

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, June 2, 1944

Class Spirit Again . . .

Lengthy feverish discussions resulted from the recent hazing party enjoyed by several members of Druids and group of Independent men who together released some of their questionable class spirit on two freshmen.

An account of the incident and the individuals involved were brought before the proper College authorities, and reliable consideration was practised on the whole matter. The decision was indisputable, and the reborn pioneers of collegiate hazing realized their positions. The case was closed.

But there was an unsuspected, inevitable aftermath of the tonsorial pranksters' exhibition. It brought to the familiar light the uncooperation of upperclassmen in preserving that Penn State spirit freshmen hear so much about during their first few days at Penn State. Freshmen will always display their mischievous abilities with the anticipation that upperclassmen might be hot on their proverbial tails.

And their tails have wagged—no one has bothered to step on them. There should be more dog fights. But they should be authoritative, justifiable tussles displaying common sense. If upperclassmen would cooperate with Tribunal, war would not be an excuse for lack of interest in collegiate spirit.

Freshmen should be made to realize the meaning of customs. The only way this could be accomplished is by enforcement of customs. Upperclassmen should understand that customs are natural, instructive elements in the life of a freshman. Enforcement necessitates aid from each and every upperclassman.

It's quite strange how one hears freshmen exclaim their intentions of bearing down on the class following them. And when the time comes, it is discovered they have no time to bother fulfilling their promises. They sit back, and then marvel disgustingly at the audacity of students who take matters into their own hands and shave people's heads. Such affairs could be intelligently prevented by the student body.

The Druid affair was a result of negligence on the part of upperclassmen who will not participate in the normal activities of college students. Customs round out collegian life. Without customs Penn State becomes an educational institution without that special deviation from books and classes.

The green dinks, black bow-ties and white socks mean, or at least should mean, something extra to deal with for the freshman. It gives him a type of responsibility which might prove beneficial to the first year student. Quite a number of these newcomers to Penn State consider their obligations and stroll around campus with their frosh bibles and matches. They accept their customs as part of a new experience which helps mold them into men.

Then there are the few defiant freshman who grin with conceited mockery at something which might boost their chances of contributing to a better Penn State. This is where upperclassmen should exercise the rights they have been given.

Violators of freshman customs reveal their possibilities of unfitness to grasp the opportunities they have been privileged to realize. The upperclassmen should disseminate class spirit, make the freshmen sing, re-enact familiar scenes at the Corner, show them what customs stand for, and the part it plays in the life of a Penn State student.

Collegiate Review

The hundred coeds who responded to a social program poll last week at the University of Indiana chose terrace dances as the most favored type of entertainment there.

The results of the poll, which was conducted in order to aid in planning the type of parties coeds want, showed that those who voted were interesting in hayriding, off-campus picnics, off-campus swimming parties, on-campus picnics and record dances.

Zoo Visitor: "Where are the monkeys?"
Keeper: "They're in the back, making love."
Visitor: "Would they come out for some peanuts?"
Keeper: "Would you?"
—The Utah Chronicle

"We'll have to rehearse that," said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.
—Pointer

When asked who her favorite pinup boy was one Air-Wac stationed at Amarillo Field, Texas, replied, "Bugs Bunny. I saw him at the show last night and he was wonderful."

"Hello, coach."
"I thought you weren't to drink while in training."
"What makes you think that I've been drinking, coach?"
"I'm not the coach."
—Indiana Daily Student

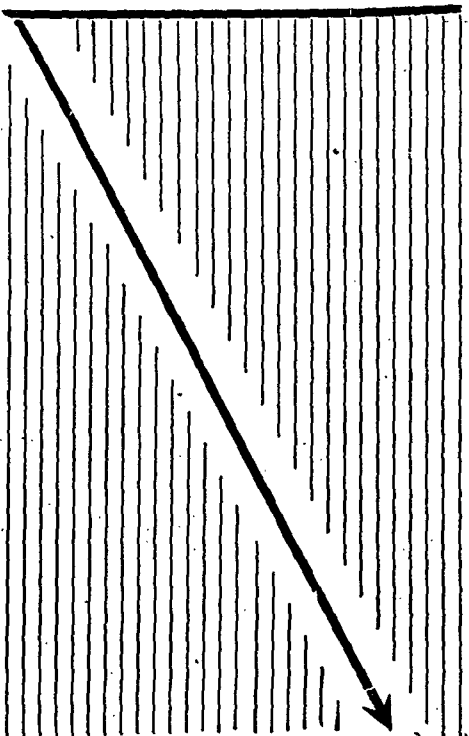
It was a far cry from the West Virginia hills and a lot different from the Campus on the Monon gahela that many of them knew, but they were all West Virginia mountaineers and that made it right.

At the Red Cross Mostyn Club in London, thirty-four former men from the University of West Virginia astounded sophisticated Londoners by introducing the genuine mountain square dance.
—The Athenaeum

"Is this the Salvation Army?"
"Yes."
"Do you save bad women?"
"Yes."
"Well, save me a couple for Saturday night."
—Mechanews

We know a wolf who is always broke. Instead of inviting gals up to see his etchings, he has them come up to see the handwriting on the wall.
—Mechanews

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
unusual

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

Come Collegian elections and the old staff says good-bye. The new staff then says hello . . . Hello! We will not waste time saying how glad we are to get this column because there'll be things doing in the Big Red Barn this weekend. You'll want to be knowing who's going with whom, etc., etc., so here goes.

