

# THE COLLEGIAN

"For a Better Penn State"

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## Worthy of Office?

Two weeks ago Cabinet attempted to remedy the low attendance at meetings by demanding that ex-officio members miss not more than three consecutive meetings, or have their organization suspended from Cabinet.

But it seems that the Cabinet was barking up the wrong alley. At the last meeting only four voting members (class presidents or their representatives) were present. As a result, absolutely nothing could be done at the meeting without a voting quorum.

Class presidents should feel enough responsibility not only to attend Cabinet meetings, but to do something constructive after they get there. Their classmates had enough confidence to vote them into office, but now it is up to the class officers to prove that they are qualified for the positions.

So far this semester the discussion at Cabinet meetings has been dominated by ex-officio members, who do not have a vote. President Van Lundy practically has to beg the class presidents to enter into the discussions.

This situation is degrading to Cabinet. And unless the persons concerned do something about it, Penn State will see new class officers, or perhaps even a new political party, in power next semester.

## Vacation Hasn't Started-Yet

When are you, a student, beginning your Christmas vacation?

College Senate has decreed vacation for Christmas will begin Saturday at noon, thus lengthening the originally scheduled holiday by six days. The College has been more than lenient in considering the students' wishes regarding lengthy vacations, despite the fact that it is still operating on the accelerated program. It is hoped the same students will not take advantage of the College's effort to provide the longer vacation by cutting classes.

In addition to the prolonged Christmas vacation, a Thanksgiving holiday was granted. Also a revision of the College calendar makes allowance for a spring vacation and a nine-day Easter vacation. Students during the war years had no vacation at Easter.

Furthermore, trains and busses will be jammed by other early Christmas travelers. And the last few days before the evacuation commences usually spells fun, especially with Christmas in the air. So why not wait for that legal vacation to begin?  
 —PT

# Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

We were all packed and ready to leave Saturday with gay thoughts of an extra week to Christmas shop and sleep. Oh, well, it was a great rumor while it lasted, wasn't it? Too bad the higher authorities decided we are immune to the epidemic, even with the dispensary and the infirmary bulging.

## A New Allergy

All kinds of queer things have been happening at the dispensary lately. The other day a coed came in with a terrific facial rash which had spread to her lymph gland. Investigation proved that she had been dating a he-man with a particularly tough beard for six nights straight, and she was suffering from a severe case of whisker burn. To relieve the poor coed's misery he tried shaving just before he saw her each night, but still her lymph gland swelled and swelled. Even whisker burn can't kill true love, and our blue-beard now carries a heavy white handkerchief to protect his lady's face.

## Please

Since the beginning of the semester IE 409 students have been overcome with curiosity about the meaning of a lonely PLEASE inscribed in black paint on the classroom tables. They thought of please, don't sleep with your mouth open, please, don't throw spitballs, or please come to class. Came the point where they absolutely had to know the answer or stop looking at the infuriating PLEASE. Professor Bullinger walked off with the \$64 by explaining that the drawing classes ask us un-artistic souls to PLEASE not scratch on the tables.

## Crossing the Bar

Clever is a Penn State coed's parody on *Crossing the Bar*. Polly Stramara calls her version *Saturday Night Date at Penn State*:

Sunset and evening star  
 A date with you for me  
 And may there be no groaning at the bar  
 When I am there with thee.

Two drinks and I wish for sleep  
 Too full of liquid foam  
 I cannot walk, but I can creep  
 Safely to my home.

Twilight and Old Main bell  
 We drank up all the stock  
 And now for a quick farewell  
 It is almost 1 o'clock.

Next day whatever the time or place  
 With my senses below par  
 I dread to see you face to face  
 After we stood at the bar.

## Reserved For Women

Have you seen the new addition to Atherton Hall? It seems the Sigma Chi's got playful and had their pledges erect a small building with a slanted roof and a rear window complete with a RESERVED FOR WOMEN sign. The pre-initiation relic graces the main court of Ath, leaving coeds to wonder if they really are retrogressing to ye olde days when conveniences were a luxury. Next week comes the Reserved for Men edifice.

## Eleanor Holmes Peters

It happened at a rehearsal of the Players' production of "The Curse of Gold." Director Nelms was explaining to Libby Peters (Tom Grey) how to play the scene of her dramatic rescue of Fritz Troutman (Keno) from the wild seas. The night was stormy and the sea growing rougher and rougher as the cast caught the mood. Finally a tiny weak voice piped up, as Libby ventured, "I hate to interrupt, but I can't swim."

# A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

With the yule log burning in the fireplace (the furnace broke down) and a Tom and Jerry to warm my innards, I am making up my Christmas list. Yes, old Cassius is going to break down and give out gifts to worthy souls around the frigid Nittany Valley.

To the anti-social members of Judicial, I give a 100,000 lumens searchlight and a Junior G-Man Kit to aid them on their never ending search for wayward coeds lurking in dark corners, the golf course, and Hort Woods.

If possible, I hope that Santa will bring to the residents of the "homes on wheels," another pair of kidneys or stronger legs for THAT 100-yard dash.

Knowing from past experience that teaspoons are a bit inconvenient for the job, I'm going to send snow shovels to all fraternity pledges. You will be needing them.

Realizing their desperate need, members of "Cupid's Corner" will find something masculine under their Christmas trees. Anything with pants on will do.

And as for the "slackers," long woolen underwear is the most appropriate present. Personally, I think they would appear just as miserable in slacks as in itchy drawers.

For their first holiday season at home, Cassius suggests something blonde, blue-eyed, luscious, and with all the trimmings to fill the ex-GIs' stockings. Happy hunting, fellows, and you know what I mean.

A bunch of keys would make many would-be BMOCs happy. And for their eager-beaver, fame-seeking brothers, the aspirant hatmen, a Stetson fedora to tide them

over 'til their friends admit them to the "select" group.

To the Delta Chi girls, window shades or blinds will be my yule offering so that they may once again regain their lost modesty. And for their PiKA neighbors, a radar set to replace the obsolete telescope.

The NROTC boys would no doubt like to have a new mop to use for the coming two months. More elbow grease, swabjockeys! A most suitable gift for the "blue-blooded" Thetas and the "heart-throbbing" Kappas would be a bulldozer to knock down their men in a manner more subtle than usual.

One thing that the Engineer would really need is a calendar. Maybe if they had one they could get that rag out on schedule.

Bill Reutti can certainly use a hope chest in which he can store his lipstick-smeared, perfume-scented fan mail.

Practically a necessity for the typical lazy Liberal Artist is an alarm clock to arouse the poor kid for a 1 o'clock class. Of course, only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday would it be used.

To political parties, some constructive ideas for their platforms. They certainly need some.

But the number one item on my list is a diploma for Jim Casey. The poor boy may never see one otherwise.

—CASSIUS

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