

# Campuseer

By BOB KIMMEL

The "Will We Or Won't We" Club got off to an early start last week when Serene Rosenberg brought up the oldie about finals this semester. To put the matter straight, as far as it can be straightened, we refer to Faculty Bulletin number 2, volume 27, published on March 14 of this year. On page two of this issue there is a paragraph reporting a section of a meeting of the College Senate held March 9. We quote:

"Dr. Tanger, as chairman of the Committee on Calendar, brought to the attention of the Senate that it might be well early in this semester to consider whether the action taken whereby eighth semester seniors were not, at the end of the fall semester, held for final examinations should be adopted for the current semester. The secretary read the action adopted on January 6 for the fall semester, and the Senate, on motion of Dr. Tanger, voted that graduating seniors be excused from scheduled final examinations in order that a complete list of candidates for degrees could be included on the Thursday, June 22, commencement program."

And here, dear friends, is the official version as we know it. It might be well to take heed and not count on that final grade to bring up the average in order to sneak through a couple of courses.

## In the Spring

Just this week it struck us that even with the constant plugging demanded by the accelerated program, there are still a lot of the light-hearted things around for us who are privileged to be here at Penn State in war time. Or any time, as far as that goes. Coming off the golf course, we happened to look around and saw some people going by on horseback. There were others waiting to drive off at the first tee, and lots of tennis players made a shifting pattern in the bright sunlight in the distance. Over to one side, the lacrosse team and the soccer players were colorful against the green in their bright red and blue and yellow jerseys. It prodded our sluggish mind into thinking about the many good things we do here. Of course, for the perpetual bitch artist, there is something lacking. We don't have any polo.

## The Muse

This is the season of the year when the seniors start to hit the beer. Six more weeks, the end's in sight, of carefree days, familiar sights. With the benefits of acceleration there are no terminal examinations, leaving the departing free for that final farewell spree. This is a bit of doggerel we dressed up the other night when we had a tough time getting to sleep. We had thought it might run on for a few more verses, but Morpheus descended on us with his legions and we haven't been able to recapture the mess since. Any contributions?

## Again In the Spring

Nora Banton, and her boyfriend went for a walk last Sunday, with the idea of spending a pleasant afternoon in the newly-green country-side. Somewhere near Boalsburg, they spotted a little glade, cool and enticing, but beyond a small stream, where they thought they might rest and consume the light repast with which they had provided themselves. In order to cross the stream, they took off their shoes and waded. Along about the middle of the brook, Nora dropped one of her shoes and in a twinkling, it was out of sight. The boyfriend set out in search of it, but didn't find it. Coming back, he told the waiting Nora that there was only one way to find it.

She dropped the other one, then, and it too, disappeared. The boyfriend walked home barefoot.

Dean Warnock has organized a faculty luncheon club, which meets weekly Monday noon in the State College Hotel.

## Railroad Stamp



With this new postage stamp, Uncle Sam pays tribute to the first transcontinental railroad built by the Central Pacific and Union Pacific lines and opened in 1869. First day sale of stamps will be at Omaha, Neb., San Francisco and Ogden, Utah, all important junctions on the early roads.

# Buzzing The Field

with Roger

**THE LAST FLIGHT** - - - It is a common occurrence these days to walk by fraternity houses that formerly lodged Air Force and A STP trainees but that are now locked and shuttered. They recall the many squadrons of air cadets and companies of engineers that used to cover the campus. But now the many are few and growing fewer. And that is one thing which Spring, 1944, means to Penn State.

**IN ORDINARY TIMES** Spring means a lot of things. It means nature's annual renaissance, always the same, yet always new; it means baseball games in the vacant lot; it means more walks and less study, the net result of that dreamy-lazy-restless feeling you always get when the first warm weather comes. At Penn State it also means coeds on Holmes Field decked out in those blue jobbies, or Apollo worshippers out on the grass soaking up a new complexion.

But these times are far from ordinary, so this year spring is something more vital. Even before we entered the war, spring meant new offensives, and therefore its approach was regarded with fear by those who were defending freedom's citadels. This year it is our enemies who cringe with the advent of cloudless nights and sunny days on the Channel. With us, fear has been replaced by a new confidence and a new resolve.

Spring this year has a special meaning for "us." By the time this

issue of the Collegian is being read, some of us will be moving into the deep South, on our way to pre-flight. By the time another spring rolls around we will as bombardiers, navigators, and pilots, be heading overseas, where all our training will meet the test.

