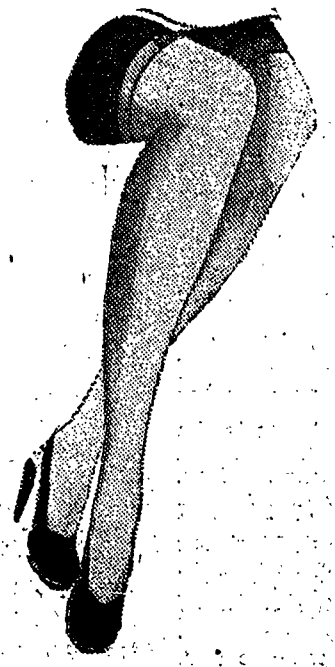
Five Phases in The Life of A Politician



The Great "I Am" Speaks

As Told To Icky Rats
By VAUGHN STAPLETON

People are always asking me how I became such a famous politician now that elections are over (I beat my opponent by 760 votes you know) I think I can safely tell the whole story. Besides, after I graduate I'm going back to my old man's farm in Sextown, Pennsylvania. I yearn to get away from all the bull and horse manure of campus politics.

I am writing this article purely in the interests of bettering student government and encouraging other intelligent and keen-witted students to go out for politics. The 1$,500 Collegian is paying me is purely incidental and will hardly pay my landlady for this month's rental on that room of mine adjacent to the coal bin.

But I digest .. . before I tell you how you too may one day add an all-college cabinet key to your collection I might let you in on our plans for the semester.

Do You remember the platform that swept me into office. Well forget it. Wasn't any damn good anyhow.

We pluged "Getting National Publicity for Penn State" but Luigi Bing and his four little clinks backed us into a corner and convinced us that his Department of Public Information was getting us national publicity. Therefore the party will see to it that Penn State gets INTERNATIONAL publicity. Our Penn state in China clique members inform us that Looie hasn't even touched the Asiatic mainland. Furthermore we know for a fact that his assistant Tim Dugan hasn't even made contact with the Amalgamated Sports Writers Association Of Inner Tibet let alone get sports stories in Tibetian papers. We're going to do something 'bout this.

We're also going to send an All-College representative to the UNO meeting in New York City. To hell with getting bicycle racks installed behind old Drain . . . we're going to hit the big times. Besides the student sinking fund might as well be put to use and we're going to stay in Manhattan 'til we spend all of it.

But, my friends, I do not mean tto ignore local issues entirely. I think something should be done about them! Really, it's disgraceful and why the student body has tolerated it as long as they have I don't know. Already our committees are at work and by gum we'll get results. So what do you think of that, Collegian?

Having signed the pledge, I shall now explain how I managed to become All-College top-dog. Above this article are several pictures of me that tell the story better than ten times ten thousand words. I started out a normal innocent child as you can see in my big blue eyes in the first picture.

That trusting look is replaced with one of suspicion in the second picture. At the age of 18 months I had my first contact with dirty politics and the only way I could cope with it at the time was to take a bath. Imagine them trying to wean me at such an early age.

The next two pictures taken from my scrape book (vol. XIII) show me as I looked before the elections. Notice the jutting jaw, the determined look in my eyes and the defiant set of my lips. Good-looking fellow, wasn't I? Just ask me.

The last picture was taken just after the ballots were counted. You understand I wasn't really wor-ried about winning but so many people are depending upon me for appointments that I couldn't let any of them down by losing.

In summary, you too can be a politician by (1) keeping away from the Corner Room as much as possible; (2) refuse to say hello to anyone; (3) have a fight with your gal a few weeks before elections so you won't have to run the rick of losing any of the women's votes and (4) keep your mouth shut so people will think you know more than they do.

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o'clock tonight. Professor Maisch, who was a first lieutenant in the Intelligence Service, will speak on "Impressions of War Torn Ger-

Atom Bombs to Hit Campus

"Atomic bombs will be dropped from B-24's sometime this afternoon," announced Ralph Hetzel, President of the College, today. "When complete demolition of campus is effected, the results will be used as an experiment for the atom bomb project in Washington," he said.

Permission for such an experiment was granted by the Board of Trustees yesterday, after the government requested that the College, as an outstanding institution of higher learning, would probably disintigate in a much more interesting manner than would other colleges.

It is estimated that the bombs will destroy the entire campus, but calculations are not accurate enough to predict the extent of damage to the borough, President Hetzel said. "Borough officials will probably commute from Pittsburgh, if they can procure housing there," he said.

