

# No More Politics

Collegian took a beating all during the recent political campaign. The Independent-Nittany party thought we didn't like them, so they didn't like us. The Key party thought we didn't like them, so they didn't like us. Pretty soon even us didn't like us.

So Collegian has decided upon a new political policy. No longer will we "besmirch campus politics," no longer will we accuse political parties of graft, no longer will we attack party platforms. No, Collegian will leave campus politics alone. (If you believe this, you are crazier than we are.)

Collegian has decided that there are more important things to slam on campus than politics. Besides, elections are over anyway.

Leaves us turn to the Independent Student Committee and their Bunny Flop. They are going to have 20 booths for fraternities, and 10 for independents. Obviously, this is unfair. Instead of just 20 booths for fraternities, they should all be for fraternities. That's what IFC did for their pledge dance.

# Mystery Solved

Long ago, half forgotten in the dim and misty past, a crime occurred on the campus of our beloved college. It was not so much of a crime as it was a national institution. Some people may disagree with this point of view. But we do not.

The other day we read of a case where a murder was solved after an eight year investigation. That gives us two more years to take care of this unfinished stuff. Collegian has taken up the torch of truth and is determined to get to the bottom of this foul mystery. We shall not fail.

Dupee, as his friends called him, was a good Joe. People used to come up to him on the street and say, "Hello, Dupee. You're a good JJo." This is unvarnished fact.

Dupee, as his friends called him, was a hot man in the PSCA? People used to come up to him on the street and say to him, (Betcha you can't guess what they said to him.) It was, "Dupee, you're a good Joe, but how come you ain't been over to Hillel lately?"

Roger was a real pal. You've seen how people used to always come up to him on the street and say, "Well, after his murder people didn't do this any more. It had become increasingly more difficult to get a word out of the old boy."

This, however, was not his fault. He had been sworn to secrecy by the campus cops, not to divulge a word to anyone about anything because they hadn't figured out yet just which one of the 3500 or so women who had so foully used him was responsible for his death.

Now that all these women are gone, it is safe to reveal that the final licks, the last damaging blows, were inflicted by none other than, Cowslip Dream Sue . . . star milk giver at the college barns.

This gives rise to the suspicion that dirty work was afoot. It was a hot night as they went walking down the Mall. And as Dupee, as his friends called him bent over to extract a glass of fresh milk, Cowslip, thinking him a bit too forward, stepped on his head, thus bringing to a close the most promising career on campus.

We print this only in the interest of other young and promising male students who may, now that the weather is turning warmer, feel tempted to trip a gawotte or two across the green with a fair fresh maiden. Beware the sad end of Roger Dupree Dumont, and protect your head when you lean over.

## THE COLLEGIAN

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Monday, April 1, 1946

# A Sweet and Gentle Look

Everything is fine in the Nittany Valley today. Happy students are joyfully wending their way to classes. Birds are singing the beautiful carols of Spring. Grass is bursting from the frozen bond of earth where cruel Winter has held it for long and wretched months. Even the little lambs are gamboling on the greensward, frisking their cute little tails in the air.

Daffodils nod their lovely yellow heads in the sweet zephyrs that caress the campus with soft and silent fingers.

All is peace and quiet dignity and drowsiness. Nowhere is there strife for one to rave about. Politics is wonderful, Pifford Cladmans is wonderful, registration is wonderful, even the Bullosopher is wonderful today.

All the Little Thetta's are sweet and innocent today. All the little fraternity boys are faultless gentlemen. All the little waitresses in the Corner Room come running to serve one.

But I shall not take it upon myself to criticize anyone today. For in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what he's been working on all year, and I am content. This is it; the time when mayhem stalks abroad in the guise of love. The time of weakness and delicious yielding among the verdant night-grasses of Hort Woods.

This is the time of campus pa-

trolmen carrying flashlights and breaking up my little games there in the darkness of the golfcourse. (After all, gentlemen, every one is entitled to a little after-dinner entertainment. Why be such old fuddy duddies?)

