

A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

The orgy is over; only fiendish memories remain in my debauched mind. I promised myself that my inebriated condition will never reoccur, at least until the next Pitt game.

I left for the city of soot and smoke after cutting my 11 o'clock on Wednesday. I wouldn't say that we were traveling fast, but the midget used as a radiator cap on the flivver was singing "Nearer My God to Thee." I only slowed down to pick up some itinerant Penn Staters that were lined up along the highway throwing peanuts over their shoulders.

Headquarters for the wild weekend was the William Penn Hotel. If Billy knew what went on there he would have turned over in his grave. While I registered, the 17 other fellows who were to share the cubicle with me cased the joint and reported the bar just down the corridor.

Not knowing what to do first, we decided to have another drink before venturing out into the cold. We then closed the window and resumed action to alleviate the overcoming thirst that results from living in a dry town.

Time for dinner had come, and after considerable arm-twisting and hair-pulling, my buddies snatched the bottle from my hands and led me to the elevator. The elevator door opened, and there staring me in the face was a family of guinea pigs, two rabbits, and a trained seal. I was just about to take the oath when someone told me that there was a magicians convention in the hotel. By the time we reached the lobby, rabbits were pushing me out the door. Evidently, these were not trained rabbits.

As it was too early in the afternoon to "partake," I went to the game. It was so cold that one half-soused character tried to warm his freezing feet by pouring a fifth of Schenley's on them. What a waste of good liquor!

what stinking feet; what a game. I wouldn't say that the referee was partial to Pitt, but after the final gun he came running off the field singing "Hail to Pitt."

By now a blood test would reveal 10 per cent hemoglobin and 90 per cent alcohol, but I was not deterred. Carrying my own glass, ice cubes, and chaser, liquid dynamite was target for tonight. Not knowing where all the parties were, I asked a house detective who referred me to the elevator operators. It seems that his list was only partially complete.

After futilely running around halls, knocking on doors and turning on lights, I devised the plan of shadowing the room service boys who were carrying alcoholic accessories to thirsty patrons. The success of my strategy was evidenced by the wake of empty bottles I left behind.

Ye Gods I forgot about the date I left somewhere on the fifth floor. I found the room, but I had to get a bulldozer to push the intoxicated inhabitants, bottles, butts, and fugitives from the Firemen's Ball (who slid down the pole from the 17th floor) to one side to find her. And there she was, in her sweet innocence, draped around a clothes pole disguised as a mink coat.

The rest of my stay is a complete blank, some fraternity man slipped me a glass of water and I passed out. Must have been a sober engineer.

—Cassius.

P. S.—Lend me ten cents for some aspirin.

Back In Mufti

Many awards for achievement were given during World War II, but the Navy Cross that was awarded to Lt. Joseph Eisenhuth is representative of one of the turning points of the Pacific war.

Lieutenant Eisenhuth, pilot of a Curtis Helldiver, was covering American troops during the invasion of the Philippines. A large Japanese fleet was moving toward Leyte, with orders to wipe out the new landing when Eisenhuth's orders to attack came. "There were comparatively few Jap planes to bother us but the AA fire was just about the heaviest I'd ever seen," he said.

Picking a large aircraft carrier as his target, Eisenhuth dived and released his bombs. A direct hit was scored and the carrier soon sank.

After the smoke of battle had cleared and the American pilots had returned to base, it was revealed that two battleships, four carriers, six heavy cruisers and two light cruisers were at the bottom of the ocean. The back of the Jap fleet and of all Jap naval resistance had been broken!

The Lieutenant, holder of three air medals and veteran of 54 missions, was discharged from service in September and is now studying aeronautical engineering at the College.

Accompanying Lt. Joseph Eisenhuth "back to school" was his elder brother, former army lieutenant, Harry Eisenhuth. The latter, a veteran of some 30 odd missions as navigator with the Seventh Air Force in the Pacific, is the recipient of two DFC's for "outstanding achievement in aerial flight" and four air medals. He returned to the College as a fifth semester chemistry major.

Howie Back.

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Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

We've been getting queries all week about a front page story consisting of "the sun rose today," which appeared in the last issue. Here's the story—Mr. "Bill" Ulerich, journ 27 prof and editor of the Centre Daily Times, has for years been trying to get some brave Collegianite to run a one line story. Mr. Ulerich was even rash enough to offer a steak dinner to the reporter who could persuade the managing editor on issue to run the story. Last week his bluff was called, and one steak dinner is coming up. The problem is—nobody can claim the steak for himself because the kids collaborated on the squibb, so everyone gets a bite.

Postwar Housing

A desolate freshman is wandering around campus. He hasn't been to his class yet, and he has heard rumors of a coming bluebook. He's asked multitudes of people from eighth semester seniors to deans for help in finding his class. But he's still hunting, because no one can direct him to 10 MWF Building.

Last Semester's Dirt

Coeds from one of the local Greek houses awoke one morning to find that their favorite janitor, who always arrived punctually between 7 and 7:20 a. m., to begin slamming doors and throwing suitcases downstairs, had deserted them. As they took off for their 8 o'clocks they noticed a new addition to the staff who shouted after them, "You girls can tell the guy who works here regularly that I cleaned out last semester's dirt."

THE COLLEGIAN

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HAS FOOTBALL LOST ITS KICK?

Knut Rockne said, "Give me a good, reliable punter, and I won't worry about my offense." Can't today's football players kick? Why is Lou Little a little sad? Maybe he remembers when guys really *could* boot the pigskin—17 field goals in one game! A 63-yard drop kick for a field goal! 97 points scored by a player who was never officially in the game! Only 3 field goals missed in two years of college football! How does today stack up? Read this *true* sports thriller....



Leather-Socking Tales
by Gordon M. Atkins

PIG!

"YOU WILL BE SORRY, CAPTAIN KIRILSKI"

Iskandar swallowed hard—he had eaten that accursed bacon. Then he stood there, staring, smiling. That was before Joan McNaughton was kidnapped, before Major Yeats-Brown, of the famous Bengal Lancers, went up into those death-packed hills. In his last *true* story before he died, Achmed Abdullah, one of the best adventure story spinners of all time, tells a gripping tale of mystery, and tall men with cruel smiles, in India's Khyber Pass. Read this great *true* book-length feature....


Flames on the Border
by Capt. Achmed Abdullah

DOWN! HALF FISH, HALF NUTS, THEY CALLED 'EM

You never heard much about the UDT till after the Japs surrendered, did you? They were the boys who "fought the war in swim trunks." Their story was one of our Navy's top secrets. Now it's out—told from the inside out—in the *true* exclusive....

17 Seconds to Live
by Commander Harold B. Say, USNR

JUMP! Sim Webb *did* jump, but Casey Jones didn't. He rode to glory on old 382. You've sung the song about him. The song is wrong, you know. Set yourself straight on history's most famous "hoghead"—here's the *true* low-down....



WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

You can start it for peanuts, says Minnesota's Stubborn Swede. He parlayed a \$6 a week failure into a \$7,500,000 a year success in 11 years. "Money's all around you, sitting and wistfully waiting to fall in love with your idea"—that's what he says. It makes sense, in this latest of the popular *true* Adventures in Business....

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by William Burke

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