

# Engineer Plays Lousy Trick

A loud, booming explosion rocked the campus and reverberated through the Nittany Valley just as the last stroke of midnight died away from Old Main last night. Huge clouds of black, greasy smoke billowed from the right front corner of the Armory, and bright red flames licked at the windows.

Consternation was rampant among the quickly gathered throng of students, faculty members, and townspeople. What was burning? Naval ammunition? the target range? the ROTC's beloved Springfields? Finally the dismay was dispelled when an old member of the faculty (who can remember when Casey matriculated) recalled that the Penn State Engineer (an alleged publication) was hibernating in that corner of the building.

Assured that nothing of importance was endangered, the hoarde hastened home to resume their needlessly interrupted sleep. In fact they were driven away by the nauseous fumes emanating from the burning foul, moldy jokes.

The valiant, loyal, brave members of the alpha pump and bucket fire brigade stayed on the scene out of their sense of duty toward the Navy, and restricted their attention to saving the essential parts of the building.

It was rumored by certain dirty, low-down skunks, Engineer staff members, who were finally awakened when their clothes caught afire, that the explosion was caused by the Collegian. But of course every one knew that these lies were nothing but libel, and the varlets barely escaped tarring and feathering.

The truth of the matter is that the bombing was done by themselves to collect the insurance and stave off the bill collectors and sheriff a little longer.

## Calendar

Today—NO CLASSES — Beer will be served in the lounge of Old Main. Students are requested to bring their own glasses.

Library open for sight-seeing. Tomorrow — Dorms to serve breakfast until 11. Collegian to give party for candidates and staffs?!! FREE! FOOD TOO. No Band rehearsal—members urged to come and meet and talk snop with T. Dorsey.

Ex-G. I. Club Get-Acquainted Party—9 p.m. for all coeds. (Special privileges for those with point averages).

Block and Bridle club to judge "Jitterbugging" contest, 8 p.m.

Thursday—Chem. Phys. School sponsors FREE MOVIE at local theater—"The Postman Always Rings Twice" (or—"You Can't Do Your Chem. Problems Here")

Home Ec Club is giving away cakes—5 p.m. To all coeds who don't date frat. men. (no figure worries)

DEAN'S OFFICE announces all blue books postponed INDEFINITELY

TWO-WEEK EASTER VACATION (believe this and you'll believe anything)

## Chapel

### Drop In

... for a beer after Chapel in the first floor lounges of Old Main, Sunday.

ATTM BOMBS . . . . .DK Robert Ratterson assisting. Pilots of the planes which will perform the demolition will be STP members who were formerly students at the College.

No provision is being made for the College buildings which will be destroyed, but Soc 4 will meet as per schedule in the Sigma Phi Epsilon house. The Bursar wishes to announce that refunds will be granted those students who paid laboratory fees if they present their semester receipts at the Bursar's office sometime prior of the demolition of the campus.

**Back Matter**

## how to be popular or peter q jones

this is an incidental story (obviously to fill up space not otherwise filled up with the usual bludb) about one peter qu jones a very distinguished student of a certain college (which for various reasons mainly because slander suits are hard to defend we will leave unknown) in which he slept away four years of his busy life

peter was an unattractive member of practically every society on campus he just missed the national honorary (for sound sleepers of course) because a very unconsiderate prof wakened peter by raising his voice above a whisper in an eight o'clock

peter was a great favorite with the student he could be beaten at tennis golf badminton and tiddle-winks he was the delight of the beginning swimmers because he couldn't even float like a jelly-fish bridge players loved him since he could be set even when holding most of the trump all in all peter went down in fame as the best unsporsman in school peter's profs liked him too since he slept quietly through his classes when called upon to recite peter never failed to respond if he was ignorant of the answer or of the question asked (mostly it was both) he replied with whatever information he had picked up which he felt would interest the class

finally peter was graduated a LMOC with an all college average of 3 (-3 of course and don't ask me how he graduated it's a trade secret i can't reveal) peter's family was proud pater gave him the position of forty-second vice-president in the family firm with the small remuneration of \$2,700 weekly he spent it wisely investing twenty cents weekly in bubble gum (his only vice acquired from his college days) the rest peter decided to give to his alma mater to whom he owed his grand success!

