

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1940 Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1877.

Published every Tuesday and Friday-morning during the regular College year by the staff of the Daily Collegian of the Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second class matter July 5, 1934, at the State College, Pa. Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions by mail at \$1 a semester.

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Mt. Nittany's Tradition

The quick action last week on the part of Lion's Paw, senior honor society, saved one of the College's most treasured traditions.

When Russell E. Clark, alumni secretary of Lion's Paw, put a \$300 down payment of Mt. Nittany's top, he not only preserved the beauty of the old mountain, but he also prevented a roar of disapproval from thousands of students and alumni.

Nittany Mountain has been a pleasure spot for student hikers for years. To transform her wooded slope into a barren hillside would be like uprooting the grass on the College campus.

Now Lion's Paw needs \$1700 to close the deal and prevent the chopping down of trees on Mt. Nittany once and for all. Will they get support? The association is positive that alumni will be able to provide all necessary funds to complete the transaction, but if not, students may be asked to help.

Lion's Paw should be commended for such a thoughtful action in the interests of the College. We are proud of Mt. Nittany's tradition. Let's make sure she remains as she is today, a symbol of beauty to the College.
—A. R.

NROTC News

By JACK REID

Saturday afternoon was rainy. Saturday afternoon was dark and dreary. Saturday afternoon had nothing on us. You see, we were being inspected.

Promptly at one the executioners came aboard, each equipped with report slips, clean hands, and a pure heart. But even so we fooled them. Only a few fell beneath the dirt-searching fingers. And they've just forgotten to dust the inside tops of the lamps.

Gee whiz, everybody dusts there. Of course, you have to unscrew the bulb and dismantle the lamp . . . That's not hard, is it?

Protection Plus

Have you ever wondered how State College would be defended in case of airborne invasion? If you've worried about it in the past, you can rest easy of nights now. We'll protect you. We have rifles now (that don't shoot). We have plastic bayonets now (that keep falling off). We . . . we are the bulwark of College defense . . . Is anyone interested in a transfer to the U. of P.?

Going My Way?

We won't be allowed to leave here till twelve noon tomorrow. And we really would like to be home for Thanksgiving. Yet there must be no hitchhiking in the 4th Naval District. So, if you see a sailor determinedly walking toward Lewis-town or Altoona or Scranton, don't flash by in your Packard 120. Stop and pick the guy up. Who knows, you might have a future admiral with you.

And then again, you might not. But thanks for the ride anyway—you're nice.

Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

With elections safely over and no apparent casualties, we thought the handshaking, buddy-buddy-you're-my-pal would come to an end too. But no, hang on to your newly acquired pals—you might wangle a ride home for Thanksgiving. This vacation deal is quite a problem. The kids who were going home are going to Pittsburgh, the Pittsburghites are going elsewhere, and the poor unfortunates whose vacation hangs on the fate of the Greyhound bus drivers are settling down to a peaceful weekend in State College. Who invented vacations anyhow?

Thanks for the Memories

Station WMAJ has a unique request program. The AOPi's asked that Thanks for the Memories be played for the ATO's. The announcer complied, but admitting he was stupid and had forgotten the title of the request, he played for the ATO's, I Begged Her. Ready to forgive and forget, the AOPi's repeated their request a few days later, and this time poured their hearts out in One Meat Ball.

A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

With so much talk about science now, I decided to do my part to further the cause of the Whitmores, Hammonds, and Stiedels. This treatise will be on Homo Sapiens, Pennsy Statetatis or, Joe Blow in the Nittany Valley. Of course, I couldn't cover the entire subject in one short opus, but there are a few outstanding of fauna hereabouts that must be mentioned.

Genus number 1 is the Corner Room social butterfly. He or she (they exist in both sexes), will enter this glorified beanery just to flit from booth to booth in search of friends who would rather not admit such relationship.

Known all over campus are the "hot dogs." These lazy key chain twirlers think that the Hotel will collapse if they didn't support the posts in front of the Corner. Rumor has it that the manager of the Corner, known in the best circles as "slice that damn cake thinner," charges them rent.

