

THE COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Friday July 16, 1943

Not Just A Gripe

Enlightening indeed was the run of student comment concerning last week's article and editorial on Cabinet bungling of the wage-hour program.

In many cases, the students seemed pleased that the failure was being dragged out into the light—and disappointed with a student government which has failed to use the vast grant of powers with which it has been endowed.

The reaction of one of those more closely associated with the committee, however, was less favorable. It was undermining to student confidence and therefore wrong to criticize student government that way, he maintained; anyway, it was nothing more than destructive criticism to attack a committee which flopped last year. It was, he asserted, just a useless opening of old wounds.

If reporting on an obvious flaw in student government actions is wrong, okay—but then we'd better stop telling ourselves that we have a democratic system. Penn State's student government is no more an infallible "sacred cow" than the national government upon which it was patterned, and no less subject to criticism. Only Hitler and Company insist that whatever they do is necessarily right, and that the only news printed concerning their activities must be favorable. We prefer another system—one with honest criticism being the basis for improvement, and improvement being a more complete response to the students' welfare.

As to the second charge—we agree that to gripe on a closed issue, merely for the sake of griping, is destructive criticism and indeed pointless. In our opinion, however, the issue is not dead—and never will be dead—until Penn State's working students receive the minimum wage-hour program that cabinet committee once set out to give them.

What's more, that issue now has a chance to become more alive than ever. With an actual shortage of student help, more of the town's merchants will be willing to agree to the establishment of a fair-wage system. Once established, the old cry that "I've gotta keep wages down because the man across the street does it" would be eliminated, the town's fair employers would be relieved of unfair competition from that portion paying sweat-shop rates, and a sound wage system could become a permanent addition to Penn State life.

But for the present, student wage rates are still scraping along below the 35-cent-per-hour level, while wage-hour agreement signs purchased by Cabinet and paid for from student funds are still lying unused at Student Union.

And we'd like the students and townspeople to know the facts.
L.T.C.

Entertainment Hope

Dean Warnock's Council on Recreation and Welfare is employing the limited local facilities at its command in an intelligent effort to combat the rather acute entertainment problem created by wartime changes and the arrival of large groups of strangers. There is one outside entertainment source, however, which has not been tapped.

Penn State, with more than two thousand uniformed servicemen and hundreds of special trainees, is literally a military center. A military center with an entertainment problem is a specialized wartime development, for which special cure-treatments in the form of itinerant entertainment have been organized.

It would not be too illogical, therefore, to suppose that active student government or Council effort might bring to the campus one of the musical outfits, theatrical groups, or radio shows now making the rounds of air depots, army camps, and other military centers.

One or two such interludes during a summer of wartime college training should be a decided benefit in helping provide a well-balanced program for a warring Penn State.

It may be a long-shot chance, but we believe it's worth a serious try.
L. T. C.

Call For Opinions

The current election campaign differs in many ways from those held in past years. It lacks the shouting posters, colorful electioneering, and mob enthusiasm which characterized the balloting of other semesters. But one thing remains the bone of contention. One item is the aim of every candidate and every student government member.

That long sought goal is getting every person out to vote. Republican or Democrat, Campus or Independent, or any person in a non-partisan election wants more than anything else to see a large turn-out at the polls.

And an excellent opportunity turns up for it this year. Because the call for payment of fees in the Armory is simultaneous with election day, students will have matric cards available and they will be in the central part of campus at times when voting is in progress. Today presents a last chance to vote in the semester balloting.

New on the election scene this semester will be the uniformed boys who are stationed here . . . Penn State Advanced ROTC men who returned last week to complete their work. Since they are doing their own financing and are, it was decided that they were entitled to voice their opinions in the balloting.

So the time-old appeal goes out to a few uniforms as well as to every regular student at the College; take this chance to express your opinion in Penn State Student government.

A Penn State Tradition

The Corner
unusual

We, The Women

Is Friendliness Rationed, Too?

As far as hospitality goes, the upperclass women seem to be adding a few counts to the wrong side this semester, with the exception, perhaps, of a feeling of "obligation" toward servicemen and the civilian males left.

When it comes to making advances of friendliness toward their own sex, namely, the new freshmen, the interest just isn't apparent. The Pop-in Night, scheduled for last Sunday, seemed to show this pretty clearly.

Pop-in Nights have never been considered very thrilling, but there was a time when freshman rooms were well filled with upper-class coeds. That was when rushing was looming on the immediate scene.

