

you won't believe this even when you read it

One two, one two . . . daintily bouncing her football down the mall. All-American Josephine Tepsic flipped the beads of perspiration from her carefully powdered nose.

Catching a bead I tossed it back at her and as her slight frame shivered under the icy deluge, I panted, "Miss Tepsic, I idolize the figure you cut on the gridiron."

"How do you keep it . . . err ooops, pardons me. I mean to what do you attribute your phenomenal success in the pigskin world?"

Emitting an affectionate "oink," Josephine revealed her sacred secret.

"It's due entirely to the pinning-up exercises I do each night, she explained. "A package of bobby pins, a bottle of hair set and a curry comb—use these and you, too, may become a great athlete!"

Overwhelmed with my scoop I hastened to "Wreck Hall" where wrestling champ Samantha Harry was having a work-out with her manager, Watt A. Wolfe.

"Wanna clinch?" Samantha throatily suggested. Throwing over her manager in anticipation of new prey, "Sammie" crept slowly toward me.

I ogled. Slim velvety arms punctuated here and there with gleaming biceps, streaming blond hair revealed the delicate curve of a cauliflower ear.

"Ah, Sammie darling," I breathed. "What makes you clinch so?"

"Now you're gettin' poisona, Buf," Samantha melodiously granted. "But if ya let me practice on ya a few times, I'll give ya the lowdown!"

(Editor's note: There will be a two minute pause here for prayer.)

Two hours later. Frenziedly inhaling smelling salts, I once more asked Sammie the secret of her success.

"Before each workout I imbibe two glasses of warm cow juice—ya know chalk soup? Oh yes, and then ya better tell all those poisoners who want to be athletes, rub their paws with Joigans each night—makes 'em the kinda hands the other guy'll get hitched up with—then ya give 'im the ole one two."

Thanking Sammie for her invaluable tips I next sped to the field where slim, lovely Juanita Nolan was tripping around with her Lacrosse colleagues.

"What gives you this unlimited energy and skill?" I asked the champ.

"OOOOO, you sweat big wondahful man, oo!" she gurgled in answer. "Tell my public it's what I drink every night at the swatahnni houses."

"You don't need a natwic cand the h," she added softly.

"You thweet lil thing," I lithep, "Din' anything Satur-----"

WHO. GOSH, DING IT, STARTED THIS ? ? ? ?

Basketball stareete

The basketball courts were my next stop and can you guess who was there? Walda Hatkevich, of course!

"Walda, my love," I implored, peering around her compact. "What gives you your amazing long reach?"

Thoughtfully applying lipstick to her chryanthemum bud lips, she answered, "Well, sir, I have to sorta reach for my toes every night when I give myself a pedi cure. That's very strenuous. And then, too, trying to catch the

waitresses' attention every evening in the Corner Room is gradually extending my reach."

Excellent, direct answers, I decided as I idly watched Walda help Helen Fry through the holes in the basketball net.

"Helen, where did you learn the fancy footwork?" I shouted.

The great gymnast flung her leg at me. I promptly caught it, stroked its black coils of hair and pocketed it for future inspection, as she declared:

"Thar hain't rilly a thing to thit," "Jist stand in a nylon line fer a few hours, or if yer perticuly anxious hie yourself to Ath hall for lunch. I can show yer how ter git through the line in five minutes."

It's a Date

Thrilled, I sighed, "It's a date," then eating the delicacy I next approached Boxer Joan Benlian.

Shaking her anaemic white fist she was furiously chasing her shadow around the gym.

I repeated the now trite question. Joan sighed, exhaling Tabu. Inhaling Tabu, I gave with a right, then with a left, then an uppercut and finally quelled Joan's shadow.

"You are too kind, sir," Joan politely remonstrated, meanwhile stroking my chin with her 10-pound glove.

In a swoon, gave with the question, Joan replied, "It's as if I turned to confront the intruder—then across my bewildered vision dashed Joan A line of white danced before my eyes. The thing it had appeared again! As they say up north—"It was snowin' down south." Or as my grandmoother would say, "The lady's slip was showin'."

hen styles by lord no

New coed dating regulations have been announced by Fluorescent Partner, npsident of WSGA. The new rules were compiled as the result of articles published recently in newspapers and magazines attacking coed dating conduct.

Coeds returning to dorm via roommates unlocking side doors will not return later than 3:00 a.m.

