

Fate of Germany

Last week a member of the faculty expressed the opinion that Germany should be ruled after the war by a commission composed of England, the United States, Russia, and the Reich itself. He believed that democracy could be established with Allied help.

There is no question that the mentioned countries will have the power of life or death over Germany. Death of the country and its people certainly will be an impossibility, but inevitable liquidation of the Nazi fanatics and their followers must not be of any concern to Reich representatives at any such proposed commission.

Did Germany send any commission to Poland asking, perhaps, in what manner the Polish people wished to be destroyed by the Hitlerites? Or did any of the other countries which the Nazis overran entertain a delegation of the German country and discuss with them methods of their own annihilation?

The German voice was heard enough in Poland, Austria, and outside the doors of Moscow. That voice has been somewhat silenced, but it should be completely and conclusively silenced until it again proves itself worthy of honest cooperation with the rest of the world.

German culture, which has long been ranked with the foremost in the world, should be given primary consideration as a postwar rebuilding program. The people of Germany are not Nazis, but machines of the Nazis. Fear has forced the Germans into an unwanted way of life, a life of false promises, an existence of doubt. The Allies must forever convince the German man and women the Nazi form of government to be a blunder. But the culture of Germany must be encouraged, Germany must be made to realize that the beauty of their past masters should not disappear with the Nazi.

The old saying that the people of a nation cannot be destroyed should be kept in mind at the peace conferences. Make way for the good parts of Germany.

Wartime Thanksgiving

Classes will be held today in the usual wartime manner. Thanksgiving Day at Penn State will not be characterized by bus-loads of students leaving town, or professors pleasantly sneaking away for a day or two with the family for just a little rest with the relatives.

This Thanksgiving Day will see less turkeys and more war bonds. And especially on this day, as the sixth war bond drive is starting, everyone should think more about war bonds.

Saturday night, the ASTP units on campus will offer to the College, the War Stamp Stomp, admission to which is a twenty-five cent stamp. Students and servicemen, the majority of whom would naturally not be individuals making stupendous sums of money, could attend this dance, enjoy themselves, and at the same time, help out a national effort affecting the lives of millions of people.

Campus Pride?

And then there was the editorial about "let's keep the campus clean."

A walk up the mall the other day resulted in the counting of 227 pieces of wastepaper lying around, not on the whole campus, but just on the right side of the mall from the main entrance to Old Main. This is a silly pastime one might say, but it establishes proof of the increasing laxity of students in their respect for a college campus.

So "let's keep the campus clean."

THE COLLEGIAN

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Thursday, November 23, 1944



"HE CAN'T FORGET THOSE WEEKENDS AT THE BEACH EVEN THOUGH HE STAYS HOME NOW THAT TRAINS AND BUSES ARE NEEDED FOR ESSENTIAL TRAVEL."

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

Glancing through some old Collegians one night we came upon a column called "Penn Statements" written by one Serene Rosenberg, former managing editor of this rag. Serene rivaled Max Schulman of "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" fame in her bitter essays, and many an alleged big-wig and campus organization withered under her biting sarcasm. She spared nobody in her literary blitzkriegs, not even, bless 'em, the United States Navy.

If we recall correctly, her parting blast was at the "little boys in white coats" as she termed the V-12ers in summer uniforms. The last brought a deluge of mail from the swabbies to the Commander himself who resented the comparison between our stalwart sailors and the Good Humor man.

Without Fear

But Sy was fearless and wrote her 15 inches every week in spite of the assassins who lay in wait for her every Wednesday night in the bushes outside Carnegie Hall. Last June she departed these smoke-stained walls with never a bitter thought for those she left behind as she went on to higher and loftier things.

A little more of this will sound like an obituary, but honest, Sy isn't dead. She lives on, as far as we know, in Pittsburgh, and she has a position at Gimbel's writing ad copy for—of all things—infant's wear! Which just goes to show you that she's really a sweet kid at heart.

Way way back in the beginning of the column we started out to quote a little item from "Penn Statements" about the zealous campus politician who ran around telling his campaign workers not to forget to vote. He kept himself so busy he forgot to cast a ballot and lost the election by one vote!

Beauteous Betty

Beauteous Betty Lyman, theta alum, hied herself to California to marry Ens. Charlie Good, former phi kappa sig here. Her theta sisters say she was married in a little Spanish chapel. Sounds tres romantic! Theta Tommie Thompson left school to join her husband Lt. Jack Hunter in Kearny, Nebraska. Delta Gam Betty Cresswell recently married Ens. Earl Lines and was visiting last week. Ditto Claire Conway, theta phi alpha alum, who came up with her husband Staff Sgt. Jimmy of the Army Air Corps. Jimmy is home from the wars temporarily after 18 months overseas. Kappa delt Betty Jane Holsinger has married Seaman 2/c Harold Wagner, a hometown boy.

