

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Those insipid grins firmly planted on the faces of all eighth semester seniors aren't really the result of seven and a half semesters of being an eager beaver—they are just a perpetual reaction to the announcement of no finals this semester. Rumors have been flying around wildly—rumors of finals for everyone for two weeks, or finals for seniors after graduation, but all have been pleasantly and thoroughly squelched. Ah, the rewards of acceleration.

Minors Drink Water

More tales of frosh antics even at this late date. This green-dinked frosh, thirsting for a milkshake, inquired of an upperclassman the best dispenser of the health potion. He was obligingly led to Pugh Street and down the steps to the place of refreshment. The frosh stepped up to the bar and ordered a jumbo chocolate milkshake. The proprietor asked for his customer's matric card, which the frosh produced only to be gently shown the door. Sadly the thirsty frosh wandered home shaking his head over a town where you had to be 21 to buy a milkshake.

Mouse Psychology

The AOPi's were rudely interrupted during the nightly bridge game by the entrance of a terrifying mouse. The ferocious beast was greeted by shrieks and squeals, but two brave AOPi's volunteered to capture him. They gathered their weapons and chased him down stairs and over furniture. But mouseie won the first round. Still determined to rid their house of the menace, the pursuers left a note for the janitor to leave a mouse trap. The janitor, anxious to join in the spoils, left two traps, baited with tempting cheese. The AOPi's retired that night confident of victory in the morning. But morning found both traps empty and their victim among the absent. Mouseie had his cheese and his freedom too.

Sorry--Wrong Professor

Last issue Collegian became a little confused over the identity of certain recently returned history profs. So, if you'll just substitute the name Kent Forster everywhere Mr. O'Neill's name appears in the story on page five of Friday's paper you'll be doing us, yourself, and the gentlemen concerned a big favor.

You see, Professor O'Neill was a lieutenant-commander in the navy and tells sea stories . . . not air stories. So watch Collegian for the real word on the commander. And this time we'll make sure we're talking to the right fellow.

A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

I am warning you that this is going to be a very boring letter. Having just returned from an arduous trip from the City of Brotherly Love, I am in no mood nor mind to write anything that may even be in the slightest way humorous.

Before leaving State College Friday, I had visions of doing a beautiful satire on the latest racket the coeds cooked up, "Cupid's Corner." My blasphemous tongue was eagerly waiting to vent its spleen on these deceitful babes. Imagine, some girls figure out a method whereby they might rope unsuspecting males into dating them, and then proclaim to the world that their sole interest is to please the fellows.

But now, I am too tired to rack my already feeble mind for adjectives, adverbs, and epithets to insult these hypocritical "lonesome hearters." Perhaps I should explain how I got into this highly dissipated condition.

Friday afternoon a fraternity brother cordially invited me to accompany him to Philadelphia. Overcome with this sudden outburst of generosity, I couldn't hurt his feelings, so I acquiesced. This I was later to regret; I should have stood home.

Like all other trips I have taken with this gay Lothario, it started on time, an hour later than planned. Then he casually mentioned that the gas tank was as dry as a Pennsylvania Sunday, and his bankroll as flat as a warm beer. After five of us chipped in to cover his oversight, and bought him a few hamburgers to feed his tape worm, we started.

The ride to Philly was most uneventful, only we had two flat tires and killed a few chickens who were doing practical research on the long standing puzzle regarding their desire to traverse a thoroughfare. Once we cleaned the tread marks from their prostate forms, they tasted delicious.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PHILLY IS MY OWN DAMN BUSINESS!

Our return to State was delayed two hours by a simple serf who

missed the 9 o'clock pony express from his rustic hideaway. Being a Republican, this gross inefficiency was to be expected. We finally started off in high spirits—100 per cent proof. I wouldn't say that we were traveling fast, but we had a P-38 trailing us from Paoli to Lancaster.

While we were hightailing along, a peculiar odor permeated the car. I first thought someone was smoking a reefer, but when the smoke poured out of the hood, I began to suspect that something was afool. Could it be that the galley slaves were indulging in the weed? No, it was only the oil line on fire. A State trooper pulled alongside and, after carefully observing our dilemma, politely told us to get the damn rattletrap off the road.