See how nice I just was to the campus cops? I didn't even call them any nasty names. Boy, Spring is an awfully dull season. I'm calming down to a swift crawl. Never more shall I lash out at anyone or anything on campus. For the last time I have let fall my specially sharpened axe upon the innocent necks of chance victims. Finally it has come to this.

I am finished. The wiles and charms of Spring, coupled with the enticing smile of a maiden fair, have drained dry my vitriolic pen and left me flat and harmless. This is the end.

(This is also the most gigantic mess of borscht yet written. Aprille Foole, Kiddies!)

# Penn Statements

By JAMES WILLBURST

Now that "rushing" is a thing of the past, there is a remarkable change in the appearance of sorority women. (Have you ever seen them look so healthy, run around in such a spritely-manner, or converse in such stimulating tones. We hear that Hepsibah Shtunk, down at the Showa Betta Thign house, was so rested and rarin' to go, after she bade her last coke date a fond farewell, that she cantered up to the track and rushed around it three times.

Then too there's the rushee who liked all the coke dates, bridge games, and parties so much that she decided not to join a sorority. She figured she'd rather be rushed again next season.

### Bow Wow

Speaking of liking things, we know of a campaign manager who operated during the recent elections free-for-all. Now, that it's all over, he is bored and discontented. No more hand-shaking, no more kissing pretty babies—his life is at a stand-still. At present, he's considering ideas for a new campaign just so that he can get back into the swing of things. On the top of his list of bright suggestions is election of the "canine cuttie of State College." Now he's learning to bark so that he'll be able to speak the language of the people.

A girl we know isn't quite up on her athletics or else she's under the influence of golfen enthusiasts. At any rate, she frequently can be heard bragging in the Corner Room or some other likely spot

about her ability to bowl under 100.

### In Spring

With the weather warm and the flowers beginning to take a peak, students seem to be more and more eager to attend classes and increase their supply of knowledge. As Wickadel Clauderluck puts it, "These wonderful days just give me an undying thirst for more education. In Spring, my thoughts turn to studies." Guess that expresses it for all of us.

People sometimes question us as to whether everything used in this column is true. This seems a perfect time to answer these skeptics. Of course everything is true; we wouldn't for a minute attempt to deceive the Penn State students. On our girl scout's honor, we assure you that it is true. If you still doubt us, check with Hepsibah and Wickadel (the latter can be found in the cowbarn where she finally found a stall). We're sure they'll testify as to our reliability.

# Letters to the Editor

LETTER to the editor  
My Dear Editor,  
We have been told by various peoples supposed to be important that the Collegian is a paper representative of the campus and its activities. It has come to my attention that you have forgotten a few important and significant events in the last issue, which I feel obligated to bring to your attention:

1. This is be kind to wandering dogs and accordian players week. No mention was made of this. It rated at least a front-page eight-column spread in the Goodsville Daily Blurb, and Collegian ignored it entirely. For shame!

2. R. Niash Carrol, sophomore C and F, broke all the sports records of the country last Wednesday by shooting a paper wad 300 feet with his trusty rubber band. What a sports staff!

3. Professor Lmxove gave an important speech on the importance of new rate holes in the post-war home. How can a paper of a College, representative of American thinking youth let such an item go by...Are you politically blind, deaf, and dumb?

I shall continue my complaints to the unhearing, stupid staff until you mend your ways, and give us the BIG news.

Forever,  
"Al Ways Griping  
Chairman  
Give Collegian Hell!" Committee

Dear Editor,  
I just MUST write this letter

to tell you how wonderful things are here at State. After five semesters here I haven't been able to find any thing wrong with the College or the town.

Classes are all so fascinating—I find it hard to sit through one because I'm so anxious to get to the next and learn something new and interesting. The pros here are marvelous—not a dull one in the lot. And they're all so considerate of us students.

Politics are beautifully run here at State. There is no such thing as cut-throat tactics and members of both parties are all very friendly. Candidates are always nominated purely on their ability—such a thing as looks and personality never entering into the picture.

