

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, September 1, 1944

Collegiate Review

Does your education taste different lately? If so, try Penn State. Remember, spelled backwards it spells "etatsnrep."

Northeastern News reports that Jim Donnellan, a senior there, has been nominated by the senior class of the College of Business Administration as the most outstanding member of that class. He was chosen as the most intelligent, best looking, most likely to succeed and most popular. Does one need to mention that Jim is the only member of that class?

Princeton received a 100 lira note from Italy which was autographed by Marlene Dietrich, but readers of the Cal Bruin had more fun. They watched disgusted Bruinettes prove, in the Letters to the Editor department, that they do neck with the right Bruin male.

Our spies have informed us that our own XGI Club is not exclusive. Other newly formed veterans' organizations are: Trovets, University of Southern California; Calvets, University of California; Anchor and Eagle Club, Northwestern; Organized Illinois Veterans of World War II, University of Illinois; GIX, North Texas State Teachers College.

This is supposed to have happened at Amarillo Field, Texas, **Mechanews** tells us. T/Sgt. Ferguson walked outside his mess hall and found an inebriated private leaning against the building. "Whaddy youse doing there?" sneered Fergie. "I'm holding up the the building," hiccupped the future non-com. "Sez you," leered Fergie. "Get the hell out of here on the double." So the adolescent soak shrugged his shrugger, staggered away and the building collapsed.

One of the Californian juniors went down to the Men's gymnasium for a story on the Army. In trying to find the colonel whom she wanted to interview she went up to a sergeant who was taking signups for ROTC. Without looking up, the sergeant handed her a form for joining the ROTC. At her gasp he looked up and saw that he was trying to recruit a woman. "Ineligible," he snapped, taking the form from her.

The Indiana Daily Student carries this story: The board of directors of the National Pretzel Bakers' Institute devised yesterday that the postwar pretzel will be a "petite" creation "with refinement in every motion."

But while disavowing any association between the pretzel and the beer hall, the directors verbally bent the pretzel to its same old shape. "You can say," explained Harold H. Moss, executive secretary, "that people will still be able to get a grip on the pretzel."

A Lean And Hungry Look

This has been a terrible week for me. Everything went wrong. My food doesn't agree with me, I can't sleep, and I jump every time I hear a professor swearing at a golf ball.

I was so upset the other day that I went into a restaurant, and wanting to end it all, ordered a herring. The waiter returned a few minutes later holding the fish between his thumb and forefinger, and his nose between the same fingers of his other hand. It was the most intelligent fish I have ever seen. It looked almost smart enough to talk. I was fooled—it could talk. "Am I was my brother's kipper?" said the herring.

The sound of a talking herring so affected my distraught nerves that I ran from the eatery without paying the check. (That's my story. The proprietor takes another view of the matter.)

Outside, I fell into the hands of a band of roving freshmen who were looking for the Lion Shrine. Because no freshman will admit he knows where it is, they were obliged to kidnap seniors in order to beat the required information out of them. That is why they seized me.

The freshmen dragged me to the cellar of their rooming house. It looked like a medieval torture chamber. They tied me to a huge rack and began to question me. The honor of my class was at stake. I would not tell them where the Lion Shrine was. And besides, I did not know. The freshmen became enraged at my silence and prepared to put me to a terrible lingering death, but I would not yield.

If I weakened and told this group where the Lion Shrine is located they would spread the word and before long their entire class would know. If this state of affairs continued, pretty soon the freshmen would know where Old Main and Sparks are, and in time might even find out where we have hidden Atherton Hall.

The burly freshman who was the leader of the band approached me, hiding something behind his back. He was grinning evilly, and the color of his green dink blended with his face, giving it a sinister look. Suddenly he whipped out the latest copy of the Penn State Engineer and held it in front of my nose.

"Take it away," I screamed in mortal terror. "I'll talk, I'll teller."

you everything. Only take it away."

My pleas fell on deaf ears. He relentlessly began turning the pages. I struggled against my bonds but they were too strong. Closer and closer he came to the page of the "Talk of the Campus." I could stand the pain no longer. With a strangling cry, I fainted.

I woke up to the gentle breeze of someone wafting the Collegian under my nose. It was like heaven. I began reading the Interfraternity Dating Code story on page one, and came upon an item, which I must confess, I do not understand.

"A living room or club room where women guests may be entertained must be provided which is well lighted by three or more lamps, and at least two couples must be present," it reads.

It would appear that this item must have been included in the code at the suggestion of the faculty members. It smacks of the academic mind. The only underlying purpose that can be seen from this regulation is to prevent necking. This leads Cassius to ask two questions.

