

# 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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## Key-Campus Merger

Tonight the Campus and Key parties will meet together to discuss whether or not they want to merge. The combination of these two political parties does not mean a mere changing of name, but upon the decision rests the future of student government at the College.

Collegian strongly opposes the merger. Primarily, because if Key swings to Campus, politics will be back on the old status of fraternities vs. independents. Social status has absolutely no connection with politics, but the merger would force the segregation of the two groups. This segregation would not only hinder politics, but might also spell eventual defeat of the Greek societies on the Penn State campus.

The Campus party has everything to gain from this proposed merger, while the Key clique has everything to lose. The newly-reorganized Campus party has not yet established itself in Penn State politics. On the other hand, the Key party won the majority of the fall elections, as well as many others during the war, and would be handing over this power if it swings to Campus.

The entire student body is invited to the meeting tonight, but the decision will be made by Key members only. Collegian urges Key clique members to think twice before they vote, because their decision will be felt in student government long after they have been graduated from the College.

## Deadwood In Cabinet

Recent cabinet meetings have shown the increasing need for a weeding out of the dead-wood ex-officio members that participate in cabinet meetings. Such members have been prone to introduce asinine motions, useless suggestions and worthless trivia that tends to clog and hamper the workings of a democratic organization.

A motion introduced recently shows such lack of foresight and planning that it deserves to be brought to the attention of the student body. It was moved that Cabinet investigate the possibilities of having the United States Postal Service revise their delivery schedules so that students would have their mail delivered three times a day, seven days a week.

It is high time that certain crusading individualists realize that it is the function of Cabinet to deal only with affairs related to the student body and the administration and not attempt to meddle in the workings of a department of our Federal government.

-G.R.S.

# Penn Statements

-PEGGIE WEAVER

Have you tried calling home recently? (collect of course.) The telephone operators are so so pleasant, but they sweetly inform you that, "Pop, I need ten bucks" isn't an emergency, and your call can not go through. Suggestion—you can always wire collect.

## The Little Man Who Wasn't There

It happened at the Alpha Sigma Phi house. The afternoon's quiet was broken by that sweet sound of the telephone. Marie Nemrod answered to find her fiance calling her from Nova Scotia while his shop docked there. It was a collect call, so Marie collected enough change from all available friends to pay the charges. She started to deposit the coins one by one, as excited coeds dashed in and out of the phone booth with more nickels, dimes, and quarters. Finally the change was all in and Marie anxiously waited for the operator's go-ahead signal. Then a strange thing happened. Marie's smile faded, she hung up the phone, and broke the sad news to her waiting friends: "He's gone. His ship pulled out before he could wait for me to deposit the money."

## Casey Cashes In

Station WMAJ's roving reporter hit the right man this time. And our own Jim Casey was the recipient of two dinners at the Corner Room for giving the correct answer to the question of the day. The question—"What year did the Corner Room open?" The answer—1925.

## Finders Keepers

A book-weary liberal arts student stumbled out onto the mall in front of Sparks after a tough blue-book. Starting down the mall, he noticed in front of Carnegie two tiny black spots on the walk. Knowing he was in bad shape after his bluebook, he decided he was seeing things. But the black spots grew larger and larger. He hurried to see what they could be. Arriving at the spot he found two black rubbers side by side facing down the Mall, as though someone had stepped right out of them. Quickly he looked around, and when no one was watching, slipped his feet into the rubbers. They fit. So our hero walked casually down to the Corner Room with his newly acquired pair of rubbers which he needed badly anyhow.

## No Answer

The Kappa house was out of communication with the outside world for one fateful night last week. One of its more figure-conscious occupants was performing her daily reducing exercises—holding on to the second floor banister and kicking. A dutiful sister picked up the phone to call her parents. But she picked it up at the wrong moment. For just as she lifted it, the reducing Kappa gave a particularly vicious kick which connected with the wire and pulled the entire phone out of the wall. Amidst infuriated looks from her sisters who were missing their nightly calls, she tried to restore the connection. But all in vain—the phone was nil, and the repair man disgustedly put in a new cord the next morning.

## Chem 20 Blues

Courtesy of two coeds who prefer to be known as Clover and Alfalfa.

"I'll be there with Hayes, always  
In an awful daze, always  
Ever in the lab  
Better grades to nab  
Still I'm there to gab, always, always  
Even though I care, always  
Still the failure's there, always  
I will never be  
She who makes a three  
For it's Hayes and me, always.

# A Lean and Hungry Look

Dear Brutus:

Last Saturday, as grounds and buildings was drawing the shades of night, a furtive figure crept down College avenue. It was a man, collar pulled high, hat pulled low, hurrying to a rendezvous made many weeks before.

Suddenly an axe whipped past his head and chunked into a passerby. The passerby gurgled twice and slumped to the sidewalk.

The sinister, nervous man squawked once, lurched forward, and fell into the gutter. He arose rapidly, groped blindly around the corner, tripped down the flight of steps, pushed open the door . . . and there I was amid the bright lights of the Skeller.

Why was I hiding, starting at a shadow, screaming at cold-blooded murder, trembling at the footstep behind me in the night? Why? Because I was afraid . . . afraid of the vengeance of The Bloody Six!

