

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, September 8, 1944

35c For Culture

In April of this year Louis Fisher, author and foreign correspondent, was brought to this campus under the patronage of 11 college and town organizations. Despite the fact that the weather was bad, and that the lecture had been postponed, there was a generous turnout of students, townspeople, and faculty members.

That is why there is every reason to believe that the project of Dr. Edward Van Ormer, associate professor of psychology to bring four or five outstanding lecturers to campus each academic year would prove a financial as well as a cultural success.

On August 11, after numerous individuals and community groups had expressed their desire of seeing a lecture series inaugurated at the College, representatives of 10 of the 11 organizations who sponsored the Fisher lecture met, under the chairmanship of Dr. Van Ormer, to draw up plans for such a series.

The idea they evolved is simple enough. Each campus and town organization desiring to be a sponsor is asked to contribute a sum of \$25 or more. This money will be used as an underwriting of the project; it is a guarantee that the cost of the series can be met if the financial returns on the lectures do not cover expenses.

If, however, the community lecture series proves to be operating on a sound financial basis, if it can pay for itself, the Lecture Committee will attempt to pay back all of the contributions, or as much as possible, at the end of three years. This one request for a contribution is the only one the Committee will make. No request will be made next year.

Possibly the series, from a financial standpoint, will not prove successful. In that case no amount of the contribution will be returned.

Here is the chance for students, townspeople, and faculty members, at a possible 25 or 35 cents a ticket, to hear outstanding lecturers on world affairs. It is the opportunity for students to provide for themselves a well rounded college program, embodying the cultural as well as the social and academic aspects of university life.

This, then, becomes the duty of every college organization to lend their full support to the Lecture Committee, and by so doing, to help build the men and women students of Penn State into a more well informed citizenry of the future. —RKC

To House servicemen who visit Columbia for the weekend, the Columbia Navy Mothers Club has launched the "United States Ship Shut-eye" at the University of South Carolina. The purpose of the project is to provide sleeping quarters for soldiers, sailors, and marines who cannot find sleeping quarters elsewhere Saturday night. The University is providing the space.

Collegiate Review

In commenting on professors as the intelligentsia of the nation Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior had the following to say in an editorial in the official magazine of the American Federation of Labor:

"One of the funniest things that the Roosevelt administration ever did was to reach the insane conclusion that if there were brains available and for hire they could not be used to better advantage than in the service of their country. That did elicit shrieks of derisive laughter. The country was not prepared for any such silly proposal.

"The first synonym of 'brains' is 'college professor,' but who in the world would ever think of asking a college professor to formulate a sane opinion about the more serious affairs of government?"

"It is notorious that college professors usually sit in their bathtubs with their hats on and go to bed without taking off their shoes."

The Southern California Trojan reports that the Wampus, comparable to the late Froth, will appear with a "Late as Usual" issue. The editor confesses that even she does not know what day the "periodical" will hit the news stands.

The Daily Californian provides an "Ice Box" column where hot-under-the-collar students can cool off by giving vent to their gripes, praises, or general comment through letters to the editor. During the last week discussion has waged hot and heavy about a statement made by President Robert Gordon Sproul.

Students had used Sather Gate, an entrance to the College, as a California Hyde Park. Anyone had the right to speak there and also had use of an amplifying system.

The Berkeley city council passed a resolution establishing a quiet zone at the Sather Gate area. President Sproul stated that certain groups had been misusing the meeting place and defined free speech as the chance to be heard at a reasonable time and place.

The latest development is a petition circulated by students in an effort to have Sather Gate removed from the quiet zone.

Also at the University of California Battle of Berkeley Week has been in full swing. Civilians and servicemen participated in bandage rolling, blood donating, and crop harvesting. Activities of the week were devoted to the war effort. The whole thing was topped by the "Battle of Berkeley Ball."

At the University of North Carolina a poll conducted by Student International Relations Club reveals that students prefer a revised League of Nations first and favor a Federal Union as their second choice.

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner
unusual

Front and Center

Word has just been received from headquarters of the Ninth Air Force of the completion of his tour of duty by Lieutenant Colonel James T. Wilson, Penn State alum.

Veteran of 70 Missions

Col. Wilson has returned to the United States after completing 70 combat missions. He has been flying combat as squadron commander of a group of Marauders (B-26 medium bombers) for more than a year in the European Theatre of Operations. Col. Wilson was here in 1939 and very few will remember him, but his achievements are worth writing about because he is a State man

in service, and has done credit to his country and to his Alma Mater. The release from headquarters reads: "His first ship he named Man O'War. The one he leaves with the squadron is Man O'War IV. The first three were washed out in crash landings resulting from damage. Each time, through his outstanding skill as an airman, Col. Wilson was able to bring them home and deliver his crew safely. And each time the skill required was greater than the last. . . . For his superb airmanship he received the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, and the Air Medal with 12 Oak Leaf Clusters."