Sororities and fraternities are in the least bit exclusive and wonderful relationships exist between members of different houses. The relationship between the Kappas and the Thetas is a beautiful one—such a friendship is a rare thing.

And as for the town, I find it just perfect. Prices are low, there are a great variety of merchandise, and merchants are all friendly.

Being places are particularly outstanding. Take the Corner Room, never have I found such a hospitable attitude, such quick service, such an overwhelming—Pollyanna.

# Off The Record

By AUDREY ZWIBACK

Battle of the Bands winner, Sick Splurge and his herd received a bid to play at Carnegie Hall, N. Y., next week. They received a telegram from

Andreko Solidjiveinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, telling them to be at the joint ready to play by 8 p. m. sharp (or flat). The band will open its concert with Goodwig von Latelovin's "Fifth Symphony," better known to college students as "Good Heavens, How I Hate That Classical Stuff." During intermission the band will sell peanuts in the lobby to pay for travelling expenses in case hitchhiking facilities are not available. The closing number of the program will be a Concerto written by Mr. Splurge entitled "Ha, Ha, We're Better than the Campus Owls."

Two new numbers—really solid—hit the record world this week (and they'll probably bounce right back.) Mess Clown introduces his stirring rendition of "I Don't Want To Love You, But Your Father Has A Shotgun," and Lankie Swoonatra introduces a tear-jerking version of "I Cried For You When You Walked Off With My Fraternity Pin."

Some of the popular numbers currently heard on vies throughout the nation are "I Surrender, Dear," or "Put Down That Club And I'll Take You to the Bunny Hop;" "Day by Day—My Marks Get Lower;" "Give Me the Simple Life," dedicated to L. A. majors; "Tonight I Shall Sleep," or "Why Do I Play Bridge Till 2 A. M.?"

A brand new album of Heevum Faster records is now on the market. Featured in this lush set is "Jeannie With the Light Grown Hair," commonly known as "She Used To Be A Brunette;" "My Old Kentucky Home—Is Better Than the Rat Hole I'm Living In Now;" "Beautiful Dreamer," well known to all students who have 8 o'clocks; and "Camptown Races," or "Why Did I Bet Five Bucks On That Nag."

Note: The above picture of Mr. Splurge was taken while the artist performed the amazing feat of playing the zither while standing on his head.

# Punch Lines

By GEORGE SAMPLE

It is a physical impossibility, to put six column inches of type into a space where there is room for only four. Lead type cannot be squeezed, pushed, twisted or otherwise misshapen. The New York Times can't do it; neither can the Collegian. This simple law of some science or the other, of which a Liberal Arts student would know nothing, accounts for the cloud of confusion that surround last week's article concerning the Battle of The Bands.

If you are in doubt about the article in question, slip into the bathroom and get last week's Collegian. It's probably lying on top of the Sears and Roebuck catalog.

Under the sub-head Business Ethics, you can find the article which infers that the wrong band won the contest. This misconception occurred, because of the simple law stated before, **YOU CAN'T SQUEEZE TYPE.**

For the benefit of the dear, sweet and gentle readers who have written me during the past week concerning the article, I shall now print the portion which was cut, **DUE TO THE LIMITATIONS OF SPACE.** (I had something else written in place of the above lines but the laws of obscenity won't allow them to be printed.)

I'd like to print the article exactly as it was written before but I can't find the old copy. I never save it from week to week—I can't stand the smell of it either.

The part which was never printed stated: **It is poor business ethics of a group to sponsor a contest and pick a winner among two bands which are competing against each other. It is poor business ethics and it does not aid competition among the bands. That's something the Penn State campus could use.**

What was printed before the above matter still stands. This writer does believe that a Battle of the Bands could have been handled more adeptly. A much more democratic way to have handled the affair would have been on a plan similar to that used by the Collegian in pre-war days. In this way both bands would have been given a publicity build-up through the Collegian columns. No winner was ever picked in a Collegian Battle of Bands but the individual groups gained recognition through publicizing different numbers on their program.