Yes, for weeks messages had been mysteriously appearing on my desk warning me of dire things. But even though they'd been scrawled in gore I ignored them till Saturday. It was that afternoon I came across a severed human foot in the right hand drawer of the clothespress where I hide by Southern Comfort.

When the editor saw me throw away a bottle, she knew something was wrong. Covering me with her six gun, she ordered me from the office. I passed through that door a shattered and broken man. There was only one hope, that my faithful friends (of which there are many) would help me. I planned rapidly as a hurried to my trust.

Waiting for me under the third table in the den of sin were my trusted agents, Spraddle-Legs Deeghan and his moll, Yay Verily. Spraddle-Legs was already two thirds coked, but he thinks better that way—looks better, too. Seeing me, he proffered the communal pitcher which at the time was empty, naturally. Impatiently I struck it from his hand and scored a perfect ringer over the head of an unfortunate engineer crawling by.

"Geeze, boss, that must be strong stuff," offered the Deegh, fondly caressing Miss Verily to aid his thought processes. Miss V. gently put two fingers in his eyes and shoved him quietly over into the corner where he screamed wildly for a minute or two till someone stepped on his head.

"I could go for you in a big way, boss," whispered Yay, slowly sliding nearer across the floor. Her shifty eyes flashed fire as she backed me further under the table.

"You do things to me," she murmured. "Yes, do things to me!" I couldn't let her carry out her

inhuman Soc. 4 schemes on me. So, with a terrible effort of will I struggled up into a seat in that third booth. And who would you guess was there to greet me?

Barclay Manners, archdeacon of The Bloody Six, smiled a threat of welcome. No one spoke—they because they were slightly stewed. I, because I was slightly nervous. Old "Bar" livened things up by bringing his axe down on my trembling hand. He only hacked off one finger, but that was enough.

In my anger I arose, somewhat hastily, of course, and beamed him with a waiter who was passing by. The waiter gurgled twice and slumped to the floor. I turned and fled towards the dispensary, all the while screaming, "Corpsmen! Corpsman!"

I haven't been back to get that finger I left on the table down there. And you know, Brutus old bean, that brings up an awfully interesting question:—

Just who do you think will get the finger next?  
—Cassius

THE MOST HONORED WATCH ON THE CAMPUS

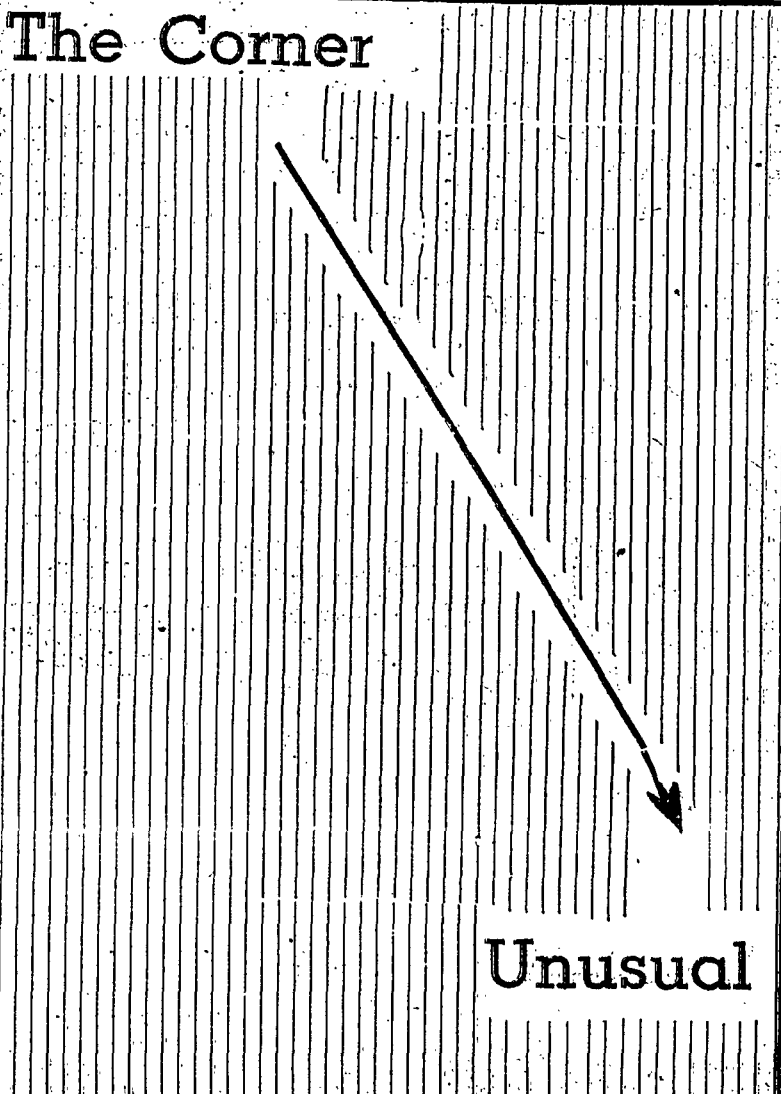


THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES, 28 GOLD MEDALS AND MORE HONORS FOR ACCURACY THAN ANY OTHER TIMEPIECE

## The Corner



Unusual

# ANCHORAGE COFFEE SHOP

210 W. College Ave.

STEAKS

CHOPS

SEAFOOD

SANDWICHES

CATERING TO BANQUETS AND PRIVATE PARTIES