't get a date. A helpful upperclassman before offering assistance, asked the frosh just what the trouble seemed to be. "It's like this," responded the sad boy. "If I ask a girl if she's busy Saturday night, well, it puts her in a bad position if she says no. But if I should get a girl who will hang position and admit she isn't doing anything—well—what kind of a spot does it leave me in if I admit that I don't have anything to do either." Aid to the frosh will reach the bewildered boy if sent to this column.

'Auld Lang Syne'

Campus "oldees" can mark out another page in their reminiscence this week when they note that at future elections they will vote not Campus or Independent or even free lance as they did at the last election, but rather they will cast ballots as either Lion or Key. Any maybe clique lineups as they stand at present won't seem confusing to old timers who voted straight Campus since way back when. Campaigning should take on a new significance at the very least.

and forth in the big-reading-room collect the most bodies. The girls, in that quaint lock step master playing the part of a couple of dear old ladies, do all right for and stooge used in the show with themselves without leaving their leers and sneers on their pans. house, right next to a cemetery, In this one, Emmons is a junior in Flatbush. With Doc on the fiend and is engaged in a murder stage, there ought to be enough sweepstake with Doc Dougherty laughs to send you slightly silly, and Janet Dayton to see who can This is one we won't miss.

This Weekend . . .



The Corner
unusual

The
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of
STATE COLLEGE

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Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation