

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 8, 1879.

Subscriptions by mail at \$1 a semester.

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Campus Beautiful?

Each spring the College campus blossoms forth with signs such as "Help Keep the Campus Beautiful," "Keep Off the Grass." This grass would be green today, if you had gone another way," and "Give the Grass a Chance." Tribunal aids Grounds and Buildings in its seasonal campaign against campus beauty destroyers by forcing the harassed freshmen who violate customs to sling across their shoulders sandwich signs proclaiming, in poetic style, the harm wrought by grass walkers. Cabinet and other student bodies back the drives for a beautiful campus.

During the winter semester, Penn Staters are seldom troubled by having to keep off the grass. In fact, they rarely see this green vegetation, for State College customarily hibernates under a bedding of snow for the winter season. When the snow falls it is the duty of the State College Borough Department to keep the Borough streets traversable. On campus, this job falls to the Grounds and Buildings department.

When students and faculty members returned from their Christmas recess, they discovered that several of the main campus thoroughfares were hidden under sheets of glass-like ice. Among these covered sites was the wide walk in front of Old Main, one of the most frequented spots on campus. Professors and students alike excused the slippery side-walks, thinking that Grounds and Buildings had been vacationing, too.

But, even three days after the rest of campus had gone back to work, the ice remained for hurrying feet to slip and fall on. True, ashes were scattered in many places. But, these only worked their way into the scurrying shoes. After several days warm weather and rain, the ice melted and disappeared. Then the cinders remained to make the pathways rough and black. This blackness mars the beauty of the campus.

Grounds and Buildings receives the support of students and faculty members in its spring-time "Keep the Campus Beautiful Campaigns." Is it asking too much to want that department's aid in keeping a beautiful and comfortable campus throughout the winter?
—G.A.N.

Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Have you seen the navy trainees with their class presents? Class days find them in their usual bell-bottoms, but watch and you'll see them blossoming out in their new uniforms like the proverbial kid, with his first pair of long trousers.

The admissions situation is really rough, isn't it? But it can't be denied that the decision reached on the priority system was a just and fair one. A suggested solution is to erect signs at all entrances to State College designating, "THIS WAY TO BUCKNELL, THIS WAY TO PITTSBURGH, THIS WAY TO ALLEGHENY."

New Year's Eve Aftermath

Professor Dengler's 11 o'clock Greek Lit class sat with open mouths in their first class of the new year when the door opened and the head of a familiar prof peered in. The professor excused himself and stammered, "Something snapped in my mind. I have a class, but I don't know where it is."

Bonafide Offer

Then there's the story of the coed who discovered Sweetheart Soap's amazing offer of beautiful silver-plated flatware for 30 cents per piece and 3 coupons. After complicated calculations, she figured that for \$10 and 300 coupons she could furnish her kitchen with a complete set of silverware. Habitually a procrastinator, she vowed that she wasn't going to put this off, so she wrote the letter, enclosed her coupon and 30 cents, and immediately mailed it. Enthusiastically she ran back to acquaint her sorority sisters with her find and urge them to cash in on the offer. One by one they sat down to write their letters, until one cynic, quietly reading the wrapper to find the catch, morbidly read from the finest print on the wrapper, "This offer is not good on or after December 31, 1942."

Classroom Pastime

The nadir of whiling away lecture hours is Art Horting's pastime in a journ class in Carnegie Hall. He committed himself to the gigantic task of counting each hole in the sound proofing on the ceiling. To tuck away in the corner of your mind reserved to hold useful facts, the number is 367,214.

With the new year only a week old, we want to wish everyone a happy new year to beat all new years, and the heck with the new year's resolutions.

Mass Love

Who was it who advocated legalizing bigamy? Maybe that's the only answer to a bewildered student's problems. It seems said student finds himself engaged to two girls, one a hometown belle, the other a local attraction, with the ownership of a trailer in her advantage. The climax came last weekend when the hometown gal arrived on the scene. Undaunted, our hero entertained both girls, ignoring the old adage of three being a crowd. But even the trio didn't make the decision, for our double fiancee is still weighing the merits of his future wives.

A Lean and Hungry Look

Now that the Christmas-New Year vacation is just another hang-over, once again students can settle down to study. Of course some insipid soul may ask in naive innocence, "What is study?" And to him I reply, "Study is what takes place when there are no good movies in town and when the 'Skeller runs dry.'"

So much for definitions. In this post-holiday atmosphere I notice many returning veterans seeking admissions for next semester. Passing by Gal's office I spied a number down on their hands and knees, and came to the conclusion that prayer was their only hope for readmittance. Looking into the matter a little further, I discovered that they were just demonstrating to their benefactor the skills, acquired in arduous months of service, of making passes, and I'm not referring to relations with the opposite sex.

While I was losing my house-bill and my white shirt (which brought a fancy price when auctioned off), another Penn State ex-GI came in to see Gal. The conversation ran something like this:

Air Corps Hot Rock: Good to see you again, old boy. Please don't shake my hand too vigorously, I just had a manicure.

