

Daily Collegian

With a gradual return to normalcy, it is only natural that the Collegian should make certain changes itself.

For that reason, the Collegian in the Fall will resume daily publication. The 1946-47 budget, as approved by the president, calls for publication four days weekly. While this is not a complete return to pre-war publication, which was five issues weekly, it does show an effort on the part of Collegian to keep pace with the proposed expansion of the College and the need that will arise for more thorough communication between the administration and students and between groups of students.

The war, with its deep inroads in student enrollment, made it virtually impossible to continue daily publication; it also reduced the enrollment to a point where there was no real need to disseminate the news daily.

There are now more than 5,000 students on the campus. In the Fall there will be more than 6,000. Three new dormitories are to be constructed, which will accommodate 2,000 students and it is entirely possible that before too many years have gone by the enrollment will be 10,000 or better.

It is a far cry from the first group that attended the College back in 1859. At that time there were sixty-nine students who ate, slept and studied in the original Old Main. In such a limited area of operation it was possible for Prexy Pugh to make his announcements to the entire group and be sure that they heard.

So it is with pleasure that the Collegian announces its publication changes. It is in keeping with Collegian's policy "For a Better Penn State," and every effort is being made to insure these improvements in communications.

While many of the members of the Collegian staff are none too familiar with the workings of a daily, they will be aided by several of the men who served on the staff before entering the armed service and the expected transition should not last long.

Resumption of daily publication also calls for a return to bigger business operations and the necessity of Collegian's assuming greater responsibilities.

Nevertheless, Collegian is, and will, continue to be a publication for students. For that reason, we ask the aid of the student body, and various student groups. We urge students to write letters to the paper, airing their opinions. The paper is anxious to live up to its slogan, "For a Better Penn State" and pledges itself to give ample space to any letters received, so long as these articles are not libelous.

Collegian, as the servant of the student body, can serve no more than they are called upon. We do not know everything that is taking place nor shall we pretend to know. This is our invitation to the students of Penn State to help make Collegian even more representative of student opinion than it already is.

MAB

Senior Gift

Tonight the senior class will meet and vote on their class gift to the College, as well as handling other items of business. To have this gift represent the wishes of the entire class, it is important that every member of the class turn out for the meeting.

Last semester the graduating class gave their money towards the completion of the Henry Varnum Poor fresco, and Collegian would like to see this class also give their money towards this purpose. If this were done, the mural could be finished as a combined gift from the classes of 1946.

THE COLLEGIAN

"For a Better Penn State"

Established 1940, Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1877.

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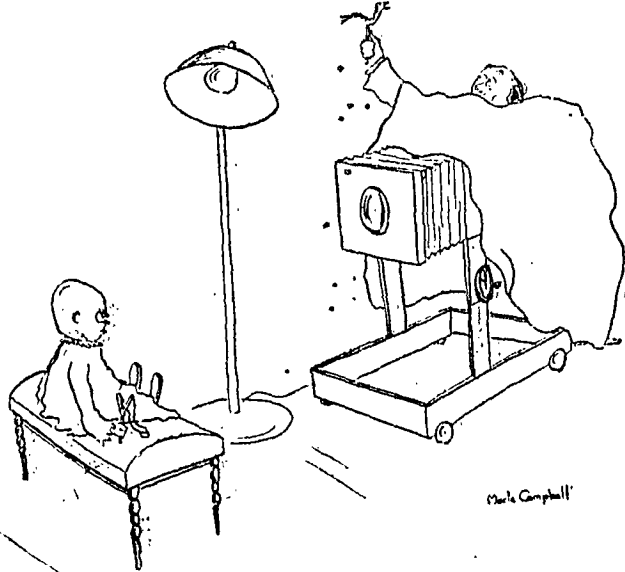
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Tuesday, June 4, 1946



"Dear Senior: Your picture for LaVie will be taken . . ."
—FROTH

A Dark and Bitter Look

Friend editor and I are on good terms again this week, after I bought her another rattle, so she's letting me give you the lowdown true story on another campus problem. It is a difficult and touchy subject, so I will begin with a quotation, thus avoiding all responsibility.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of . . ."

just about the same damn thing he's had on his mind all year."

