

**THE COLLEGIAN**

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887. Published every Friday during the regular College year by the staff of the Daily Collegian 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 8, 1879. Subscriptions by mail only at \$1.00 a semester.

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Saturday Morning, July 3, 1943

**Hats Off . . .**

Time was when a compact, peacefully active College tipped its hat in September of each year to the green dink-wearers of that generation.

At the beginning of a wartime accelerated semester, those hats are tipped again. They are doffed to students who are enrolling here immediately after or, in many cases, previous to graduation from high schools. Newcomers will accelerate to accomplish an educational goal as a preliminary to service for a country at war and in post-war days.

But this year, too, those hats go off to more than those traditional patches of green. This summer, a patriotic and energetic College salutes those wearing the hats of the United States Army, Navy, and Marine Corps.

They are tipped this time to a group of enthusiastic men and women trainees who represent three of the country's large wartime industries.

And they are waved to welcome again Summer Session students who are annual visitors at the College.

This extensive wartime program, one of the many fitting into schools throughout the nation, indicates one administration's effort to strive for a strong, productive home front. The transforming of fraternities into barracks plus the overtime efforts of faculty and students to accommodate and inform prove a willingness to cooperate and to accomplish a victory that will last.

Things are usually handed to incoming frosh and transfers in special meetings, schedules, and a full freshman week, but a wartime program does not permit such arrangements.

Frosh, service men, and newcomers to our campus, then, must find those things individually. And Penn State hats are off to them as an aid to their discovery of the College's hidden spirit.

**Our Fight, Too . . .**

About two years ago Walter T. Chase '44 became one of the vanguard of thousands of Penn State students who shelved their college careers to enter our nation's armed forces—to offer their lives in defense of America and its ideals.

Last month his offer was accepted; Lt. Walter T. Chase, United States Army Air Corps, died of injuries sustained in the crash of his Army fighter plane.

Chase was not the first Penn Stater to have sacrificed his life in the current struggle, but his death does have special significance. For Walt was a member of the Class of '44, and as such might now be entering his last semester in sheltered Nittany Valley—gripping a bit about losing his campus fraternity house, playing Graham's pin-ball machine in his spare moments, and probably juggling his schedule to avoid Saturday classes.

Instead, faced with the choice that must confront every young American in wartime, he gave up his planned course of existence for active military service—and paid with his life.

For those of us who faced that crisis by taking some action permitting us to remain in college, the pathway is clear. We are Americans; America is at total war. If we are to deserve the name "American," it can be only on the sincere and studied conviction that the job we have chosen is the one in which we can be doing the greatest good for our country. And, in doing that job, we must lend our whole selves with the enthusiasm, effort, and unbending determination of America's best soldiers.

If we are to fulfill our role as warring Americans—the ONLY role open today—our every activity during the coming semester must be weighed by its value to the war effort. Neither weasel words nor complicated rationalization can make any other settlement right.

Walt Chase took one path and fought the fight until death along the path he chose. We who remain at Penn State have no right to make our college-semester anything but a part of the same vast effort in which he gave his life. —L.T.C.

**The CAMPUSEER**

BOB KIMMEL

A senior standing in front of Old Main staring at the changes in the old place set the keynote for this semester. He looked a little dazed, with something of that bewildered state of mind showing on his face that is usually connected with freshmen . . . and for good reason, too . . . Penn State is far different now in July than it was in May.

Maybe the Air Corps accustomed us a little to the marching and songs on the streets in town and on campus, but the Army Engineers have added much to that, including some pretty cute ditties that are slightly naughty. Some of their songs are for barracks only, and when someone in the ranks starts one of those, the squad leader shouts threats of "gigging" for the whole gang . . . they have a good one for the Navy, too.

Some of the faces in uniform are familiar ones, since the Advanced ROTC boys have been given an opportunity for another semester here, which also augurs well for the coming football season. Navy Reserves arrived this week, also, in civilian clothes, but with the martial air and group formations.

To our freshman readers, we want to say that this is not the usual kind of column we turn out . . . but to start now and try to keep pace with the whereabouts of half the school and their latest romances would take just a couple too many lines for this department, so we'll start from scratch next week, and we promise to report on any and every little bit of dirt we can scrape up.

There aren't any politicians around to poke fun at, except Carl Swope, and he's safe in the embrace of the Marine Corps. But the new officers will be elected soon, as per the code established to carry on student government. There, too, we see changes that remind us of the war. Time is short, perhaps unfortunately so, for the vote-pullers to swing their ward-healers into line and go on an ear-bending spree.

Now that school is underway in earnest, no doubt the movie fare will improve, with the horse operas once again relegated to the Nittany. And we too feel a big improvement in our paper . . . at least there is one kind of gripe that won't bother us any more . . . and that is the voice(s) on the telephone complaining that Collegian wasn't delivered this morning. But then, the job of handling those complaints furnished enough training in diplomacy and tact for enough people to outfit half the State Department.

