

THE COLLEGIAN

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They Laughed When . . .

Jimmy Young, foreign correspondent, gave his eyewitness account of his experiences in Japan. Of course, at times he did make it sound like something out of a musical comedy, but his anecdotes were penetrating examples of basic Japanese psychology and, as such, they weren't funny!

The surprising thing was that most of the students who attended Young's lecture seemed more impressed by these supposedly "humorous" anecdotes than by the hard facts that he related about Japan's preparations for war. Facts such as these: That the U. S. State Department allowed the Japanese to make complete tours and take photographs of strategic American positions; that the Japanese are fighting Americans in the Pacific with our own scrap metal and oil; that 90 per cent of Japan's military equipment is American-made.

All these facts are legion now. They've been publicized and discussed and exclaimed over since Pearl Harbor. But they were news to some of Young's audience. And yet, they didn't seem to sink in. Surprised comments after the lecture centered around the unique Japanese method of announcing newspaper "extras" rather than around the facts and statistics that Young had cited in an effort to show the Japanese as a completely ruthless people. As a matter of fact, many advanced the opinion that perhaps Young was just a little too "bitter" because, after all, no nation could be so entirely schooled in terroristic techniques.

But Young spent 15 years in Japan and he is a well-accepted authority on that country. His audience's unwillingness to accept his denunciations is a very pointed example of the prevailing Penn State "let's-stick-our-heads-in-the-sand-not-look-at-the-facts" attitude. Isn't it about time that Penn Staters rubbed the sand out of their eyes and woke up to the realization that here are a lot of facts they'd better look in the face if they don't want to break their necks on them?

One Year Later

Starting a year ago as a result of the work of the Civilian Military Committee, the Service Center has continually increased its activities and next month the workers who have given their time to make the Center a success will mark off a year of conscientious effort.

Every activity of the group has been initiated with the servicemen in mind. Getting rooms for visiting parents, arranging jobs for servicemen's wives, mending Army and Navy paraphernalia, the center has come to the rescue of the men constantly.

USO dances have been scheduled for ordinarily dead weekends, and College women have been trained to act as hostesses for the Center activities.

Although it is recognized by the national United Service Organizations, the local service Center is not supported by this group. The College, the Borough Council, and local contributions are responsible for the maintenance of the Center.

Many Air Corps and ASTP students have left the campus recently and at present the Center finds its clientele considerably cut down. However, for the men who remain and for those who will come this year, the Service Center will continue its activities with the same enthusiasm that was in back of this first year's enterprises. S.F.R.

Collegiate Review

A few nights ago a coed was sleeping peacefully when one of her roommates dashed in and screamed for her to follow. Thinking it was at least a three-alarm fire or murder, she dragged her body out of bed and hurried to her room to see—the moon.

"The Indiana Daily Student"

Heading for the definitely non-feminine OCS at Fort Benning recently was a group of ex-University men in the AST-ROTC, one of whom was evidently worried about keeping his hand in with the fairer sex. At any rate his one choice of reading material consisted of a copy of "The Woman's Home Companion."

"The Daily Californian"

Required Courses:
English (3 hours) Lesson one.
Incorrect: Shall US take a taxi, dear?
Correct: Shall us walk, Snooks?
Lesson two

Incorrect: May ME kiss you?
Correct: Hunh, hunh, hunh? (Smack) Hunh, hunh, hunh!

Lesson three
Incorrect: Dad, may I have \$5? We are having a prom . . .

Correct: Dear Dad, my new English course requires a new \$5 text book.

Grade?
Anyhow, you've learned a lot.
Math (1 hour)

Home assignment
Solve this problem. Night club bill.