Mr. Galbraith: My, you must have seen a lot of action over there just look at that chestful of decorations. Tell me something of your experiences.

Hot Rock: Yes, it was a bit trying at times and very dangerous. The Jerries were very persistent, and did give us a bit of trouble. But I stood up very well under the strain, and these medals attest to my courage.

Mr. Galbraith: Just what kind of work did you do? Pilot, navigator, bombardier?

Hot Rock: Oh, nothing so ostentatious as that. I had a job that required a comprehensive knowledge of the alphabet. I was a coordinating officer. When the boys would go out on a mission, I would synchronize their watches. Very important job, you know. And then, when that was done, I would bolster their morale by saying, "Good luck."

Mr. Galbraith: And is that all you did?

Hot Rock: Heavens no. Waiting for the planes to return was quite a nerve-racking task. Why, I had one experience I'll never forget. All the ships were in except one carrying my best buddy, and his

was five hours overdue. I was worrying and worrying, refused eat and drink, except one snort of bourbon. Finally, the B-17 dove into sight, smoking and with two engines knocked out. I passed out from emotional fatigue.

Mr. Galbraith: What happened then?

Hot Rock: When I woke up I was lying in a hospital with my friend in the next bed. He was shot to hell, and had more flak in his body than flesh. The next thing I knew, a general came in and awarded me the DFC for "extreme mental anguish" and "worrying above and beyond the call of duty." I was very proud of the sacrifice I had made.

Mr. Galbraith: What about your buddy?

Hot Rock: Oh, him? He got a purple heart for his part in the action.

Mr. Galbraith: And what are the other ribbons?

Hot Rock: Although I am a very modest fellow, as you know, I'll tell you how I earned them. This one is the Air Medal. Every time the boys would complete five missions, I could add an oak leaf cluster to it. And some of those missions were tough. I know, I wrote out reports on them.

Mr. Galbraith: I recognize your Good Conduct medal, but I have never seen one with a cluster. How come?

Hot Rock: Well, I got that for being an exceptionally good boy. You see, I went through night skirmishes with the London Pica-dilly Commandos unscathed. Quite an amazing feat, don't you think?

I am sorry, dear reader, but I must omit the rest of the London parable, as, like all good things in life, it is either illegal, immoral or fattening.

—CASSIUS

Back In Mufti

While the devastating 1944 hurricane raged about them, 8 Coastguardsmen and 30 attack dogs huddled 48 hours in a small shelter filled with depth charges on tiny Flemming Key, a man-made island off Key West, Florida.

With an altitude of only five feet at high tide, Flemming Key appeared to offer little protection against a tidal wave sweeping in upon the island. Winds of over 100 miles per hour flattened any man who ventured out of the enclosure. One of the men isolated on that small

speck of land was Chief Specialist John J. Mace of the Coast Guard Dog Patrol.

Spikes driven into the heavy wooden floor held apart the 30 dogs, trained to attack upon release. The men occupied a small corner where they listened to a small radio and operated the motor which generated light. The greatest danger ended when outlying shoals broke the force of the tidal wave. Even then the Key was almost inundated.

As Flemming Key was one of the largest naval magazines on the east coast, all kinds of explosives were stored there. In the hut where Mace and the group took refuge, there was a walk-in refrigerator in which frozen nitroglycerin was kept inert.

When the hurricane warning forced the group to take refuge, they placed in the refrigerator a supply of canned meat, butter, milk, eggs, and oranges. Whenever a man went into the refrigerator for a can of milk, he took care not to come out holding a can of "nitro."

Mace enlisted in 1942, patrolled beach to prevent saboteurs from landing, then entered the dog reconnaissance work with attack dogs for beach guard. In 1943, John spent three months in the Burma Theatre in experimental reconnaissance work with attack dogs.

A graduate of York High School, John also attended the Harrisburg Academy before enlisting. Discharged in January 1945, Mace entered the College that fall, enrolling in the pre-veterinarian course.

—FRANK D. DAVIS

From the Files

Ten Years Ago Today:

The feature attraction at the Cathaum tonight is "The Littlest Rebel!" starring Shirley Temple.

In order to avoid an embarrassing situation such as might result by the Old Main clock striking nine or ten o'clock when the line, "It's seven o'clock, time to go to bed" is spoken in the "Pursuit of Happiness," the Old Main bell will not ring from eight-thirty to eleven o'clock Saturday night.

It was recalled that during the playing of "The Devil's Deciple" in which one of the characters thundered "and they'll hang you at seven" the tower bell pealed out distinctly ten o'clock.

Rentals
For rent—Single room in private home directly across from Campus. Very reasonable. Morris's Store or Phone 989. (Ed. Burma Theatre in experimental reconnaissance work with attack ever.)

(Continued on page five)

FREE DANCE TICKET AND FREE ORCHID CORSAGE

To Lucky Name Drawn February 1st

Place Your Corsage Order Now For The All-College Dance Being Held February 8. If Order Is placed Before February 1, Name Of Person Ordering Will Be placed In Lucky Box. Drawing To Be Made By Collegian Staff. Order NOW!



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SALLY'S