We've tried to do this swan song with a modicum of eye wash. But we close with this thought that came to us during the week. There is a stretch of road on our daily march to the campus known as "route step alley." These days it is like a ravine, with leafy branches arching overhead and a riot of color. We wonder how many more springs must pass, by before the peace which such scenes convey will be a reality.

# Penn Statements

By SERENE ROSENBERG

Have you ever wondered what it's like to be a telephone operator in a girls' dormitory? An unwritten code of ethics kept yesterday's daytime operator from revealing the pet peeves, tricks, or quirks of parties on the other end of her line, but the person behind the voice was able to convey a general idea of switchboard operating in Atherton Hall.

"As you might expect there are lots more long distance calls now than before the war, especially calls coming in collect," the brown-haired, brown-eyed Operator X explained. "In fact," she continued, smiling, "sometimes there seem to be almost as many calls from California and Texas as there are local ones."

Operator X admitted to an occasional laugh on the person trying to get through to her line. The other night one young man kept trying and trying to get a certain number in Atherton. The line to this room was busy each time. Finally he said, "Look, operator, I'm not a millionaire, but I've spent a fortune already." The young man had been putting his call through from a pay station. In cases like this, when a room number is repeatedly busy and the party is calling from a pay station, the operators usually tell them to hold the line. This is, of course, only when the lines are not already very busy.

Surprisingly enough, the operators are just as busy now as in pre-war men-in-abundance times. In the old days, there were so many calls coming through that it often took boys calling from town about three hours to get their party. Now these same calls are placed more easily, leaving, however, just as much work for switchboard controllers.

Operator X confided that she would rather work on long distance calls exclusively. "It's thrilling to put a call through for someone, say in New York. Then you find this person has already left New York and is on his way west. You can trace him clear across the country, often to California, finally reaching him in something like ten or fifteen minutes."

When asked if the phone at the desk in Atherton ever resulted in any funny experiences, Operator X shook her head, smiled, and said, "No, not funny experiences."

## Shrinking Violets - - -

There seems to be a dearth of short story writers on campus if

the results of the Theta Sigma Phi Portfolio contest returns are any indication. The deadline for budding O. Henrys and Hemingways has been extended to May 20 and all modest geniuses still have about two weeks to make "mama" proud.

# Campus Calendar

## Today

Regular Weekly Services, Hillel Foundation, 7:30 p.m.

## Tomorrow

Lutheran Student Association, Overnight hike to Christian Association cabin, Lutheran Church 2 p.m.

IMA and IWA Dance, Armory, 8-12 p.m.  
Nittany Co-op Annex, Open House, 8 p.m.

## Sunday

Enlisted Men's Movie, 121 Sparks, 1:45 p.m.  
Open House for Civilian and Enlisted Personnel, 304, 305, 401 Old Main, 4-5 p.m.

Classical Music Concert, 305 Old Main, 4-5 p.m.  
Wesley Foundation, Free Recreation Dinner, 5 p.m.  
Roger Williams Club Dinner, University Baptist Church, 5:30 p.m.

Westminster Foundation Worship Program, 6:30 p.m.  
Lutheran Student Association Worship Service, 6:30 p.m.

## Monday

Freshman Council Cabinet Meeting, 304 Old Main, 6:30 p.m.  
Forum Council Mixer, 304 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.

Westminster Foundation Bulletin Board

Now that spring has come why not make Sunday a day of joyous worship and spiritual refreshment?

Student Department 9:30 A.M.  
Westminster Fellowship 6:20 P.M.

Dr. G. E. Simpson will speak on "The Problem of Race Relationships"

Only Seven More Sundays Before Commencement! "CARPE DIEM"

## Tuesday

Golf Club, White Hall, 7:15 p.m.  
Pan-Hellenic Meeting, Dean of Women's Office, 7 p.m.  
Tennis Club, Courts, 7:15 p.m.

## Wednesday

Archery Club, White Hall, 6:30 p.m.  
Badminton Club, White Hall, 7 p.m.

Ag Student Council Meeting, 318 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.

## Thursday

Outing Club, Write Hall, 7:30 p.m.  
Newman Club Meeting, Rectorry of Church, 7:15 p.m.

What Do You Think? . . . When asked recently by one of his students what he'd rather do, teach or work, a college prof, without batting an eyelash, answered promptly, "Teach."

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