

# THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Wednesday, February 18, 1942

## Good Idea, But...

The nation is catching the "Buy a Bomber" craze, and like the chain letter idea, cities and towns are combining to buy a bomber for Uncle Sam. Here on campus, a proposal was presented to All-College Cabinet for such a drive.

It was suggested that Penn State sponsor a "Buy a Bomber" intercollegiate drive for funds. Since Penn State could not carry the load, it was pointed out that Penn State enlist the aid of hundreds of colleges and universities throughout the nation. These colleges would dump their contributions into a sinking fund and eventually the fund would be large enough to give the army a baby or full-size bomber.

At first glance, our patriotic senses would praise the project as a worthy one and a gesture which would win the support of many colleges as well as our own. But it isn't as easy as it looks. Sometimes, at first sight, the cart looks better in front of the horse.

In this case, the cart is in front of the horse. The idea is a good one, but there is no way in which the "Buy a Bomber" drive can be centered on campus, be put under responsible leaders, and be conducted in a concentrated and efficient manner.

In scrutinizing the plan, several flaws throw a monkey wrench into the proposed Penn State patriotic gesture. This plan would originate at Penn State. It would be financed, organized, and carried out by Penn State students. This is a step which is impossible for any single college or university to take. The task is too large.

By assuming that a bomber would cost at least \$100,000, the "Buy a Bomber" committee would be forced to take on the responsibilities and proportions of a money-making business. The campaign would not only need a complete and unified organization, but it would take months of work and a financial budget to build its foundation.

Look at the cost of a bomber, over \$100,000. If each college were to contribute \$500, and this is an exaggerated sum, over 200 colleges would have to cooperate in the drive. Estimating that 50 per cent of all the colleges and universities contacted, and this is still an exaggerated figure, would join the Penn State "Buy a Bomber" campaign, approximately 400 student governments must be invited.

This disadvantage alone is enough to defeat the bomber plan. It would mean that the committee must correspond with the 400 colleges, outline its plan, correspond further with the colleges interested, and assume the expense of correspondence.

This isn't all. After two, three, or four months of correspondence, the committee which has finally arranged its program would have to establish a fool-proof financial organ which would be above reproach. Then, the troubles would begin.

The campaign would be long. The one now being conducted by the Philadelphia Inquirer is a good example. If it is long, the committee could not be composed of seniors or juniors, who probably would be able to better handle the campaign, because they would graduate.

Finally, if all these technical and organization problems and difficulties were smoothed out, the uncertainty of complete cooperation and financial support from other colleges is too threatening. What would we do if our quota could not be reached? One thing is apparent, our baby bomber would die a premature death with complications resulting.

We agree that Penn State needs such defense efforts as this one. But instead of biting off more than we can chew, let us concentrate more earnestly on campus defense projects, contribute as a campus toward other "Buy a Bomber" funds more capably handled, throw our resources into the Thespian Mobile Units, and let Uncle Sam take on the big job of constructing his bombers.

## One Man's Meat

### The Passing Scene

Down at the Altoona railroad station the other day, I witnessed one of those farewell scenes that are played up big in the epic war films. Somehow, it didn't seem real. I had seen that sort of thing before, I told myself. This tragic mood isn't life, I tried to insist. This is strictly according to Hollywood.

But the train pulled in and I could feel the steam hissing out and the cinders divebombing into my eyes. I could hear the murmured Polish farewells, see the tears, so bravely held back a moment before, stream down the mother's wrinkled cheeks. The huddled group was so close to me I could reach out and tuck in those wisps of hair wandering from under the faded kerchief without taking a step.

I could see the worn fabric of her plain black coat. The neatness of his uniform, so perceptible from a distance, was lost at this close range.

I thought, as sudden, strange emotions rushed upon me, this is no five-star feature! This isn't some film writer's idea of Prelude to Glory, this is the McCoy. The real stuff, right in front of you. No celluloid and light bulbs had combined to throw this scene before my eyes. That boy, surely no older than myself, was going off to North Africa, Australia, India, a thousand fronts where prop men were unknown, where real bullets and guns and fear-maddened men, not paid extras, would attack him. And those tears, they aren't just to appeal to the soft-hearted women in the front rows. They're because he and his mother realize that this is IT, the final separation until . . .

Well, what can you do about it? queried that mad fool Loki, turning inward to me. And my half-formed, intuitive answer went something like this:

First of all, I'm not going to write a column screaming THIS IS WAR! for this week. If Collegian's readers don't know it yet, they won't believe it by just reading it in One Man's Meat. They'll just get sore, demanding "Who's that guy think he is, trying to tell us there's a war on?"

Then, I thought, maybe I'll write a humorous little piece, sort of cheer people up, get their minds off the war. But, that won't do either. There are so damn few people around here who seem to be worried about anything that it isn't worth the effort.

So I figured that I'd just tell 'em what I saw. Let 'em think it out for themselves. Let 'em reach their own conclusions on whether the tragedy of that mother-son scene down in the Altoona station is worth fighting Fascism. Sure, I think that that tragedy, and the millions of other tragedies that will be enacted are worth it. Sure, I believe that if we don't fight—and defeat—Fascism we'll have those individual tragedies deepened a thousandfold and then multiplied a millionfold. But what will my readers think? Will they read of that little sadness and then climb into their ivory towers and write an escapist Portfolio dream-story? Or will they grow angry that such partings must take place and prepare to help in some way that similar tragedy in the future will be unnecessary? Or will they smile inwardly, and think glibly, "You'll never see me doing anything like that. They can't get me." Or will they fail to see beyond the Altoona station and say to themselves "This need not be; if we'd just mind our own selfish business and stay in our own narrow backdoor, this sort of thing would never happen."

