

**Masculinity-Female Style**

**Adam's Other Rib**

By PEGGY McCLAIN

Between memoirs of mother's youth and dad and brother Tom's wardrobe, campus coeds should have little trouble scraping up a winter ensemble this season.

Throwing femininity to the wind, Christian Dior and Jaque Fathe (and a multitude of fashion magazines as well) would willingly

**University Has Health Service For Students**

Of utmost concern to the student and his parents are the University's medical facilities. Students who pay the Health Service fee upon entering the University are entitled to the benefits of the University Health Service.

The Health Service is divided into two main branches, the Dispensary and the Infirmary, or University Hospital.

The University Health Service is manned by Dr. Herbert R. Glenn, director; Mrs. Carol H. Burt, supervisor of the health service hospital, and a staff of seven full-time physicians and 13 nurses.

Upon entering the University, students are given a thorough physical examination, an X-ray, dental examination, and tuberculosis test.

The Dispensary, known as the outpatient department, is located in 3 Old Main. It is open from 8 a.m. to noon and from 1:30 to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday and from 8 a.m. until noon Saturdays. Here is where the student reports first if he wishes to use the Health Service.

The Infirmary, the inpatient department, is located on Pollock and Shortlidge roads, near the Temporary Union Building. It is open to students 24 hours a day.

It is equipped to furnish hospital care for ill or injured students and will supply medical aid to students when the Dispensary is closed. Visiting hours are from 1:30 p.m. to 3:30 p.m. daily. No night visiting is allowed. A student is entitled to seven days of free treatment each semester. No professional calls are made in the dormitories.

A community ambulance and the Campus Patrol are on call 24 hours a day for emergencies.

**Penn Staters Vie for Title Of 'Ugly Man'**

Usually everyone is out to get titles for being the most beautiful coed or the most handsome man, but at the University all the men want to be the holder of the "Ugly Man" title.

Each year, as part of Spring Week festivities, campus groups sponsor men as candidates in the Ugly Man contest.

The contest, directed by Alpha Phi Omega, national service fraternity, begins with an Ugly Man parade. Last year's contest was the largest since the contest began.

For three days after the parade, contestants performed in front of the Ugly Man booth which was located at the Mall and Pollock road.

All the antics the contestants could think of were performed. Their aim was to raise enough money, through penny-voting, to become one of seven contest finalists.

From the seven finalists, the ugliest Ugly Man was selected by judges. Last year, Donald Malinak won.

The man chosen to be Ugly Man receives an Ugly Man key, and the group sponsoring him wins a trophy. The finalists and winner also gain points for their sponsoring groups toward Spring Week.

The money collected by the contestants was given to the Campus Chest. Last year over \$1100 was collected during the entire contest.

This year students can again look forward to Spring Week activities, and one of the most hilarious events will surely be the Ugly Man contest.

have the female race in its entirety revert to the flapper fads of a sprawling waistline and an extinguished bosom. In this age of Christine Jorgesons and Roberta Grays, the current trend toward perverted fashions is not a total surprise. It's rather revolting, though, that surgery must be carried over into fashion for the sake of that time-worn "well dressed" look.



Little waist-hugging frocks with smooth fitted bodices and simply flared (or simply penciled) skirts are no longer safe from the age's high-fashion experts. "Tweediness" is chic now, they would tell us. And "tweediness" can be defined as anything that reeks with heavy, distorted lines (traceable back to aforementioned racks of dad's suits and topcoats) and deep, mysterious fabrics (originating somewhere between great-aunt Martha's Hindu wall-tapestry and pet poodle Fluffy's shorn winter coat).

To be smart, this year's wardrobe must disguise completely any semblance to the female sex. Waistlines have been discarded as unnecessary handicaps to that "boyish" look, hip lines have been distorted until they resemble those of Latrec's Parisian martinets, and the proverbial American bustline has been exiled by much the same process as the ancient Chinese women used in binding their feet.

Fashion experts would leave little identification to the female figure. They would set fire to the feminine pageantry of flowing silks and tulle, wrap the modern woman in boyish tweeds, and send her forth to what? Inevitably, to sew buttons on her master's shirts when she can scarcely sit down for all the superfluous hip bustles, to clean and tidy living rooms when she can barely breathe or bend inside the rigidity of the "concealing" bodices, and to cook her lord's dinner feast, when she can scarcely find a waistline around which to tie the apron strings.

