

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, July 21, 1944

The Student's Chance

There has been in action for the past year at the College a committee to study Liberal Arts education in the postwar period. Undertaken at a time when the importance of a Liberal Arts education in relation to the total program of the College was being seriously challenged throughout the country, Dean Stoddart appointed a faculty committee of five members under the chairmanship of Professor G. E. Simpson to study the problem and slate various suggestions for reorganization which would be brought before the faculty meetings for open discussion.

During the year the committee met weekly. Research was undertaken on the various proposals placed before them. They have studied the required courses for Lower Division; attempted to see if a feasible plan could be introduced whereby the related departments of the Liberal Arts school could be made to work in closer cooperation. They have studied the plan of a four-quarter year, under which both students and faculty would have a quarter off a year. The comprehensive examination plan has been looked into in which students are examined after their own preparation. New courses and new teaching methods were examined.

Several procedures have been used by the committee to obtain data. It has written to other colleges exchanging proposals with them for postwar reorganization, and a list of 21 universities was drawn up to be used for studying the required subjects of their Liberal Arts school. In an effort to tap the faculty for ideas a letter was sent to members of the Liberal Arts school for suggestions concerning post war education.

Faculty members have been consulted and other institutions used as a basis of studying the practical application of a great many of the proposals. Only one thing is wrong. The students, the men and women who will be most directly affected by the action of the committee, have not been consulted.

In organizing the committee, provision was not made for student members because it was felt that a great many of the problems dealing with the faculty and administration was of little interest to the student body as a whole. This does not mean that at a time when the students of Penn State have their chance to participate in planning the future curricula and organization of the college, that that opportunity should be left unchallenged.

Here is the student's opportunity to take a direct part in planning for the Liberal Arts school of the post war period. You have all had your gripes about required courses, about our grading system, about a three semester year. This is your chance to do some intelligent planning for the Penn State of the future.

The question of just how a student committee will function will come up. The freshmen mass meetings have shown the practicability of getting the students together to work cooperatively. A similar mass meeting of all Liberal Arts students could be convened for the purpose of drawing up various suggestions. These suggestions could then be slated in the form of a report and submitted for approval to the faculty committee. In this way the student committee will be able to give expression to its ideas on the reorganization of its school.

The point is that the men and women of Penn State have their chance now to participate directly in the reorganization of their school. This is your opportunity. Make the most of it.

—R. K. C.

A Freshman Coed Says . . .

They call me a freshman so I have to observe certain rules. For example, they tell me I can't say more than "Hello" to a fellow. I can't understand that. Are they trying to estrange the most naturally complementary things on earth? Are they trying to make Psychology 416 look like a waste of time? Are they trying to upset the equilibrium of humanity? Are they trying to frustrate me? Well, let them try. My mama told me to be nice to men and wolves, though I haven't yet been able to distinguish between the two.

And another thing, I have to limit my phone conversations to five minutes which is absolutely ridiculous because by me five minutes is just a warm-up period and who can be satisfied with that?

I wear a green bow ribbon on the back of my head to signify my plebe standing. It's so big that I have to wear an anchor in a strong wind to keep it from flying away.

The upperclassmen are so worn out from studying and dissipation at some place they call the Skellar, that we freshmen have to open the doors for them, and rise when they enter the room so that in case they topple we are ready to catch them.

Dorm life is fun. My roommate and I have pasted luminous stars on the ceiling to create atmosphere. Some wag said pink elephants would have created a more appropriate atmosphere, but she suffered rapid expulsion from our sanctuary. The phone is down the hall and was put there for a psychological purpose. After madly dashing one hundred feet to use phone booth you kinda get short on breath and it's oh-so-good to answer the phone and let him think he's made you "breathless."

There is a period of one-half hour in the evening that is called Noisy Hour, but as far as I'm concerned Noisy Hour is from 7:00 o'clock in the morning to 2:00 o'clock the next morning. There's never a silent or dull moment. Always the door is flying open and someone barges in for your nail file or your linen or some of your precious Tabu.

