

# Air Society to Form Angel Flight Corps

Want to be an angel? The Arnold Air Society, advanced Air Force cadets, needs approximately 40 coeds to form the Angel Flight, a women's sponsor corps, as an auxiliary to the Air Force ROTC.

David Hiestand, commander of the Area Air Force ROTC cadets, said that the formation of this new women's club would orient coeds to military society. The majority of college women will marry men who still have to serve on active duty with some branch of the armed forces, he said.

## 2 Universities Start Women's Military Corps

The formation of women's military corps, similar to Arnold Air Society, Scabbard and Blade, and other men's military organizations, has become the latest rage on college campuses.

While the University of Omaha is now looking for prospective coeds for the Angel Flight, women's sponsor corps, similar organizations have already been put into operation at Syracuse University and the University of Omaha.

The idea for the Air Force club was inaugurated last year at the University of Omaha and was the subject of a full-length feature in the Saturday Evening Post.

Syracuse University was next to follow the idea with the organization of the Women's Military Club by student and cadre Army ROTC officers on Oct. 11. This program is sponsored by Scabbard and Blade, Army ROTC honorary society.

The stated objective of the Syracuse club is to inform the future army wives of the privileges available to service wives and of military social activities.

They also will receive demonstrations of military equipment and take short field trips.

The experimental club started at Omaha was greeted enthusiastically and it is expected to spread to other schools soon.

## UCA to Hold Discussion On Campus Activities

The University Christian Association will hold a panel discussion on "You and Campus Activities" at 7 tonight in 304 Old Main.

Members of the panel are Arthur M. Wellington, professor of education, and students Robert Dennis, James Parmiter, Joan Lewis, Joyce Sponsler, David Ericson, and Douglas Finnemore.

A devotions program will precede the meeting at 6:40 p.m.

## Hillel Foundation to Hold Discussion Group Tonight

The Hillel Foundation will sponsor a discussion group on Modern Israel at 7:30 tonight in the Hillel lounge, 224 Locust Lane.

Ammon Foux, graduate student in mechanical engineering will lead the discussion.

This will be the first in a series of weekly discussion groups. The public is invited.

### Co-Edits

#### Phi Sigma Delta

Phi Sigma Delta has pledged John Morrison, Samuel Schreiber, Mark Levine, Herbert Frank, Richard Gladstone, Charles Schwartz, Myron Feinsilber, John Cohen, Arnold Taksen, Robert Malenovsky.

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## Adam's Rib—

(Continued from page four) dependently from all other organizations, then it would necessarily have the go-ahead in such lines of action. But because the group is authorized to give training to all interested students, and not merely to its top leaders, all these actions, as taken, must be condemned.

Students can not decently claim the right to fire students through such procedure as was used in this case. Were they given such exclusive dictatorial powers, there would be little value, other than personal glory, left in any campus organization. Reprimands, yes; corrections, criticisms . . . all these are constructive. But there is no excuse for such hasty dismissals except the inability of the executing leader to cope with a difficult situation. If this be the case, it would be far better for the "firing-power" to work in the other direction.

In the specific case referred to here, the clique chairman has denied trying to be a "dictator," and has implied that the action taken was necessary for the good of the party. In part this is right. Every organization must have the utmost cooperation from all its members to succeed. But whether the chairman is conscious of the motive or not, the actions do show, to a great extent, some desire for establishing the chairman as a supreme power.

If the objective good of the party had been at heart, and consequently the good of each member of the party, the two working positions would not have been done away with so hastily. The chairman, should, rather, have worked more closely with these questionable members, shown them where in the party, or any person, was dissatisfied with their work, and strengthened the party through strengthening the individual factions of it.

When a student feels he is enough superior in either intellect or ability to pass judgment on his fellow students, as the clique chairman has done in this case, or when a student's position in hierarchy authorizes the passing of such judgment, that student is both abusing and defeating his trust by denying to his subordinates the benefits of this superiority.

Condemnation, without a sincere effort to help to enlighten the victim, is little more than an easy way out of an obligation. So be it.

## Mardi Gras Booths Announced

Katharine Reynolds, Mardi Gras chairman, has announced the names of booths entered in the Mardi Gras, to be held from 8 to 11 p.m. Friday in Recreation Hall.

Booths and their sponsoring organizations are: "Shoot a Delta Gam," Delta Gamma; "Marriage Booth," Sigma Pi Casino; "Kappa Games," Kappa Kappa Gamma; "Palette Parlor," Kappa Delta; "Mademoiselle Mysterious," Phi Sigma Sigma; "La Noche de Suerte," Leonides; "Win a Sigma Smoke," Sigma Sigma.

"Clobber the Clown," Kappa Alpha Theta; "Fabulous Fakirs," Cosmopolitan Club; "This Is Your Life," Alpha Epsilon Phi; "Bot-



**On Campus** with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

## THE INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT OF NED FUTTY

Chloe McColgate was a beautiful coed who majored in psych and worked in the I.Q. testing department of the university. She did not work there because she needed money; she worked there because she loved and admired intelligence above all things. "I love and admire intelligence above all things," is the way she succinctly put it.

