

Editorials**Go To It, Frosh**

Freshmen entering Penn State in the midst of war differ from the college beginners of peace time. War has effected a change to unusual conditions, and young men and women turning to a new life of literature, language, and science must bear the weight of irregular schedules.

The problem is excessively difficult. Opportunities for beating the obstacle undoubtedly are not overplus. The one possible opportunity of taming the job down to successful results lies within the freshman alone. An analyzed conclusion, a skeleton form of methodical plans, and a hip-pocket full of confidence should start the freshman up the mall to a healthy education filled with decisive facts and armored intelligence.

College life is great, freshmen, get acquainted with it. Read the history of this Land-Grant institution. Try to understand the meaning of customs. Some of you will object to customs. You will look upon them narrow-mindedly as silly methods of orientation to college life. Many colleges do not use this method of getting freshmen acquainted with their new environments. But Penn State's method has been approved by the administration. If the latter did not wish customs, if it thought that the green dinks and bows were unnecessary, then customs would have been abolished. But they were instituted and have become a part of the education you will receive here.

Education has been defined as "the systematic training of the moral and intellectual faculties." Your presence here has proved you have both the moral and intellectual faculties. How to use them in attaining an education and training depends on personal initiative. Know what you want. Then go after it with interest and initiative.

Reminder

"Should I join a fraternity, or should I remain independent?" Freshmen are most probably asking themselves this question since their arrival on campus. Advice in Collegian editorials has been forwarding time and again to frosh deliberating on the subject, and any attempted help will only be repetition, but a timely reminder.

If a freshman decides upon becoming a fraternity man, then there is the problem of choosing the fraternity. Freshmen should accept the rushing of several houses and carefully scrutinize the members and their ideals as men of a fraternity.

Consideration of a fraternity should not be hasty, but a slow, broad review of a number of houses.

Since the wartime enrollment has decreased, and independent men have become stronger, freshmen might take the fact into thought, and remain independent. Later on they can make definite decisions after watching the operations of both the fraternity and independent men.

THE COLLEGIAN

"For a Better Penn State"

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

REPRESENTED FOR NATIONAL ADVERTISING BY
National Advertising Service, Inc.
College Publishers Representative
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Distributor of
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Friday, October 27, 1944

A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Frosh,

This is the lean and hungry look. During the long and fruitless years you will spend at Penn State there will come many a time when you will need help of one sort or another. Perhaps in your naivete you will enbroil yourself in situations where the advice of an older, more level head will serve you in good stead. Perhaps you will need help in the problem of orientation to a college life and community. Well, if you do, don't come here. What the hell do you think this is—Uncle Ebert's Goodwill Hour or something?

I have always recommended one device for freshmen in trouble. No matter how gloomy the future looks, regardless of the faithlessness of your girl, notwithstanding the vast number of bluebooks you are going to flunk the next day, the Cassius Plan for the Relief of Harried Freshmen will put you in a position where you can laugh at your troubles. Get a bucket of boiling water, stick your head in it, and count up to five thousand. This remedy is also death on chest colds.

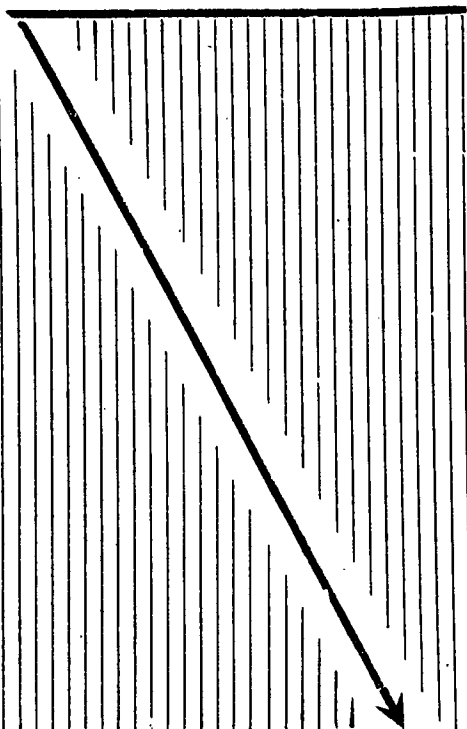
Now that we understand each other, lets get down to brass knuckles. I had the misfortune of attending your mass meeting in Schwab Auditorium Wednesday night. There unknown to you, the baleful glare of Cassius fastened itself on your innocent forms and was very pleased with what it saw. All of you were wearing shoes. I don't know if you dressed up especially for the occasion, but it was a pleasant surprise.