Here's the Navy

Alpha Chi Marilyn Globisch will be going with A/S Bill Gibbs . . . Jane Brown with A/S Frank Neisch . . . Kappa Margo Zolinger with AS/ Bill Baker . . . Theta Phi Alpha pledge Pat Tompkins with A/S Russell Rushton . . . Pat Turk, dg, and A/S Jim Quirk . . . Sybil Peskin, SDT, with A/S Fred Vogel . . . Faye Matulis and A/S Frank Bosworth . . . Terry Cernuto and A/S Gene Graebner . . . theta Jeanne Hirt and A/S Art Miller . . . theta Kathy Osgood and A/S Jim McNall . . . Marsha Conroe and A/S Coyle Hunter . . . Sally Duffy, ChiO, and A/S Walt Grim .

. . . And the Marines

Marines and their girls won't be lacking at the swingout Saturday night . . . Theta Jeannie Weaver will be dancing with Marine Pvt. Sweeny Harvey . . . kappa Nan Charles with Pvt. Jack Foley . . . Ruthie Williams and Pvt. Eddie Meyers . . . Dottie Morrow and Pvt. Bill McKee . . . Rita Horton and Pvt. Ray Peterson . . . Marty Ball with Pvt. Wilbur Greene . . . Lee Yeagleg with Pvt. Bill Christmas . . . and a horde of others. June Rosen will be A/S Richard Markley's gal . . . Val Rochez and A/S Jack Trombore . . . Marge Rose and A/S Dick Kucel . . . delta gam Delbert Wiener and A/S

Jack Graham . . . theta phi alpha Peggy Presel and A/S Bob Timko . . . Marilyn Cavanaugh and Pvt. Dale Hamilton . . . Gloria Romeo and A/S Floyd Foster . . . kappa Harriet Leyden and A/S Chuck Judge . . . Bebee Gorham and A/S Ki Reberkenny . . . Jane Noles and A/S John Wiley . . . This could go on far into the column but time's a wastin' and there are other items and people yet to be mentioned.

Gossip Glimpses . . .

Dottie Coleman will be going to June weekend at Annapolis, as will a chi o Anne Schlaugh and SDT Carol Finekstein . . . kappa delt Janet Tower announced her marriage to Ens. Bernard L. Hamilton, USNR, in Boston recently . . . Nora Thompson and George Wadlev, former lambda chi, are engaged . . . Jackie Irvin has annexed Joe Yarze's sigma phi alpha pin . . . delta gam Claire Hamilton will be visiting sigma nu Bob Hall one of these weekends . . . Pfc. Bud Sailer was up to see Margaret Bittner last weekend . . . Sis Kehler and Ens. Herb Martin number among the engaged also . . . Corp. George Kanter, phi ep, has been burning up the wires with calls to SDT Sydele Buchwalter these days . . . George is convalescing in an Army hospital after being overseas for a number of months . . .

Please! . . .

That's about all for this week . . . Maniac would muchly appreciate it if anyone with news of pinnings, de-pinnings, engagements, marriages, blessed events, weekend visits, new twosomes, etc., etc., would call up ye olde theta phi alpha house to let us know. Thank you.
—Maniac

A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Julius,

Well, here I am at Penn State. If you had told me that at my age and ectoplasmic condition I would be going to college, I would have said that you're nuts. But what's a self respecting ghost going to do? I was haunting a big house in Wilkes-Barre, and wearing myself down to a frazzle hauling those clanking chains up and down stairs, when I decided that it was no life for the ghost of a Roman politician to lead.

So I came out here to State (hanging on to the tail-light of a Greyhound bus.) I expect to get a line on how they do things in this civilization and then maybe run for Congress. And it is a very strange civilization, indeed. From Monday until Friday the weather is excellent; the sun shines all the time while the students go to class. Then on Friday evenings all the men call up the coeds for dates and it begins to rain. It rains until Monday morning, when classes start again.

The other night I went over to one of these buildings on campus where they keep the women locked up at night in order to get some practice haunting. I stopped under a coed's window and let loose my haunting cry, "Awoo. Awoo," in the most sepulchral voice I could muster. Far from being frightened, she came chortling to the window, "Oh, looky, girls, a wolf!" I don't understand this place.

Continuing on my way, I came upon a boy and girl standing under a tree. They were gazing at each other with fond eyes, and every quarter-hour they would breath deep sighs. Suddenly the boy began to speak in a husky, strained voice, "I want you to." "I can't. It's too much." He looked at her as if she were a sirloin steak. "You must, it means so much to me." "All right." With trembling fingers, he took a large safety pin from his pocket and tenderly pinned it on the front of her dress. Then hand in hand they slowly strolled down the campus.

et and tenderly pinned it on the front of her dress. Then hand in hand they slowly strolled down the campus.

The next afternoon I was walking by a level field where several hundred gaudily clad young men were playing a game. They were so engrossed in hitting each other over the head with clubs that they completely ignored the little wooden ball with which the game is played. I approached an authoritative-looking man standing on the sidelines.

"What do you call this?" I indicated the slaughter.
"Lacrosse," he said. "Want to play?"

"No."
"Fine," he said seizing my arm. "consider yourself on the squad. Where did you say you played before?"

"In a graveyard," I answered. "You don't have a ghost of a chance of making the squad," he said.

This made me angry, and I surprised him by stepping out on the field and scoring ghoul after ghoul.

In order to 'make out' on the campus they tell me that I must go out for an activity. I am on the staff of the Collegian, which is a newspaper. My impressions of this great work are covered in the following poem.

THE COLLEGIAN
I come to the Collegian
To learn to write,
And stay there busy
Till late at night,
I spend my time
Answering the phone,
And later I walk
Fat girls home,
What do you hear from Brutus
these days? I wonder if he is
still riding on the ferris wheel in
Atlantic City?
Your pal,
Cassius
P.S.—Can you lend me five
bucks until Tuesday?