

THE COLLEGIAN

"For a Better Penn State"

Established, 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1945

Post-war Expansion

The first step in the postwar advancement of the College was taken last week when Governor Edward Martin recommended an \$8,000,000 building appropriation for state educational institutions in his budget message to the General Assembly in Harrisburg.

Although the College will not receive the entire amount if the bill is passed by the state legislature, the proposal shows that the administration realizes that the College must increase its facilities if it intends to advance in the educational field.

The College is in need of numerous improvements and additions. The surprising increase in the coed enrollment has created a serious shortage of dormitory accommodations. Then too, scientific research work has been curtailed because of inadequate facilities. These are but a few of the "musts" on the postwar building list.

Other colleges and universities are now making plans for postwar expansion. For example, Temple University in Philadelphia hopes to spend between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000 for new buildings and general improvements after the war. Temple officials predict that the university's enrollment will be doubled.

Prior to this country's entrance into the war, Penn State's facilities were taxed to the limit. The enrollment figure reached the 7,000 mark and dormitory reservations were filled weeks in advance. It was almost impossible for the College to expand unless immediate improvements were made.

Then came the war. Slowly the enrollment dropped at first. But soon military conscription cut the registration total in half. Now the College is going through a period of hopeful waiting—hopeful that it will be able to get enough funds to increase its facilities, and waiting for the day when it once more will rank with the top institutions of the land in enrollment.

The same situation existed following World War I in 1918. After merely existing during the course of the war, the College burst forth with its largest enrollment in decades after the armistice was signed.

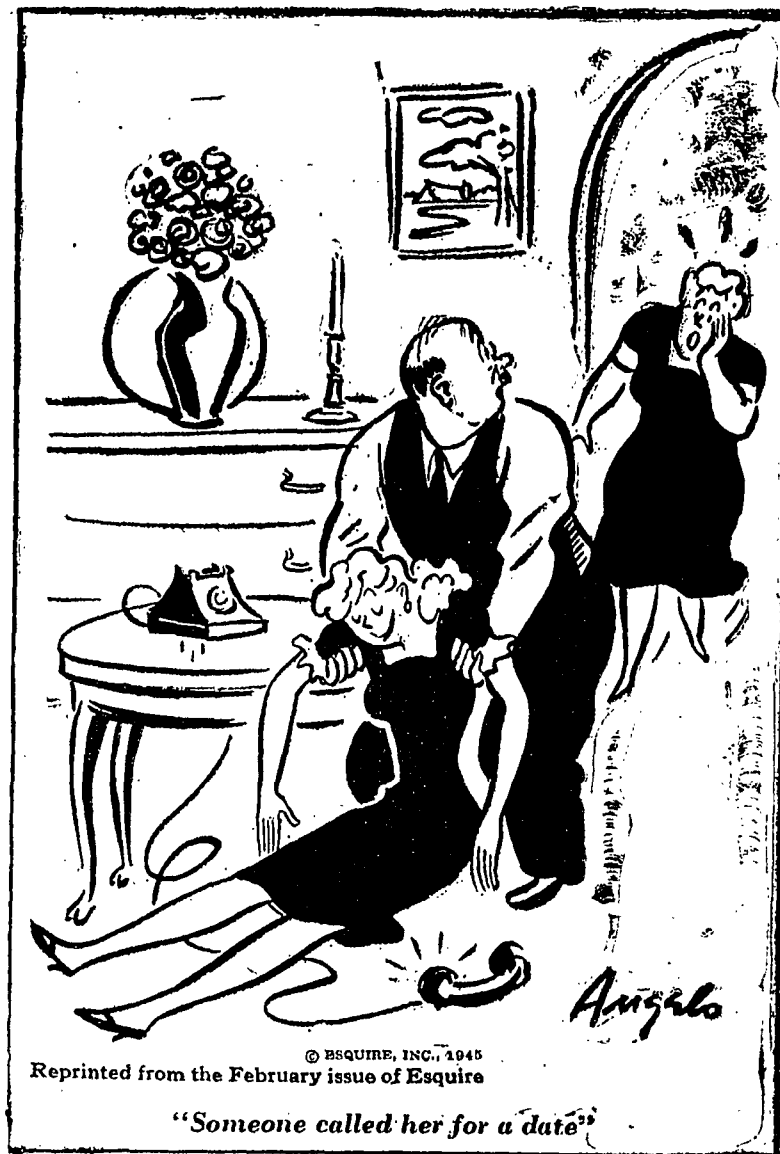
Penn State continued to grow until the middle 30's when its enrollment hit a plateau. For a number of years conditions remained the same. Then in 1938 Governor Earle, with the help of PWA funds amounting to \$5,000,000, built 11 new buildings on the campus. Almost overnight the enrollment increased and two years later the registration included 7,260 students—an all-time high at the College.

Shortly afterwards World War II set the globe on fire, and the thought of college slipped from the minds of many prospective students. They fought for their country or bought war bonds instead of getting up for an eight o'clock or cutting class on Saturday.

Some day the present conflict will come to an end. Once again the men and women of this state will return to their books. President Ralph D. Hetzel has faith in this belief, that is why he expects the College to have a resident student body of from 12 to 15 thousand within the next 15 years.

To even attempt such an increase would be impossible if the facilities of the College are not augmented as soon as the peace is signed. The suggestion by Governor Martin to set aside \$8,000,000 for post-war building is the first real move in that direction. If the College receives at least one-fourth of the appropriation, it may be able to meet the challenge of the future with the help of building bonds.

