

# THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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## Revived Honor Society

Collegian's editorial "Honor Societies" in a recent issue, while in no ways responsible for creating an organization to recognize students active in campus affairs, was at least successful in reviving Blue Key, a junior class Hat Society designed to give such recognition.

Already permission has been granted the four active Blue Key men on campus to revive the society; they have held several meetings and within a short time should be ready to tap new members.

Therefore it would not be amiss for Collegian to acquaint students with some of the background of Blue Key, its purpose and its plans for the future. Collegian can report the facts; it is up to the student body to see that the high ideals of the society are maintained.

One of the oldest student recognition societies on Campus, its aim has been to encourage activity minded students, students who are not the athletes and class presidents receiving all of the laurels but rather those men whose work goes unheard. The men who put in long hours trying to make Penn State a better Penn State.

Eligible candidates are chosen from managerial firsts and from various publication boards but they are also to be found in such groups as Players, the now defunct Thespian group, among the debaters and on various committees.

There is no quota on the number admitted each year from the Junior Class. The only restriction is in the limited number of men eligible.

It is our hope that the Society will not only serve as a means of recognition for the achievements of individuals, but that it will also take advantage of the opportunity to work as a unit for the betterment of Penn State. —M.B.

## Penn Statements

By PEGGIE WEAVER

Friends tell us that the Penn State Engineer has resorted to that lowest of all journalistic practices — name calling. (We never read the sheet, ourselves.) But to the Engineer staff from the staff of The Collegian we would like to dedicate this favorite ditty:

Sticks and stones  
May break our bones.  
But names  
Will never hurt us

### For Whom Alarms Toll

Prof. Harold E. Dickson ended his lecture with a bang the other day, or should we say a bell. Students sat in his 11 o'clock class with the usual impatience that thoughts of lunch always invoke. Quarter of twelve produced the habitual banging of notebooks and rustling of feet. Came nine minutes of twelve and an alarm clock blared forth from the back of the room. Professor Dickson consulted his watch, thanked the student, and class was over.

### Stump the Experts

A class in analytical geometry was slaving over a bluebook consisting of problems from the board. The prof was wandering around the room anxious to see how his prodigies were solving the problems. One problem seemed to be bothering everyone. Every paper produced a different conglomeration of numbers for the answer. So the prof set out to solve the problem himself and find the difficulty. For 20 minutes he worked over the puzzle. Finally, with a sheepish grin he walked to the board and erased the problem. The class looked up questioningly, as the prof explained that he had given them one of those mathematical freak problems that was impossible to solve.

### My Date, Charlie

A Watts Hall coed, reviewing her week and future plans in her weekly letter to her parents, waxed enthusiastic about the wonderful time she was going to have when Charlie Spivak came up for the big weekend. Later during her mother's weekly call to her pride and joy, the conversation went something like this: "Darling, who is this Charlie Spivak you're dating? I never heard you mention him before."

Made your contribution to the March of Dimes yet?

## Back In Mufti

Does this picture look strange? Maybe it reminds you of a prisoner's photograph, minus the long number. If so, you're not far off the track, because Walter Cochran, seventh semester commerce and finance major, spent seven months in German prisoner of war camps. Now, he calls it his Great Adventure. Then—

It was October 7, 1944. Dawn in England. And Technical Sergeant Cochran was in his position as top turret gunner on a B-17, which was getting ready for a hop to a target deep in Germany. This raid was number 13 for most of the fellows on his crew, the one most airmen really sweat out.



Football weather, with the formation seeking out the target. They had just started back to England when they were hit by flak, again and again. In a few minutes the ship was in that last spin, just like in the movies. Only Walt didn't think of that as he was hurled out of the plane. He pulled the cord and his chute opened. But that wasn't all. On his way down, he was wounded in the leg by a piece of the fuselage which had broken loose from the Flying Fortress.

(Continued on page four)

## A Lean and Hungry Look

The Rathskellar gets too much free advertising in this column, so let's look in on one of Penn State's fraternity houses on a peaceful Saturday evening. There are 46 of them. (fraternity houses I mean.)

10 p. m. . . . Arm in arm with my date I stroll into the house (she has me in a half-nelson.) Other couples begin to wander in about the same time and we are all trampled at the door by five or six screwballs of the "let's stay at home and make trouble" type.

