

# THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, August 11, 1944

## Collegiate Review

Perhaps fearing a return to the classics, Prof. Robert Tangeman of Indiana University was reported pleading with students to "be tolerant of music in new style."

Here is news to end all news . . . The Carnegie Tech Tartan revealed the total enlistment of the frosh class at 113—111 boys and two girls. Pardon me while I go off and meditate.

Marine Roger M. Busfield, a University of Texas alumnus, has just had his first story published—fairy-tale in the kiddies' magazine, Jack and Jill.

Several new law books in braille have recently been added to the Boalt Hall library collection at the University of Southern California, bringing the total number of law books for sightless students to 193.

Speaking of the future for women in law, John C. Peppin, associate professor of law at the University of Southern California, points out that surprisingly few women have taken up the profession.

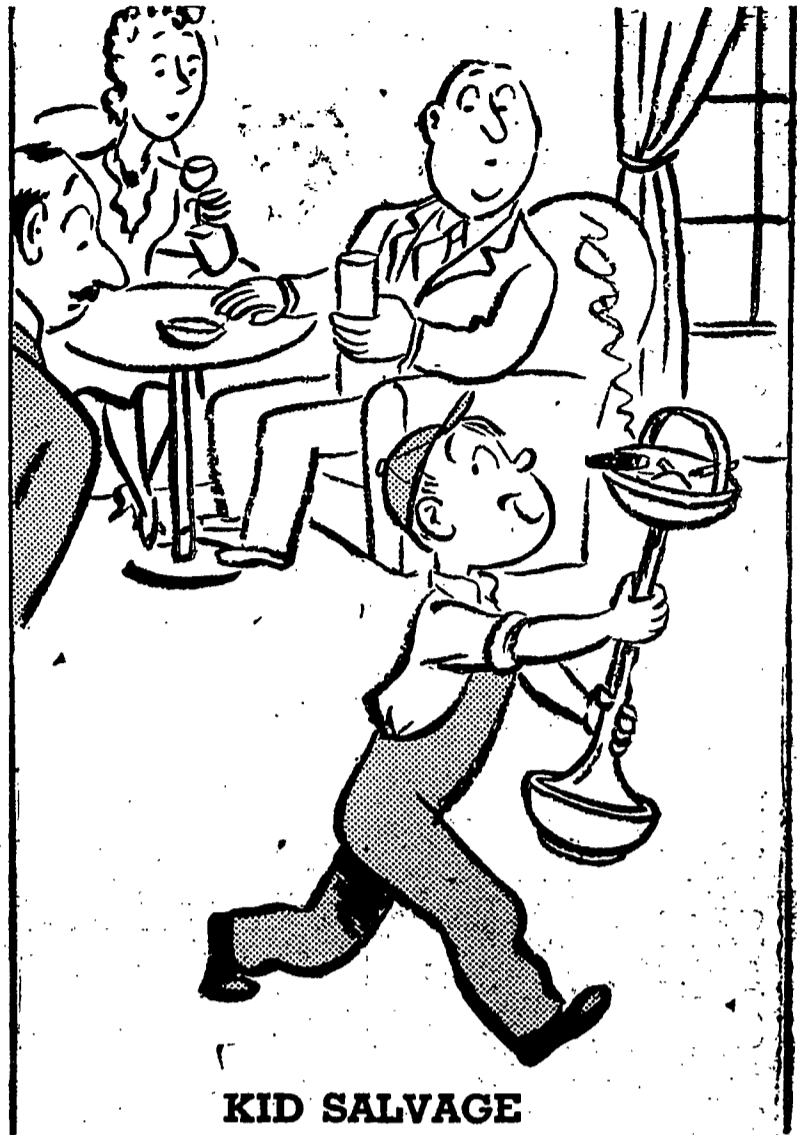
At the present time, he stated, law schools are turning out only one-tenth of their usual number of graduates, creating a scarcity of lawyers that could be corrected by the entrance of more women into the field.

Another advantage women would have in entering law now is the increasing number of lawyers who act as advisors instead of trying cases in court.

University of Texas conservatives raised a despairing eyebrow recently at the report that students were seeing the phasm of an alligator in the University's memorial fount. Sober investigation, however, brought forth the news that there was such a creature gambling about, and that he was there in material form and not just in spirit.

In the Southern Cal Trojan, we detect a note which makes us reminisce. A good feature writer says: There must be one person in Callaghan Hall (local Ath) with the sort of imagination that gets people places. From some source, talk about water-bagging from the Hall windows has been circulating. As in any group, there were some skeptics who doubted that a little water could hurt anyone. Whereupon the Pan-Hellenic president got up and said, "Yes, but have you ever been water-bagged with ice cubes?"

A freshman pledge at the University of Kansas had to have a quick answer when she returned from a scavenger hunt on which she was ordered to find a small black kitten. The pledge returned with an oversized black tomcat and promptly announced, "He has had thyroid trouble."



KID SALVAGE

### The Hats Are Back

At approximately the same hour last Sunday night, two Penn State hat societies, Parmi Nous and Skull and Bones, were once again brought into the collegiate picture as student organizations.

Alumni of both societies thought it necessary to revive such groups. Penn State men in service have these hat societies in their memories and in all probability, would like to see Parmi Nous and Skull and Bones an essential part of Penn State on their return to the campus from all regions of the world.

A football game on Beaver Field without hat men has been experienced by the student body and faculty for the past two years. But there are people who have lived in the Nittany Valley for many years, and they realize that hat men have played their part in Penn State tradition.