2 cokes
2 hamburgers
2 straws

\$6.65

(Hint: Let x equal your wallet and \$ equal your check. Thus x minus \$ equals 0)

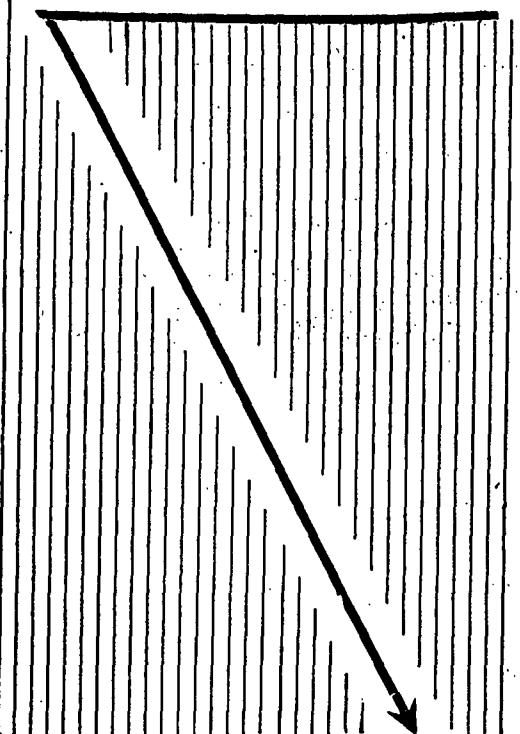
Grade?
Same as answer to problem . . .
Child Psychology (1 easy lesson.)
"Come here, Junior." Slap!
Summary.
Glimpses of Shakespeare
"I seen him. He went that way."

Electives
(Grades vary with how hard you can fan the prof; only alternative is to bring him ice cream.)
Economics (1 hour)

Class discussion
Certify validity of math assignment plus \$2.00 government tax.

Grade?
Or were you always a Republican?
"Boston University News"

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
unusual



"These are my house guests, Mr. Ferguson. I just want you to know that we're not hoarding food."

Buzzing The Field

Today we drop the role of society reporter and assume the air of a commentator. The following was prompted by a bit of nostalgia in print, written by a coed in a campus publication a few months back concerning the Penn State that was.

In her reminiscing the writer asked her readers, also coeds, such questions as: "Can you remember how the beribboned female frosh trooped down every Sandwich hour to meet with the opposite sex?"; and "Can you think back to all the bridge games you played down there, to all the hours you spent gabbing, and all the romances that started and ended down there?"; and "Surely, you smile when you think of all the swimming parties at Whipple's, with more beer than swimming?"; etc., etc. And at the end of the story the writer asked her readers to "Just remember and repeat them so that nobody ever forgets—ever! And so that some day State will again be the State we loved best."

It was quite a picture of bygone Joe College days the writer gave, and it brought back fond memories to us. Much the same situation used to prevail at our own Alma Mater, the University of Michigan, so we know something of what she was talking about. Therefore, we seriously question whether, in the light of what has happened since the "good old days," a return to things "giddy and gay and collegiate" is desirable or at all possible.

And why? Well, the war has everything to do with it. When the fighting is over, and student bodies become all-civilian again, Penn State and Michigan and all the rest of America's colleges and universities just won't be the same, because the new generation of students won't be the same. There will be veterans who had to leave school before graduation; there will be new freshman classes who lived through a war and a peace conference; finally, there will be a large group of veterans who may be going to college for the first time and who will be having their expenses paid by the government as a small token of their service to the nation.

The last group will be created by what is known as the "GI Bill of Rights," which the Senate passed last Saturday by an overwhelming majority, and which the House of Representatives is expected to pass this week by a similar top-heavy vote. Under the bill's educational provisions, any soldier, sailor, or Marine, or WAC, WAVE, SPAR, or woman Marine who was honorably discharged after six months or more of service will be eligible for educational training in schools including colleges, universities, and professional schools for at least a year. In some cases the government will keep a veteran in school for four years.

We think the veterans will be the decisive factor in determining the temper of the new-college life. They will be more acutely conscious than any other group that something must have been tragically wrong with the world that we should have to fight two devastating wars in the space of thirty years. They will know that education is the answer to future peace; their purpose as college and university students will be fixed and always in sight.

Yes, there will continue to be frosh days and hops and proms at Penn State and at Michigan after the war. And the Skellar, of State College, and the Pretzel Bell, of Ann Arbor, will doubtless continue their former volume of business. But college life will never again be "serene and slightly dizzy"—the boys and girls who fought for the "brave new world" will be aware that times have changed.

