

## THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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## Growing Pains

In 1941 Penn State's enrollment totalled more than 7,000. Why, in 1945, can the College not accommodate its 5,000 students?

At present, due to the scarcity of rooms, many ex-servicemen are living on the fourth floor of Old Main, while coeds are sleeping three to a double room in the Tri-Dorms. And yet, the College enrollment is 2,000 less than four years ago.

Many answers have been offered to this question, most of them inadequate. During the war many families moved into State College . . . For example, 145 Navy families. While these people were moving in, due to wartime restrictions, no new buildings were erected to take care of them AND the increased College enrollment. All of the fraternity houses are not yet open, including those used now by the ASTP and NROTC units.

Families in State College have been extremely helpful by renting their spare rooms to students. However, not all is rosy . . . one X-GI and his wife pay \$10 a week for a single room.

Miss Charlotte E. Ray, dean of women, insists that the housing situation for coeds is not serious, nor is it any different from past semesters. Each year the College registers more girls than it can house, expecting many last-minute cancellations. And that policy is providing true this semester, as the girls are quickly being moved from triples in the Tri-Dorms to empties in the other dormitories.

However, the situation is different with the men students. The College does not accept complete responsibility for the men, and therefore, when a man registers at State, it is partly up to him to provide his own housing. The men who are now sleeping in Old Main knew when they came to State that the housing situation was serious, but they wanted to come so badly they didn't care.

But the College cannot be entirely unsympathetic with this problem . . . nor has it been. Thirty-eight veterans are housed in a College operated dormitory which was formerly the Theta Nu Epsilon house. The trailer camp being erected on the east campus will house some 90 veterans and their families.

By December 1, the College promises every Penn State student will be properly housed. Even then, the housing will be only temporary. As soon as it is physically possible, the College must begin to build new and permanent dormitories, because the increased enrollment this semester is only the beginning. As more men are released from the armed forces, the enrollment will continue to mount.

The present poor housing situation is only the first of the College's growing pains . . . but it pinches, especially to the men who have waited so long to come to State . . . and not to the fourth floor of Old Main.

## Penn Statements

By Peggie Weaver

Greetings frosh, ex-Servicemen, and all you other people who are still with us. Did you bring your tent or are you one of the lucky ones with a bed to sleep in and a place to hang your hat. With beds in Old Main, Rec Hall, and a trailer camp in the offing it looks as though State College faces a housing shortage to rival Washington at its peak. There's a war over, you know.

### Frosh Bewilderment

At first glance the frosh seem to be lost in the mob. But even a smaller name card doesn't change that look. A bewildered green dinked frosh sadly stood by Old Main gazing at the clock. Finally taking the bull by the horns he approached an austere senior and meekly asked whether he could please tell him if it was Tuesday or Wednesday. That's all right, frosh—a little agitation and we'll have calendars installed on the campus.

### No Flirting, Boys

Mac Hall is blossoming out with white table cloths and dishes no less. Sort of miss screaming over the banging of navy trays though. The new waiters are strictly business since they were implicitly instructed that the management frowned on flirting with the coeds. So if your smiles bring blank stares, you'll know you haven't lost your appeal.

### A Skunk Slept Here

The AKPI's are still recovering from an odor familiar to State collegetees with a sensitive olfactory system. It seems the usual dog tangled with the usual skunk but Fido, too proud to dry off in the air, slept before the air vent of the furnace in the AKPI cellar while the fumes delicately perfumed the house.

### The Voice With a Smile

Collegian Staff was much amused Sunday night by a pert telephone operator who was having difficulty in connecting the office with the outside world. First she thought the phone was out of order and then she was sure we just weren't answering. She even cut in on a call to tell us all about it and then cut off our call in a moment of exasperation. And maybe we weren't exasperated.

We hope you'll like getting your Collegian twice a week. It should result in more time news, and who knows, maybe another semester will see the old daily back at the Student Union desk.

## Old Mania

By Barbara Ingraham

Hi Frosh. It's good to see your green bows and dinks decorating the campus again. Mostly for your information this is a dirt column—pinning, engagements, marriages, depinnings, visits and stuff. Any time you've got an item for Maniac just drop a line to the Collegian office or call 28 Atherton.

There should be lots of gossip coming up now that the ratio is no longer one-half man of every three coeds. The faculty was just as amazed as anyone. One prof just stood in his office saying over and over, "Amazing, we're registering men again this semester."

Highlight of between semester social activity was the engagement of Collegian Editor Woodene Bell to Air Corps Cpl. Blair Cochran now off for occupation duty. Also on the spoken for list is Doye Pachelbel. Charlie Harmon, former air cadet on campus and leader of the Air Corp Band gave her the ring.

Aletheia Guttman is wearing Ira Kristel's phisig jewelry. His fraternity brother Alan Potasch said good-bye to Helene Bierman last semester when he left campus to enter the V-5 program.