The present freshman class needs the hat societies. Increasing violations of freshman customs reveals the fact that some indirect governing group could accomplish an admirable step in the direction of a better class of freshmen. In prewar days freshmen feared and actually respected Penn State's hat societies.

So there is a job to be done. Cooperation of the hat societies should be one of their main objectives. They should teach the freshmen that Penn State customs have a serious purpose behind them.

### Too Many Women

A surprising news item released last week undoubtedly created various opinions. Limited housing facilities has forced the College to refuse two out of three women applying for admission for the fall semester of 1944. President Hetzel's statement reveals that the majority of the women not being accepted academically stand in the upper two-fifths of their high school classes.

It is a difficult situation to face, but this is just another result of Hitler's world revolution. There are probably a great many women entering college in order that they might have an education, something which will be an important element in the postwar world. They will be better fitted as trained individuals. But there will not be too many of them, at least not in Pennsylvania.

The only solution in this case is the expansion of the College physical plant. This idea has been accomplished to a certain extent, but the housing shortage prevails. Persistent recommendations along this line would seem to do the trick.

### A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Brutus,  
For quite some time now I have overheard furtive whispers concerning the doings of a group on campus known as Tribunal. Tribunal consists of a number of male students whose job is to mete out swift and terrible justice to errant freshmen. The other night I decided to investigate the workings of this public-spirited organization.

I found that Tribunal meets in the Alumni Association office in Old Main, a room whose soft carpets and easy chairs belie the grim purpose of this student court. At a desk in one corner of the room Dany Grundy, notorious head of Tribunal, was sitting playing with a rubber truncheon. Several of his burly henchmen were busy heating iron pokers in an open fire.

Outside in the corridor several fear-ridden frosh stood conversing in low tones. I overheard a snatch of their conversation.

"He was lucky. They only broke both his arms."

Each freshman had received a postcard in the mail that morning politely requesting his appearance. Tribunal postcards, like draft notices, are generally complied with—or else.

Noting that the pokers were glowing a cherry red and that each Tribunal member had loosened up his arm with several anticipatory swishes of his black-jack, Grundy called for the first offender. Green dink in hand, a small freshman entered and approached the desk.

"Do you know why you're here?" Grundy said kindly.

"To be tortured?" the freshman asked.

"No, son, I don't mean that. What did you do to get reported to Tribunal?"

"Should I tell the truth?"

"It will go easier with you if you do."

"I—I walked on the grass."

A shot rang out destroying the quiet of the room. The young freshman crumpled to the floor. Grundy lowered the smoking automatic with tears in his eyes.

"Why do we have to do it?" he cried. "They're all so young."

While two members disposed of the corpse by putting it under Alumni Secretary Ridge Riley's desk, Grundy composed himself and called for the next victim. This next freshman was tall and handsome and unafraid. It was evident from his manner that

he was there for no petty offense—he had committed the dread crime of dating.

"I see from my records," Grundy said, "that you have been turned in for dating. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's the name of the coed you dated?"

"I can't tell you."

"O. K., boys. Work on him."

The freshman was immediately surrounded and submerged from sight by Grundy's grinning crew. I saw red-hot pokers, bludgeons, and bottles of castor oil being brandished. In an incredibly short time he screamed, "I give up. Don't beat me any more. I'll talk."

"Well, who was it?" Grundy wanted to know.

"Mary Jones."

"Ah-ha. What's her telephone number?"

As the merciless interrogation continued, I noticed that Grundy and his cohorts were stealthily jotting down the coed's telephone number.

"Since you're such a ladies' man, I suppose you know a lot of coeds," Grundy said slyly.

"Yes, sir."

"Let's see your address book."

The freshman reluctantly brought out a thick, well-flapped volume and was instantly bowled aside as Grundy and all of his fellows dived at the book and began frantically turning the pages. Amid shouts of "Here's a pip," and "I know this one," and "This one's mine. You guys lay off," the august body of student judges took notes and laid plans for the weekend's social doings.

Suddenly Grundy poked his head up from the address hunting huddle and said, "O.K., frosh, you can go now. And let this be a lesson not to date until you're old enough."

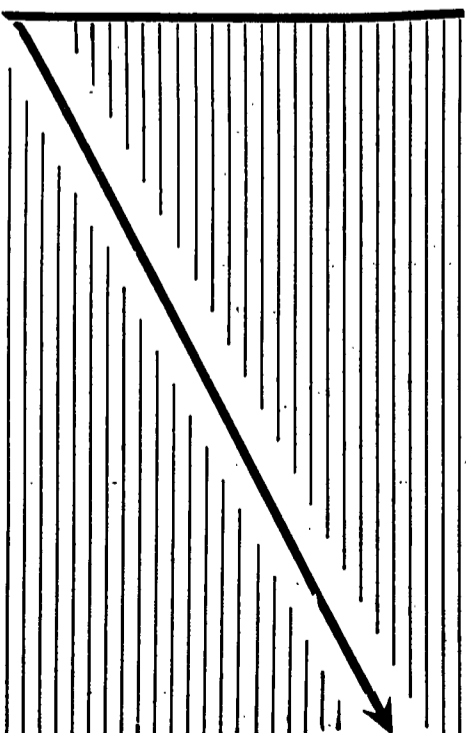
Leaving his most valuable possession in the hands of those friends, the freshman slowly walked out—a broken man.

I left when the Tribunal members began beating each other over the head with chair legs in an argument over who should date "Bubbles" this week. The party was getting too rough for me.

Your Pal,  
CASSIUS

P. S. Can you lend me five bucks? I want to buy "Stinky" (the guy who writes the "Talk on the Campus") a rattle, a kewpie doll, and an infernal machine.

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner  
unusual