Or will they heap tragedy upon tragedy and read, pass quickly on, and give it not another thought?

—LOKI

### Stimson Lauds Press

The newspaper editors and publishers of today are not merely reporting and commenting on national events; they are helping to make the history of our times. They are directing the hearts and the hands of all of our citizens towards the great common purpose of strengthening and protecting our principles and our free institutions. Our Army can make its military plans to defend this country.

It can design the weapons and other equipment which we need and train its members in their use. But only the larger civilian population can determine whether these munitions will be delivered in time and in sufficient quantities to meet our need. Upon the newspapers, principally, devolves the great responsibility of informing the public as to the conditions, the progress, and the continuing urgency of our efforts.

## Letters To The Editor—

### May Queen Takes It On The Chin

To The Editor:

The Collegian has done it again! In time, the principle of the irrelevant paragraph surely will take its place among the most treasured of Penn State traditions. This unique feature of our own daily paper cannot fail to attract the attention of Hollywood talent scouts. Permit me to quote from "War Hodge-Podge Changes May Queen to Winter Lady," The Daily Collegian, vol. 38, no. 91, page 4.

"By decree of WSGA, the May Queen will be just Queen and will be coronated Her Ladyship at Senior Ball, February 27. Five coeds have been nominated and tonight women students may nominate other potential monarchs of beauty and brains."

"In days to come the Senior Queen may look back, remember Pearl Harbor, and be proud of her part in national defense."

What engineer, yes, what forester, is so insensitive as to fail to picture a sweet, white-haired old lady gathering her grandchildren about her of an evening to tell them of the tragic days of the second World War: to tell them of the sacrifices we faced; of a harried class of seniors who rose to the emergency; of the days of defense courses, draft exemptions, and hasty marriages; of knitting for the Red Cross. And then, this dear, sweet queen of yesteryear will fade gently into the past. Eddie and Bill, hushed by that ineffable to play, not knowing what passes through her mind.

Ah, but we who lived in those heroic times of MacArthur's gallant stand on Bataan will know! We will know with what sacrifice, hidden behind the stoicism only war can develop, our fair and companion accepted her fate and resigned herself to becoming just Queen. We will remember the tears shed by WSGA as they robbed beautiful girl of her rightful title: Queen of the May.

And how are your tires holding out?

Ralph Blasingame '42

## Dry Dock Tickets Available At SU

Tickets for Saturday night's Dry Dock are on sale at Student Union, William H. Cissel and Thomas R. Heidecker, co-chairmen of the Dry Dock committee have announced.

Because the Engineers Ball has been cancelled, the Dry Dock committee decided to step in with their entertainment. Table reservations are 50 cents per couple.

## No Heat, Food

(Continued from Page One)  
 resistance to Nazism everywhere and the possible steps for post-war reconstruction during the rest of his talk in the capacity-filled first floor Sparks lecture room.

Mr. Elliott outlined what the WSSF is doing for persons in camps to help them continue their education. In addition, he brought photographs of camps and some craftwork completed by those "who needed something to do."

After arriving in New York from Europe on January 26, the tall, well-built man traveled to New York, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana and Florida. Today he speaks at the University of Pittsburgh and Carnegie Tech.

## At The Movies

CATHAUM:

"Sullivan's Travels"

STATE:

"Dumbo"

NITTANY:

"I Wake Up Screaming"

and

"Blues In the Night"

## CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY:

Compulsory meeting, all home economics freshmen, 110 Home Economics, 5 p. m.

Important meeting of the Junior Editorial Board of The Daily Collegian in the News Room, 4:15 p. m.

Important meeting of the Sophomore Editorial Board of The Daily Collegian in the News Room, 4:45 p. m.

Coffee hour and fireside session with Howard E. Yarnall speaking on "My Experience as a Student in Germany" in Northeast Lounge, Atherton Hall, 6:30 p. m.

Pi Lambda Theta panel discussion on music, art, and creative writing, Northwest Lounge, Atherton Hall, 8 p. m.

Home Economic talent night program for all home economics students in the Grange Playroom, 7 p. m.

Voting for members of PSCA Cabinet in 304 Old Main during office hours, today and Thursday.

Watch Services at the Wesley Foundation, 7:15 p. m.

Campus '45 party will nominate class officers, 309 Old Main 7:30 p. m.

Meeting of the American Chemical Society in Room 119 New Physics Building at 7 o'clock. Dr. George H. Young will speak on "Some Physical and Chemical Aspects of the Resinous State."

Riding Club instruction meeting, Stock Judging Pavilion, 7 p. m.

TOMORROW

Forestry society will meet in 105 New Forestry at 7:30 p. m. to elect new officers.

Thespian tryouts in Schwab Auditorium at 7 p. m.

Elections for Senior Queen in the first floor lounge of Old Main from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Red Cross sewing and knitting for defense, 117 Home Economics, 6:45 to 8:45 p. m.

"Color Photography," in illustrated lecture from Eastman Kodak Company, will be given in Room 309, Old Main, 7:30 p. m.

Important '43 Independent party meeting, 318 Old Main, 7 p. m. Open House committee, 304 Old Main, 4 p. m.

"Our Common Heritage" talk, Hillel Foundation, 7 p. m.

PSCA Cabinet, 304 Old Main, 8:15 p. m.

Handpok editorial staff, 318 Old Main, 7:30 p. m.

MISCELLANEOUS

All freshman editorial candidates for The Daily Collegian must turn in their tabulated Survey Question Sheets to the office before 7 p. m. Friday.

## New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabrics.

Arrid is the LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT. Try a jar today!

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