Seen around town were S/Sgt. and Mrs. Ken Hunter. She was Angie Place, a Home Ec. Student. PiKA Jack Neilson now an army private was up to see Lynette Lundquist.

Kappa pledge Dee Kikta and former SPA president and Collegian Editor Vic Danilov are no longer pinned. Vic is doing graduate work in journalism at Northwestern University.

While looking through old Collegians for hints on how this column used to be run, Maniac found this poem.

"The worst thing about the end of the summer  
Is returning to Penn State sod,  
Where the Kappas speak only to the Thetas  
And the Thetas speak only to God."  
—Maniac.

## Faculty Limelight

By KAY KRELL

Two College history professors and a former member of the department were elected to offices in the Pennsylvania Historical Association at its annual meeting held recently in Harrisburg. Dr. Asa Martin was elected to the council and Dr. J. P. Selsam was re-elected first vice-president . . . Samuel Bayard, instructor in English Composition, presented a paper on Pennsylvania folklore at the Historical Association meeting.

Four members of the College faculty, Victor Beed, Henry S. Brunner, S. W. Fletcher, and M. R. Trabue, have been named to the permanent advisory committee of the Pennsylvania Conservation Laboratory for Teachers. The following committee has been appointed by President Hetzel to study possibilities of establishing a conservation workshop for teachers at the College: Dr. Trabue, chairman, Dr. Brunner, Rose M. Cologne, George Free, H. G. Pyle, and Edward Steidle.

Miss Evelyn Hensel, assistant librarian, has been appointed a member of the Decimal Classification Committee of the Lake Placid Club Education Foundation, which publishes "Decimal

Classification", most widely used system for the classification of books and related materials . . . Charles F. LeeDecker, assistant executive secretary of the Institute of Local Government, is serving as editor of "The Authority", official quarterly magazine of the Pennsylvania Municipal Authorities.

Eugenia Gravatt Kimmel, research assistant at the Institute of Local Government, has prepared a 25-page report on "Fire Protection Outside Municipal Boundaries in Pennsylvania". The report, a study of fire protection practices in Pennsylvania municipalities with between 5,000 and 25,000 population, may be obtained at the Institute office, Sparks Building, for one dollar.

## A Lean and Hungry Look

October 25, 1945

Dear Buddy:

After three years of uncertainty, living in fox holes, and Army red tape I am going to spend my next four years in the quietness and fastness of the Nittany Valley. My battlefield dreams of a peaceful, restful, and comfortable life are at last going to come true.

Cassius

October 26, 1945

Dear Buddy:

I arrived in State College this morning and am now waiting in line to see Mr. Galbraith, the veterans advisor, about a few minor details such as getting a room, registering, and obtaining my books.

Cassius

October 27, 1945

. . . I am still waiting in line.

October 28, 1945

. . . The line is starting to move.

October 29, 1945

. . . It's the men's room.

October 30, 1945

Dear Buddy:

After straightening things out with Mr. Galbraith I went to "choose" my room. As I was strolling down the Mall, an average Penn State coed grounded me with a flying tackle, put her foot on my chest and screamed, "He's mine, he's mine."

I gathered my teeth from the dirt, straightened my nose, and asked her, "Whatever made you come to Penn State?"

She smiled bashfully and replied, "I overslept the morning I was supposed to enroll at Temple."

Leaving her to her fate I optimistically set about to find a room with atmosphere, a private bath, and maid service.

Upon knocking upon the 2314th front door, the landlady said she

had a cot for me if I wouldn't mind climbing a few stairs.

After kissing her hand and lapping her face like a puppy, I started the ascent. Twenty-two minutes and 14 seconds later I had to give up because of lack of oxygen.

Following my climb into the stratosphere I happened to be walking down fraternity row when the pavement gave way and I found myself at the bottom of a tank trap. (This is rushing week.)

I was rescued by a PiKA pledge, the same one who has a telescope in his room aimed at the Delta Chi house. I paid my ten cents, looked, and left.

Giving up all hopes of finding a room, I dug myself a fox hole in front of Old Main, and crawled in for the night.

Cassius

October 31, 1945

Dear Buddy:

I walked into my advisor's office to plan my schedule. The first thing he asked me was if I had a time table.

"East or west bound?" I inquired.

He then suggested a course, Soc 919, "How to treat civilians who read books on how to treat ex-servicemen."

My advisor, being a kind and softhearted old gent, gave me 29 credits with 55 hours. He said that he didn't want to burden me as this was my first semester at school.

I went to the Corner Room to meet some coeds. I decided to employ the same technique we used in France. I waved a chocolate bar until it melted. These Penn State girls are particular; one with almonds did the trick.

Cassius

November 6, 1945

Dear Buddy:

I finally found a room in an attic. I wouldn't say that it is too far from the campus, but the cost of commuting daily from Altoona does add up. The young lady who owns the house had a sign out in front, "BORED AND ROOM."

Cassius

