

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1945

Are Feet Necessary?

At some time in life one reaches the conclusion that feet are unnecessary appendages which could well be replaced with wings. One usually arrives at this decision after snows have veiled the lofty Mt. Nittany and have buried the borough of State College.

Some will scoff at replacing the familiar, calloused, unsymmetrical foot with the graceful, streamlined wing. A nearsighted director of the bureau of patents in the 1870s stated that the patent office might as well close since everything had been invented. Since then we have had the automobile, the airplane, radio, and a few other insignificant inventions thrust upon us. Why not the wing?

Women would be the first to support the movement for replacing feet with wings. Every woman who made the change could justifiably demand a new wardrobe on the grounds that the old one hampered her wings. "And, dear," she could say, "I can't keep up with Mrs. Jones unless I get clothes which give me minimum ground drag and maximum wingspread."

Furthermore, wings would solve the unemployment problem. Chiropody presents an extremely limited field. With the rise of wings would come the "Wings of Beauty Shoppes" which would demand that the public let them arrange its feathers in the latest ethereal styles.

From a strictly selfish viewpoint, the substitution of wings would be wonderful. While the world may inadvertently benefit from such a change, to the residents of State College it would mean the beginning of a new era during the winter months.

When buses stall and trains fail to make connections to the town, "in the exact center of the state and equally inaccessible from all parts of it," the natives could float above all the annoying realities of life in State College. Even though a city ordinance forbids the ashing of the streets and the sidewalks are worn smooth, the citizens could sail serenely above the ice and snow with the aid of their wings.—ES

Coeds And Activities

"How much longer will coeds be able to stand the pace of the accelerated program, activities, and more recently, rushing?" is a question in the minds of many woman students. They have been wondering too if mental, physical, and psychological breakdowns aren't becoming more than mere case histories studied in psych courses.

Innumerable coeds dash frenzied to class all day, attend meetings or initiations in the evening, and then return to the dormitory late at night and try to study for bluebooks and quizzes the following day. Most of the students aren't complaining, but sometimes they question their common sense.

Activities, particularly, have overburdened the average coed since the start of the war. Perhaps the forgotten WSGA point system should be taken off the shelf and put into use again. In that way a student would be limited in the number of extra-curricular activities that she could engage in. At least the possibility of a nervous breakdown would be cut one-third if the point system is revived.—HWH

Penn Statements

By HELEN HATTON

Technically speaking, a new regime has taken over the Collegian (published weekly by the Daily Collegian staff) this issue. Inauguration of the selected few took place during a quiet ceremony known as the Collegian banquet. This semester Collegian added another "first time" to its long list when a coed, Fay Young, was appointed sports editor. Who said that it's a man's world?

Two more weeks to go! Exactly 12 more days or 288 hours before the end of this semester. (That includes the last day of Final Week.) It's about this time that everyone gets to wishing he were graduating so that he too could stalk about campus with that wide-awake-look gloating "No finals!"

But one thing about this accelerated program, it doesn't leave you much time to wonder how next semester is going to go. Before all the books you've had to order come in, half the semester is over and it's time to start selling that \$5 book you've opened twice for \$1.50.

Point number two in favor of acceleration is that the faces change so fast nowadays, you never have a chance to get bored with familiar ones. We have a very good system of getting acquainted about this place though. One of the most efficient methods discovered so far takes place at the beginning of each semester.

Two or three groups of students

who want to make friends and influence people get together and choose about eight promoters from each clique to represent them. Immediately these 24 nominees and their disciples start to bustle all over campus, through Sparks, down to the Corner Unusual tacking up their names and pictures as they go.

Finally when the candidates have run out of paper and pictures, absorbed all the names they can possibly remember, and promoted the 'Hello Spirit' to its maximum, a vote is taken. The clique with the most paper and pictures and best memory wins. To win means a lot though. Henceforth you are a BMOC and will be rightfully permitted to attend a meeting composed of the other seven students who started out to make friends and influence people. In this way all eight of you will get acquainted and be buddies until next semester when the vicious cycle starts all over again.

