

# Need for a Chest

Giving in America has become so extensive that there are more fund-raising drives than people know what to do with. Pin-pointed to the Penn State situation, this still holds true although perhaps to a lesser extent.

With all the fund-raising drives at Penn State, students are apt to be confused among many causes, about most of which they may have little direct information.

Some of these causes seem to duplicate one another, if for no other reason than they compete for the same amount of dollars the student has to give.

**A WAY TO SOLVE** this enigma would be to assemble all the worthy causes and agencies together in one big drive, on the local Penn State scale. This is the essence of a plan now being studied by the local committee of the National Student Association.

Referendum forms to determine student opinion on a campus chest drive are now being distributed through NSA.

With sanction by the student body and approval by All-College Cabinet, a campus chest would solve many problems. Speaking frankly, the student giver would not be "bothered" except once a year; voluntary workers would have to work only once a year, and all the money could be collected at once—at less cost for collection.

**A SINGLE FUND** each year at Penn State would probably bring in as much or more money than the sum of all drives that could be put on by its members. This has been proved in cases of local community chest drives for local agencies, in contrast to large national health and welfare drives—where the process works in reverse: the total amount of money obtained on a national scale has been far less than when agencies solicit separately on a national basis, according to statement by some national agencies.

A single effort on campus would work out well because some of the prospective members agencies now are not strong enough in workers and resources, or skilled enough in fund-raising, to gain the best results by themselves.

Another advantage would result from a campus chest: the total amount of money could be portioned out fairly among agencies according to their need as judged by proper authorities, instead of being competed for, as now.

**THIS POWER TO** control funds would in time make it possible for campus chest authorities to oversee operations of all agencies and make sure they conducted themselves efficiently.

One of the first steps toward a campus chest is to set up a sort of screening committee or authority—perhaps All-College Cabinet itself—to review all proposed campus fund-raising campaigns and a) decide whether they are approved; b) if so, decide how much they might seek in the College community of students.

This would protect student givers, for they could refuse to give to drives that were not approved. And organizations soliciting funds would not draw more from the student body than the amount the committee decided was their proper share.

**IT BEHOOVES STUDENTS,** and worthy organizations which are dependent wholly or partially upon student aid, to dig seriously into the proposal of a Penn State campus chest. Both would benefit.

## The Daily Collegian

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"Where Are We Now?"



# Things No One Needs Know About Worms

By Ron Bonn

This month's issue of one of those Science-for-the-Stupid magazines has an interesting—nay, a fascinating article on that slimy but lovable little wiggler, the earthworm.

Naturally, the piece does not deal with the 12th generation American earthworm which makes its home beneath the local soil, slithering through the muck and through the goo like the class of '52. This particular item has to do primarily with: The Foreign Earthworm; culinary and medicinal purposes of:

Did you know, for example, that, "In New Zealand, the Maoris serve a delectable dish that looks like noodles and tastes like stewed clams"? Three guesses on the prime ingredient.

"In Africa, several kinds of worm are eaten garden fresh—raw." It is strongly advised that you breathe this fact in your captive's shell-like ear next time you take her to the Corner Room. The money thus saved over a period may very well purchase that new tax.

"For centuries the Chinese have used fried worms as medicine—and wisely so, because the . . . dish is rich in Vitamin D." So when your stomach is upset, don't add to the upset. Remember this convenient and inexpensive home remedy and save money on Pepto-Bismol. Or, next time the Camden ferry makes you a bit seasick, just concentrate on the nutritive value of this balanced and vitamin-rich food.

The scientific gem quoted does not confine itself, however, to the gastric delight of the sloppy little monster. It also comes up with the statement that Australian worms often reach the respectable length of eight feet from end to end. It even reveals how the layman, confronted by one, can tell end from end.

In case you don't believe in eight-foot earthworms, the magazine provides photographic proof of their existence. It even shows you one being pulled, yard by yard, from its hole. The expression of the puller shows interested, scientific detachment. The expression of the worm is not clear.

Here the article falls down badly in not exploring the broad commercial possibilities of the eight-foot earthworm. Think, for example, what a shipload of such extremely useful beasts could do to the great American clothesline industry. Or, suitably treated, worms could be linked into excellent makeshift garden hoses.

Boy Scout troops could train worms to tie themselves into various knots for the edification of tenderfeet (foots?). The Mueller Spaghetti and Egg Noodle Corp. might very well . . . To continue:

The worm is ideally suited for a pleasant and profitable love life. Not only does he have five hearts, any four of which can keep him going if the fifth is broken, but the wee beastie is also, in many cases, hermaphroditic. This means that should a little boy worm fail in his search for a little girl worm, he must look only as far as his 14th segment to discover that part of him has been a little girl worm all along. The arrangement appears to satisfy both of him.

Complications arise, of course, when something happens to the hormones and the worm finds itself homosexual in the 15th, or he, segment, and lesbian in the 14th, or she, department. This is starting to sound like Froth, and that's a pretty terrible thing to say about any article.

