

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, May 26, 1944

All editorials represent the opinions of the writer whose initials are signed to it, and not the opinion of the corporate Collegian staff. Unsigned editorials are by the editor.

Excellent Discipline . . .

Lt. Col. John C. Peth, University of Maryland, came to the campus last week and dispelled the opinions of certain individuals who have for quite some time made remarks regarding Penn State's ROTC unit. In their light the ROTC students appear to march about the campus with indefinite ideas about the direction of a column right movement or an about face.

Penn State's ROTC unit received the rating of excellent in the recent inspection by Col. Peth, which established it as one of the outstanding ROTC units in the country. In comparison with other colleges, these civilian students receiving military training have been rated excellent for many years. The returning of the blue star of merit to the right sleeve of the ROTC uniform solidifies the fact that, in spite of the small amount of military training college students receive when matched with the regular full-time military schooling of the army, Reserve Officer's Training merits congratulations.

The more disciplined the college student, the more he will be prepared to meet situations that might necessitate use of discipline, excellent discipline, acquired at such an institution as Penn State.

Some students remark "Oh, I was only kidding when I said the rotissie boys looked sloppy." When the story is unveiled one sees no kidding concerned with the whole matter. Returning alumni stroll up the campus and immediately stop to watch ROTC members drilling out in the field. It is then and there they realize the weighty part of constructive education ROTC played in their collegiate days. Those few hours of marching as freshmen and sophomores perhaps have helped certain future yielding opportunities to march right into their lives. An alumnus of the college will recall the first squad he had under his command. He had a problem to tackle. A similar situation faces him later on as he is asked to take over the first bit of responsible work. The influence of excellent discipline appears on the scene and aids him in accomplishing his task. He tackles the problem. ROTC, with its few hours of instruction each week, gives at least a little push, and the push in the correct place makes the tackle complete.

Indians And Coeds . . .

What is the difference between a college coed and an Indian on the warpath?

Before an attack the Indians assembled at the council fire. The coed attends a sorority bull session to plot strategy for the evening. The Indian then plunged into a stream to clean himself of evil spirits, while the coed slides into the bathtub to lose the effects of other spirits.

The Indian went to his tent to dress for the battle; the coed retires to her boudoir for the same reason. After smearing his body with hideous war paint the Indian was ready for the fray. The coed's preparations are a bit more extensive. First she dyes her hair to match her dress, and paints her face a screaming red.

When her fingernails and toenails are enameled crimson, she takes her fountain pen and inks deep purple shadows on her eyelids. Putting on her furs, feathers and war bonnet, she hides on her person a six-inch hat pin as deadly as a tomahawk.

What the Indians did was known as a massacre, and they always settled for a scalp. But the coed calls it a date, and puts on war paint to capture the paleface and imprison him throughout the years.

B.J.C.

Collegiate Review

"You're so different, honey. My last boy friend took too long to say good-night."

"Lingered, eh?"

"No, stuttered."

—The Log

What is the present-day collegian's version of an "ideal professor?" To answer this question the *Holcad*, student newspaper at Westminster College (Pa.) conducted a survey among men and women.

Co-eds prefer a man, not necessarily young and good-looking (although that does ease the strain of an otherwise dull lecture) but one who understands "why I can't comprehend the intricate workings of a motor," the newspaper learned.

Expecting to find a unanimous appeal among the men for glamorous young graduates of universities, surveyors were surprised to learn that boys would rather have middle-aged women standing before them in the classroom. "Less distraction from the books," one male explained.

Other requisites for the ideal prof are punctuality and accuracy, an enthusiastic interest in his subject, and use of humorous incidents to brighten up dry text-book material.

To add a bit of humanism, students appreciate the touch of "absent-mindedness" so traditionally associated with college professors. For example, forgetting that quiz he intended to spring as a surprise, or failing to call for that list of physics problems.

The fat man and his wife were returning to their seats in the theatre after the intermission. "Did I tread on your toes as I went out?" he asked the man at the end of the row.

"You did," replied the other grimly, expecting an apology.

The first man turned to his wife.

"All right, Mary," he told his wife, "this is our row."

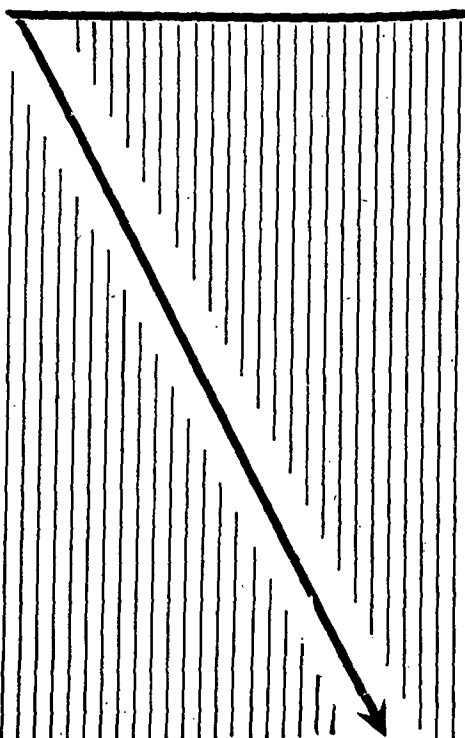
—The Utah Chronicle

From *Khaki Klips* at University of Oregon comes the profound statement: There are many things about eating that are interesting to a soldier . . . mostly food and frequency. That holds good for civilians, too!

A few old members of the Everyday Is Quarry Day Club bundled up well in their bathing suits and went out to prove it was "warm enough." After wading carefully in the icy water, they let out a few screams and chattered back to indulge in a game of bridge, feeling very much like fugitives from a refrigerator.

