

# THE COLLEGIAN

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.

**Editor-in-Chief**  
Lee H. Learner

**Business Manager**  
Rosalind Becker

**Advertising Manager**  
Herbert Hasson

**Managing Editor**  
Serene F. Rosenberg

**Senior Editorial Board:**

Service Editor—Rita M. Belfonti  
Feature Editor—M. Jane McChesney  
Sports Editors—Arthur P. Miller, Rembrandt C. Robinson.  
Editorial Assistants—Helen V. Hatton, Emil A. Kubek, Bernard Cutler.

Reporters—Nancy Carastro, Peggie Weaver, Betsy Merkle, Victor Danilov, Ruth Constad, Gertrude Lawatsch.  
Junior Advertising Board—Betty Federman, Bernice Fineberg, Elaine Miller, Kitty Vogel.

**Staff This Issue**

Managing Editor—Helen Hatton  
Assistant Managing Editor—Emil Kubek  
News Editor—Victor Danilov  
Sports Editor—Rembrandt C. Robinson  
Assistant Advertising Manager—Bernice Fineberg  
Assistant—Woolene Bell, Barbara Ingraham, Marian Johnson, Lynette Lundquist, Gloria Nerenberg, Jacqueline Slocum, Fay Young

Friday, April 28, 1944

All editorials represent the opinions of the writer whose initials are signed to it, and not the opinion of the corporate Collegian staff. Unsigned editorials are by the editor.

## Lip Service Or . . .

Last summer a Collegian editorial writer, skating on rather thin ice, criticized All-College Cabinet for its failure to take any action on many of the important issues concerning wartime college students. Since that time, Cabinet has attempted to take such action, but without too much success.

Their failure has not been due to a lack of initiative or understanding, but rather because Cabinet representation has been far too limited to provide the number of people necessary to put things across.

The proposal to give a vote on Cabinet to various student councils and other organizations on campus has the potentialities to remedy the situation.

When the All-College constitution was revised last year, the number of Cabinet representatives who had a vote was reduced from 28 to 12. This was done mainly because the committee working on the constitution felt that student activities for the duration would be curtailed to such an extent that a more streamlined Cabinet could handle things more efficiently.

What that committee failed to realize was that, although the conventional student activities might be curtailed, there would be an infinite number of other projects that would demand the time and effort of the student body . . . projects such as War Fund Drives, War Bond Drives, and Red Cross Drives . . . projects which have been grossly neglected by Penn State students, in comparison with the work that other colleges have done along these lines. Much as Cabinet might have wanted to aid in these projects, they could do little more than pay lip service to them because none of the representatives had any organized group backing him to which he could turn for help on any assignment which Cabinet's chairman might give him.

The pros and cons of the council vote issue were debated at Cabinet's latest and most heated session. Many seemed dubious as to whether a more representative Cabinet could in any way facilitate the running of campus activities. However, that is a relatively unimportant point. What is important is that a more representative Cabinet would be better able to organize, publicize, and canvass for all of the nation-wide projects, such as the Fifth War Bond Drive which is coming up soon.

And for those who are afraid that passing the pending proposal would "pave the way for innumerable small and comparatively unimportant campus groups to petition for a vote on Cabinet," there is an easy way to allay their fears. A committee is now working on standards which any group which desires a vote must measure up to. The provision would be incorporated into these standards that any group being given representation on Cabinet must have the facilities, and the willingness, to cooperate and fulfill its obligations on any project to which it might be assigned. If a group failed to cooperate, this failure could be investigated by a student-faculty committee and, on their recommendation and a three-fourths vote from Cabinet, that group would lose its representation.

It's as easy as that, if Cabinet is really sincere and wants to turn its lip service into war service.

## Collegiate Review

The muddy brows of the sophomores were lowered when a group of brawny freshmen tugged and fought their way to an overwhelming brawl victory in the annual tug-o-war at the University of California:

John Towle, tax assessor, thought he knew all the answers, but one of his citizens stumped him. One of the questions on the assessment blank: "Nature of taxpayer."