What's gonna be on the social front this summer is still a good deal indefinite, but most of the fraternities have nuclei tucked away in downtown apartments, and one or more even have houses, after a fashion . . . could be they'll be dances and parties . . . most of the military units stationed at the College will be on display when the Fourth of July parade goes by this evening . . . as well as the Civilian Defense Corps.

But now we quit until next week, when we promise to revert to type and gabble with the gossip. —CAMPY



**Lion Tales**

By M. J. WINTER

Stranger in town—and we don't mean the boys in uniform . . . With Army, Navy and Marines swarming around the place, most of the eighth and ninth semester brains feel as bewildered as the kids in green, and we do mean kids.

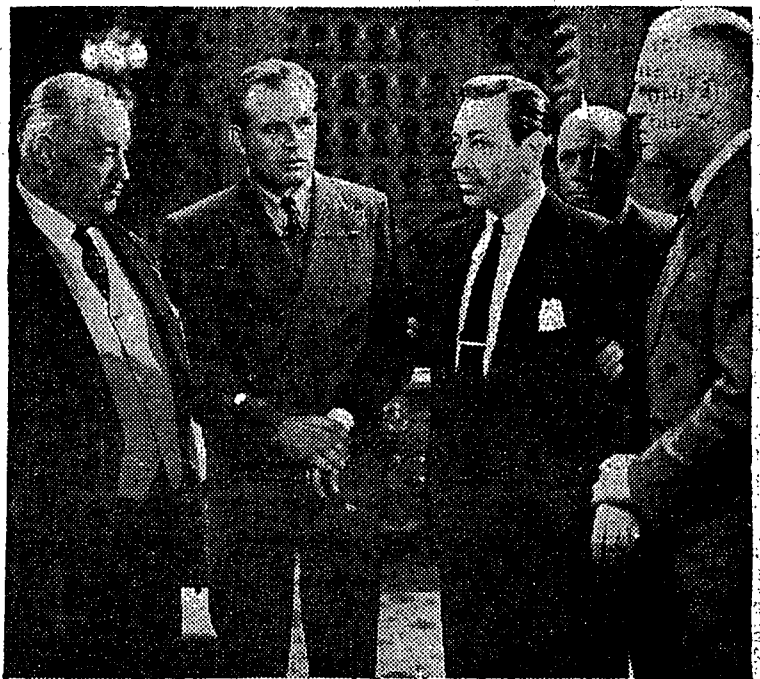
**Romance, Inc.**

Seems love is accelerated at this point, with some of the coeds now on the "Reserved" shelf. . . . Jane Ammerman, kappa, took the vows with 2nd Lt. Art Thornman, deltachi, in Louisiana the other week. . . . Mim Rhein, theta, May grad, went along and middle-aisled it with 2nd Lt. Bill Murphy, spe. . . . Betty Rose married her tke. . . . Betty Christman is now Mrs. Chuck Bowman as of the other week. . . . Mary Jo MacDougall, achio, wants it known she's been Mrs. Dick Schwab since April. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Charles Slep (phipsi and theta Janie Berkebile) spent their honeymoon in State College for the wedding of Ensign and Mrs. Hank McCall (pika and theta Irma Winter) the other weekend. . . . Some of the boys went prospecting and gave diamonds. . . . Helen Schmentz, kappa, and Jimmy Leyden, beta of the Air Corps. . . . Hattie Van Ripper and Al Clark, phidelt, of the Army. . . . Sue Clouser has a sweetheart pin from phigam Ed McKane. . . . and how about Claire Jackson? . . . On the more unpleasant side

. . . Rachel Dutcher, achio, has returned Dill Pickel's sae pin (brother Ace Parker is taking over) . . . Pat Pearsall, kappa, broke her engagement to ato Bob Sieger . . . and Carolyn Kunkle gave back Bill McKee's ato hardware. . . . Ruthie Ernst, chio, is unpinned to the home town boy and her heart now belongs to the Air Corps.

**Hut, 2, 3, 4**

Among the boys roaming around in uniform are Chuck Bond, now the Navy; Carl Swope, Marines; Charlie Good, Navy; Rem Robinson, Navy; and Bill Kistler, Navy, who's having a little difficulty taking care of his interests over by the Old Stone Pile, since the Navy now gets top billing. . . . There are some more of the local yokels back a la GI, but you'll see 'em if you look. . . . And now just a slight request. . . . Don't think we don't like to hear your singing, boys, cause we do. It sounds good. But how about toning it down to a mere shout about 7:15 a.m.? You make good alarm clocks for those 7:30 classes, but remember the Liberal Artists don't indulge in such early activities. . . . Swelling the ranks of the 20 to 1 (for the coeds' side) we've been hearing about the rather unexpected return of senior advanced ROTC boys—such as Jackie Grey, Bill Briner, Jack Hunter, etc. The Cub



Sidney Greenstreet and George Raft in an exciting scene from Warner Bros' "Background To Danger," a picture of intrigue, death and romance.

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