

'Raise a Song - -'

Dean Charlotte E. Ray will officially leave the College tomorrow. Actually, she will never leave. It's something Penn Staters call tradition—the Blue and White, the way Old Main looks against the sky at night, and the greeting Dean Ray gives College women. Strange but she always remembers a student's name, even if she has been introduced only once. This Dean of Women is a down-to-earth character, and she's undoubtedly as to a 19-year old's problem today as she was 20 years ago when she first became Dean of Women.

But tomorrow she will leave Penn State, amid a chorus of goodbyes and "Sorry to see you go's." She leaves at a time when most of the coeds who knew her are spending their first peace-time vacations, possibly with their civilian boy-friends who were Air Corps men and Navy Ensigns back when they wanted weekend excuses from classes. That is rather like her—to slip away without the notice of "her girls" who are away on vacation.

Students like to tell stories about Dean Ray. The Delta Sigs will never forget the time she had dinner at the house and sat and listened to a jam session afterward, her foot tapping in time to the jazz. And more than one girl will remember the sincere sympathy the Dean offered when something went wrong—something like poor marks and a disturbing roommate and, yes, a fiance who died at Anzio. These are real people, and so is the Dean.

It is difficult to avoid cliches when it comes to Dean Ray's departure. Just like it's hard to find the words to express the respect which falls over Mac Hall coeds when she comes to meals, and the way women feel when she comes at their request to straighten out difficulties. Thank you is somehow inadequate to express this feeling. It goes back to the day the coed got her room assignment and wondered what "Miss Charlotte E. Ray, Dean of Women" was like. It leads up to graduation and final realization how much Dean Ray has meant to this coed, and what she has given to the College.

Old Main stands tall against the sky. Good luck. "For a better Penn State" we had with us a true-blue kind of woman. It's kind of like the Army sergeant with 20 years of service over privates, who sometimes acted with great indecorum to put it mildly. These "privates" know she's a good egg. They remember the two o'clock "big weekend" permissions and the smiles of greeting, and above all they remember that in her hand she held not a whip but a baton with which she has just conducted her last symphony. The women in the Class of '46 are the last to graduate under Dean Ray.

So you're walking out on us? On behalf of your girls, Dean Ray, that's an impossibility. You'll be here every time a coed is awarded a Mortar Board scholarship in your name, every time "big weekends" yield two o'clocks—and every time Old Main stands tall against the sky. Good luck.

THE SUMMER COLLEGIAN

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STAFF THIS ISSUE
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Tuesday, July 30, 1946

Campuseer

While scouting around campus with her little magnifying glass and plaid cap, Campy was startled to discern smoke on the horizon, the horizon being a certain door in Sparks. Behind that door, weird things were happening. Girls were smoking cigars, big black, foul-smelling and worse-tasting cigars. The first few adjectives were ascertained via a keyhole view, but the last was through experience. As one coed said as she stumbled greenly out of the class, you never know what to expect in criminology class. The why of all this? That's a good question. It all seems to hinge on something learned in one of Professor Abramson's courses concerning the pleasures of the over-sized cigarette, but just what that something was, Campy failed to find out.

Pinnings and Vice-Versa

And featured this week on the pinning list is that of Bob Kline, Phi Ep, and Rosemary Genetti, AChiO. Rosemary is not in school this summer, but Campy sends best wishes via long distance. And perhaps this should be a new paragraph 'cause it's a de-pinning but this is a temperamental typewriter and Campy dares not cross it. Anyway, it has been asked that we announce the de-pinning of Cowslip Dream Sue and her publicity manager, Frank Davis, Collegian staff member. It seems that last week when Frank went up to see his love armed with a fragrant bunch of Sue's beam on Wally Goldstein's face can be accounted for by a wicked sweep of his bovine protégé's curvaceous horns. Tough luck, Frank, but next time you might try clover.

Havin' Fun!

This week finds vacationing Penn Stater Happy Weber way out near the Grand Canyon. And Tig Healy and Sammy Nelson are enjoying the wonders of Canadota Lake, which two to one, no one has even heard of. Take Campy's word for it, though, it's a nice little lake.

The Silence Was Appalling

And from a certain class comes the unanimous opinion that there should be no College professors' daughters enrolled in courses or else like the proverbial cat, they should be properly belled. 'Tis said that one eight o'clock class was busy tearing a local prof apart, verbally, naturally, and finally, after much groundwork, the subject of his current matrimonial status was brought up. Imagine the horror of the gossiping students when a coed who had been noticeable by her lack of participation in the discussion, piped up with this. "He is not divorced, he's my father." 'Nuff said. —Campy

Letters, Please

One of the strangest things about this office this summer is the lack of Letters to the Editor. The privilege of writing what you think and then seeing it in print is yours. Letters stimulate interest and show what a paper's reading public wishes to read. There can be only one of two reasons for this lack of letters from readers . . . either the heat of summer has sapped all readers' of the energy that it takes to wield pen or pencil . . . or, the paper and its ideas expressed are above criticism. And this last does not seem probable even to the staff.

paper and its ideas expressed are above criticism anything, let's have it. And for readers not familiar with the Collegian policy, please note . . . all letters must be signed, but names will be withheld from publication if specified. This signing is a standard requirement, and any letters unsigned will be filed in the waste basket.

Teachers Admit Courses More Difficult At College

Fourteen school teachers today were asked "How does Penn State differ from other colleges scholastically?" and twelve were quick to answer "The courses are more difficult!"

Lucille Rocky, Altoona: The summer requirements are higher here than at Indiana. You have to work harder to get a good mark. Also graduate courses at Penn State are directed more along the line toward actual aid in teaching the courses in which the student is doing work."

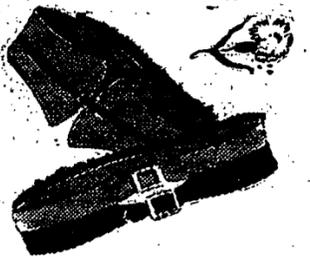
Ann Wagner, Johnstown: Class hours are shorter but the amount of outside preparation is greater. A summer spent at Penn State is certainly more pleasant than in Pittsburgh. It's a vacation, but Pitt isn't."

Rose Kelly, Dickson City: Most summer schools are more or less alike. The difference lies in the fact that it is difficult to get down to studying and to finding direct answers to direct questions after you have been away from formal study. Teaching seems to cover ultimate aims rather than specific ones, but at Penn State the emphasis is on detail as well as broad knowledge. In addition the professors are extremely well-learn-

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