

Dance Proceeds

The X-G-I Club is presenting a dance Friday night. This fact in itself is not particularly significant or far-reaching. Many dances are presented on campus each semester, following a flurry of publicity promising a "good time for all." After students have willingly laid out money for this "good time," the organization sponsoring the affair proceeds to add up the profits, publish them, and that's that.

What happens to these profits is usually a dark secret kept in the musty confines of the organization presenting the affair. All-College Cabinet was one of the few exceptions in deciding, after the dance, to donate Winter Fantasy proceeds to the Old Main Mural Fund.

The X-G-I Club has gone a step further and announced before its dance that the funds derived from it will be expended on a definite and worthy project. The proceeds of the Spring Nocturne will be used by the ex-GIs for the purchase of a memorial plaque dedicated to and listing the names of all Penn State men who gave their lives in World War II. The plaque will be placed in the proposed Student Union building. With this decision, the X-G-I Club has the commendable distinction of being the first organization to make provision for a tangible memorial to all the Penn State men who died in the recent war. It has the added distinction of not merely giving a dance, but also announcing an extremely worthy and timely use of the proceeds. These two facts bring the Spring Nocturne out of the class of ordinary, "good time" dances.

The X-G-I Club is to be commended for their action in presenting this much-needed plaque and in bringing out into the open a fact that is often kept in the dark: what happens to dance proceeds.—J.W.

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Tuesday, April 9, 1946

Penn Statements

By JANE WOLBARST

April Fool's Day visited the campus and brought with it the usual jesting. Most of the surprises were lovingly planned by practical jokers but one that came off with a bang was absolutely unintentional. Jack Shetter, feeling in a particularly generous frame of mind, came up to the AOPi house the night of April 1 and brought the girls a bee-yoo-ti-ful box of candy from one of the local stores. It was very attractively wrapped and Jack thought it would make a nice gift. The girls were all at the house ready for sorority meeting as Jack beamingly passed the box around. One by one the girls began to run out of the room with agonized looks on their faces. Jack's face dropped a mile as he sadly admitted that maybe the candy was a little old—the store, not being able to sell it in loose quantities had finally disguised it in a box.

Quite A Difference

Professor Fishburn asked a girl in his Music 6 class to define "syncopation." "Syncopation," she responded, "is irregular movement from bar to bar." "You're defining 'intoxication,' not 'syncopation,'" the professor quickly informed her.

Sociology 5 students are now busily reading "Vice in Chicago" and "Juvenile Delinquency" written by a Mr. Reckless.

Frontman, Paget, Vispi and other well-known Players were fine in Macbeth, but everyone present at the Saturday night presentation will agree that Ted Noyes stole his scene without uttering a single line. The witches had just finished an eerie episode and the stage was deadly black. One of the actors was giving his all up front when a ghostly apparition blithely floated across the back of the stage. It was Ted, a member of the stage crew, wearing a white shirt, and he gave the play a fine new touch. It's surprising that Shakespeare didn't think of that one.

Off The Record

Duke Ellington just finished waxing his famous "Black, Brown and Beige" Suite, which he introduced at Carnegie Hall back in '43. It comes in four movements—"Work Song," "Come Sunday," "The Blues," and "Three Dances." Here is the most pretentious and significant work from the pen of Duke Ellington. It traces the life of the Negro through three hundred years—through slavery, the wars, their religious fervor, sorrow, joys and their philosophies.

Starred in this suite are the saxes Duke Ellington of Otto Hardwicke, Johnny Hodges, Al Sears and Harry Carney; the trumpet of Taft Jordan; Tricky Sam Nanton's trombone; Ray Nance, violin; Junior Raglin, bass; and Joya Sherrill at her vocal best.

Critics and fans acclaim Stan Kenton's recording of "Artistry Jumps" as the greatest platter yet to come from the Artistry in Rhythm maestro.

A Dark and Bitter Look

Today the editorial powers of this worn out rag have given me lots of room to spread verbal booby traps around. They only did it because there was nothing else but unfavorable and criticizing letters to the editor to fill up this space—so they gave it to me.

Even so, I will not quarrel with them. I will just fill their space up in as nauseating a manner as possible. And I'm just the person that can do it too.

There are two subjects due for a going over this morning. The first of these is Players. Now last issue when everyone else had a chance to trample over Macbeth in print, it wasn't my day to sound off. But today I can squeak, squeal and squawk till my little heart's content.

Let me give you a brief resume of the action as it perspired upon the stage at Schwab.

In the country of Scotland there once lived a king named Macbeth. His mother had never given him a first name, so everyone called him Thane or Cawder or Glamis—any old name that appealed to them.

"The Thane of Cawder stalks onto the scene, crying 'Seyton, dammit all! Where the hell is my armor?'" At this point a gentleman in a white shirt walks across the darkened area of the stage gathering up stray flashlight batteries.

Bellows the Thane, "Seyton, get the damn armor out here before that stinkweed Macduff arrives." The lights flash off and on rapidly three times as if in answer. Someone falls off a platform backstage. Macbeth continues.

"I'll fight through Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, though Neusbaum be cursing out there in the audience, though you can't stand much more of this stuff—dammit, I'll fight. But enough, I hear footprints approaching." And with this he draws his sword and prepares to receive the advancing horde.

The first guy he polishes off with two jabs to the left ventricle. The assaulted gentleman falls to the deck in a cloud of dust. Two stalwarts charge in the door and set upon good old Seyton and his buddy. One of them hacks a hole through the stout castle wall by

mistake. They all ignore this and continue to hack away at each other's heads.

Macduff strides in, sizes up the situation in a glance, and hauls away at his rusty broadsword, which refuses to leave the scabbard.

He winds up making threatening motions at the palsied old Thane and going after his gizzard with a knife. This all ends to the decided inconvenience of both Macbeth and the audience.

Now that is that. You're in the second half of this column now and it's a different story, so listen.

This is the gripping tale of a certain happening in the lives of several members of the Alpha Mu fraternity, famed home of Port-folio characters.

It all started Saturday night when the boys made the pilgrimage over the hills and ten miles away to the holy city. There the playful fellows slopped up a few beers and generally bummed around. Just for the heck of it they beat up a couple of people who happened to get in their road. Then they journeyed back to this center of culture and learning.

Arriving at their chapter house they staggered downstairs to the bar. There with magnificent abandon they finished up the evening breaking bottles and glasses against the cellar wall.

Nobody got killed, a grand time was had by all, and the whole fraternity turned up in Chapel on Sunday.

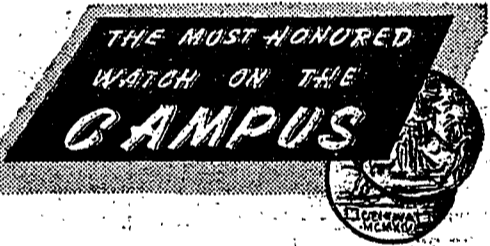
Common Sense

... held the first of a series of record concerts in the northeast lounge of Atherton Hall Sunday.

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