With little of the typical campus life which upperclass women knew—fraternities, picnics, and no acceleration—to give them a real taste of college life, the feeling of friendliness that went with it

seems to have disappeared. Coeds have done the preliminary job of helping the green ribboners through the first trying days, and senior sponsors have further helped to acclimate them to their new surroundings.

It is up to the women as a whole, however, to make the real contacts with new coeds that will make them feel that Penn State is their home. There comes a time in every freshman's life when that old homesick feeling takes the upper hand. Upperclass friendliness can do away with it, or at least ease the feeling.

So far the coeds have seemed to fail in the task which has always been considered a real pleasure. There's still time to get acquainted. It's easy to pick them out by their ribbons and name cards.

Why not start being friendly? It might prove interesting.
—M. J. W.

Letters From Camp—

(Editor's Note: These letters were sent to individuals who have made them available for our readers. If you have any letters from servicemen which might interest the student body, please bring them to the Collegian office.)

This letter is from Ben Bailey, former sports editor of this paper, who is now stationed at Avon Park, Fla., with the Army Air Forces.

Dear Teddy,
Sorry to have been so long in writing, but as you can see, the address has been changed. Fred (Clever) is still with me and we are now up in the air.

So help me, Fred and I are enjoying the next thing to paradise here in Florida. The hotel where we live is an old Spanish-style job, formerly a ritzy academy for the rich Southern lads, taken over intact by the Air Force.

We have hardwood floors, oak paneled walls, radio, and every other convenience. We prefer it to Penn State's Beta house. We eat in the main ballroom, which overlooks a beautiful circular lake—in which we take our "physical" exercise at all hours of the day. Best damn swimming I've ever enjoyed. And palm trees all around, too.

As for flying, we love it, although Fred has lost his cookies twice already. We fly bi-planes, tough, safe, and damn near smash-proof. One hour of flying a day tires us out. For diversion we go to class three hours a day, and slack off with an hour of blazing hot drill, the only thing I don't like about this place.

I feel rather confident about my chances to make the grade, although everybody worries about washing out. Avon Park is called the "washing machine of the South," and they eliminate a lot of cadets here.

Each cadet must solo at the end of his eighth hour of dual instruction. I have four hours, so expect to solo next week. I even pray at night that I come through okay.

A hell of a lot of fellows have been sick at least once. You see, each instructor puts you through the works to see what your stomach can stand. So far, I've taken all mine could give me, and came through smiling—although shaky. I've even learned how to pull out of a power spin, which makes me proud as all get out. We've had only one fatal accident in the past month, an upperclassman, so I don't worry unduly about that.

My biggest worry, and that of everyone else, is the great traffic hazard. We have at least 65 planes in the air at once, and are confined to an area of 15 square miles. To our right is a bombing range

and to the left a combat training area. So occasionally we encounter a rather thrilling traffic snarl. In the air you must be on the lookout for other planes all the time.

Believe it or not, my next biggest worry isn't learning aerial acrobatics, but retaining my false teeth while doing so. (The Army built the things for me.) Yesterday in coming out of an Immelman, I subconsciously opened my mouth, and caught my partial plate just as it slipped by my chin. Pretty damn close!

By the way, Fred and I (and about 23 or 24 other Penn Staters) would appreciate it a lot if you could arrange to mail a bundle of Collegians to this address. We kind of miss the old place.

You asked for a picture, but they are hard to get. We aren't allowed to have cameras around here, so we just have to look up a girl who owns one, as well as the other prerequisites, of course, and get them taken that way.

As far as drinking is concerned, Fred and I have abstained since leaving our last place; it's better for flying, you know. That's about all for now. We're heading for Tampa and St. Petersburg to case the woman situation over the weekend. We'll let you in on the details later.

So long,
Bailey
P.S. I now have three brothers in the service, all in the Air Corps. Hell, this war will be over too soon now.

This letter is from A. R. Warnock Jr. '39. He's a first lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, and a chief pilot on a Mitchell bomber in Africa. It was written to his father, Dean Warnock.

Censorship has lifted to the extent that I can tell you now that
(Continued on page eight)

WESTMINSTER FOUNDATION BULLETIN BOARD

Student Reception Tonight
Westminster Hall and Fireside Room—8-10 p. m.—Friday
Sunday, July 18

9:30 a. m. Student Department
Worship Service

Miss Agnes Highsmith
3:00—Open House and Music Hour

Guest Pianist, Miss Anne Caruthers '44
6:30 p. m.—Westminster Fellowship

Begin the semester with others in a joyous Christian Fellowship.
SPECIAL WELCOME TO MEN IN UNIFORM