

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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In Defense Of Hatmen

It is one of the great fallacies of the American public to sit back and criticize while making no attempt to remedy the subject of their criticism. The Penn State student body is no exception. Much has been said and little done about the failure to enforce freshman customs. Hatmen have born the brunt of the criticism but a glance at the figures will show the fault lies with the student body. In 1942 the active hatmen on campus numbered nearly 150, made up of such groups as Parmi Nous, Skull and Bones, Druids, Friars, and Blue Key. It was their job to help enforce customs on 1500 freshmen. Today the active hatmen number 17, approximately one tenth as many as 1942, but they are still expected to enforce the customs on the same number of freshmen. The figures speak for themselves, the Penn State student body has failed to cope with one of its most elementary problems.

—GRS.

Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Have a little snow? Are you dreaming of a white Christmas? Only 17 days until that promised vacation day, so stick around here, and you'll no doubt forget all about your dream. A word to newcomers to State College climate—cheer up, the snow is always gone by May 1.

ASTP Finale

The ASTP's left as they came, with no fanfare and no complaints. But we'll miss them, and we hope they'll miss us. Can't miss this chance to print a final story about the "dogfaces." A frosh coed, resigned to standing in lines, patiently stepped into a seemingly unending one which she thought must be important. After waiting a half hour she nervously noted that there were a lot of uniforms in front and in back of her. Finally nearing the head of the line, she found she was next in a row of ASTP's handing in their over-shoes.

Florida Cure

On the premise that Penn State women look slightly beat, the girls have instituted a coed sun lamp treatment. Treatments are by appointment only, and the charge is 25 cents for six minutes plus a rubdown. Their slogan—"You can be healthy, too." Six coeds are regular customers, but the girls expect a rush before vacation.

Order of the Day

The NROTC boys have been dreaming up some weird station memos. We were told about one ordering that "all trainees are to report to the infirmary for vivisection between 1 and 1:30 p. m." and another that stated, "It has come to the attention of the commanding officer that trainees have been smiling. Any trainee seen smiling will report to sick bay."

Success Formula

Professor R. E. Dengler from the Greek Department handed this bit of wisdom to his students as the key to health, wealth and happiness:

- Early to bed,
- Early to rise,
- Work like hell,
- And advertise.

Ignorance Is Bliss

A coed sat in her fourth floor room in Atherton Saturday night waiting for her date. Other girls lounged around on the bed and floor helping her pass the time. Suddenly there was a knock. "Who is it?" asked the coed, and a masculine voice replied, "Are you ready?" It was her date, a green frosh, who didn't know men were not allowed above the first floor.

Prof: I won't lecture until the class settles down.

Voice: Sleep it off, old man.

A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

Among the least publicized of Penn State's virtues is its weather. Of course, this merit is purely a medical view point of the cold, clammy climate that annually throws the non-hibernating natives of the Nittany Valley into the hands of the pill-dispensing specialists.

Being a fairly normal person, I succumbed to the dread local malady, Galloping Consumption or Cemetery Cough. This latter name

is in memoriam to those less hardy sufferers who now use a tombstone for a pillow. After being officially pronounced sick by the house pre-med, who takes a fiendish delight in using thermometers other than the oral type, I started the trek to the dispensary.

Ah, the dispensary, the protector of the ailing, the infirm, and the students who seek to nullify the classes they cut. As the plague-ridden population was particularly heavy that day, I sat down to read the magazines provided for waiting patrons. I was lucky to find a recent issue of the Police Gazette, August 1909. The pictures in it raised my temperature a few degrees. Two hours later my name was called, and I went into a back room where an alluring female dressed in white led me to a dark corner, sat down beside me, pressed her warm hand in mine, and asked me to open my mouth. I first thought that I had somehow wandered into a sorority house, and eagerly obeyed. Little did my fevered brain realize that she was only a nurse taking my pulse and temperature.

While waiting (for a change) for the doctor to come in, I was puzzled by signs on the wall reading "Let Underwood Do Your Undertaking," "Underwood the Reliable Undertaker," and "Make Your Last Trip via Underwood, the Master Undertaker." What could they mean? I later found out that Mr. Underwood is the doctor's brother-in-law, and that the medic gets a 10 per cent kickback for his "talent scouting."

I finally walked into the doc-

tor's office, with my face flushed with fever, coughing like a consumptive, and shivering from chills. The vet, I mean the MD, told me to put my tongue out and then said, "Son, you have a very bad case of athlete's feet, I'm afraid we'll have to amputate." But after putting on his glasses so he could see me, he diagnosed my case as a rare French disease, LaGrippe, and ordered me to the infirmary.

Ah, the infirmary, the house of malnutrition. It seems that some potato growers built this pastoral sanatorium, and so, to repay them for their kindness, the only food served is potatoes. Of course, you can have french fried, mashed, or other varieties, but the name given to this virus villa, "Pelagra Place," still continues. I hate potatoes.

I was greeted at the door by the warden, or rather the favorite nurse of the institution, Miss Chubby. After being at the infirmary for a number of years and subsisting on its potato diet, she acquired this name automatically. In fact she even looks like a pomme de terre.

After spending a few starving days in Pelagra Palace, existing solely on the food that my fraternity-brothers smuggled into me, I was cured. No longer did I have La Grippe; I had pneumonia.

So the moral of this story is, if you're sick, stay in bed and write your will. It makes no difference.

—Cassius.
P. S. Lend me a buck for some vitamin pills.

Back In Mufti

Dreadfully long minutes of uncertainty and suspense preceded the crash landing they made in a desolate part of Yugoslavia near the Alps. Whether German or Allied soldiers occupied the emergency air field was the question that bothered the crew members of the B-24 "Just for Laughs."

The twisted wreckage came to a jarring stop amid a cloud of snow and dirt. The emergency hatch was flung open and the plane's ten crewmen crawled out. What they saw startled them.

A German air officer's cap topped her 6-foot 200-pound frame. With long, sure strides she approached the plane, keeping the crew covered with an American-made sub-machine gun. Strapped to her hips was a pair of German

revolvers; hand grenades were attached to the belt.

Presently, a Yugoslavian boy about 14 approached the plane. He spoke a little German that he had learned while with a forced labor group in Germany.

Lieutenant Ralph Lewis, nose turret navigator on the crashed B-24, "Just for Laughs," spoke to the boy in German.

Under cover of darkness the ten Americans made good their escape. They were guided to the coast of the Adriatic Sea, and from there they were taken down the coast in a fishing boat to a small British-held air field. The next day they were flown back to their base by American C-74's.

Ralph Lewis, now an Industrial Engineering major at Penn State, flew with the 15th Air Force through four campaigns. Probably his biggest job came during the battle of the Poe Valley. While his crew thought he was at rest camp, Lewis was secretly flown to the Poe Valley. There he was assigned to do reconnaissance work flying aboard a "Droop Snoop" P-38.

—LARRY FOSTER

As New As The Battle Jacket

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