

## THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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## In Explanation

Those hardy souls who literally "sweated out" the summer will no doubt remember the feud that started between Collegian and the ASTP Unit over an editorial I wrote calling them names for throwing a closed dance when entertainment for the student body was nil.

The same evening the edit was published, I received a phone call from one of the AST barracks cordially inviting me to their dance as they thought I was lonely. They even promised a delegation to insure safe arrival. But that wasn't all they had to say. For over an hour my name was raked over the coals until it became just plain MUD. The payoff came when an AST condemned me in a letter to the editor for "childish logic that employs caustic criticism to attain the end."

The rest of my time was spent dodging ASTs all over campus, ducking around corners, and avoiding dark alleys. My friends denied knowing me and Collegian carefully avoided adding to the antagonism caused by the ill-fated editorial.

But did it end there? This semester a bit in Penn Statements was misconstrued by the ASTs and sort of poured salt on an old wound. Result: Our editor was presented with a gift of dog biscuits for calling them "dogfaces."

Time has come to clarify the situation. Collegian heartily commends the ASTP Unit for considering the remainder of the students when they planned this semester's dance. Not only are the students invited to the semi-formal affair, but invited gratis. —PW

## Longer Holidays?

Today the College Senate will meet to decide the vacation schedule for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Collegian, on behalf of the student body, strongly recommends that Senate extend both holidays. During the war it was necessary that vacations be shortened to keep in time with the accelerated program. But since the war is over, the College is gradually returning to a pre-war basis, and extended vacations should be one of the first and easiest steps.

At a recent X-G-I club meeting, the group voted unanimously in favor of longer holidays. Many of these men have not spent a holiday at home for several years and plan to be at home this year even if they have to cut classes. It is the Senate's responsibility to see that the veterans have Thanksgiving and Christmas with their families.

Realizing that this is a difficult decision, due to Navy and academic requirements, students are hopefully awaiting the Senate's verdict.

## NROTC News

By A/S FRED KECKER

Yep, it's the old V-12 News with a new title. And that's just about what the sailors are up here—the old V-12ers under a new program, the NROTC. Everybody keeps asking us, "But I thought there was no more V-12! What are you doing here?" There really is a change though, and here's at least part of the difference.

For one thing we're no longer kept as a separate group by the College itself but are included as students of a specific semester majoring in a field of our own choice, within limits of course. Now there are naval science courses to be taken with full college credits given in them and a major gradually being accumulated in naval science.

## No More Brig

Sometime before Christmas we're scheduled to get snappy NROTC uniforms to be worn on liberty and leave. While that isn't so important, the matter of conduct and penalties for offenses is important. No longer do we have a brig to worry about but we have in its place a highly complicated but most efficient system of demerits whereby one walks penalty tours or sweats out working details as punishment for any one or several of 107 enumerated offenses which include everything from throwing articles from windows to improperly making out a liberty chit.

In a more serious vein, the NROTC is really a reservist's Annapolis serving to provide reserve naval officers even during peacetime who may easily switch over to USN if they so desire. To get such a commission, a full four years of college is now required, including enough credits for a bachelor of Naval Science Degree, the type given at Annapolis.

## Orchids to the Band

Orchids are due the band for their performance in the review at the Temple game Saturday. The boys are now led by a new drum major, Fred Cline, and bolstered by George Ballerstein, "Gunny" Gunnison, Bob Stoffer, Ted Pstrack, and "Nick" Nickerson, veteran players from the Bloomsburg band. As transfers from a school the size of which is about equal to the Old Main lawn, the new men seem to like things at Penn State.

It's good to see Ted DeVas, George Meeker, Willie Powell, Bob Kennedy, Jimmy Mitchell, Hank Bennett, Bob Shaw, Bill Christmas, Sam Rubenfeld, Harry Eckdahl and all the other former trainees back here as civilians this semester.

The sailors have three candidates up today for class offices; Bob Foote, Jim Jones, and Jim Sheehan. If the civilians are good enough to run sailors, the least we can do is vote.

## Collegiate Review

Little Willie, dressed in sashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burned to ashes.  
By and by the room grew chilly  
But no one wanted to poke poor Willie.

She: "And will you never stop loving me?"  
BMOG: "Well, I've got an eight o'clock class in the morning."

Mahatma Gandhi left college because all the girls were after his pin. —The Technique  
Georgia Tech

## Morning Cheer

Do you hear a rooster crow  
When it is time to rise?  
Or does a little trumpet blow  
To help you open your eyes?  
Some folks hear a tinkling bell.  
And some a fife and drum.  
But I just hear my roommate yell,  
Get out of bed, ya' bum!

—Temple University News

Prof: "Order! Order!"  
Student (just waking up): "I'll have a ham ala, please."

Green ribbon—Looking for a date.  
Yellow ribbon—Wants a date.  
Brown ribbon—Got her eye on a certain man.  
Blue ribbon—Going steady.  
Plaid ribbon—Fickle.  
Red ribbon—In love.  
Black ribbon—Disappointed in love. (But still hoping.)  
No ribbon—Man hater.

## A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

I locked and bolted the doors; I piled furniture against it for added protection; I crouched in a dark corner in fear. They were coming after me.

I wondered how they ever found out about me. I never did anything to harm man or beast—even coeds. Maybe it was the time I stepped on the grass as a freshman. Could they possibly remember

that? I served my penalty. I went on a blind date with the Tribunal Chairman's kid sister (though at times I was doubtful of her sex). Then it dawned upon me. I was betrayed by my own College. One of the thousands of forms I filled out at registration was for elections.