A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Brutus,

The past weekend I was fortunate in attending a very remarkable event here at Penn State. It was a formal dance given by the Navy V-12 unit to celebrate the launching of the U.S.S. Nitanny, also known as Rec Hall. I believe a description of this affair and its various ramifications would be in order.

A formal dance is quite a welcome phase in the life of every coed. It gives her a socially permissible opportunity to appear in public wearing scanty clothes—an opportunity she greatly enjoys.

For some unknown reason, an evening dress must reach to the floor, instead of merely to six inches above the knees, the demure length of an afternoon frock. Since we are at war, and our government urges us to conserve material, the patriotic coed makes her evening gown by removing fabric from the neck and shoulders, and adding it to the hem, to serve as a full length skirt.

The afternoon preceding the formal dance there is no rest in the women's dormitories. With mud-packs on their faces, which when removed will make the skin look clean in contrast to the mud, the girls spend a large part of the time painting their toenails. Since the long skirt will prevent any gentleman, if he is a gentleman, from viewing the toenails, the logic underlying this action is purely feminine.

Flitting from one room to another, the coed puts in the better part of three hours discussing new hair styles with her colleagues. She is very happy during this part of the afternoon, for every suggested hair style must be tried out, and any excuse to preen in front of a mirror for a length of time is quite welcome. All this self-adoration is generally in vain since the coed is certain to adopt her usual hair-style because "it looks best on me."

After her fair face and form is adequately painted and perfumed, the coed tries on her gown. Evening dresses in keeping with the shamelessness of our younger generation come in only one size—too tight. Therefore she encases her figure in a ghastly creation of steel and whalebone. To give her the stylish "tiny waist" all the women on the floor are called in to help pull the corset strings tight over her protesting abdomen. At this time screams emanating from the tortured coeds sound as if the entire dorm is being murdered. However, no sacrifice is too great to make for fashion.

When the coed has finished admiring herself in the new and daring dress she changes her clothes and goes down to dinner. Exhausted by her strenuous afternoon, she eats like a horse. At about this time I began to consider getting myself dressed for the big night. I had succeeded

in borrowing from Elmer Cubic, Collegian editor, one A-1 tuxedo in which, I strongly suspect, an ancestor of his had celebrated General Grant's victory at Richmond. There was a large whiskey spot on the lapel.

Cubic helped me on with the coat, cleverly attaching the coat-tails to a chandelier so that I would not trip on them when walking around. Assuring me that the tux fit as if it had been made for me, Cubic nodded sympathetically while I, after catching a glimpse of myself in the mirror, tried my best to enlarge the whiskey spot.

When I was good and drunk, Cubic decided he could now get me dressed. He removed the coat I was brooding over and approached me with something white in his hand.

"What's that?" I snapped suspiciously.

"Just a shirt. Now don't get worried," he said.

There was something queer about that shirt, but in my befuddled condition I could not decide just what. He began putting the shirt on me and I suddenly realized that this shirt went on backwards. It was a straight jacket. I fought like a tiger, but he was too quick for me. I was hopelessly trussed up in the thing. He used some old rivets to fasten a collar to the straight jacket and began strangling me with a piece of black rope, a method, I learned later, of attaching a dress tie.

At last I was dressed and ready for the dance. The formal was scheduled to begin at 8:30; therefore following my date's instructions, I presented myself at her dorm at 9 o'clock. It seems as if a coed loses social standing if she arrives at a dance on time. My date, who had been ready to leave since dinner time, sat on her bed reading a newspaper for an hour before coming down. This is a trait of females who wish to increase their egos by being waited for. She was.

We finally got to the dance, but I do not remember much about it. I have listed my impressions for convenience.

1. While I was dancing a fox-trot, my borrowed dress shoes were doing a two-step. They were a bit large.
2. The fellows in their black suits with the white shirt fronts looked either like penguins or undertakers' assistants.
3. The coeds at the dance may very well have gone back to the dorms and put dresses on.
4. A formal dance is a very sexy thing, indeed.
5. In the crap game under the bandstand, my date won \$7.45 and a pair of blue trousers from a Lieutenant (j.g.).

Your pal,
Cassius

P.S.—Can you lend me five bucks? I developed eyestrain at the dance and must consult an oculist.