Perhaps we females asked for this perversion in fashion when we set out to conquer the world of male industry, typewriters and stethoscopes and slide rules clutched between our laquered nails. Someone has quite obviously called our bluff this season, and left us but two alternatives—either we must march the Christian Diors and Jaque Fathes from their sketch books and become our own authorities on women's fashion, or do a fast retreat back into the kitchen.

**Penn State Engineer**

The first meeting of the Penn State Engineer will be held at 7 p.m. Monday in 211 Mechanical Engineering. Students interested in working on the magazine may attend.

**18 Majors Offered by Ag College**

The College of Agriculture with offices in the Agriculture Building is one of the largest colleges within the University.

The purpose of the College as outlined in the University bulletin is to "provide instruction in the sciences that underlie agriculture and in their application to agricultural practice, for all who seek such instruction, whether the time they can devote to this purpose is a few days or several years."

To fulfill this purpose the College has been divided into three divisions — resident instruction, research (experimental stations), and extension. At the head of each of these divisions is a vice-dean. The entire college is under the direction of Dean Lyman E. Jackson.

The College offers 18 major curriculums to full-time students, a two-year applied course in agriculture, 16 short courses in agriculture, 56 correspondence courses, and a host of conferences with rural organizations and farm groups throughout the year.

The College occupies the Agriculture, Forestry, Horticulture, Dairy Husbandry, Plant Industries, and Patterson buildings. The College also uses the innumerable barns and acres of farm land owned by the University.

The College is empowered to grant B.S. degrees to students graduating in agricultural and biological chemistry, agricultural economics and sociology, agricultural engineering, agricultural journalism, agronomy, also in animal husbandry, bacteriology, botany, dairy husbandry, forestry, general agriculture, horticulture, medical technology, pre-veterinary science, wood utilization, and zoology and entomology.

**Student Council Plans Activities In LA College**

The Liberal Arts Student Council, serving students in the College of the Liberal Arts, is a body of 26 representatives elected by the student body.

Four representatives from the incoming freshman class will be elected in October. Regular elections are held each May for upperclass seats on the council.

A project of the council begun last year was the publication of the LA Lantern, a magazine written by students in liberal arts and published by the Council three times yearly.

The council last year sponsored a coffee hour each week to which freshmen, sophomores, and transfer students in liberal arts were invited to get acquainted with upperclassmen and faculty members in the College.

A faculty evaluation program was also carried on by the council last year. Professors distributed to their classes evaluation forms in an attempt to determine the students' attitudes towards their teaching methods. Participation by the professors was optional.

An open house was held Mother's Day weekend last spring during which members of the council conducted tours of the campus, Dean Ben Euwema spoke to visitors, and the facilities of the College were open to the public.

Proposed activities for the coming year are to find some system of class cuts that could be established as a standard throughout the College and to investigate Saturday classes to see if the present system is fulfilling the intended purposes.

**Class Provides Fund for Clock**

The Class of 1904, which donated the Old Main clock, presented the University with a plaque, commemorating the gift, and a fund to maintain the clock, during the class' 50th reunion held June 11 and 12 at the University.

Harry A. Leitzell, State College and treasurer of the class, presented the fund after the unveiling of the plaque.

The clock was the first gift presented by a class at graduation. According to old bills on file at the Pattee Library, the clock was purchased at a price of \$765.

From 1949 to 1953, there were 29 fatal boxing injuries in the United States.

**Chem-Phys --**

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curriculums are chemistry, chemical engineering, commercial chemistry, physics, pre-medical, and science.

The College of Chemistry and Physics library is located on the top floor of Whitmore laboratory. In the library there are complete sets of reference works and more than 100 chemical and physical journals in English, German, French, Russian, Italian, and Spanish.

Potato growers sometimes puzzled by the seed pods, looking like tomatoes, which grow on the plants, but experts say that if the seeds are planted, each separate seed will develop a different kind of potato, almost never the same kind found on the plant that produced the seed.