In The Service

Commanding a battalion of combat engineers in Belgium during the recent German breakthrough, Lt. Col. Dave Peregrin '40 won distinction for himself and his battalion by holding an area until the infantry arrived.

Half of the battalion has been decorated for its successful stand, and Lt. Col. Peregrin received the Silver Star and the Purple Heart. Lt. Col. Peregrin was senior class president in 1940.

Second Lt. Jackie Grey, 1943 All-College president, now holds the Purple Heart for wounds received in action in France. The former Lion athlete, who is attached to a tank division, is convalescing in a hospital in France.

Cpl. John Egli, who captained State's basketball team in '43, was officially reported wounded in action in France. Cpl. Egli has been awarded the Purple Heart.

Second Lt. Ray Fortunato, of Thespian fame, is the owner of the Purple Heart for wounds received in Germany on December 13. Lt. Fortunato writes that he is improving and is convalescing in France.

Faculty News

Prof. Simon Marcson, of the sociology department, will be on leave of absence from the College next semester to do research work at Harvard. Head of the journalism department, Prof. Franklin Banner, was in Harrisburg addressing the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Convention last Friday and Saturday. Professors Mahuran and Marbut were also there.

Dr. B. V. Moore delivered the third in a series of four lectures Wednesday night to a group of veteran counselors of the Greater New Castle Association on the readjustment of veterans in the community. Professor Champlin addresses the annual Public Forum of the Lewistown YMCA this Tuesday on "How Far Are We From Permanent Peace?" Dr. Wayland F. Dunaway, professor emeritus of American history, has completed his history of the College, which will be published shortly.

Old Mania

By NANCY CARASTRO

Looks like the semester is winding up in a blaze of formals, house parties, sorority dances, et al. . . . Bet Penn State coeds' gowns haven't been danced in this much since days that went before . . .

Theta formal was last week up at the Nittany Lion Inn . . . Jeannie Weaver's escort was Ens. John Stap Jr. of the Naval Air Corps who was visiting her this weekend . . . Bob Queen, a dark and handsome full-blooded Indian, was Ginger Sykes' import for the evening . . . Also dancing were Lois Lyman and Judd Healy, pi kappa phi . . . Mary Beaver and A/S Roy Mattson . . . Jo Sauerwein and ASTP Pvt. Joe Clemson . . . Janet Taylor and Johnny Sadden, phi kappa sig . . . Jeanie Hirt and Jack Davenport phi delt—who by the way has given his president's gavel to Jeanie as a token of his affection . . .

WRA's annual Sweetheart Dance is on the calendar for tomorrow night . . . Some of the coeds and their valentines will be Zeta pledge Betty Craven and Ed Conrad . . . Cynthia Johnston and Guy Newton . . . SDT Hats Miller and A/S Herb Locke . . . Phi Mu Lila Leaman and Elwood Way . . . AOPi Nancy Norton and A/S

Charles Nichols . . . Theta Phi pledge Connie Miceli and ASTP Pvt. Dick Zackerini . . . Zeta Joan Bower and A/S Jay Young . . .

Last week six alpha chi's entertained six members of the West Point boxing team . . . Estelle Brown, Betty Wolfram, Doris Huck, Ginny Klaus, Pat Halberg, and Anne Schlough . . .

Ens. Joe Mohan of the Merchant Marine came up to see gamma phi Nancy Geisse . . . Lt. Jerry Thompson of the AAF was back seeing ChiO Mabel Parks . . . She wears his kappa sigma pin . . . Alpha chi alums Jean Miller and Jean Ruess Swanton were back . . . Ditto Theta phi alpha alum Claire Conway . . . Cliff Bastuscheck, alum, is coming to see ChiO Margaret Saby . . . Tom Henderson has been back seeing gamma phi Allie Miller . . . Cpl. Hy Rosenzweig visited SDT Mae Lenchner . . . May Snyder, Zeta alum, was visiting . . . Lt. Karl Mentz of the AAF is coming to see his fiancée, AOPi pledge Nancy McGeary . . .