Well, it's time to knock off for lunch. Let's see what's to eat over at the College cafeteria. You know what I think?

## Smart Salesman?

COULD THE UNUSUALLY large number of pinnings in the November issue of Froth have been used as an argument in selling Justice of the Peace John D. Hart the ad which appears on page 32 of that issue?

Among other things which Justice of the Peace Hart claimed he could "save you time" on was marriage license applications.

## Meow, Meow, Meow . . .

JANET ROSEN, copy editor this issue, last night asked Lynnette Wilson, assistant, if she were the one who was supposed to pick up late AP news at WMAJ.

No, Lynnette replied. Oh, yes! said Janet, that's right. It was the girl with straighter blonde hair.

# Safety Valve . . .

### Never Imported

TO THE EDITOR: Prior to this weekend, I have been following the features in the "Safety Valve" with only minor interest, but after the events of Saturday evening, I too feel well qualified to include my name among those of your male readers who find the majority of Penn State coeds unsatisfactory dates for the civilized male.

It seems that not only has our well-known ratio given these GIRLS a very superior attitude when turning down many deserving suitors, but also has given them the right to break, with surprisingly short notice, dates made one or two weeks in advance.

It has been my experience this past weekend to have a date for Saturday night broken at 5 o'clock that same evening. After receiving this surprising, but not too discouraging news, I called the gentlemen with whom I had intended to triple date, only to find that their dates had also been broken that same afternoon by two more of our "lovely coeds." As a result, the three of us went out stag, and had what I am sure was a more enjoyable night than if we had dated.

After something like that, who has the nerve to try to ban imports?

A Tri-Dorm resident who has never yet imported, but who intends to do so from now on.

• Name Withheld

### Ban Imports

TO THE EDITOR: We would like to go on record as supporting the two coeds who first introduced this restricted weekend plan. We too want imports banned and for just cause. Dear Editor, draw up a liter of beer and prepare to shed a sad tear.

Early in the semester we met a couple of campus lovelies, they were it for the big weekend, so we really gave them the big rush—movies at the "Armpit", cokes in the Corner Room, Saturday night dances at the Tub, in brief—the works. Then came the big weekend—a little soft-mood music please maestro, this is almost too much—what happens?—THEY IMPORT! ! What can we do? It's legal now. So on our first big weekend of the semester we get a bottle of the hard stuff, retire to our cave, and heap curses upon curses upon imports, hoping to Buddha that some day such a situation will be prevented.

Thanks Dear Editor for listening to our tale of woe, but one last request,—please, PLEASE, don't withhold our names (you see, confidentially, we like to see them in print).

—L. VanSickle  
 —C. Whitlow

### Thanks, Red

TO THE EDITOR: Thanks, praise, and we also bow three times to the East every morning for Red Roth. He has the knack of putting over a perfect summation of the three-and-a-half to one gripe.

—Three Reds from Pollock

• Names Withheld

### That Season

TO THE EDITOR: Ladies and Gentlemen, my friends, others:

Friday, November 4, 1949 between 10:00 a. m. and 11:00 a. m. at Recreation Hall locker room I got \$22.00 lifted out of my wallet. Happy thought! I was informed at the Patrol office in Old Main that my story is the old, old story.

It seems that every year around Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter, thefts on the campus increase.

I just happened to be a guy who had cashed a check that morning and who was too naïve to hide the money under the mattress.

The only hot clue I could give the police was that both dollar bills had pictures of Washington on them, and that both ten dollar bills had pictures of Hamilton on them. However if this clue doesn't lead to the immediate arrest of the vandal, I would like to give a warning to the other students on this campus. Watch your stuff!

If anybody knows somebody whose rich uncle just sent him \$22.00, how about letting me know? (Maybe I'm a rich uncle. I'll have to see my sister about this.)

—John L. Offner

# Gazette . . . .

Wednesday, November 9  
 FRENCH SONG Session, 100 CH, 6:30 p.m.  
 LA VIE Candidates, La Vie office, 7:00 p.m.  
 PENN STATE Chess Club, 4 Sparks, 7:00 p.m.  
 PENNS VALLEY Ski Club, 100 Hort, 7:30 p.m.  
 PHI SIGMA IOTA, Living Center—HE Bldg., 7:30 p.m.

### COLLEGE PLACEMENT

The National Supply Co. Nov. 18 February grads in accounting.

### COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Monday: Richard George, Charles Drazenovich, Nancy Cox and Mary Mackey.  
 Admitted Tuesday: Jane Frye Margaret Jane Lerew, Ruth Ann Davies, and George Hallel.  
 Discharged Tuesday: Walter Welker.

### AT THE MOVIES

NITANY—The Girl From Jones' Beach.  
 STATE—Miss Grant Takes Richmond.  
 CATHAM—Thieves Highway.