Ned Futty, on the other hand, was a man who could take intelligence or leave it alone. What he loved and admired above all things was girls. "What I love and admire above all things is girls," is the way he put it.

One day Ned saw Chloe walking by on the campus. "Holy Toledo!" he exclaimed. "How sweetly flows that liquefaction of her clothes!"

The following day he saw her walking past again. "Great balls of fire!" he exclaimed. "Next, when I cast mine eyes and see that brave vibration each way free, O, how that glittering taketh me!"

When he saw her again the next day, he could no longer contain himself. He ran up and blocked her way. "Excuse me," he said, tugging his forelock, "I am Ned Futty and I love you beyond the saying of it. Will you be mine?"

She looked at his quarter-inch haircut, his black rimmed glasses, his two-day beard, his gamy T-shirt, his tattered jeans, his decomposing tennis shoes. "You are not unattractive," she admitted, "but for me beauty is not enough. Intelligence is what I require in a man."

"I'm smart as a whip" said Ned with a modest blush. "Back home everybody always said, 'You got to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old Ned Futty.'"

"Maybe so," said Chloe, "but if you don't mind, I'd like to make sure. Will you come into the I.Q. testing department with me?"

"With you I would go into a malted milk machine," cried Ned Futty and laughed and smote his thigh and bit Chloe's nape in an excess of passion and high spirits. Scampering goatlike, he followed her into the I.Q. testing department.

"First I will test your vocabulary," said Chloe.

"Shoot!" said Ned gaily and licked her palm.

"What does juxtaposition mean?"

"Beats me," he confessed cheerily.

"How about ineffable?"

"Never heard of it," smiled Ned, plunging his face into her clavicle.

"Furtive?"

"With fur on?" said Ned doubtfully.

Chloe sighed. "How are you on arithmetic?" she asked.

"A genius," he assured her.

"What's the difference between a numerator and a denominator?"

"My feeling exactly!" said Ned with an approving nod. "What's the difference?"

"If a man earns fifty dollars a month," said Chloe, "and saves 12% of his earnings, how long would it take him to save \$100?"

"Forever," said Ned. "Who can save anything on \$50 a month?"

"How do you find a square root?"

"How should I know?" replied Ned, giggling. "I'm no square."

"How are you on English?" asked Chloe.

"I speak it fluently," said Ned with quiet pride.

"What is the present tense of wrought?"

"Wreet," replied Ned, clutching Chloe to him and dancing 32 bars of the Maxixe.

"Next I will test you for manual dexterity," said Chloe. She handed him a board punched full of oddly shaped holes and a collection of oddly shaped pegs. "Fit the pegs in the holes," she instructed him.

"Let's neck instead," suggested Ned.

"Maybe later," said Chloe. "First the pegs."

He fumbled about for a longish interval. Finally he tired of it and reached for Chloe.

But she fended him off. "Ned Futty," she said, "you are dumb. You have the highest dumbness score of anybody I have ever tested. Consequently I cannot be your girl, for I love and admire intelligence above all things."

He hurled himself on the floor and clasped her about the knees.

"But I love you!" he cried in anguish. "Do not send me from you, or you will make my world a sunless place—full of dim and fearful shapes!"

"I am sorry," she answered, "but you are too dumb."

"Reconsider, madam," he begged, "else a miasm looms before me."

"Go," she said coldly.

Spent and speechless, he struggled to his feet. With leaden steps he made his painful way to the door. There he stopped and lit a cigarette. Then he opened the door and started away to his gray and grisly future.

"Stay!" called Chloe.

He turned.

"Was that," she asked, "a Philip Morris you just lit?"

"Yes," he said.

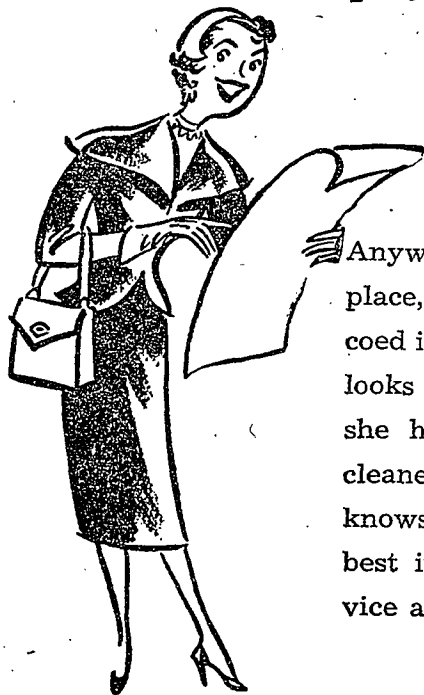
"Then come to me and be my love!" cried Chloe joyously. "For you are not dumb! You are smart! Anybody is smart to smoke Philip Morris with its fine vintage tobaccos, its cool relaxing mildness, its superior taste, its snap-open pack. Ned, lover, give me a cigarette and marry me!"

And they smoked happily ever after.

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