Coeds entertaining servicemen or recently discharged men from out-of-town will be given mighty 1:00's. WSGA added a memoranda that coeds have a reputation for hospitality to be maintained).

Coeds living in Watts Hall where 1000 girls entertain beaux in an oversized cheese box have been given special permission to entertain anywhere on the first floor: if two lights are on in the building.

Coeds finding any fraternity lounge with less than two lights burning are asked to report all occupants of the room immediately to the fraternity treasure. Fines will be collected by fraternities needing new couches. Otherwise the delinquents are to be severely reprimanded.

The new regulations go into effect the second Monday this week.

greekettes quit rushing

Camps sororities announced the results of their recent period of intensive rushing, stating that there will be no pledges this semester.

"We felt that the current crop of freshman girls definitely does not come up to our customary standard, and will not be a credit to Penn State sororities," declared Sis Bagner, president of Darnell Council. She refused to state, however, whether the fact that the rushees as a body had decided that it was more democratic to remain independent had influenced the council's decision.

A member of the freshman class declared that she had thought quite seriously of pedging Alpha Zeta Mu or Xi Gamma Delta, but changed her mind since the AZM house was too far from her eight o'clock classes and the Xi Gam pin did not look well with her flaming red hair. She added that a few hours' sober reflection persuaded her not to go sorority, since, with all her class remaining independent, she would some day be the only sorority woman on campus.

Sorority actives, worn out after their futile efforts, voted to take a week off from classes to recuperate from the effects of the rushing period. The date previously set aside for initiation in

Good Morning Ladies. I say ladies, for I know that all Penn State coeds are ladies. It is spring and what do all girls think of when spring comes? That's right . . . clothes of course. Skirts will be longer this year. No more of this knee-attraction business. To capture interest this year, you will have to depend on those delightfully feminine blouses with the receding necklines. For that pretty-as-a-picture look, try a bow at the side of your hair, or better still, try a beau at your side. With nylons back on the market the average woman can discard those imitation stockings she got out of a bottle all during the war . . . but if the temperature goes up, chances are Lizzy Barden will not have to go out of business. (For explanation, read ear of front page.) And the well shod foot will be two inches off the burning pavement this summer . . . platform soles, you know.

This year jewelry once again steps into the spotlight. With the increase in the number of men on most campuses in America, the fashion will be more jewelry, girls. No longer must you content yourselves with sporting one fraternity pin apiece. Appropriate several, one for each change of costume. This makes for variety in color schemes. Another helpful hint to you wondering coeds . . . you know those little gold and silver keys which so many of the MEN around campus wear? Well, they make the cutest earrings. Of course, you must get two that match, but that's easy. Just ask the fellow from whom you get the first one who else is in that particular "club."

And flowers will definitely be worn this summer. Don't bother to buy a hat for Easter. Just tell that present fiance that hats are "out" and that you must have flowers for your hair. However if you really want to be "right," you won't wear just any old flower. No, you'll insist on orchids to match all your costumes, not the ordinary common violet shade, but rather brown ones, white ones, yellow ones, and green ones. You'll be surprised what a difference such a little thing will make in your whole appearance . . . and in your love life.

And to the girl of the ex-GI, I have this parting bit of advice. If your "man" was in the air corps, be sure to wear those subtle shades of pink and green; if "he" was a swabby, pick shades of blue, preferably the darker shades, and for the men who fought the war on their feet, dress in that new and different shade of beige. Take my advice, girls, dress in the colors I have prescribed. Your men are used to these colors, and they'll love seeing you in them. And so until next year at this time, this is your spring fashion expert bidding you all a fond farewell.

spinster sports?

It's a smart man who avoids being a fall guy by taking a tumble to himself.

"College-bred" sometimes means just a four-year loaf.

The Easter hats now showing indicate that in a lot of families the women are going to be wearing the plants.

A doctor advises that a frown exercises 50 muscles in the face. Moral: Take less exercise!

A will of his own helps a young man, says an educator. And that of a rich grandfather doesn't hurt any.

Another time for a motorist to worry about losing control of his car is when he's a couple of installations behind.

If you're willing to admit you're all wrong when you are, you're all night.

Gags are what people who are always pulling them need. A soft shoulder has upset many a one-armed driver.

Some people who get the breaks need 'em to keep from slipping backwards.

The OPA fined a New York dealer \$790 for overcharging on nylons. For once we can get more kick out of a single sock than a pair of stockings.

The housing situation is no



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