10:03 . . . Me and my date go into the coat room. (Not so fast brother, we're hanging up our coats.) Someone slams the door shut. I try to open it, but alas! The crocheted doorknob unravels. We're trapped! (But I like it.)

10:04 p. m. . . . She says, "I'll scream for them to open the door."

"Go ahead" I said.

10:06 . . . SILENCE.

10:07 . . . Figuring she has learned her lesson I remove the gag.

10:08 . . . Smoke starts seeping through from under the door.

"What do I see?" I shout. (I'd just come from the "Curse of Gold" at Schwab and the line remained vivid in my memory. It probably always will.)

Hark! The trouble makers had poured lighter fluid under the door and lit a match to it. Bells sounded, whistles shrilled, the idiots were having a playful four alarm fire at our expense.

The smoke got dense. I coughed . . . choked . . . gasped . . . coughed.

"Have a cough drop" she said. She was cool. (No, not always.)

10:13 . . . They opened the door, and I stepped into the hall just in time to get doused with a bucket of water tossed from the third floor. (Open staircase you know.)

10:14 . . . I strolled over to the fireplace to dry off. Caramba! Lined up on the mantel were all the sexy pictures from our rooms. . . the women we left behind. They were arranged according to size, those with the biggest FRAMES first, and so on. (Picture frames, of course.)

10:26 . . . All the lights go out. (Aside to the IFC president: there was a three tube radio playing . . . thus, lighting regulations were adhered to.)

10:27 . . . The trouble makers crept into the darkened room wrapped in bed sheets and shouting "WHOOOO!"

It was an appropriate howl. We answered with a "Woo Woo" and went back to our game of "Kiss me honey, nothin' makes me sick."

10:35 . . . The lights are on again, but an eighth semester chemistry student liked it better the other way. He drops a gentle hint to a freshman Liberal Artist who is seated near the light switch. "Extinguish the flow of coloumos" he says.

Nothing happens. He tries again. "Eradicate the ampheres, pledge."

The LA has a photographic mind but it isn't developed so he's still in the dark but the lights remain on.

"Please," the chem major pleads, "cause a potential drop of zero across the line." Then, in disgust he shouts . . .

"Hell, dim the Mazdas." "Duh!" What for?" queries the frosh!

**DOES YOUR CIGARETTE TASTE DIFFERENT LATELY? THAT'S BECAUSE WE USE COOLER SMOKING TOBACCO.**

11:00 . . . All is serene . . . the place quiets down. Now is the time for . . . but wait! Someone turns on the radio and it's the "Nittany Nincompoops" playing over WMAJ and blasting out with their theme "I'LL FINISH FIRST" and drowning out my whispers of sweet nothings. (Empty talk.)

The clock says 11:05 p. m., but remember it's an electric clock and the current was shut off. But generated in other ways. In reality it is now 12:45 a. m. Get out your slide rules and figure out how long the lights were off. When you get the answer, send it in along with the head of your nearest grocer and one-tenth of the national debt, and you will receive in return one slightly used ice cream cone—tutti-frutti.

—CASSIUS

### Groups

. . . wishing to have pictures taken for La Vie, may make appointments at the Penn State Photo Shop for Tuesday or Thursday nights said Ruth Bollinger, editor.

**IMAGINE US!**  
giving each other permanents!  
You can do it, too, in 2 to 3 hours at home!

● What fun! And everyone's talking about the lovely, lasting waves and softly curling ringlets you get with a Toni home permanent. It's easy to do . . . and so inexpensive! If you can roll up hair on curlers, you can give a wonderfully successful Toni permanent—a wave that lasts and lasts! You'll love the looks and feel of your Toni wave! Hair is softer, lovely and easy to manage, for this is a creme cold wave . . . with a creme

waving lotion that imparts luxurious beauty to the hair. The Toni Wave Kit contains everything you need for a glorious permanent. Preparations are like those used in beauty salon-type permanents, are laboratory-tested. Wonderful, even for children's baby-fine hair! So get your Toni Kits . . . today! If you aren't thrilled with the results, Toni will refund purchase price. **\$1.25** plus tax

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