

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887. Published daily except Sunday and Monday during the regular college year by the students of The Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934 at the Post Office at State College, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Friday, April 9, 1943.

We Got A Letter

Collegian got a letter the other day. It said:
"With the thoughts of your editorials and other articles in 'The Daily Collegian' we at home can realize our sons are in the right atmosphere.
"In the short time that these cadets were in Atlantic City they were surely handled capably as evidenced by their spirit. And as written in your paper they have come from all walks of life. Many gave up promising careers to enlist and offer their bit for our country.
"After visiting them in Atlantic City we did not find one that was sorry he had made his decision to enlist.
"We have entertained several of them at our home and hope that your townspeople will find them as we did; a real American group that underneath the spirit of gaiety fully realize, the job ahead of them.
"May we as parents of one of the group thank Penn State and State College for the hospitality extended to our son and all the 'Cadet Flyers'.
"Collegian would like to turn right around and thank the parents of one of the Air Corps boys for writing the above. It is just this sort of comment that helps Penn Staters and State College citizens realize the job they have ahead of them as hosts to the servicemen.
"So far the reception and relations have been faultless. But the true test will come only with the continuance of their stay.
"The Cadets are now a very definite part of the campus. Walking to classes these days the military element is far in the majority. Between the Cadets and the ROTC students the campus comes close to resembling an Army assembly grounds.
"Right now it would seem time to revive the 'Hello Spirit' which is popular on campus during freshman week but soon dies out completely as the semester progresses. There's nothing like speaking to everyone or having everyone speak to you to make one feel at home.
"It would seem that Penn State has made a good first impression. Now its up to everyone to make it a lasting one."
—R. D. S.

Summer Changes

Penn State in the summer will be far different from this semester, or any other semester the College has witnessed since its founding. Even the changes brought about by the last war will be small in comparison to the situation during the Summer and from then on.
Many organizations will not exist this Summer; others will be curtailed; while still others will take on new responsibilities and become more active. A different group of people will be doing what has been done by students in the past.
Thespians have indicated that their current production will be the last for the duration. Too bad they can't find some way to continue on a reduced scale, as their entertainment is important for morale and shifts the burden from other forms of recreation, some already too heavily taxed.
Many organizations on campus, active enough now will find themselves with a shortage of men students, and should they take stock, may find it impossible to continue.
LaVie, the yearbook, will probably maintain a skeleton staff, large enough to maintain a complete file of activity cards. It probably will not publish. Rapid turnover of the student body, plus the long-time basis on which the book must operate, are responsible for this step.
These are only a few of the changes to be expected.

ALONG NITTANY MALL

By LARRY CHERVENAK

Life on the Collegian board has been—until now—a leisurely round of assigning beats, making out issue schedules, telling the Collegian underclassmen how it was done in the old days, and discovering upon checking each morning's copy that they haven't paid much attention to me.
The full meaning of "total war" finally struck home last week, however, when one of Der Rag's first-string columnists borrowed my battered laundry kit, kissed his favorite girl friends goodbye, and lit out for his local recruiting center.
Said columnist's departure brought to an abrupt halt the weekly "Clever Comments" and left a gaping hole in the column-schedule. To fill up that Friday morning cavity, and to wander on where Fred Clever left off, this new column is forced into existence.

FAREWELL TO A FIGHTER

Before beating my Remington keys on more general phases of the campus whirl, it seems only fitting to stop for a moment of tribute to my predecessor in columning.
It wasn't that Fred was particularly outstanding as a writer. What he did possess in unrated portions was a flaming belief in the ideals of journalism.

It was Fred who, in the days when we were sophomore and junior boarders struggling for top positions, was willing to have it out verb for verb with any of the editors he thought were failing to maintain standards of fairness or fearlessness. It was Fred who took up the cudgel time and again for his junior board buddies to sustain their viewpoints against the omnipotence of The Board Above. And, less than a month before his final Collegian election, while softer hearts sulked in the shadows, it was Fred who dared help organize against what he considered unfair discrimination.

To Fred Clever, journalist, we say, "so long"; the Army Air Corps has gained a fightin' soldier.
A DEDICATION

And now, to comply with one of the last requests of both Clever and sports ed Ben Bailey, we'd like to dedicate this opening column to the Cabinet clique that—at a meeting the three of us attended—thought up every conceivable excuse to sabotage Penn State's coca-cola nitery; that was either too short-sighted or too worried about its own entertainment promotions to savor any competition; and that condemned Dry Dock as an impediment to all-out war effort by Penn State students—a sort of miniature fifth-column.
We'd like to dedicate it also to the hundreds of Nittany students who found in Dry Dock some place besides the movies and Doggies to take their dates the past couple Saturday nights . . . and, finally, to the guys at the front who will receive comfort and aid from the couple hundred bucks Penn State's own little fifth-column contributed to the American Red Cross.

We, The Women

Today Is One In A Series Of Students' Last Flings

Today is the day of the last of our big dances for the duration. And so College coeds and fellows will go into another of their last flings. Thank goodness that the College wasn't called for Army service sooner; it would have been definitely hard on us to squeeze all these last good times into a few days.

But, of course, we have to have them. Each one has to outdo the other and we have to spend a lot of money for our own amusement.

We'll pretend to place our formal and patent-leathers away 'til the armistice, but don't worry, we'll find some excuse for getting them out. We'll say that we can't keep up morale unless we have evening gowns and formal parties.

We'll listen to the freshmen call for longer hours and we'll give them because we'll figure it's their last fling. We'll let them fling for the duration, no doubt. 'Cause, after all, what else can we do?

This student body will have last flings in every activity until it's too embarrassed to have another or until there aren't enough left in school to "fling."

Today, rain or shine (probably rain), the campus will experience one of its series of last flings, a trite saying, but oh, so handy.

Although government heads have asked that no imports be brought for big dances, many will consider it their last chance and so they will bring out-of-town guests. Corsages will come in just as large numbers for the same reason.

Activities such as the Red Cross, war relief societies, surgical dressing classes, which could really use to advantage a last fling, have to

do without. It's obvious that students have to have some pleasure themselves or an activity isn't really successful.

Today is the day we're giving nickels away for our lunch and for the Red Cross. As long as you're going to fling, why not make it beneficial?

Fling a nickel.

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FOREVER AND A DAY

TUESDAY Errol Flynn - Ann Sheridan in "EDGE OF DARKNESS"