—VJD



Reprinted from the February issue of Esquire

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

There has been a definite lull on campus this week, the aftermath of the very successful Winter Ball and the very intensive rushing season . . .

Queen of the Ball

For anybody that doesn't know, Kappa Shirley Painter, a very striking brunette, was elected queen by the couples attending the ball. She was awarded a beautiful bracelet by the V-12ers, and each and every contestant received a \$25 War Bond.

Quite a number of professors and townspeople were seen dancing Sattidy night. Among them were Prof. and Mrs. Frank Gullo, Dr. and Mrs. Lester Guest, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Graham (of Graham's A. C. where the athletes meet), and Mr. and Mrs. Kaye of Kaye's Korner . . .

Rings on Their Fingers

While Maniac was busy printing names of couples going to Winter Ball, engagements piled up rapidly. Penn State coeds did right well for themselves in the last two weeks . . . AOPi Louise Umberger is engaged to A/S Lloyd "Thumper" Berkeley, Alpha chi sig and former Tribunal head . . . Francine Steinberg is engaged to Pvt. Irwin Ruth, now at Scott Field, Ill. . . Alpha chi Ruth Kauffman is now Charlie Reeder's fiancée . . . He is an SPE alum . . . AEPi alum Lorraine Bank is engaged to Cpl. Alan Nathanson, who visited here last weekend . . .

Theta Phi Alpha Jeanne Jordan is unofficially engaged until a sparkler arrives via the mails

from Aviation Machinist Mate 2/c Jimmie Nolan, hometown boy . . . Three Phi Mu's have all become engaged recently . . . Fern Dillon to David Keck, alum . . . Lois McCool to Ben Clauser . . . Marcia Conroe to Coyt Hunter, former V-12er here . . . Coyt was familiar on campus for the pet squirrel, he carried around on his shoulder . . . Delta gam Jane Campbell is engaged to Richard McIntyre, an officer with Pan-American Airlines . . .

Hardware Dept.

Among the ranks of the pinned are Chio Marie Schanbacher to Phi Delt Wally Schaeffer . . . AEPi Ruth Hanstein wears Lt. (j.g.) Jim Wormes pin . . . He visited last week . . . AOPi Mary Laudenslager is pinned to Pvt. Fred Haas, a former Lambda Chi from Muhlenberg . . .

Carolyn Lerch is wearing Johnny Dibeler's pin . . .

Joe Golembeski, phi sigma kappa alum, trekked up to see his fiance Chio Mary Glenn . . . Cpl. Stan Eisman, beta sig alum, came to see AEPi Sidney Friedman . . . AOPi's Janie Wyckoff, Betty Bratton, and Dottie Fillet were up . . . Dorothy Hartman, now a Seaman 1/c in the Waves, was visiting . . . Dottie's now at Boston . . . Alpha chi alum Kay Hibbard is coming this week . . . Stan Speaker, recent All-College prexy, and phi sigma kappa, came to see Chio Laura Jean Davis . . . Stan leaves for the Naval Air Corps January 29 . . .

Alpha Chi Sig Ray Shibli, a brand new ensign in the Merchant Marine, came up to see Ellie Kline

A Lean And Hungry Look

I am going to declare war upon the Centre County Retail Liquor and Beer Dealers Association, Inc.

It must sound a bit presumptuous that one so young and fair should dare to tangle with the affiliated merchant princes of moonshine. But when a cause is just or a maiden in peril I am a veritable fiend on the war-path.

My brief against the tiger-juice tycoons is simple: they are acting in restraint of drinking. This in itself is considered by many a male or female old maid, a public service. And they are right. But when the Bourbons of the booze business line their pockets while serving the people's cause, it smacks of avarice.

The villainy to which I refer may appear as mere coincidence to the naive. If such is the case, I apologize in advance to the gin for gold association, and mutter stubbornly, "I am not naive."

The coincidence, as the foggiest sot will testify, is that in each and every oasis affiliated with the Centre County Retail Liquor and Beer Dealers Association, Inc. ten cents in coin of the realm will buy exactly six fluid ounces of beer.

Now this in itself does not seem to be an abomination. But when the fact is brought out that in neighboring counties of this Commonwealth a dime will entitle the bearer to from eight to twelve ounces of the same brew, the coincidence takes on a new aspect.

It is far from my gentle nature to cast unsupported accusations, so let us just suppose—

Just suppose a proprietor, Shorte Beere by name, lying on the floor of his establishment thinking of how to make more money to buy his toots that pair of fuschia garters she has been nagging him about. Suddenly there comes the blinding flash of inspiration. "Eureka," he cries, "I will serve beer in smaller glasses at the same stipend I now extract, and I shall be rich."

Then a black cloud appears in the shining sky of his exultation. What if his customers, disgusted with his petty larceny, patronize his rival across the street. Waving away this cloud with another inspiration, he sets out for the meeting of the retailers association. "Boys," he whispers, "lets all make some mulah. If every one of us uses six ounce glasses the suckers will have to take them." The motion is quickly passed, and Shorte Beere becomes the new president of the organization—

I for one, would not be startled to hear of a bunch of suckers getting together and allowing every empty beer glass to break on the floor, explaining to the bartender "these glasses are so small, you can't get a grip on them." After a little while the Centre County Retail Liquor and Beer Dealers Association, Inc., will either get the idea or get out the brick-bats.

—CASSIUS

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner
unusual

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

JOIN the MARCH of DIMES

JANUARY 14-31