

Two Minutes To Remember

Tomorrow for the third time since Pearl Harbor, the College will participate in the Armistice Day ceremonies, a yearly pause of two minutes. During these two minutes, millions of people put aside their work and think just a bit about thousands of men who gave the greatest sacrifice of humanity—their lives. Prayers, deep sincere thoughts and hopes run through minds of people as the eleventh hour tolls. And yet, as those two minutes pass away tomorrow, second by second, there will be a few individuals who will not think of men who died in World War II because they do not understand the serious elements attached to war.

Professors and students, by virtue of their connection with a college, must not be included among the uninterested group. College people are prone to have keener minds and stronger intelligence to realize the situation. The College should be 100 percent solemn tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock. As many as possible should be in front of Old Main, along with the military units, to pay tribute to unknown men who never returned across the Atlantic to a better democracy.

Old Main bell will toll for one minute beginning at 10:58 a. m. This will be followed by one minute of silence. At eleven o'clock, taps will be sounded, and during the raising of the flag from half to full mast, the V-12 Band will play the national anthem.

As the farmer in the field stops his plowing, the business man discontinues dictation, and the taxi driver halts his auto, so will the College forget education tomorrow morning for two minutes to remember the heroes of democracy.

And Now, Campus Politics

With national politics once again back in its secondary or less important position in this war, campus politics are beginning to settle down for the student elections which will take place in the latter part of the semester. Party signs are starting to make their appearances, and discussion groups are beginning to round out ideas and ideals. Party platforms are being set up.

The fall semester of 1944 sees many students back at school. Enrollment figures look healthy, and that is one good reason why interest in campus politics should reach a wartime peak. Students should become acquainted with the various cliques. They should understand that a chance to vote is a chance to take part in democracy. They have the right to select the men and women whom they think possess the productive ability necessary for a better Penn State student government. The critical semesters have passed, and now is the time for initiative on the part of the students.

This point is especially directed toward the women on campus who now are in the majority. Figures from the registrar's office place women at a two to one ratio over the men. The woman's voice should be heard at the elections this fall. This will result only by 100 per cent participation by coeds at the ballot box.

Get out and vote, then tell the person next to you to do the same.

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Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

At last business is picking up! After a summer semester in which there were a dearth of pinnings and engagements, the romance mart is booming again. This revives our faith in the psych department's statement that Dan Cupid does well by Penn State coeds.

Are You Interested?

By the way, if any coed is interested in finding out what are her chances for marriage in the post-war period, Maniac recommends Psych 416, a very enlightening and interesting course. Dr. Adams paints a black picture in a merry tone of voice. "Did you know that 10,000 American men have married Australian women? 100,000 have married other than Australian women etc., etc. This means that 1 out of every 3 women won't be able to catch herself a man, ha, ha." What's so funny, bub?

But let's not worry shall we, and get on to the coeds who've managed to do all right by themselves. Louise Yost, Hamilton-Propellor student, was married to Ens. Bob Yancey in Florida. He attended diesel school here. You frosh didn't know that Penn State campus used to be adorned with handsome Naval ensigns, did you? They were here from 1941 until the spring of 1944. There were also Air Corps cadets, who left last May, and V-12 Marines who left two weeks ago. AEPi Audrey Kreegar is already feeling lonesome for Pvt. Johnny Peters, but she expects to be taking weekend trips to Princeton where Johnny is stationed.

Rocks and Stones

Georgia Snook is engaged to Ens. Frank K. Bartlett Jr., an executive officer on an LCI. Ens. Bartlett hails from Utah. Gamma Phi Beta alum Jane Stoudnour wears a sparkler from Marine Pvt. Dan Curran, stationed at Parris Island. AOPi Betty Jane Fischler received a West Point miniature from Cadet Stanley Maddox. According to the best West Point traditions, this means an engagement. AEPi Joyce Lagunoff is engaged to Marine Lt. Mark Silverman, formerly here with the V-12 Unit. Joyce trekked down to Quantico, Va. to see him last weekend. Theta Phi Alpha Peggy Hamburger is engaged to a hometown boy in the service. Peggy now wears the blue uniform of the

Cadet Nurse Corps.

Kappa Marilyn Cavanaugh is now introduced as Mrs. Bob Nixon, wife of a lieutenant in the Air Corps. Gamma Phi Lois Sheeler married Ens. Hal Lewis between semesters. Chi Omega alum Claire Jackson married Air Cadet Jimmy Payne, former Phi Kappa Tau here. Clarisse Colton married a hometown boy recently. Ditto Theta Phi Alpha pledge Libby Zeloye, who was married to Cpl. Richard McConnell.

Hardware Dept.