1. Why do you want to stop it?

2. Do you think you can?

If the answer to the second question is yes, I would like to point out that the best lighted place on Campus is the lounge of Atherton Hall. It contains many more than three lamps and it is populated by many more than two couples. And the horsepower used up there in kissing goodnight is enough to run Boulder Dam for a month.

After doing some research, Cassius found that in the old code only two lamps were required in each clubroom. The change coming at a time like this is very unpatriotic, since we are being urged to save electricity.

Cassius has a better idea. Attach a photo-electric cell under the nose of each coed. If a boy tries to kiss a coed, the circuit will be broken, ringing a bell in the Office of the Dean of Women, and a campus cop will immediately be dispatched to the spot where the outrage is taking place.

Your pal,
Cassius

P. S.—Can you lend me five bucks? I want to buy a wire-cut-mortal terror. "I'll talk, I'll teller."

Everybody's Ship

The USS Nittany will be launched tomorrow night amidst a nautical setting in Recreation Hall. First formal of the semester, it is but one of the many methods which Lt. Comdr. Trusdell Wisner, V-12 commandant at the College, is manipulating to create a closer association between the V-12 trainees and civilian student enrollment on campus.

Besides harmonious relations between these two groups as the aim, Commander Wisner has given the campus its first All-College formal since Bobby Sherwood and his band appeared in the Nittany Valley in February. Formal dances always put pleasant detours into college life which are especially helpful during wartime. The straight and narrow academic road must have a few social forks in it which ease tension. Although this mental tautness is insignificant compared with what the soldier on the front is sustaining, it must be kept in mind that the soldier is fighting for this American way of life, less tension at home, and a college education complete with social deviations and cultural elements.

The dance will also be a social opportunity for the entire College student population. In prewar days, independent organizations were excluded from such affairs. This tended to propagate imperfect social relationships among fraternity and independent students. The dance, along with wartime conditions, can be a contributing factor in alleviating such categorical stipulations.

Future Needs

The three new departments which have been added to the School of Mineral Industries will benefit the College in that the expansion has prepared for extensive training and research in the postwar period. Future needs, which will undoubtedly increase tremendously with returning student enrollment, will be met and fulfilled.

Geology, mineralogy, geo-physics, meteorology, geography, mineral economics, mining, mineral preparation, petroleum and natural gas, fuel technology, metallurgy, and ceramics will be organized by the various department heads to introduce the three new departments: earth sciences, mineral engineering, and mineral technology. Pennsylvania's natural resources, with all its vast research possibilities is reason enough for establishment of the new departments.

Trained technical men will handle the job of teaching students the most recent methods of saving and utilizing the mineral reserves of the Commonwealth in the soil, water and air.

No other academic institution in America has the characteristics of the School of Mineral Industries at Penn State. This latest scientific extension substantiates that fact. It is also a step toward a better Penn State.

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner
unusual

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Penn State coeds request a voice—a chance to organize a glee club under the supervision of the music department. Never before in the history of the college has there been such a wealth of material from which to select women capable of maintaining the high standards of efficiency and entertainment set by the Men's Glee club in former years. The enrollment of women will reach an all time high in the fall semester; the interest in organizing a glee club is great. The time to act is now.

A proposal for the organization of a women's glee club has been submitted to the music department, and is now under consideration. Are there enough coeds on this campus sufficiently interested in singing for the sheer joy derived from it to establish and support a glee club?

To those who can carry a tune and love to sing, a glee club will be a source of pleasure and inspiration. Talent, much of it hidden and unrecognized is abundant. A glee club affords an excellent starting place for beginners, a service of the college to its students. The discontinuance of the Men's Glee club because of the war has left the campus with no such organization. We who remain at Penn State must uphold its traditions and keep its spirits high for future students.

With the curtailment of many

campus activities, particularly Co-Rec affairs, there is a definite need for such an organization. The Chapel Choir, the only vocal organization on campus, of necessity requires a greater ability, and its rigid attendance rules prohibit students with only slight talent, and a fondness for week-end trips.

Not for a credit, nor for the anticipation of immediate public concerts is the organization of a glee club being considered, but for the fun of singing with a group, learning to sing in parts, and for the enjoyment of an activity which teaches and inspires. This is what a glee club at Penn State will offer.

Betty Herring

Dear Editor,

First let me explain I am not in the pay of virtually drowning sophomore girls who wish to dispense with their swimming classes for a few glorious weeks.

But, at the very warning of Dr. Joseph P. R'tenour, College physician, who last week urged citizens of State College to take every precaution against the infantile paralysis epidemic, I suggest that the White Hall pool be closed until the danger period, which reaches into the middle of September, is over.

Many have stressed the idea that since the pool is an indoor (Continued on page eight)