But we were brave, and continued the trek homeward. At Harrisburg we paused to appease our appetites at a friendly little hash house called "Ptomaine Tavern." Now I know how the owners got the name. Meanwhile, a garage mechanic diagnosed the auto ailment as gasketitis. He cheerfully told us "If you don't get a gasket, you'll need a casket." It only cost two quarts of blood and one right arm OPA ceiling.

The rest of the journey was easy. We had the gasket, but the way the driver handled the car, we thought we would have use for that casket after all.

And now here I am, with the editor casually reminding me for the 2,307th time that the deadline for this drivel was Saturday, Ha, ha, she can't scare me, she's wearing slacks.

—CASSIUS

Independents vs. Campus

Upperclassmen who were here before the war undoubtedly remember the heated political campaigns between the Independent and the Campus parties. With the fraternity and sorority members composing the Campus clique, the campaigns lost their political issues and were actually a contest between the two groups of students.

Two new political cliques have recently been organized under these same names and, according to the new Independent party platform, they are appealing only to independent students.

Collegian opposes this set-up, since the emphasis is placed on social status and tends to segregate independent groups from fraternity people while the emphasis should be placed on the merit of the candidates seeking office.

Back In Mufti

If a contest were staged at Penn State to determine the high-point champ among veterans, one of the chief contenders would be a former Air Corps pilot, Howard Wilson. In nearly five years, including one with the RCAF, and 14 months of overseas duty with the 13th AAF, Howard collected 146 points on 98 fighter missions.

Even though Howard scored four confirmed victories and has hit the silk into the Pacific, to be rescued later by a PT boat, he is extremely modest and talks more readily about amusing but non-heroic incidents.

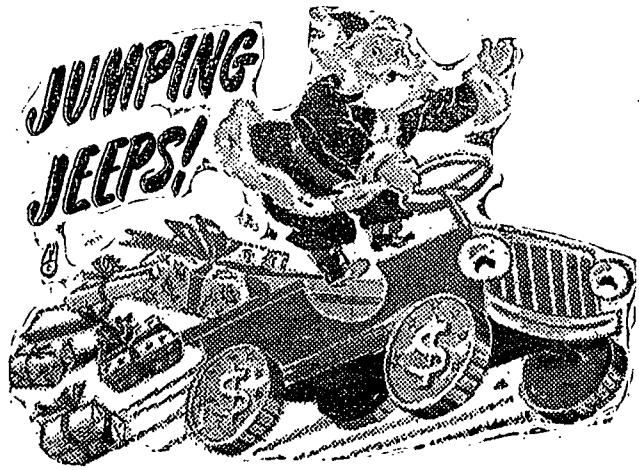
One of his favorites occurred during a Jap air-raid on "Guadal," the goat being a famous flier. As the ace strutted by, Howard asked him if he were looking for a fox-hole and was answered by, "Now, I haven't hit one for 15 months, and I'm not startin' now!"

That exclamation point was changed to a question mark by a near-by bomb explosion. Being closer to the fox-hole, Howard expected to feel a pair of heels in his back, but was startled to find that the hero had mysteriously arrived first. However, he maintains that the pilot was really very brave. He also must have been very fast!

Many other humorous events were experienced in Canada, and one Howard will never forget was his correspondence with 50 girls. Not wolfishly, he insists; the letters were written for Norwegians who had escaped the Nazis. Being strangers, they had acquired the names of American girls in many devious ways. They turned to Howard since they were unable to write English with the required finesse, and could not completely understand their replies.

Now a freshman in Aero Engineering, Howard, in spite of his graduation from Cresson High School so many years ago, does not have too much difficulty with his studies, except for chemistry and mathematics. He readily agrees that Penn State beats fighter missions over Bougainville or Rabaul.

—Lewis Stone



IT'S
CHRISTMAS
TIME . . .

SOMETHING SHE CAN WEAR!

- Gloves and Mittens
- Scarfs
- Handkerchiefs
- Costume Jewelry
- Blouses
- Sweaters

SMART SHOP

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