The answer: "Very mean."

—The Indiana Daily Student

Exams begin this week. Probably no student needs to be reminded of that fact, but some fail to realize that quiet hours for the rest of the term are not a baneful rule but an absolute necessity. The system of half-hearted observance of quiet hours will not work now.

—Editorial, Daily Orange

Did someone drop that pin?

Every week we say to ourselves, "No, no, Chester Gould can't think of anything more diabolical and horrible than what he had last." Yet he does. A criminal doesn't just die a nice, clean, ordinary death in the electric chair or in the lethal chamber, he has to be pelted with bullets, burned to a crisp, or strangled with wire. Bee-Bee Eyes was caught in the cross-fire of a gun battle, while Mrs. Pruneface, too, passed out of the strip in a gruesome manner.

What we wonder now is, will Flattop go soft? Will he merely be sentenced to death? Or will he escape and find himself in a corner trapped between Tracy on one hand and the police on the other, while above him workmen carelessly drop a huge stone which will crush him to the pavement—that, we feel, would be too good for him after what he's done to our buddy, Vitamin Flint-heart.

—Southern California Trojan

It takes a college education for an observation like that! Oh! Well!

Mother: What? A twenty-page letter from that soldier of yours at camp. What did he say?

Daughter: He loves me.

—South Carolina Gamecock

Cleveland debutantes have solved the manpower shortage.

A group of Notre Dame fathers gallantly escorted their daughters to a recent South Euclid college prom.

The girls readily admitted they invited their dads because of the current lack of eligible young men, but added hastily that their fathers were fine dancers and made excellent escorts.

—Associated Collegiate Press

## Campuseer

By BOB KIMMEL

Now that there is another mass departure imminent from the campus this Spring, the voices are again beginning to be heard urging another "LAST BIG WEEKEND." Ever since the winter the war began, there have been LAST BIG WEEKENDS, at least one a semester, and sometimes two. This week from one who signs himself . . . "1-A in the Army" . . . comes an impassioned plea for Collegian to support the LAST BIG WEEKEND for this term.

The arguments are the same as usual, concluding with the thought that this will provide the boys about to go overseas with a lasting memory they can cherish. Perhaps it would. But at the same time, back when these last-ditch affairs started, no intelligent policy was laid down, so that each successive one has been more or less of a catch-as-catch-can affair. The Winter Ball was never supposed to have happened, but it did, mostly through the persistence of one man, Les Stine, now in the armed services, who refused to take no for an answer. Now the problem has arisen again. And no doubt it will arise each semester as long as the war continues.

There is nothing wrong with the idea of having a Big Weekend. As long as there are enough eligible males around to provide a sufficient number of escorts, so that the financial committee doesn't need to break out the red ink or dip into inter-class funds to foot a deficit (we don't know if this is permissible or not) there is no reason why there should not be this kind of entertainment and recreation.

But . . . here it comes . . . we want to qualify that last statement. In one issue of the Penn State Engineer there was a short paragraph about conditions at another college. It said that dances were continuing as usual, and balls and proms were on the social calendar. The author went on to say, however, that the proceeds from these affairs were put into a "Bomber Scholarship Fund" for the benefit of returning soldiers. In this way, the students at Michigan, which was the college in question, are having as many dances as conditions will permit, and at the same time are supporting a worthy cause.

A similar scholarship fund may not be the answer for us at Penn State, but we do need a purpose other than one of merely entertainment. Student apathy has been notorious during the War Bond Drives and the Red Cross Drive. The showing is pathetic when the amount of money spent during a big weekend is considered.

What is needed is some positive action by the student leaders to establish once and for all a definite policy on these affairs. If there are to be more of them, there should be set up a procedure to be followed in the future, and the necessary steps taken to insure their success.

And with this thought, dear reader, we leave to you whether we are to have a LAST BIG WEEKEND. We will if someone gets busy and does a whole pile of work very soon.

