

# Others Say...

## Unique SMU Exam

For a long time a number one complaint from students has been that professors never cover in examinations the material they give in lecture. If one progressive SMU prof is any indication, then this era is at an end.

There is an instructor on the campus who is an avid follower of the "L'il Abner" comic strip. Occasionally this instructor likes to start off his classes with a discussion of this comic. He isn't wasting class time, either, for he always has some point to make relating to the subject at hand.

The surprise came when this instructor included several questions on "L'il Abner" in a recent exam.

The Campus would like to mention this professor's name so that he might receive public praise for the fair manner in which he conducts his course. However, there are those who might raise their eyebrows so it must be sufficient just to mention that he exists.

We need more instructors like Professor X. When all the profs start giving on the exams what they cover in the course, life will, indeed, be a bowl of cheeriness.

—The SMU Campus

## Flunk Insurance

Students at San Francisco State College now have "flunk insurance."

Members of Alpha Phi Gamma journalism fraternity at the Golden Gate school have worked out risk tables based on classes and grade-point averages of students.

The higher your grades the lower the premium.

The average Joe College will pay 50 cents into the kitty on a particular course, and if he spins out, collect \$1.

All incoming freshmen are charged a flat rate—regardless of previous mental prowess.

Proceeds go for a journalism scholarship for high school graduates.

—NSA News

## Hotels, Not Dorms

New Jersey students must live in hotels, not dorms, according to the N.J. state legislature.

That is how they classify dorms, and it cost Princeton an extra \$75,000 in safety devices, the Daily Princetonian pointed out.

Some of the things corrected: exits marked, fire sprinklers installed in old dorms, fire extinguishers in all entries, a manually-operated fire alarm system, doors swinging out.

—NSA News

## The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887

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Letters to the editor should be limited to 200 words. Not all contributors may be given space. The editor reserves the right to print in part all letters over that limit. Letters must be signed and the address is requested.

### STAFF THIS ISSUE

Night Editor: John Dalbo; Assistant Night Editor: Pat Nutte; Copy Editor: Ray Koehle; Assistants: Sally Miller, Phil Lurie, Sue Neuhauser, Cordell Murtha; Advertising Manager: Bill Schott; Assistants: Carl Lucyk, Peter Kalandiak



"Practically the only enjoyment he has anymore is making out finals."

## Christmas and Radio

Well, it's started. Tens of millions of watts of Christmas cheer are racketing across the nation's ether. Peace on earth burbles from every local and long distance microphone, one lungers right up to the fifty-kilowatt powerhouses. White Christmas has just made its thirty-seventh electronic bow here. So, like a pestilence of old Christmas descends on American radio.

NOW, I'VE GOT nothing against Christmas per se. But I'll rant and rage and roar, and rant and rage some more, at the awful metamorphosis which radio undergoes in the last month before December 25th. Christmas, unrelieved by any form of entertainment, reigns an absolute and dreadful monarch.

Consider the carol. Few forms of music are lovelier. But when the cast of a soap-opera, which he engaged for 11 months in auditory incest, carnage, and organized unfaithfulness of man to wife, suddenly erupts into The First Noel, I reach a quivering claw for the knob on the left.

Or when the Spirit moves a disc jockey. Through three and a half seasons, he contents himself with the irreverent discord of a Dixieland band. Suddenly, however, Waxy gets religion. In an affected bass rumble, he intones:

"Well, folks, it'll soon be Christmas (he wants us to be the first to know) and with the world in the condition it is today (here a sad throb for the world in the condition it is today), I think (unusual occupation normally avoided by radio personnel) it is only fitting that we play a few beautiful carols to commemorate the occasion. So here's Stan Kenton, playing Artistry in Bethlehem."

BUT THE ABSOLUTE in imbecility comes in when you consider the real, old fashioned blood-and-entrails detective saga. Up until the broadcast before Christmas, the detective gets bludgeoned with a high degree of regularity and P. Henry Nasty, thief, embezzler, and despoiler of women gets a just comeuppance, plunging into a vat of molten steel in the last three minutes of the broadcast. But not on the pre-Christmas show. For then, instead of taking out after a bloody killer, the hero, abjuring for once all illicit relations with the wives of his clients, swings a heartwarmer.

With perfect timing, a

- 1.) Poor but honest young mother,
- 2.) Poor but honest young bride, or
- 3.) Poor but honest old scrublady with an Irish or Italian descent, in the slums approaches Spam Sade, pleading tearfully that he
  - 1.) Find her missing baby, who vanished from the poor, memade carriage while she was off waiting on tables,
  - 2.) Prove that her poor, loyal husband, did not kill his greedy, pennypinching employer and then run away with another woman, despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, or
  - 3.) Dig up her wandering boy who disappeared thirty-seven years ago and to whom, she fears, something might have happened.

Well, we take it. So far, we've taken it in silence. But one of these days the great American public is going to rise up and suddenly discover what really fine yule logs "genuine, mahogany-veneered cabinets with 12 tubes" make.

## Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

Credit for one of the semester's most quotable quotes goes to Dean Lyman Jackson of the School of Agriculture. As the band suddenly swung into a fast jazz number at the recent Harvest Ball, the Dean was seen dancing past a group of ag students.

Noting their astonished expression, he turned and quipped, "All in favor of this motion say 'I.'"

That Sigma Pi woman's journalism honorary, recently invited Miss Kay Springer to their Christmas Tea. Imagine their surprise when they received the following polite reply: "I will be delighted to attend the tea in Simmons Lounge on Sunday, P.S. Please address future correspondence to Mr. Kay Springer. P.P.S. Is my NROTC uniform proper for the occasion?"

Dinner table conversation isn't always monotonous as a McElwain coed proved recently. The much-discussed—or should we say disgusted—subject of men was the topic of conversation and a complaint was issued by one girl to the effect that her favorite male hadn't kissed her of late. Then she added "But he kissed me today."

Silence reigned throughout the dining hall when suddenly the strains of "Congratulations to you" rang forth.

Unsuspecting electrical engineers walked into a class in thermo dynamics the other day only to find a surprise awaiting them in the form of an unannounced quiz.

The engineers took their seats in dead silence. Then a voice from the back of the room inquired, "How much credit do we get for originality?"

## Safety Valve...

### Feeble Attempt

TO THE EDITOR: This evening I have experienced that sickening feeling of disgust. I read Froth. This magazine is even more than a waste of paper, it is a crime. Two years ago I enjoyed spending time as a member of Froth's art staff. The magazine was average then, not up to the standards of around '40 and '41, but something I could be proud to have a part in. Last year I dropped this relation and this year I'm actually ashamed that my name was ever connected with Froth.

If this is the best Penn State can produce as a humor magazine I am in favor of destroying their charter and giving the literary and photo magazine another chance. I'd much rather be entertained with photographs and literature than to be irritated with Froth's feeble attempt at sex.

—Jim Smith Senior, AE

● Ed Note—Froth sold out its Christmas issue this week in a day and a half. Penn Staters must go for it.

## Gazette . . . .

Friday, December 16

CHESS CLUB, 3 Sparks, 7 p.m.  
GERMAN CLUB, Home Ec. Living Center, 8:30 p.m.  
LIEBIG CHEMICAL SOCIETY, 405 Old Main, 8 p.m.

### COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Wednesday: Harriet Rubenstein, Jack Hildebrand.  
Admitted Thursday: Kalman Harnick, Wallace M. Maurer.

### AT THE MOVIES

CATHAUM—Bride For Sale.  
NITTANY—White Heat.  
STATE—Crooked Way.

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