Zeta Kay Miller is wearing the pilot's wings of Lt. Tom Krall of Arlington, Virginia . . . SDT alum Adele Eskind will be married next month to Pvt. Arnie Feldman . . .

A Lean And Hungry Look

This is the last Collegian of the semester and in it is the last lean and hungry look. Four years of work and learning and fun at Penn State come to an end and the last column forsaking bitterness at this tremendous moment will be mellow and even maudlin.

There are many things I will remember about my alma mater but none will retain its lustre against the trespasses of time as well as the one incident which has shaped the entire course of my education. I remember the time when disguised as a coed I attended a lecture by a member of the staff of the dean of women to a group of women transfer students.

"There once were two beautiful red roses blooming at the side of a highway," she said. "One rose allowed itself to be fondled and handled by every passerby. Soon this rose withered and died. The other rose was a proud little rose and when a passerby attempted to handle it, it drew itself back proudly and showed its thorns.

"This little rose grew more beautiful as time went by and finally when its Prince Charming came, as the little rose knew he would, it opened up its petals and withdrew its thorns, and lived happily ever after. Now don't you be like the poor little rose that withered and died. Draw yourself up proudly and show your thorns until your Prince Charming comes."

During the four years I have been studying at State I have devoted most of my time, unsuccessfully it is true, to solve a problem raised by that inspiring little chat: Just what the devil is a rose's Prince Charming? The other problem, whether this talk affected the conduct of its hearers, I also carefully investigated with more success.

Another thing for which I shall be forever grateful to Penn State and more particularly to the Women's Recreation Association is the opportunity to attend its annual "Sweetheart Dance." This dance is more than the highlight of the social season. It is an important democratic event. No matter if a man is rich or poor, cute or ugly, clever or stupid, on dance night in White Hall he is a sweetheart.

However, the "Sweetheart Dance" this year has given me some bad moments. The ingeniously worded advertisement in the Collegian read: "With the rhythm of the Campus Owls—Your heart will go pitter-patter from 9-12." I am not as young as I used to be and my old heart could never stand three solid hours of pitter-patter.

Now as the time for farewell approaches, it is with a weary heart that I take leave of the College that has been my home. It is with a wearier heart that I admit that this column is one damn hoax; that I am too dumb to graduate college in the normal eight semesters; that I will be back to plague you after finals. —(ASSIUS

Ship Ahoy

That rumor about A/S Matt Szyller wearing a hash mark on his pajamas is untrue . . . It's really tattooed on his left arm . . . Bks. 36 presents A/S Gordon Juneau—everytime he bends over—Frenchman's Creak . . . After spending a fortune on his favorite sport skiing, A/S Curly Wolf has decided that ping pong and solitaire have their good points . . . It must be a shift in the tide that thrust A/S Sherlock Hyde in the Brig.

That new handle on A/S Bob Rust is "Anna" . . . That's short for Annapolis where Rust will spend his next hitch in this man's Navy . . . A/S Willie Powell is the latest to fall victim to the Charles Atlas course . . . Purpose is to capture the heart of his Janie . . . A/S Abbie Lena reading great American classics—"Studs Lonigan" and "Lady Chatterly's Lover"—to A/S Joe Haddock . . . A/S G. T. Passananti letting publicity go to his head . . . A/S Les Jacobs going Luney up at Irvin Hall.

"Dimples" Randall also known as Hubie is still running for Kappa's pin-up boy . . . A/S Walt Rahn tried to reorganize Navy customs . . . His presence in the "Bastille" was his only reward . . . A/S Ki Reberkenny tells all that Brooklyn is the biggest Zoo in the world . . . A/S Ed Fisher and Juke Box Sal making the headlines as the result of a love tryst . . . A/S Bill Bowen's excuse for being a frequent visitor at Watts is his love—for studying?

A/S George Locotos turning down 3 week-end passes rather than face the Pittsburgh belles . . . Since those 3 men in Bks. 20 have been discharged from the infirmary and have circulated their stories, there's been a big rush for reservations. Tickets all for this semester. —A/S Fred Vogel