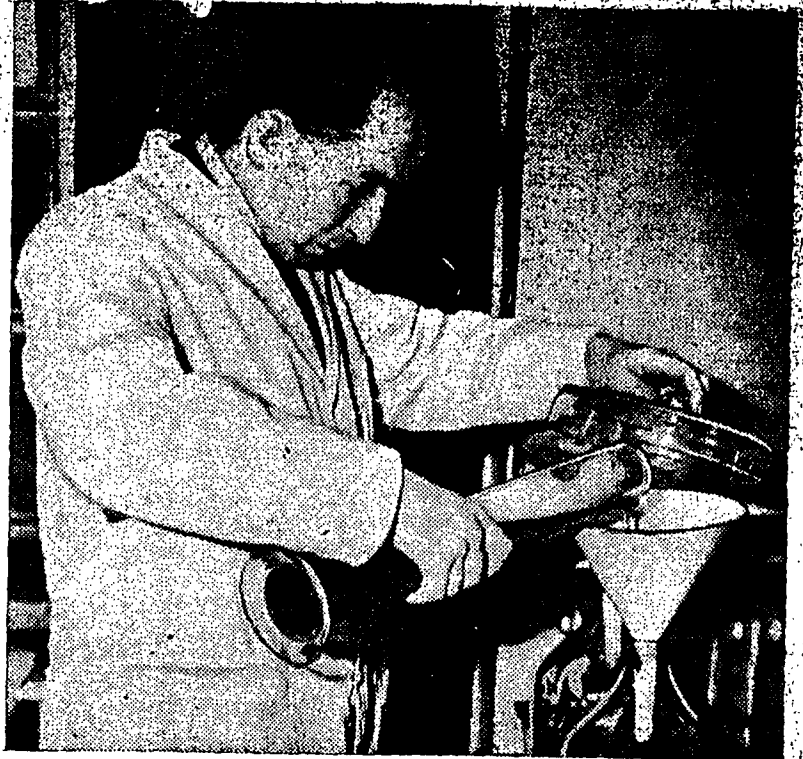
—Indiana Daily Student

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
 unusual

'Vivicillin' Discoverer



Dr. Hans Enoch, Hendon, Middlesex, England, shown working on his new "wonder drug," vivicillin, claimed to be potential alternative to penicillin. Dr. Enoch, who left Germany when Hitler came into power, is one of bio-chemists who developed the drug, which has saved life of boy pronounced doomed.

Campuseer

By BOB KIMMEL

With this opus we conclude our career as collegiate commentator and begin to look forward to more serious work. No more will the characters need to rush to the print shop late on Thursday night to see if we have managed to get our nose into something that we shouldn't have. No doubt the by-play behind the scenes will continue, and no doubt there will be someone to raise the curtain on them.

We know that we have made many people unhappy in that we couldn't agree to keep quiet when something was cooking. But these are far outnumbered by those who have expressed their appreciation of our deathless prose. Of all the things we dug up, the one that burned the most was probably the column we did at the instigation of the then editor of the paper, Paul Woodland, on the amount of money one Harry Coleman was collecting for his various activities. The sum total, collected from an inter-class finance report, was a tidy one.

Harry told us the first time he must us after that one that we ought to learn to keep things to ourselves that didn't concern the student body. For that column we paid the price of being left off the picture of the Collegian staff in La Vie. Harry was La Vie editor. And there was another angle to it. The past editor, Woodland, mentioned above, was very thick with Coleman, and would never admit that he had anything to do with it.

Delightful . . .

It is a rare privilege to be permitted to break into print each week with our innermost thoughts and ideas. But with this privilege there are responsibilities, too. It doesn't take long to find out that printing things just to be malicious doesn't pay. Nor can you use your column to square personal differences and dislikes. We can honestly say here at the end of the line that we have never printed anything which we knew was false, nor have we needed merely for the sake of needling. Many people have told us stories that would have embarrassed someone else if printed, but unless there was a point to be made, we refused to be a party to it.

And we learned, too, that it pays to check and double-check. There was one incident a few semesters back that had us on the

ropes for a while, and it stands out like a beacon pointing to the time when we learned not to accept rumor for fact.

No doubt there have been times when we have said things that were unfair or did not present an unbiased point of view. In the former case, we have never hesitated to offer our humble apologies, and in the latter, our mutterings never pretended to be anything else but our own personal opinion.

Famous Or Infamous

It's been fun to watch the faces of people to whom we were introduced; they would repeat the name as if they had heard it somewhere before, and soon there came a gleam of light. "Oh, you're the one . . ." and the rest was good or bad according to whether we had ever been bitter with them or not.

But most of the people whom we knew and liked have gone and are now spread out around the world so that the addresses sound like names picked at random from the pages of an atlas. There is the little group with whom we practically lived when Collegian was a daily. One is on the front in Italy, another in Georgia, one in Utah, another in Nebraska, and still another, the last we heard, about to take off for foreign territory in his bomber. He phoned long distance last week to say goodbye; he had started out once before, but because of a slight mishap, had to come back. It is for friendships like these that we shall always be grateful for the opportunities Penn State has given us.

Fun Or Work . . .

This business of writing is not all play, but there is that feeling of excitement that comes with approaching deadlines and the sense of satisfaction when the finished product comes from the presses. As we now come to our last deadline, we realize how fortunate we are to have been permitted a part in all this. Because of the unusual condition prevailing, and as the saying goes, "almost anyone can make out these days," we have had more than our share of jobs on publications. Four of them have presented us with tokens of service, and in goodbye, we want to say that it's all been fun, and as to how educational, we expect to find out in the very near future.