Thus wrote the poet Calabash Twunkweisch in his little hut on the banks of the Volga in the early part of the year 1215.

It was a harsh and joyless life that Calabash led, for he was a student. He sat at the feet of Oswald, the Occult and Omnipotent, and drank in the learning of the East—along with the perfume of dear old Ozzie's unwashed feet.

But the beardless bard was happy. He had not yet come in contact with the dreaded thing called "she." So he wrote his famous verse, never realizing what lives he would wreck in the distant future.

Calabash was only putting into crude words the yearnings and longings that assailed his medieval heart when the sprites of Spring danced in the bleak desolation of the Carpathians. But his deathless sonnet is still going strong in the vapid vaie of Nityany.

Mayhap you have noted the vastly increased number of sweaters, polo shirts, and diaphanous blouses vaguely concealing the more attractive sections of the local glamour girls around campus. If you have noticed them, stop at once if you value your peace of mind.

You see, it's all a mad plot on the part of certain members of the faculty who are trying to capitalize on Calabash's quatrain. This treachery is fostered by a nameless number of Soc. pro's who wish to see their theories in

action.

Notable among the ringleaders of this coalition is Pifford Cladmans, authority on marriage, the American home, divorce, the decline and fall of virginity, and erotic adviser to Portfolio (campus substitute for Spicy Detective).

This guy Cladmans keeps writing about the demon sex and its effect upon poor innocent womanhood. I cannot see where he gets any real facts to support this, however. It seems to me the siffect he should be writing about is the reverse—the horrible devastation wrought upon the male by the female.

Do the mothers of America realize just what their sons are exposed to when they venture into the valley of learning? Can they see the traps and pitfalls cunningly set by designing coeds? No!!!

Coeds invite unsuspecting young men, the cream of our future leaders, to such sordid affairs as picnics and teas and bridge games. There they unloose vast acres of charm upon the poor fellows and lead them quietly to destruction. It is not fair. It smacks of totalitarianism or something.

So you see, Pifford, and all the rest of you professors, it is not the fault of the poor downtrodden male that your statistics on seduction, rape, and related sciences keep shooting up into the clouds. No. Remember, and think upon the words of Patrick Henry. "Temptation without representation is tyranny!"

Penn Statements

By JANE WOLBARST

The Delta Gammas have taken in their anchor. The girls had it out in front of their house for several weeks and during that time were frequently bothered by pranksters who insisted on removing it. Now, they've had to move it in doors on orders of Grounds and Buildings. Seems that these busy men have had to retrieve it too often and that the peak of their patience was reached the other day when, after a lengthy search, they finally found it hanging on a road sign on the way to Bellefonte.

Technical Error

Looks like we made a mistake in our last week's column and we'd like to apologize sincerely to Gene Fulmer. It was not a rose that was placed in a hole in his pajama seat by a playful nurse—it was a tulip.

Atherton girls have risen up en masse to combat the menace which has been invading the dorm. This time it's not misplaced men—it's bugs. The girls are getting tired of finding all sizes and styles of insects in their rooms and have started an aggressive campaign for screens. On Thursday morning, residents of Atherton were surprised to see mysterious messages scribbled in lipstick on mirrors and walls expressing such sentiments as "We want screens—not bugs."

Superwoman

Meanwhile the fourth floor of Ath has the situation pretty well in hand. A coed seeing one of the giant-sized bugs screaming for

help and out comes the one brave soul on the floor—Kay McCormick—carrying a shoe as a weapon. She follows the scream, tracks down the bug and, with out any more ado, gives him a hearty swat with her shoe.

In the Spring

Now that the warm, sun-bathing weather is here, girls are donning all sorts of surprising and revealing outfits. A few days ago one coed entered a dormitory dining room at noon wearing a particularly brief off the shoulder blouse. Quickly, amazed waiters stopped doing whatever they were doing and merely gaped. Finally one fellow pulled himself together and remarked philosophically, "I thought I'd seen everything working here, but I never saw that before."