Nan Charles, Kute Kappa, is wearing Marine Pvt. Bruce Allen's phi delt jewelry. She once wore the delt pin of Jack Foley, also a Marine trainee. ChiO Sally Duffy has acquired a Beta pin that of Buzz Hoetke, former Marine trainee here. Two AOPi's have been pinned. Doris Stack to Bill Clark, delta chi and Nan Smith to Wally Kappal, SAE alum. Gamma Phi Grace Gray is wearing a ring sent by Lt. Nick Sidobar of the AAF in Italy.

Joe Vispi gave his PiKA pin away to hometown girl Ann Brigani. Doris Burgart is sporting Frank Chipak's Theta Chi pin. His Theta Chi brother Jim Ray has pinned Lois Cramer. Looks like the real thing between Kappa Delt Norma Lee Hoover and PiKA Rob Gruver, graduate student in the MI lab. She is wearing his jewelry. Ruthie Green and Bob Friedman, Pi Lamb, are pinned. Bob is now at Dickinson Law School and frequents the campus on weekends.

Seen Around Town

Seen around town recently were Ensign Rem Robinson and Art Lorenz, newly commissioned State men. Shy Fink, alpha chi alum, came back to see Teke Bob Gridley. Lt. Kurt Chamberlain of the Army Air Corps stayed a few days especially to see Kappa Hattie Leydon. Major Don Franklin, recently discharged from the Air Corps and holder of the Silver Star for gallantry, returned from the China-Burma-India theater. Was visiting Helen Schimide. Back in school is Winnie Singer Worrell. Winnie is the wife of Ens. Bruce Worrell, alum, who is on active duty. AKPi Art Horting is back after a semester's absence. ditto pi lamb Lenny Margolis. Nuff for now. We must go say "hello" to some freshmen. MANTAC.

A Lean And Hungry Look

Dear Brutus,

Things have been rather exciting during the past week here. To our small but select women's college of the last semester, a veritable horde of faces, both old and new, have come in search of the elusive quality called education and the varied pleasantries accompanying it.

One of the most talked about groups at the start of each school year is the "freshman women" and this time has been no exception. It seems to be a Penn State tradition that students are incurable optimists concerning freshman women. They eagerly await each incoming class and hope that somewhere among its fair ranks will be "the girl for me." Each year they are disappointed and retire to their hovels to brood, or what is worse, continue to date upperclasswomen, while marking time until the next frosh arrival.

To make it easy for the hapless men to size up their prospects, every frosh coed is required to wear a green hair ribbon and a card with her name printed on it. The ribbon enables the searching male to know at a glance whether or not a visual once-over is necessary, because if the girl is not wearing a green ribbon he has been looking at her for semesters and is not interested. The name card is worth to expedite the acquaintance once the student becomes interested.

Entering into the spirit of things with enthusiasm, a number of coeds have adorned their name cards with additional facts. I was quite startled yesterday to see the following information walking around in front of a girl:

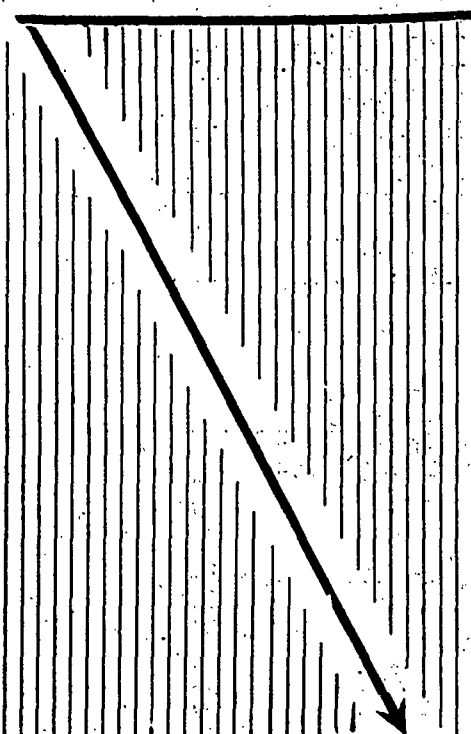
Mary E. Eolin, Plotztown, weight 115 lbs., height 5' 4", disposition—"friendly," father's occupation, banker, call 2220 any time after 7:30.

Naturally since the new coeds are such a sought after commodity, steps have been taken by the office of the Dean of Women to protect them from the gay whirl of college life (sic) until they have become orientated to their surroundings. During the first three weeks of classes they must be in their dormitories by 9:15 p. m. and are forbidden to associate with men. Association with men is defined as any conversation more than "hello."

As might have been expected by anyone who believes that students are more intelligent than their teachers, a number of ingenious evasions of this regulation have taken place. I became aware of this fact last night while strolling in the gutter looking for a copy of the Penn State Engineer. I saw an upperclassman brought to a halt by the innocent beauty of a freshman girl. "Hello," he said in a voice choked with emotion.

"Hello," she said shyly.
"You know, you're kinda cute," he said with the suaveness and polish of a true upperclassman.
"Heelllllooo!" she smiled.
Coming close to her he took her, unresisting
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ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
unusual