

THE COLLEGIAN

"For a Better Penn State"

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Friday, February 2, 1945

Need For Army Nurses

As the tempo of war increases, the steady stream of wounded coming back from the fighting fronts grows proportionately greater. The American soldier deserves the best possible medical and nursing care available—but it appears that he's not getting it.

Last April the Army requirement for nurses was set at 50,000. Actual strength in nurses was then 40,000. Since that time the Army has tried to raise the additional 10,000. Active recruiting has been carried on, but the net gain in eight months has been only 2,000.

The present shortage of Army nurses is reflected in undue strain on the existing force. More than a thousand nurses are now hospitalized—many of whom were victims of overwork. The shortage is also indicated by the fact that 11 Army hospital units have been sent overseas without their complement of nurses. At Army hospitals in the United States there is only one nurse to 26 beds, instead of the recommended one to 15 beds.

It is tragic that the gallant women who have volunteered for service as nurses should be so overworked. It is also tragic that the nation's wounded heroes aren't receiving the medical attention they deserve.

"How can I help?" you ask. "The Army wants registered nurses and I don't know a thing about nursing."

Dr. Thomas Parran, surgeon general of the public health service, answers the question by saying "Enlist in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps."

The Cadet Nurse Corps was created in June 1943 "to provide for the training of nurses for the armed forces, government and civilian hospitals, health agencies, and war industries . . . To furnish to students . . . without charge for tuition, fees or other expenses, courses of study and training, uniform, insignia, and maintenance in accordance with the regulations of the surgeon general."

Upon completion of a two year course in nursing you are eligible to join the Army Nurse Corps. If you enter the Army you will receive pay, allowances, and living expenses equal to those of other officers of equivalent rank in the Army. Base salaries range from \$1,800 to \$4,000 a year, plus 10 percent for overseas duty.

To become a Cadet Nurse you must be between 17 and 35 years of age, in good health, and you must have a degree from an accredited high school and satisfactory grades. It is also important that you are interested in people, like science, have a sense of humor, are neat, possess an orderly mind, and are quick to grasp what you see, read, and hear.

The story of the Army nurse in this war is one of devotion, of heroism and sacrifice, of compassion, and of cheerfulness. More than this, it is the story of glorious achievement beyond the limits of the most sanguine expectation.

Won't you do your part? VJD

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

Houseparties are sweeping the campus these weeks. Last week it was the combined Phi Kappa Sigma Pi Kappa Phi shindig . . . Tonight the Sigma Chi's and Chi Phi's are throwing a party out at the Chi Phi house . . . Some of the Sigma Chi's and their Sweethearts will be Dave Hendershaw with Shirley Vestel, an import from Pittsburgh . . . Herbert Wright and Ethel McLaughlin, also an import . . . Roge Nowell and Jean Malick . . . Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Stull . . .

Two by Two

Chi Phi's attending will be Jinx Falkenburg and Jo Anne Garland . . . Walt Robinson and Helen Deveneau . . . "Turk" Turchetti and Theta Phi Alpha Pat Tompkins . . . Paul Pioth and Kappa Delta Dorothy Jaun . . . Bob Whittall and Eleanor Phillips . . .

Tomorrow night Sigma Phi Alpha is holding a dinner-dance at the house . . . Maniac bets over half the SPA's dates will be from the little girls' dorm next door at 320 Pugh . . . Harry Bassler is taking Betty Rank, DG pledge . . . Emil Kubek and Lea Allen, alpha chi pledge . . . Dominick Acciarri and Doris Mawhinney, Zeta pledge . . . Vic Danilov and Dee Kikta, Kappa pledge . . . Pudgy Shutt and Carolyn Matheny, a Tri Sig transfer . . . Raymond Maule and Alice Marlarky, Theta Phi pledge . . . Chester Van Gorder and Marge Miller . . . Bob Worthington and Claire Morrison . . . Harold Frith and DG pledge Becky Burke . . . Richard Sanders and Marian Hempt . . .

Here and There

Delta gam pledge Anne Siebrecht wears the PIKA pin of Alan Bantz . . . Delta Chi Bob Bacon has handed over his jewelry of Theta Jean Ford . . .

Bob Gleichert, alpha chi sig prexy, has given his pin to Margie McCormick, also a DG pledge.

Eleanor Bernak, SDT alum, has gone and become engaged to Lt. Danny Coel . . . Nancy Byers, alum, is also engaged, with a ring 'n all, to Lt. Burd McGinnis, USMCR, formerly V-12er here . . . Chuck Taylor ATO alum, and Jean Lininger, ChiO alum, were married in State College recently . . . Barbara Mennies, Delta gam alum, was married to Air Cadet Andrew Ralogh in Hastings, Nebraska recently . . .

Mary Jane Brine, better known as "Taffy" when she was in school, was married recently to Ens. Edward Pappert . . .

Gail Nicely is nicely engaged to Glenn Nicely . . . No relation.

The hazards and discomfort of travel today didn't bother Zetas Ginny Dommermuth and Pug Garver, who went to see their respective brothers, home after overseas service . . . Ginny saw Ned, a Navy man, and Pug saw Paul, a Coast Guardsman . . . Phi Mu Fern Dillon went to New York to see her fiance. David Keck . . . SDT Bernice Alpert saw Pvt. Stan Wolf, also in N. Y. . . AOPi Beejay Fischler went to West Point to see her fiance Cadet Stanley Mattox . . . SDT Sidele Buckwalter is going to see Pvt. Art Epstein, just returned from overseas with lots of souvenirs and a Purple Heart . . .

