

THE COLLEGIAN

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887.

Editor-in-Chief
Lee H. Learner

Business Manager
Rosalind Becker

Advertising Manager
Herbert Hasson

Managing Editor
Serene F. Rosenberg

Member
Associated Collegiate Press
Distributor of
Collegiate Digest

Senior Editorial Board:
Service Editor — Rita M. Belfonti
Feature Editor — M. Jane McChesney
Sports Editors — Arthur P. Miller, Rembrandt C. Robinson
Editorial Assistants — Helen Hutton, Emil Kubek, Bernard Cutler, Nancy Carastro, Victor Danilov.

Reporters — Peggie Weaver, Gertrude Lawatsch, Ruth Constat
Junior Advertising Board — Betty Federman, Bernice Fineberg, Elaine Miller, Kitty Vogel.

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 8, 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.

Staff This Issue
Managing Editor — Emil A. Kubek
Assistant Managing Editor — Seymour L. Barash
News Editor — Peggie Weaver
Sports Editor — Rembrandt C. Robinson
Assistant Advertising Manager — Elaine Miller
News Assistants — Woodene Bell, Barbara Ingraham, Lynette Lundquist, Gerry Marley, Gloria Nerenberg, Fay Young.

Friday, May 12, 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.

Another Solution

Various suggestions have been offered from time to time as solutions to the problem of how to curb the fevered activity of campus politicians. Needless to say, these suggestions have been highly uncomplimentary and rather impracticable.

However, a much more plausible solution for redirecting into useful channels the excess energy of collegiate politics was brought to mind by Louis Fischer in his lecture last week when he said that, "Politics will be the breakfast, lunch and dinner of the American people after the war — more young men and women should go into politics."

Fischer's statement on the tremendous importance that politics will assume in the post-war world brings up the old point of how few people are interested in, or qualified to take part in, politics. An obvious remedy to this oft-moaned over situation would be to train more young people to take an active interest in political affairs. And what better training ground than college? Not college politics, however, but rather national politics.

Before doubting Thomases say it can't be done, they might read the following, which was printed as a letter to the editor in PM, and which proves that it can be, and has been, done.

"The sad state of affairs in the present Congress has prompted even the heretofore disinterested youth of our country to unite in an effort to select a truly representative legislative body in the coming elections.

"We think it may interest PM's readers to know that the student Democrats at the University of Colorado have formed a Young Democrats Organization with this purpose in mind. Students on other campuses have organized similar groups.

"Our interests do not stop with the next elections, however. With the influence we possess, which has already been felt by the Democratic Party, we intend to see that the interests of the common people, of the minorities, and of the war effort are furthered instead of hindered.

"With more organizations like this, the influence on future politics could be great. Liberal-minded youth must realize the possibilities."

Why not a Young Democrats Organization and a Young Republicans Organization at Penn State? It could be done if "liberal-minded youth" would wake up to the possibilities. And it should be done — because it would prove that the "heretofore disinterested youth" on this campus were finally sticking their heads out of their ivory towers where Campus vs. Independent, and Key vs. Lion were formerly the be-all and end-all in their lives.

Collegiate Review

A map-reading course was begun for the A. S. T. P. pre-professional students Monday, incorporating in the opening lessons a huge pin-up of Betty Grable marked as a topographical map to help the soldiers in "contour" map reading.

Students have been picked to deliver the map lectures. The men are taught in platoons. The course is to be conducted for six weeks.

"Temple University News"

"C'est la guerre," moaned a Californian as he wearily stumbled out of one of the local eateries, discouraged with life in general and a certain waitress in particular.

This Californian had invited five of his best girl friends to dine with him. Needless to say the women, all BWOC's, were delighted and even willing to accept the fact that they had to split his charming company five ways.

(The war has brought many changes.)

"The Daily Californian"

Nine-o'clockers as they reached blindly for a Daily Orange published by Syracuse University, stopped aghast at what they saw. There lay the evidence; but who had done it? — A new freshman? A gremlin? Or a conscience-stricken poli-sci major? Yes, it did say Three Cents, but . . . tuition . . . ? There on the pile of freshly printed Daily Oranges lay three bright pennies?

In Camp Beale, California, a Topkick, saturated with the elevated vocabulary of the new Army, posted the following notice on the bulletin board:

"Men, I know six o'clock is a little early to fall out, but it has to be done. If you men will play ball with me — I'll play ball with you."

A pencil notation soon appeared on the notice. "We'd like to cooperate, Sarge, but six o'clock in the morning is a hell of a time to play ball."