All coeds are requested to move to the nearest fraternity houses in order to vacate the campus dormitories as soon as possible. Coeds will be admitted according to the fraternity's choice with a system in operation similar to rushing. Bids will be given out immediately for greater efficiency.

Women must register their choices at the Dean of Women's offices before noon today, Dean Charlotte E. Ray said. They are then free to participate in all rushing by fraternities.

Sorority houses can be moved to Boalsburg or to Bellefonte, President Hetzel announced, but all moving must be done before ten a.m. today. Coeds may not attempt to move Atherton Hall or Grange X, but McAllister Hall may be moved if enough enthusiastic residents wish to take up the cause.

Charlotte E. Ray, dean of women, and Pearl O. Weston, assistant dean, will occupy the Sigma Pi house, while other women faculty members are to move into Phi Sigma Delta. A special bell system will be tapped in Pond Laboratories in order to inform the students there that the campus will be destroyed by atom bombs this afternoon.

"This experiment is to be the first of its kind in the history of U-235," said the President of the United States, President Parry S. Falseman will preside over the operations, with Paines F. Scorch and

(Continued on page three)

Collegian Candidate Shoots Himself; Blood Creates Awful Mess in Office

A gun shot momentarily halted production in the editorial room of your favrite newspaper, as Shrinkmorkle Q. Slanderwriter, a Collegian candidate, put a Lugen to his temple, squezed the trigger, and fell forward, his lifeless head striking the typewriter keys. Blood spurted everywhere and messed up his recently typed farewell note so badly that it could not be deciphered. (Inconsiderate oaf, wasn't he- We We could have written a couple of more inches on it.)

The corpse was shoved under the table to await the garbage man's arrival, and the staff went energetically back to work. This reporter's "nose for news" detected the slight possibility of a story in the shooting and began to ferret out facts (of course that'sthat's all Collegian ever

Exhibit "A" was the suicide's last story, a half-inch about a Gimmee Gimmee Papa sorority open house. Reliable witnesses testified that Slanderwriter was a bit miffed over the deletion of a comma, and the refusal of a by-line.

Slandenwriter had been an Anmy Air Corps Brigadier General, attaining the rank at the age of 18 to become the third youngest in Army history. Wit the minor exception of four 45-day furloughs, he had spent 999 consecutive days of combat in the Battle of the Pentagon.

"Hot Rock", as he was endearingly referred to by the personnel under his command, was a public relations officer, whose duty it was to supervise the emptying of all the pencil sharpeners in the AAF publicity offices. He was frequently decorated by heroic conduct when surrounded by WACs and for steadfastly refusing to leave his post for a safer assignment overseas.

he late candidate was a student in the School of Miserable Infamies and amazed all educators by his straight bar two average last semester. His activities in addition to Collegian, included the Tiddledy Wink Club, intramural hopscotch, and chairman of the earthworm preservation committee.

A communique of condolence has been forwared to Slanderwriter's next of kin by the College Casualty Committee. Muscle Bark, College Bursar, announced that a $15 fine would be levied against the estate, to defray the cost of having the typewriter repaired.

Professor Casey Accepts Post As College Prexy and Bartender

JJames Casey, '45, will take over the position as President of the College sometime next month, announced the Board of Trustees today.

Professor Casey is a graduate of the College, '45, and was granted his M. A. from Rathskeller Institute of Beernology in honor of his outstanding work to better humanity in that field.

Because of his excellent recommendation by the James Casey Memorial College, Professor Casey was taken into consideration as soon as it was learned that there was a vacancy. Outstanding in the liquor profession, his career began when he was a child a which ime he learned to drink from ye little brown jug. At sixteen he graduated into the "shoot -em -straight -and -gimme a chaser of gin" class.

After eighteen years of high school, Professor Casey graduated with honors and entered College immediately after the murder of the president, at which time his admission was granted. Standing high in his class, the energetic student was able to graduate in only thirteen semesters, but the strenuous schedules carried took its toll. He was forced to rest quietly for three months on a diet of beer, whisky, and liquor, with occasional allotments of coke.

The new president's most remarkable remark when he learned of his appointment was, "Guzzle! Guzzle!"

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will be entertained by Prof. Carl Maisch, who has just rejoined the German department at a meeting in 304 Old Main at 7

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The Collegian

Too Warm For Girdles

Like Beer? See Page 3