

THE COLLEGIAN

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887.

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Friday, August 25, 1944

Collegiate Review

Princeton has the largest collection of death masks in the United States, sadly admits the *Occidental*.

"The Trojan Woman" will be presented in the Cal Greek Bowl, trumpets the *Daily Californian*.

The *Gamecock* gives us this little mix-up. Phthignkhee is not a pig Latin or German or any other foreign language but is a hybrid spelling of the common (or is it common?) American word "thanks." It's even pronounced as the good ole English version. Just pronounce "phth" as in phthisis, "i" as in meringue, "gn" as in gnostic, "kh" as in khaki, and "ce" as in fleece.

The Indiana University Theatre will shortly present the students with "A Bill of Divorcement." See how much cheaper it is to come to Penn State!

Pray, butcher spare you tender calf,
Accept my plea on his behalf;
He's but a babe, too young by far
To perish in the abattoir.
Oh, cruel butcher, let him feed
And gambol on the verdant mead;
Let clover tops and grassy banks
Fill out those childish ribs and flanks;
Then may we, at some future meal
Pitch into beef instead of veal.

—Gamecock

The California *Bruin* has just issued another of its statements admitting its own superiority in the field of journalism. The story was sub-headed "A Plague on Both Your Houses." Seismographs as far away as Harrisburg recorded the shock.

The Southern California *Trojan* seemed very proud to report that its band would present a concert under the distinguished baton of Morton Gould, noted modern composer. Mr. Gould planned to introduce two of his own selections at the program.

Details of the G. I. bill by which the government helps pay for the education of veterans of the armed forces of this war were released recently by the Association of American Colleges, sponsor of the bill, we hear from Indiana University.

Any man or woman who has had active service since September 15, 1940, and who has been honorably discharged is eligible if his or her education has been interfered with by military service. Eligibility is based on service of 90 days or more in the armed services, exclusive of time spent in any such programs as the ASTP or V-12.

The "ology" that holds the key to human relations is not psychology, biology or geology, but plain everyday apology.

—The Indiana Daily Student

A Lean And Hungry Look

Long, long ago, in the time of peace, and beer and skittles in the Nittany valley, a young man named Milton Dolinger wrote a column called "A Lean and Hungry Look." Now with the Fifth Army in Italy, Pvt. Dolinger has favored me with a billet doux. Some of the things he has to say are well worthy of serious consideration by the student body, others are merely a degenerate attack upon the present Cassius.

The Front, Italy
My dear, my very dear Mr. —, I think that is your name. That is what they have told me. Better than that address you as your pilfered name, "Cassius!"

I have read, or rather regurgitated through your efforts at "A Lean and Hungry Look." What a dastardly mockery of the name. Haven't you any originality? Must you steal and defame a noble column started by the first Cassius and bequeathed to another . . . but after that the dynasty ended!

But, on reflection, excuse me. You must have originality, if not in title matter, surely in content. For never did Cassius write as you do. Not even after a night's invoking of satyrs to dance on Bacchus' grave.

A far better writer than you can e'er aspire to be, Miss Lee Learner, asked to use "A Lean and Hungry Look," for her column, but was dissuaded. "Collegian" certainly has become degenerate when it will countenance plagiaristic defamations.

Far be it to cry, O tempora! O Mores! but, if the school's attitude is reflected truthfully in your paper, I suffer for it. Either that may be true, or your reporting isn't accurate. I assume it to be in this instance.

This is not directed to you alone, Nauseous, but to everyone. You prate there of "customs" and lisp of "politics" at a time when the world is bathed in blood, and you instead should be humbly aware of it, but no, in Nittany Valley there is an aura of selfishness, of greed. Let the events of the day go hang today we will make the freshmen roll their trousers above their knees and walk duck-footed and the mall will resound with gaiety and love of fellow men. Faugh!

When, by the hairs of the Prophet's dewlaps, is Penn State going to wake up? In talking to several former students, cut off in their prime from finishing there by other, slightly more important world events, the attitude is—"If State is that way now, how will it be when we go back? Maybe we won't go back!"

I don't propose you all practice "weltschmerz," but mayhaps you might try to become aware of the ancient, tiresome, and oft laugh-provoking chestnut, "There's a war going on, y'-know."

As for you personally, Mr. —, you continue castrating Cassius through curses heaped upon your pin-feathered head by the self-safe oracle on the side of Vesuvius who foresaw the ruin of that other false, corrupt creation, Pompeii.

Desist, desist, ere the fate of Caesar overtake you. In short, as even an imitator of "A Lean and Hungry Look," you stink.

Leanly and Hungrily yours,
M. B. Dolinger
CASSIUS.

Dear Milton,
You will forgive me for calling you Milton, won't you? I feel that any man who insults me so warmly and intimately as you do must be a friend; no mere acquaintance would have the bad taste. Now that we have cleared up our little matter of knowing each other, Milt, old boy, let's discuss your letter.

