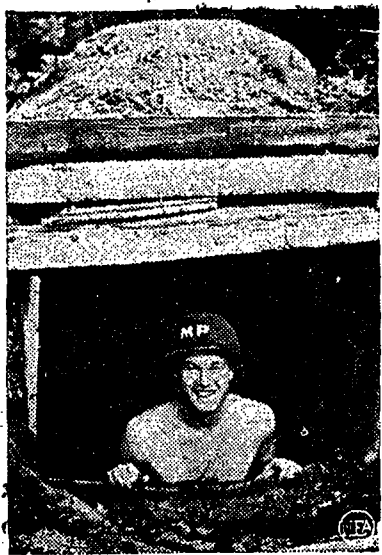


Saturday Night Al Fresco



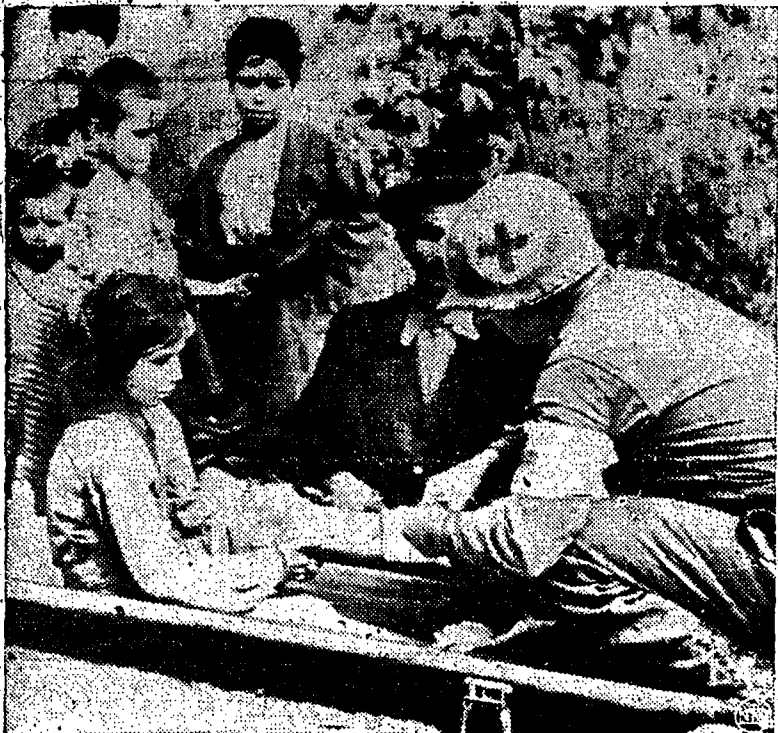
Because Nazi shells have a nasty way of interrupting his outdoor bath, T/5 Simon Vosonski of Hudson, Mass., wears his helmet when scrubbing up in the sure-enough bathtub he picked up in a deserted Italian village. When Nazis get 'foo' nasty, he jumps out of tub, clad in helmet and layer of soapsuds, retires to his nearby shelter—a sunken barrel, protected by shrapnel-resistant roof. The Fifth Army MP is pictured above, in the tub and left, grinning from his "barrel-house."

Sad-Looking Supermen



Dazed and a bit frightened-looking are these German prisoners, taken by Allied Fifth Army troops in the smashing drive on Rome.

Help for an Innocent Victim



(Signal Corps Radio-Telephoto from NEA) While her father and a group of her friends watches, an American medical corpsman tenderly dresses the leg of a little Italian girl, wounded during the fighting in Castellinorato area.

Front and Center

By ENS. L. T. CHERVENAK, U.S.N.R. Guest Columnist

My writing of this column is entirely unpremeditated, unauthorized, and a high personal honor—and besides that the new editor didn't have anyone else handy to shove it off on.

The only thing I can think of at the moment to qualify me to write a "military column" is my record at midshipmen's school, where—out of the 345,893½ trouble-brewing regulations—I managed to find at least three I neither broke nor wanted to break:

- 1) I didn't chew tobacco at any time.
- 2) I didn't whistle at any time.
- 3) I didn't throw any object out of any port (window) at any time.

It is only fair to add however, that (1) I don't chew tobacco, (2) I can't whistle, and (3) there were screens on all the windows.

It really has been fun, though, and not the least of the fun has been several reunions with other Penn State alums.

Hot-dogging it through officers' training with me, for example, were Bruce Whorrel, Howie Lyon, Al Letzler, George Hemingway, and Ed Higgs.