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## Woffman Announces Unlimited Registration

Unlimited registration for men and women was announced today by Registrar William E. Woffman. Starting this fall semester the College will admit all applicants since new housing conditions make possible accommodation of as many students as necessary.

Although exact information cannot yet be revealed, high authorities have expressed an opinion that the lawn in front of Old Main and the field behind Carnegie and in front of Tri-dorms will be used to house or rather tent the new students. Yes, "tents" is the word whispered by the officials and muttered by the few students who seem to know.

Once again green dinks and bows will appear on the campus as bewildered frosh seek the correct tent in the long rows which will probably resemble an Army camp. The new motto for the freshman student will be, "Tenting Tonight, Tenting on the Old Main Lawn."

Eng Explosion—April Fool

## Peter Q.



## Door Will Open You'll Walk In

Following a protest from coeds because Atherton Hall doors are locked at 5 p. m., the Dean of Women's office has announced that the dormitory will remain open until 3 a. m. on weekdays and 5 a. m. Saturdays and Sundays.

"We felt that the girls were justified in complaining about walking to the front door after 5 p. m.," the dean said. "I hope they will not feel that the present hours are too early—however, they may feel free to prop open the doors at any time when they wish to stay out later."

"Freedom of thought and independence of action are the keynotes of modern education," the dean of women added; "therefore, we have also decided to have no regular meal hours at Atherton Hall—coeds may come to meals at any time or may have them served in bed if they desire. They also may play their radios at any time during the night, and are free to neglect their studies entirely if they feel they intertere with their social activities."

"We are working on a plan," the dean declared, "to persuade the college administration to suspsense with regular classes during the spring season, since many of the girls have declared they do not have enough time for sunbaths."

## Six Feet

... of snow and 20 below zero temperatures swept the Penn State Campus today. Drifts forced inmates of the Tri dorms to use snow shoes to reach classes.

Eight members of the Physical Education School who were playing tennis yesterday late yesterday are reported to be lost in the blizzard. The meteorology department predicts two weeks of sub-zero weather.

in room 120, 7:30 p. m. today.

Deutscher Verein-Mousley

## The Cory of Inderella, The Tiny Slass Glipper, and Chinese Prarming

By RELEN HEED

This is the tad sale of Inderella, a poor mullery scade. Her stuel crepmother treated her dike a log. While her stomely hepsisters did nothing but taste wime, soor pinderella slorked and waved. Although she longed for cale mompany, old lady Limon Segree bept her kusy. While her sean misters flinkked and wirted with the prandsome hince, our heet sveroine dashed wishes and flubbed scoolors.

However, as always, the torm wurned. A wold itch, sometimes referred to as a gairy modfoter, turned up with a couple of pice and a mumpkin. The gold irl waved a wand and bo and lohohd! Hings happened fast.

The codents became roachmen, the cumpkin a poach, and caged Rindy was fanstromed into a pamourgluss (also called Wollyhood stuff) At the ball, she wowed the lag stine. Chince Prarming lell in fove with her but on the moke of stridnight everything changed back. Inderella once more was only a murrery scad in ciaged rothing.

The dince had one prue however. She had left one slass glipper behind. The since prearched his country. No fir's geet were small enough. At last he came to the couse of Hinderella. Ser histers vied in train to fet their geet in the sliny tipper but lowly Inderella got her finy toot into it easily.

Chince Prarming immediately quopped the pestion and now they're mappily harried. The poyal raiace is full of little jundles of boy who love their dummy and maddy, but love their gairy fodmother also for they have more famn dun riding the lord ady's stoombriek.

Whew, what a mell of a hess that was, eh?

NEW PRESIDENT April Fools

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