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**I WAS AWARDED A RIBBON AND PROMPTLY PUT IT IN MY TYPEWRITER**

First of all—how come? How do I come to be writing a column for Philip Morris in your campus newspaper?

I'll tell you how come: It all began on a summer night. The air was warm, the sky was full of stars, and I sat in a cane-bottomed chair on my verandah, peaceful and serene, smoking a cigarette, humming the largo from *Death and Transfiguration*, and worming my dog.

Into this idyllic scene came a stranger—a tall, clean limbed stranger, crinkly-eyed and crooked-grinned, loose and lank. "How do you do," he said. "My name is Loose Lank and I am with the Philip Morris people."

"Enchanted," I said. "Take off your homburg and sit down." I clapped my hands. "Charles!" I called. "Another chair for Mr. Lank." Obediently my dog trotted away and returned directly with a fan-back chair of Malayan rattan. He is the smartest dog in our block. "I'm sorry I don't have a Morris chair," I said to Mr. Lank. "That would be rather more appropriate—you being with Philip Morris and all."

Well, sir, we had many a laugh and cheer over my little witticism. When we had finished laughing and cheering, we wiped our eyes and Mr. Lank pulled out a fresh package of Philip Morris. He yanked the tape and the pack sprang open with a fetching little snap.

"Did you hear that fetching little snap?" asked Mr. Lank. "Yes," I said, for I did. "Cigarette?" he said. "Thank you," I said.

We puffed contentedly for three or four hours. Then Mr. Lank said, "I suppose you're wondering why I'm here."

"Well," I replied, my old eyes twinkling, "I'll wager you didn't come to read my meter."

You can imagine how we howled at that one! "That's a doozy!" cried Mr. Lank, giggling wildly. "I must remember to tell it to Alice when I get home."

"Your wife?" I said. "My father," he said. "Oh," I said.

"Well," he said, "let's get down to business... How would you like to write a campus column for Philip Morris?"

"For money?" I said. "Yes," he said. "My hand, sir," I said and clasped his. Warmly he returned the pressure, and soft smiles played on our lips, and our eyes were bright with the hint of tears, and we were silent, not trusting ourselves to speak.

"Cigarette?" he said at length. I nodded. We lit up and puffed contentedly for eight or ten hours. "I understand you've made quite a study of college students," said Mr. Lank. "Yes," I said, blushing modestly. "I have been collecting them for years. I have over four thousand students in my basement right now."

"In mint condition?" he said incredulously. "Students don't come in mint condition," I explained. "They go to great expense to acquire the 'beat-up look.'"

"How interesting," he said. "Tell me something more about them—their feeding habits, for example."

"They are omnivores of prodigious appetite," I said. "It is wise not to leave food about when they are present. Their favorite food is a dish called the Varsity Gasser—one scoop raspberry ice, one scoop raw hamburger, leeches nuts and maple syrup."

"Fascinating," said Mr. Lank. "And what are students interested in chiefly?"

"Each other," I replied. "Boy students are interested in girl students, and girl students are interested in boy students."

"This seems to me an admirable arrangement," said Mr. Lank. "But is it true even in these parlous days of worldwide tension and dreadful armaments?"

"It is always true," I said. "It isn't that college students don't know what's going on in the world. They know all too well. They're perfectly aware of the number of lumps waiting for them... But meanwhile the limbs are springy and the juices run strong and time is fleeting."

"What will you write about in your column?" asked Mr. Lank. "About boys and girls," I said. "About fraternities and sororities and dormitories and boarding houses and dances and sleighrides and hayrides and cutting classes and going to classes and cramming for exams and campus politics and the profits of bookstores and convertibles and BMOs and BWOCs and professors who write new texts every year and the world's slowest humans—the page boys at the library."

"And will you say a pleasant word about Philip Morris from time to time?" asked Mr. Lank. "Sir," I replied, "I can think of no other kind of word to say about Philip Morris."

We shook hands again then, and smiled bravely. Then he was gone—a tall silhouette moving erectly into the setting sun. "Farewell, good tobaccoist!" I cried after him. "Aloha, aloha!" And turned with a will to my typewriter.

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