The last thing I expected, by writing this column, was to bring down your fearsome wrath upon my head. You see, Milton, ma cherie, it went like this. The editor walked over to me one day

and said, "Why don't you write a column?"

"What should I write?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, try 'A Lean and Hungry Look,'" he said. "Even you couldn't write it any worse than Dolinger did. Heck, nobody could."

Since I agreed wholeheartedly with the editor in this estimation, "your" column was reborn.

From your letter I learn that Miss Lee Learner (who damn well is a better writer than I am) was "dissuaded" from writing this column. Why didn't you add that what "dissuaded" her was your swiping the cut for the top of the column from the print shop? Is my memory a trifle too long to suit your taste, Milt?

Now for you "There's a war going on y'know." A fellow gets a pretty good idea that there is a war going on before being discharged from the Army as the present writer was. But all right, we are students at a college. What can we accomplish here, but do any little work possible, and hope and pray for victory, and the safety of guys like you, Milt who are making it a reality? Do you think it would expedite the conduct of the war one bit if we lifted "customs?" Do you think it would bring you home one day sooner if we did away with Campus "politics?" I don't see that it would, Milt, and in all fairness, I think you will have to admit the same.

Incidentally, ex-Cassius, I'm sorry you don't like my column. I didn't like the pompous verbosity of yours very much, and I was a little bit hurt by the harsh names you called me. But then I got out the last copy of La Vie and looked at your picture. Gosh, Milt, I can't get mad at a fellow with a puss like yours.

I suppose this letter is the wrong sort to write to a soldier. Taking my cue from yours, it turned out to be a bit facetious. I would like you to believe, however, that the last three words are offered in gratitude, and respect, and all sincerity. Good luck, Milt.

Your pal,

CASSIUS

P.S.—Can you lend me five bucks? I want to send you a framed, autographed picture of myself.

LETTERS TO EDITOR

August 23, 1944

The Collegian Staff
Carnegie Hall
Penn State

Dear Sirs:

After reading your column of gripes in last week's Collegian, I've decided to send my own gripe in. Many Frosh are on the campus for only one semester, perhaps the last semester of their lives.

If they speak to girls after 5:30 p.m. let alone walk down the street with one, they are promptly forced to appear before Tribunal and then God knows what!

Customs have gone for one-half the semester now; it is not time to remove them? Have pity on the poor boys! They want to enjoy their last days as much as anyone else. I am quite sure the Penn State spirit has been instilled in their bones!

Sincerely yours,

Bill Johnson

P.S.—Notice that I signed it!

Dear Mr. Johnson,
". . . perhaps the last semester of their lives."

"They want to enjoy their last days as much as anyone else."

The future looks quite obscure to you. Why not let the future come as it may? Live the present, wear your customs. One of the most difficult situations one can attempt is to explain the meaning of customs. It is only when the student has graduated, and he reminisces of freshman days

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Vice Versa . . .

When the Pennsylvania State College opens its doors for the Fall semester of 1944 an amazing occurrence will have taken place. Four hundred and thirty-one freshmen will matriculate athirst for knowledge, of which 340 will be coeds. While this will provide a goodly number of green dinks and ribbons dotting the campus, it is a far cry from the 1147 hopefuls who applied for admission.

Because of limited housing facilities the majority of these applicants, regardless of high qualifications, were of necessity denied admission. This is a dangerous situation, indeed, for no college can grow into a great institution if it is forced to reject such a large number of deserving would-be freshmen.

It is understood that the college administration is decidedly disturbed over the prospect of continually being forced to turn down a large number of potentially good college students. Our administration need worry no longer. Recently at a meeting of some of the greatest contemporary minds, a plan to alleviate this situation was formulated. It shall be known as the Collegian Plan and will undoubtedly assume its rightful place as one of the great educational advances of this generation.

The Collegian Plan is simplicity itself. It recognizes the elementary fact that the student body is composed of two sexes, male and female. The relation of these sexes depends upon the ratio of men to women on the campus. When as in the past, men greatly outnumbered women, women were much in demand and men became the pursuers.

Under these circumstances dormitories were erected to house the women at the College, and it was only right to do so, for the dormitories made the close supervision of coeds possible. Today, however, under vastly different circumstances, to refuse admission to women because of no dormitory accommodations is without reason.

Since the ratio now favors the coeds and will continue to do so for some time to come, women will soon become the aggressors.

The Collegian plan, in short, suggests that the men on campus be housed in the dorms. They should be provided with chaperons, be required to be in the dorms at ten o'clock on weekday evenings, and should be made to observe a number of dating regulations. All this will operate for their own protection, because the large number of excess coeds will give them no peace.

In the meantime all the qualified coeds who apply can be accepted and housed in the many rooming houses downtown. In this way Penn State will be able to take its proper place as a great university with a large enrollment, and the morals and welfare of its few men students will be protected against the ravages of the hordes of predatory females soon to descend upon its peaceful campus.

BJC