Doin' the Town

ChiO Bab Smith's man Jack in the Merchant Marine was up to see her . . . Alpha chi alum Peggy Campbell came avisting with fiance Ens. Harold Bucher, former SPE . . . Lt. Al Weil came to see SDT Betty Berman . . . Sgt. George Dunn of the Marines trekked up to see fiancee Ruth Clymer, phi mu . . . Cpl. Duke Silvestrini has been here seeing Gamma Phi Marge Triebold . . . Pvt. Julian Pichel, Alpha Sigma Phi, commuted from Massachusetts to see SDT Cece Henschel . . . He was formerly stationed here in ASTP . . .

Ted Frazel came down from a Navy station in Connecticut to see Ruth Lambert . . . Mary Long and Allie Herr Young, gamma phi alums, were back . . .

Alums Come Back

ChiO alums Ruthie Ernst, Mary Thompson, and Amy Caporaletti were up . . . Mary has received a sparkler from Ens. Bob Aikens, delta chi alum . . . Zeta alum Dora Culver visited with the sisters over the weekend . . . Lee Learner and Sy Rosenberg, former editor and managing editor respectively of this here noospaper are coming up to see their little friends and to be on hand for the Collegian banquet, always a jolly affair to be on hand for

Elaine Smyers Fugate and her husband P/M Doc Fugate headed this way for the weekend . . . She's a former ChiO and he's an SPE . . . Ens. Art Miller, Phi delt alum, will also return to the old haunts . . . Gamma phi Dottie Shigley's fiance, Ray Farwell, is coming to visit . . .

—MANIAC

A Lean And Hungry Look

Once during the life of every man with spirit an opportunity appears allowing him to prove his courage and resourcefulness. My opportunity came this week when the Three Little Pigs Life Insurance Company, Inc., asked me to check the report that the College Health Service threatens its financial future.

The best way to determine a physician's competence, I reasoned, is to slip him a puzzler and see how he reacts to it. Accordingly, I tucked my head under my arm and entered the lair of the Health Service in the catacombs under Old Main.

"Hello," I said with an ingratiating smile. When the receptionist stopped screaming she summoned a doctor. He watched me juggle my head on the palm of my hand for a minute and then stuffed a thermometer in my mouth.

"Hmm," he said. "Young man, you have a severe sore throat and a high fever. I shall have to send you to the infirmary." I had a suspicion at this point, but I had to make sure. I put my head back on, took it off again, and flipped it from hand to hand. He didn't bat an eye.

Walking downtown toward my room through a blinding snow storm to get my pajamas, I thought that were I truly suffering from a sore throat instead of a mere prefabricated head, I might get sick.

In the infirmary things were different. I tugged the head off and grinned at the nurse. "You're cute," she said. Then we argued awhile about who should remove my trousers and tuck me into bed. I won.

There were a bunch of congenial fellows in my room. The conversation sparkled. Soon the nurse came in and gave me green pills. The boy with diphtheria got green pills. The chap with the broken neck got green pills. The man with St. Vitus Dance was lucky and got nose-drops.

Suddenly a physician marched in carrying a .45 caliber Colt. He slipped the safety catch and leveled the gun at me. The nurse screamed and seized his arm. "No, doctor," she cried, "this is the student with the sore throat."

"Oh, I thought he was the horse with the broken leg in Number 17," he said as she gently lead him away.

At about this time I noticed that the body at the other end of the room had stopped breathing and turned black in the face. When I told the friendly nurse, she went over and put a thermometer in its mouth. "I can't discharge him, honey; he's running a fever," she told me.

I am still in the place because my temperature won't go down. The nurse gives me a kiss on the cheek and a shot of wood alcohol before the thermometer. I don't care if I never leave. I got the Penn State Infirmary Blues and can't be bothered.

—CASSIUS

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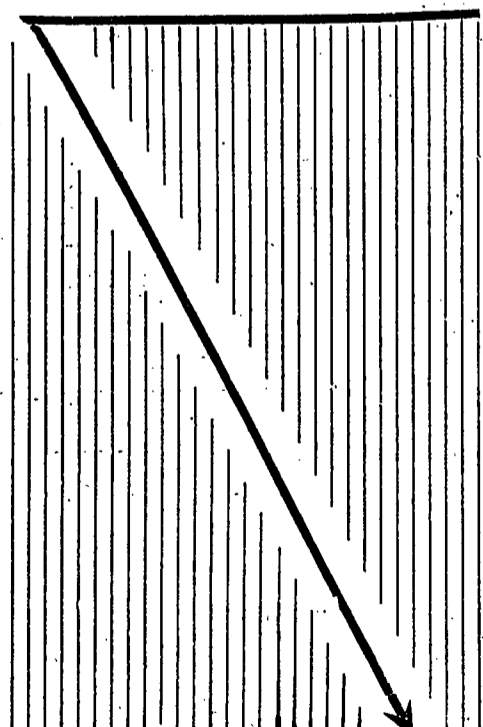
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