The seaman who relieved me on my first roving night patrol was "Dead Eye" Guthrie—a long "missing" associate who had out-shot me pretty consistently on the freshman rifle team, but whom I hadn't heard of since. Guthrie, it seems, left College shortly after the close of his freshman year, joined the Navy as a seaman, fought it out with the Japs from Attu to the South Pacific, and had finally won a right to officer training via the V-12 program.

At the command "Advance and be recognized," he took a step forward, sounded off, announced that he was "ready to relieve you, sir"—then broke out with a very unmilitary "howinell are you and how is Penn State?"

At the Naval Air Center at Philly—it was another Penn Stater, Ensign Bill McKinney '38, who traded information about my new assignment for "any late news" about our mutual alma mater.

In Philadelphia we also met Lt. Don Kulp and Pfc. Bob Kaval, both on furlough. Seaman Bob Lohse stopped by on his way back to V-12 training at Cornell; and Air Cadet Bill Bayer passed through while en route to a new station.

Frontline dispatches, meanwhile, have come through recently from former head-cheerleader Walt Soltung, now a lieutenant (jg) aboard the USS Bunker Hill; Pfc. Al Orbell, one time frosh football player now in the Pacific; Bud Ganter, another South Pacific traveler, Lt. (jg) Paul Haldeman, former Collegian feature-editor "Somewhere at sea"; and Lemoine Derrick, first-class petty officer aboard the new carrier Yorktown.

Probably the most touching testimonial of what our College means to the guys under fire, though, came from the Pacific. It consisted of two carefully preserved, but well worn copies of Collegian, sent to my home address by Pfc. Allen Gray '45 with this note attached:

"I don't know where you're stationed nowadays, but I'm sure that—wherever you are—you'll also want to know what's happening at Penn State. It's one of the things Joe (Cologne) and I enjoy hearing about most, and it's that big reunion in Nittany Valley that we plan whenever there's a lull in activity out here."

Although I still haven't reached "over here," I sorta have the feeling—Joe and Al have something there.

Collegian Picture Page



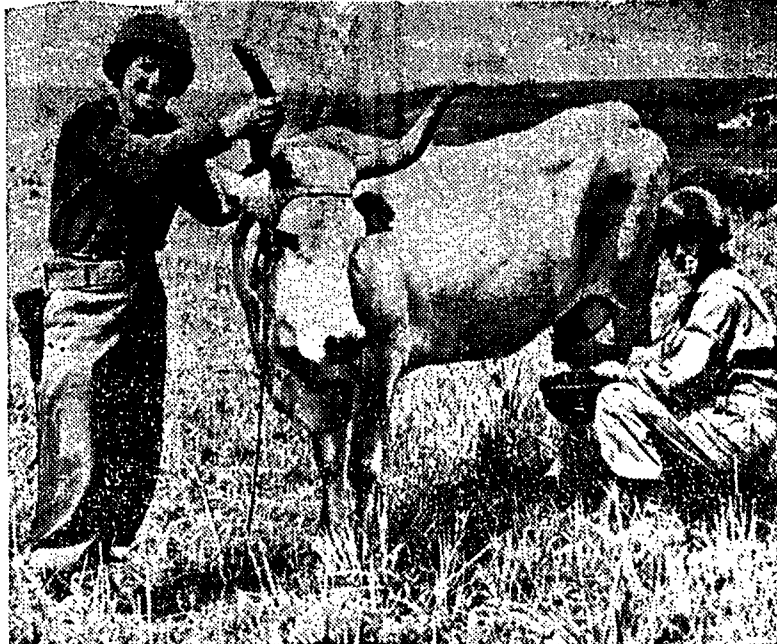
RATIONED! And no wonder! This lovely lady is Marie Wilson, who played the role of "Bubbles" in the film comedy about the campus manpower shortage, "You Can't Ration Love." The picture tells what happens when the coeds put the boys on a point basis for dates.

Graduates Grade School—at 69



Mrs. Joseph Montone, right, 69, will be graduated from a Newark, N. J., grade school, which she has attended eight hours a week for the past 12 years, at the end of the current term. Mother of seven children, of whom one is in the Navy, she's pictured with a fellow eighth-grader, Florence Rosko, 13.

Takes Cow by the Horns



Sgt. William Fraser of Oshawa, Ontario, is not taking the bull by the horns. On the contrary. Texas-looking longhorn is cow from Italian farm near Anzio beachhead, and she's being persuaded to give by Sgt. Samuel Eros of Saskatchewan, who uses versatile battle helmet for milk pail.