A history prof was recently giving a bluebook. "All notebooks away," she said in a commanding tone. And a few minutes later she gave another order, "All text books away." One cautious scholar in the back row followed suit with, "How about crib notes?"

Off The Record

By Audrey Ryback

Jo Stafford, who won Martin Block's popularity poll for singing, now records with Paul Weston's ork. You can hear this chirper singing "You May Not Love Me," and plattermate, "I Didn't Mean A Word I Said." Other good Stafford records are "Day by Day," with "Symphony" on the reverse; "That's for Me," and on the flip-over, "Gee, It's Good to Hold You"; the pairing "Out of This World" and "There's No You."

A four record album of Jo's voice is now out, and includes oldies such as "Over the Rainbow," "Yesterdays," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," and "The Boy Next Door."



Paul Weston's band does a beautiful arrangement of "Full Moon and Empty Arms," with the kind of violin melody that just floats along. "Nobody Else but Me," from "Showboat" is on the reverse.

A good jump tune out which comes in the class of Tommy Dorsey's "Opus No. 1" and Harry James' "9:20 Special" is the Gene Krupa arrangement of "Hop, Skip, and Jump." The tempo of its plattermate, "Yesterdays" is slow and draggy with the solo by Charlie Venture, playing a moaning tenor sax. The middle part speeds up, though, and really gets hot.

A little ballad which has come way up on the popularity list is "The Gypsy." The Ink Spots record this one with Billy Reid taking the vocal. On the platter-mate they sing "Everyone is Saying Hello Again." The other two Spots, Jerry Marlowe and Jack Segal, join in on this one.

Three guys and a gal who are now on top are Helen Carroll and the Satisfiers, heard on the Chesterfield Supper Club. They came to the front with their recording with Perro Como of "Dig You Later." Their initial waxing is "Personality," and "Love Is So Terrific."

Sticking on the subject of group singers, the Merry Macs have released the novelty tune, "Ashby De La Zooch," (Castle Abbey), with "Laughing on the Outside" on the backing. The Mills Brothers sing out their recording of "I Don't Know Enough About You," and "There's No One But You."

Punch Lines

By GEORGE SAMPLE

It seems that I have been taken to task, by a fellow columnist, for some slighting remarks made about that group of erudite young men who meet in the hallowed holes of Carnegie Hall to cultivate and reap the corn that is Froth.

The columnist in question, The Bullosopher, is of the opinion that a comparison between Froth and the New Yorker is wholly unjust. With this I agree as far as content of the magazines is concerned. However I tried to point out that Froth will soon be a defunct magazine if they persist in charging 25 cents for their product.

Both Sides

Being very democratic minded, I feel it is necessary that both sides of the story be told: The Bullosopher believes that the comparison was bad because Froth is a student publication published by amateurs. In support of his argument he says that the Engineer and Portfolio are publications of comparable levels. With this I still agree, all contents of the above magazines are contributed by embryo writers: They are amateurs. Please bear in mind they are amateurs. My error then, if an error it is, is that of criticizing a group of amateurs.

In order to get on with the story it is necessary to refer to the Collegian of May 17. The Bullosopher says in this issue, concerning the All-College symphony orchestra which gave a concert in Schwab auditorium the previous Sunday afternoon, "It was just too bad that Hum's Bums worked so hard for so little results."

No Praise

This statement was not very laudatory in referring to a concert which was appraised by the music department as the best since the beginning of the war.

However the following week, Ferdinand had this to say about the concert. "In reference to Hum's Bums, he felt that the entire group had worked hard but despite loyalty and school spirit the concert was done by amateurs." Judging from this statement, Ferdinand seems to have a particular dislike for amateur musicians.

In concluding my story it is necessary to include two morals, for which I know Ferdinand has a particular aversion.

Moral I: Columnists who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

Moral II: Amateurs are amateurs whether they be amateur musicians or amateur writers.