## Buzzing The Field

with Roger

Books about fliers . . . SHORE LEAVE, by Frederic Wakeman, New York: Farrar and Rinehart.

Crewson knew what he wanted when he came back from the Pacific battle zone. As he told his three fellow Navy fliers on the flight from Pearl Harbor to San Francisco: "First we all go to the St. Mark and take a suite. Then we call for room service. Then we drink. Then we go out and collect some women."

There were four of them—Crewson, the P-Boat Pilot, Mac and Mississip, all pilots—returning to the States for a medical survey to determine their fitness for return to combat. Crewson, the stand-out of the four, was typical; he had seen service on aircraft carriers at Midway, the Coral Sea, the Marshalls and Gilberts; and Santa Cruz; land service with the Marines at Guadalcanal; awarded two Navy Crosses and the DFC; recovering from malaria and amoebic dysentery; flesh burn scars on left hand and arm.

Before reporting to the Naval hospital at San Diego they had a "shore leave." The story is told by an Intelligence officer—probably Wakeman—who was also making the trip back from the Pacific. He missed the first day of their shore leave, but caught up with them in their suite at the St. Mark where the party was raging. The suite was "din and smoke and confusion"; its chief characteristics, "women, then fliers, then waiters with drinks and trays."

The book is chiefly about Crewson and a "Junior Leaguer" named Gwynneth Livingston. After several days at the St. Mark the author takes you cross country to New York, where you meet Crewson's wife and family. But, fortunately, you are soon back at the suite, high in the clouds; for more

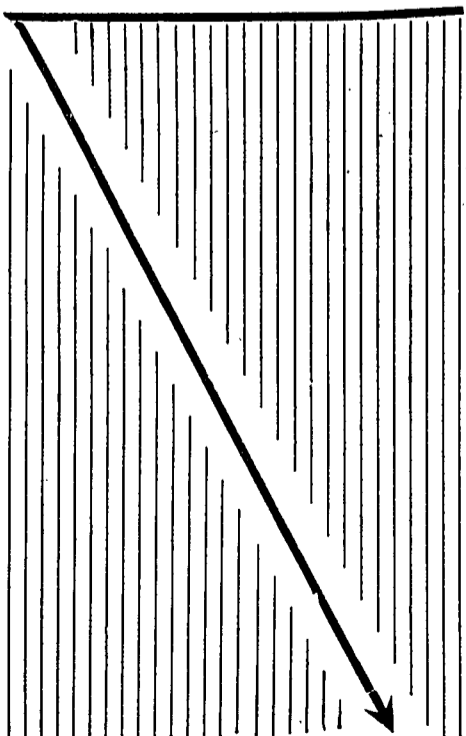
of the exploits of the memorable Crewson.

SHORE LEAVE is an entertaining sojourn with five fighting men. But actually it is more pathetic than funny. It is the story of the emotional let-down suffered by men who have been through the hell of combat when they find themselves back in the peace and dignity of home. And yet they aren't home, for, as Wakeman says, "I realized then that the war had taken something out of me—that it had destroyed most of my relationships with the past."

Another example of the terrific emotional strain is the suite at the St. Mark on the "morning after": "There was a feeling in this room you didn't get in ordinary morning-after rooms. It was the feeling that all the people who had soiled this room were racing their super-charged lives at top speed . . . that today is today and when it dribbles off into yesterday nothing can bring it back . . . those old musty virtues that in other days seemed to have goodness, truth, and even beauty; to hell with them now, the room said."

The four fliers are heroes, but not the Hollywood type of hero. They are too ill and tired from living with death. They aren't itching for "another crack at them"; as Crewson said: "Good God. Anybody who likes malaria, amoebic dysentery and getting shot at must be crazy." They don't seem impressed by the Four Freedoms of the United Nations. Their reason for fighting is better expressed by the P-Boat Pilot: "Would a young man be an accountant in Des Moines, Iowa, when he can be out there doing things the whole world is looking at, and his side is cheering him on? It's an ideal spot to show off."

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner  
unusual