On the stage you were privileged to see and hear a group of BMOC's. When you are older and begin to take notice of such things you will realize that it was physiologically impossible for one fair speaker to be a BMOC. You heard the words of wisdom of the leaders of several sordid Penn State activities. You were harranged by these individuals for a definite purpose—to lull you into a false sense of security; to catch you when your guard is down.

Perhaps you remember the gentle words of the insidious Dan Grundy, Tribunal Chairman, who told you that his vicious organization is merely trying to help acclimate you to the customs and traditions of this college. Don't believe it. Grundy and his sadistic crew are visibly panting in their desire to inflict terrible and humiliating tortures on the helpless cadavers of the freshman class. If you wish concrete proof of this statement, just walk up to Dan, say, "I know where the bodies are buried," and watch him start to worry.

The biggest laugh of the evening was when My Tootin, head of the Hat Societies Council said, "Don't be afraid, they will not bark, growl, or bite at you." He was, of course, referring to the trained bloodhounds the hatmen use to track down escaping frosh, not the hatmen themselves. They will bite. —CASSIUS

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
unusual

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

Hi frosh! It's good to see you walking around campus, slightly dazed and bewildered, but looking happy about the whole thing. A campus never is complete without a bunch of green frosh to liven things up. And we mean green . . . Wait until you start wearing customs . . .

For anybody who came in late this is a dirt column . . . pinnings, engagements, marriages, depinnings, visits, and stuff . . . Any time you've got an item for Maniac just drop a line to the Collegian office or the Theta Phi Alpha house . . . Thank-youse.

Gossip Glimpses

From the few other fools who came back early Maniac gathered that vacations are wonderful institutions . . . Got some dirt . . . Saw Marilyn Globisch, alpha chi, in Philly on Chestnut street t'other night . . . Hear rumors to the effect that she is pinned . . . Doris Standburg, Doye Pachelbel, Margaret Frederickson, Helen Verner all had a gay, old time in Pittsburgh, the smoky city . . . Bob Petrie, sailor from Franklin and Marshall was visiting Lorraine Nearpass in New Jersey over vacation . . . Theta Chi Frank

Chippak vacationed with Doris Burgart in New Kensington . . .

Chairman of the Nittany party, Jerry Ciarrochi, writes from Pittsburgh that he has been hauled in for reclassification . . . Wrote to Mike Lynch to hold the fort until I escape their clutches . . . I shall return! . . . Hmmm, Ciarrochi and MacArthur . . . Zeta Millie Watson was pinned by Delta Upsilon Bob Sistarino in a love-at-first-sight-romance . . . Bob is a Columbia University man awaiting orders from the Navy Department . . .

More of the Same

Seen strolling past the Astor in New York—former Marine trainees Bud Long and Ed Meyers . . . This Sunday SDT Ferne Knaster says "I do" to Capt. Harold Ravson, United States Army . . . The about-to-be-newlyweds will go honeymooning in New Hampshire . . . Glimpsed Jay Brouse, now in Navy blue, riding on a New York bus . . .

And then there's the new romance between Charlotte Geller and Jack Yank, USN, formerly of Temple U . . . 'By for now . . . —MANIAC.

Front and Center

Two former Penn Staters are vital targets in the network of German industrial centers throughout occupied Europe . . . from recently . . . Sergeant Robert E. Park has been awarded the Air Medal, it was announced by the 15th Army Air Force Headquarters . . .

For the Glory . . .

Another Penn Stater on the Italian front is Jim Framo . . . Look for his second story sent from overseas in this month's Portfolio . . . Lt. (j.g.) Julius Marymor has also written for this issue of Portfolio, the campus literary magazine . . . His contribution is a poem titled "Conquered Beachhead" . . .

Jules Gold, now a captain in the Marine Corps, is back in the been bombing Vienna, Steyr, Munich, Blechhammer and other cific . . .

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