AEPHI Phylliss Schweitzer is engaged to Staff Sgt. Ted Sandler, AAF, now in the Pacific theater. SDT Lee Berlin wears a sparkler from phi sig alum Kenny Sivetts.

Ghost Town

State College will be inhabited only by WCTUers and eager-beavers this weekend as the rest of the normal population will be off to see the team trounce Pittsburgh at the city of the same name. Among them will be Zetas Bobby Briggs, Betty Craven, Phylliss Long, and June Culver. Going in a trio are alpha chi Pris Wagner, theta Jeanie Weaver, and theta phi alpha Kitty Reddinger. Theta Ruthie Twichell will be going too. She's seeing sigma pi Jerry Heisler in the Smoky City.

Back Again

Last weekend Larry Feries, former sigma pi and All-College prexy, was in town visiting. Alpha Xi Delt Penny Embury was up. Kappa delts Betty Farble and Marjorie Bilstein came to see some new sisters initiated into the sorority. Gamma phi's Jean Tritchler, Tommy Ehlers, and Doty Monroe all took a weekend off from practice teaching to come up. Chi O Peggy Trump Metz and her husband Bill, a former KDR, came to see their friends. Bill is now in the Signal Corps. Phi Mu alum Mary Jean Hoskins visited. Zeta Norma Van Tuyle's man, Seaman 2/c Jim Hutchison, came from Bainbridge to see her. Lt. Mark Silverman journeyed here to see his fiancée AEPHI Joyce Langunoff. Audrey Kreegar, also AEPHI, was visited by Marine Pvt. Johnny Peters, now at Princeton. Kappa Betty Meyer is still happy over her visit to Camp LeJeune to see Marine Pvt. Don Bretherick, formerly here in V-12. Ex-delta gam prexy Marge Cherry Newton came visiting. AEPHI Adie Gluck went to Harrisburg to see Pvt. Jack Geist. Alpha chi Marilyn Globisch, oft-crowned beauty queen, is expecting Tom Datz, a sigma pi at F and M, this weekend. —MANIAC

Make-up Psychology Exam

All freshmen and transfer students who have not taken the psychology tests given during freshman week should report to 207 Home Economics Building at 7 p. m. Tuesday for a makeup examination, announced Bruce V. Moore, director of the psycho-educational clinic.

A Lean And Hungry Look

Today is Thanksgiving. It is a legal holiday. Everybody knows what a legal holiday is. It is a day when all stores, banks, and places of business are closed—a day when tired men who have been working without respite for months, sit down in an easy chair, take off their shoes, and beat their wives with them—it is a day when students at Penn State attend classes.

However today is not a day of Thanksgiving to some students at the College, for yesterday the polls closed on another All-College election. Naturally there will be some cases of disappointment and some who will claim they were shafted. Shafting, a technique not new to politics, consists of a maneuver to give one candidate the dirty end of the stick. In the past it had reached such a state of refinement here that two new words were added to the campus vernacular to describe respectively, the perpetrator, and the victim of the practice—shafter, and shaftee.

At the risk of appearing naive I say that shafting has been diminished this semester and that we have had a clean election. It was a hard fought campaign with a normal measure of the traditional mudslinging at, and deadcatting of the opposition candidates. Now that the results are a matter of record we will see both the victorious and defeated office-seekers accept the verdict of their student constituencies with good will, and bury the hatchets where they will do the most good.

Eager to do my bit in this demonstration of democratic student government, I presented myself at the voting place carrying with me the inspiring words of my party boss, Warde Heeler: "Vote early, and often."

Voting, I am sorry to say, was no such easy matter. At the table in the first floor lounge of Old Main where the dirty work was taking place, I was forced to shoulder past three sinister looking individuals, who, I learned, were clique chairmen watching each other stuff the ballot boxes. After a short wait I was able to pry the attention of an elections committee official from his well-thumbed copy of the Police Gazette.

"You pay yer poll-tax yet?" he wanted to know. Taking my money and putting it in a box labeled "Fund for the rehabilitation of needy election committee officials" he asked for my identification. I did not have to show him more than my matriculation, social security, and draft cards, my reform school diploma, fingerprints, and pedigree proclaiming me a full-bred Fox Terrier before he would give me a ballot.

I found the three clique chairmen only too willing to help me mark my ballots. Escaping with minor cuts and lacerations, I determined to vote next time by absentee ballot. The pretty coeds behind me in line had no difficulty in identifying themselves. The elections clerk would expertly slide under the table and gaze fondly at their legs. "Yep, that's So-And-So," he would say.

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner

unusual