Then there is the freshman who is actually proud of his green dink. He thinks it's collegiate.

No classification would be complete without the BMOCs. Penn State boasts some of the more virulent type, those who count hello's and bite their toe nails in worry if they don't get at least 100 per diem (Latin for per diem). Another type of BTOs is the hatmen who even wear their black bowlers in bed.

Doggie's Emporium is a perennial source of characters. Sitting in the dark corners are always some thirsty underage customers who hear the voice of doom in the approaching footsteps of the waiter or bartender. There too, are the boys who give the 'Skeller as their address at registration, and the souses "on the wagon" who drop down only (?) for Spider's hamburgers.

Everyone knows at least one

fellow who claims to have "made out" with every woman he has dated. Their stories are usually 90 per cent bull and 10 per cent imagination. One I know of paints himself with lipstick after a sexless evening to maintain his reputation. His amative female counterpart lectures to others on etiquette and how to remain virtuous, and then goes through acrobatic antics and field maneuvers in the lounges as 1 o'clock approaches.

One can't go to a movie now-a-days without hearing shrieking frustrated females who go through orgies when a masculine face flashes on the screen. These would be paramours have to rely on films, Forever Amber (renamed Forever Atit), and Soc 4 for erotic entertainment.

The Graham A. C. athletes are fun to watch. To see some fellows pay a nickel to maul a helpless pinball machine is always good for a laugh. There ought to be a varsity S for the high scorers.

Always sure to head the popularity list is the guy or gal who gets a 95 in a bluebook, argues with the prof for a 100 while the rest of the class gazes blankly at their awo bar twos. Lovely fellow—ugh!

Then there's Jim Casey—he's in a class by himself. Have to close now, my beer glass is empty.
—Cassius.

Back In Mufti

America has not forgotten the sinking of the destroyer USS Reuben James by a German submarine on October 30, 1941—almost six weeks before the entrance of the United States into World War II. The James was escorting a convoy through the North Atlantic toward England when the torpedo struck.

Electrician's Mate 2/c Tom Turnbull was a member of the crew of the James. Coming off his

watch about 4 a. m. that morning he went aft for the usual cup of coffee, and was standing in the hatch of the after deck house at the time of the first explosion. Knocked down by the blast, the young seaman regained his feet and made his way to the deck. First glance revealed that the explosion of the forward magazine combined with the original concussion had completely destroyed all of that part of the ship to the rear of the fourth stack.

Almost immediately the oil and ammunition supplies went up, blowing debris as high as 1000 feet into the air.

All of the "Ruby's" lifeboats were shattered and only two life rafts remained serviceable. Turnbull managed to get overside with a life belt as the ship started to settle. Scarcely three minutes later the "Ruby" was no more. However, as the ship went down, depth charges that she had been carrying went off one by one. One of these charges threw Turnbull high into the air. "I just said to myself, 'I'm dead,'" he declared later.

Another destroyer steamed close by and picked up some of the survivors of the sinking had enlisted in the navy in August, 1939. He without taking Turnbull. Some

five hours later he was picked up and taken to a British army hospital in Iceland.

Diagnosis revealed serious injuries to the ears and abdomen and damage to the eyes. "In fact, it was only the burning oil in the cold water that saved me from freezing," he said. And actually Turnbull was lucky, for only some 25 of the original crew of 145 escaped death.

A native of Rahway, N. J., this survivor of the sinking had enlisted in the navy in August, 1939. He saw action in the Caribbean aboard the USS Texas before being transferred to the Reuben James. Trips to Iceland, Greenland, Northern Ireland and five voyages to Murmansk followed. Although the United States was not yet at war, the "Ruby" was credited with sinking four German subs on these trips.

"Folks back home thought we were neutral while here we were, out sinking subs," Turnbull said.

Following his discharge from the service in April 1942, Turnbull worked in the electrical field for two years before starting his electrical engineering work at the College.

HOWIE BACK

The right note

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