Hardly had the cuss word directed at our fair Alma Mater ceased to flow from my lips when I heard them drive up. Having just completed the weekly Bellefonte run, they paused to have a short chug-a-lug, and to plan their attack.

I looked on disgustedly. There they were, drinking liquor, and me with warm beer. All of a sudden they dropped to their hands and knees. Could it be that they were praying for forgiveness? Then I realized what happened. A bottle of the booze slipped from someone's greedy paws and had splattered on the pavement. They were lapping it up.

After scraping the asphalt from their tongues, the debauchers attacked. They came in droves. I parried them off with a nearby sliderule; I fought doggedly, even employing some of the tactics learned in Ath's East Lounge; but to no avail. Beaten, bruised, and resembling coeds who frequent Hort Woods, in desperation I ran to my desk to take the vial of

poison that I had hidden among my crib notes. Someone beat me to it. He drank the Borgia cocktail for a chaser, and worse than all, absconded with the ponies.

I was now at the mercy of the candidates for office, their campaign managers, and other political eager beavers. Power Madd, presidential standard bearer of the Knock Down Party, promised me every position from Campus Cop on down to Prexy if I would vote for him. He even offered to lease his booth in the Corner Room to me for a week. Tempting as it was, I remained stalwart and refused—that is until his running mate, "Late Date" Dottie, propositioned me.

Being a dull engineer, I realized that one vote equalled one date with this notorious necker from way back. (A new formula for the M. E. Handbook.)

A sample of Dottie's alluring libido convinced me that the only way to knock down was with the Knock Down Party. They sped me to the polls just three minutes before the balloting was to close. SNAFU, I forgot to bring my matric card and couldn't vote.

So the moral of this story is, don't forget your matric card when you go to vote. CASSIUS.

## Back In Mufti

On a bitter cold winter day in Germany when the war was at its height, some 2,000 undernourished and half clothed American prisoners of war set out on a 33 mile march.

For some of them, each step caused pain. A heavy snow was falling and wind pierced the thin clothing with apparent ease. Heavy packs became more of a burden with each succeeding step. Onward they marched, carefully watched by arrogant German guards.

By nightfall, the snow was deeper, the cold more intense. Those last few miles seemed endless. And then, just as exhaustion was about to overcome many, the march ended. Thirty-three miles under the worst conditions, and now it was over until the next day, but not without casualties.

Three men never finished that march. They lay somewhere along the roadside and white flakes of snow soon covered their motionless forms. They had died on the way—and they fell in their tracks. The ordeal was too much for them to take.

Three dead American GI's? Three mistreated prisoners of war who died from lack of food and medical care? NO, three dead Germans, three well fed, well clothed guards who accompanied the American soldiers on their forced march. Two died from heart attack, another froze to death. The master race—huh!

A man in Penn State's present freshman class was on that march. He's Flight Officer Carl F. Reichard, 23, from New Castle, and St. Petersburg, Florida. He spent 22 long months in German prison camps.

Reichard entered service in 1940 and first served with the Ninth Signal Company. In February, 1942, he began pilot training and ten months later he was graduated. In March, 1943, he left for overseas flying a B-26.

Flying with the 17th bomber group in North Africa, Flight Officer Reichard was co-piloting a B-26 on his 12th mission when they were hit over an airfield on the island of Sardinia, July 3, 1943. They ran into heavy 88mm flak and Reichard's plane was hit badly. He and two other crewmen managed to bail out, the other three men going down with the ship. After ducking bombs from their own planes, the three airmen were captured.

Flown to Rome and then taken by train into Germany, Reichard was first interned at Stalag Luft 3, and then at Stalag 7A. He holds the Air Medal, ETO and Pre-Pearl Harbor ribbon. On April 29th, 1945, he was liberated by Patton's Third Army.

Immediately following liberation, many of the GI's were anxious to hear an American radio program. After obtaining a German radio they tuned in to America. The first program they heard was the "Hit Parade," and the song that was being played was

ironically enough "Don't Fence Me In."

Fence fellows like that in? Not a chance.

—LARRY FOSTER

## Letter To Editor

Dear Editor:

I wish to inform you on the "Thanksgiving Topic". Here is the picture:

As it stands, we (the student body) have but one day for Thanksgiving, as stated in the school calendar.

Now that the WAR IS OVER! why can't we have Friday and Saturday off also? Some of us service men haven't been home for Thanksgiving in four years. If we aren't excused on those days, the majority of us and the rest of the student body will cut classes and if all cut classes, I've been told that they won't be called cuts. Let us know about the topic in the next issue of Collegian.

Also keep in mind that faculty all are around or near here where they can enjoy Thanksgiving with their families.

We hope that this will be one of the main items in your next issue of the Collegian, and why can't it be? After all through that paper is the only way that you and we can get the voice of the rest of the student body and also the opinion of the faculty.

Come one pal and pals, the WAR IS OVER!

Very sincerely,

An X-G-I.

## French Club Inactive

Le Cercle Francais will not meet this semester, according to an announcement made by Prof. John B. Cloppet and Prof. Leslie M. Burrage of the French Department.

Professor Burrage said he was in favor of organizing the club again this semester, but each instructor was already carrying a full schedule and there was no one available to supervise the club. Originally opened to advanced students only, Professor Burrage said if it is reorganized next semester, both beginners and advanced students will be able to join.