There's a lot of places to go in this town, I've heard. So far, I've only been to the movies and, judging from the cheering and rah-rahing when the cartoon flashes on, I surmise the intelligentia has a movie appreciation different from that of the frosh. I went to see Home In Indiana, but everyone else paid their 50c to see Bugs Bunny.

It's great life, this college is, great life. It's the silver lining in my cloud. I'm called a freshman now and if this school is as progressive as they say it is I'll be fresh and then I'll be a man!

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner
unusual

U.S. MARINES * * * * *

TEACHES GOONEY BIRDS TO FLY!

THE GOONEY BIRD, FOUND ONLY ON MIDWAY ISLAND, MUST BE TAUGHT TO FLY BY ITS PARENTS. CAPT. PETER WANGER, MARINE AVIATOR, TAUGHT GOONEY "ORPHANS" TO TAKE TO THE AIR... USING THE AIRSTREAM FROM A DIVE BOMBER.

"HE FED 'EM"

"PEEP!"

"HE FANNED HIS ARMS—MADE FUNNY NOISES"

"TAILSPIN!"

WILLEYS—USMC

A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:
I must confess that I do not understand either the people up here or the life they lead. I have been sharing that life with them while trying to hide my identity as the ghost of a Roman politico. But I'll be damned if I can appreciate their ideas—especially those relating to sports.

You remember how we used to spend Sunday afternoons in Rome. We would go down to the Colosseum and watch a few poor devils get thrown to the lions, or a couple of gladiators try to disembowel each other. We used to go to the chariot races and later get together in Antony's back room and play seven card stud. This was proper, intelligent recreation. But the characters around here! Phooey!

They play golf. Golf is really a simple game. It is played with a large number of expensive club-like sticks that are used to beat the living daylight out of a small white ball. The object of the game is to hit the ball as far away as possible with one of the clubs, then to walk over to where the ball is and hit it again.

You would think these golfers would have the good sense not to hit the ball so far, since they have to walk after it, but no, they are dissatisfied with anything less than a mile hike after each swing. To add to the enjoyment of chasing the balls, they carry on their backs large bags filled with more clubs, shovels, pick-axes, divining rods, and bloodhounds used to locate lost balls.

Many old golfers, while loudly proclaiming their excellent physical condition as a result of years of golfing, find it necessary to hire small boys to carry the golf bags. These small boys or "daddies" as they are called, also serve as inanimate objects for the golfers to swear at after a bad shot.

The golf course is made up of eighteen large stretches of turf known as holes, cunningly prepared with quicksand pits, booby-traps, and poison ivy. These holes are laid out in a complete circle so that one must play all the way around a golf course to get where he has just come from.

Last Sunday I went out to the golf links to watch the fun. Several

characters were watching a young man tee off from the first hole. He carefully addressed the ball, took a terrific swing at it, and missed completely. Undaunted the young man again faced the ball, swung the club, and missed. Then looking a little embarrassed he turned to his scornful audience. "Tough course," he remarked.

At other golf links after finishing a round the player subtracts ten strokes from his score card, collects his bets, and sits down at the "nineteenth hole" where he lies to his cronies about the shots he made and consumes large quantities of bootleg gin. This is perhaps the only justification for the game of golf. Nevertheless, with great foresight the golf links of Penn State was limited to eighteen holes.

In the mail this week there were a great many letters asking for my expert Advice to the Love-lorn.

Dear Miss Cassius,
I am in love with a freshman boy, but he is not allowed to date me. What shall I do?
Anxious

Dear Anxious,
Go see a psychiatrist. Anybody that loves a freshman is crazy. Perhaps you had better take the pledge and live the good life. This terrible disease may yet pass away.

Ma Cassius

Dear Miss Cassius,
My boyfriend comes to my house and sits on the sofa until very late. How can I get rid of him earlier?
Sleepy

Dear Sleepy,
Untangle yourself and go up to sleep. He will get bored and go home.

Cassie

By the way, Brutus, I have been reading Chinese philosophy and I have come across some remarkably good sense:
"A woman is like a gong, useless unless beaten," and "The only two edged instrument that grows sharper with constant usage is a woman's tongue."

Your pal,
Cassius

P. S. how about lending me the five bucks? You can deduct it from your income tax.