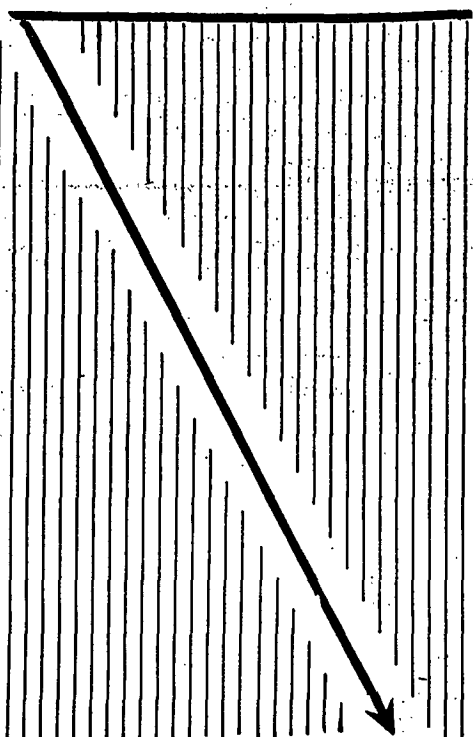
"All freshmen who obey the rules will keep their hair," Pete Schultz, sophomore class council member, University of California, commented on the collection of hair strewn at the base of Eshleman steps yesterday afternoon.

In a quick reprisal for bold frosh actions over the weekend, the sophomore Vigilantes banded together near South Hall to clip the scalps of six prominent freshman ringleaders and apply lip-stick crosses to their faces.

When interested spectators came running out of Eshleman Hall, one freshman wriggled through the crowd and ran up toward Faculty glade. The Vigilantes, giving a few quick finishing touches to the scalps already in captivity, picked up their scissors and gave chase to the culprit.

And Penn State frosh complain. For shame!

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner
unusual

Campuseer

By BOB KIMMEL

Several of our staunch supporters and readers have asked us why we don't expose the situation concerning the honoraries and secret societies. We replied that we didn't know enough about the whole thing and didn't care to go to any great lengths to find out what the boys are up to. All we know is what we hear and sometimes that information is not too reliable. However, we do know that we have seen pins on shirts belonging to relatively obscure persons which would lead us to believe that they have been recognized as "outstanding student leaders."

But the recognition in this case would seem to lie in whom they know rather than what they have accomplished. We have long since recognized the fact that in order to be one of the boys it is necessary not to speak out of turn, and to scratch the right backs.

Obnoxious - - - -

Just this past semester we've bumped into a character who is out to be a BMOC or bust. To date, his accomplishments include being defeated for a freshman office and membership in the PSCA Freshman Commission. But with nothing more than this to build on, the boy is going to be a long way from fame if he doesn't get out and get on the ball. But what will probably hold him down is his air of "knowingness" which he assumes when conversing with some of the boys who are not so fortunate as to know the leaders of the people. What probably irked us most was the proud manner in which he interjected the statement that "I haven't read a newspaper since I came up here" into a discussion on the sedition trials now going on in Washington. But we won't run the poor guy into the ground any further, for without any help from us, he is making his own progress difficult.

The only reason we brought up the whole subject is to point out that when you really do meet a leader of the people, he is usually the last one to mention it. So beware when someone starts blowing his own horn. The sound is intended to cover a deficiency somewhere.

Two Other Places - - - -

Jim Bell has been working very hard on his pet project to turn the Armory into something resembling the old Sandwich Shop. A few days ago he had a crucial committee meeting on the subject, and then forgot to go.

In Other Days - - - -

A notice in the paper last week that the annual All-College Circus was being replaced by a co-rec evening brought to mind the first circus we saw when we were freshmen. Gene Wettstone was one of the moving spirits. The atmosphere in Rec Hall was transformed to resemble that of the big top, and there were trapezes, and spotlights, and a band playing circus music, but no sawdust. There were clowns and dancers and tumblers. What probably impressed us most of all at that first circus was the number done by Jessie Cameron's girls dressed in their body-building suits. They were the nearest thing to the Rockettes we've seen outside Radio City. We mean they were positively terrific.

The gym tea took over for part of the program, and there were four coeds who did an act on the trapeze. One of the children's dance groups from town put on a couple of pageant numbers, and in between there were fraternity skits with a big silver cup for the best one, and the boys went to lots of trouble to see that their acts were elaborate and entertaining. We don't remember if it was the first circus or not, but we do know that one year there was a queen who with her partner did a ballroom dance act that was polished.

Near the end of the performance, a model, usually from the varsity team, appeared in the appropriate costume representing each sport at Penn State. And as we remarked last week, about the only thing missing was polo.

One year that it was put on, there were mobs of high school kids in town for a convention, and of course, all were at the circus. They nearly fell out of the balcony, and no doubt more than one prospective student was sold on Penn State that night. Looking back, the circuses seem to us to have been one of the brighter spots on the social calendar, and we hope that some day they will be so again.

We, The Women

Vignette

They came out of the movies and strolled up College avenue, hand in hand.

"Good show," he said. "You seemed to get a bang out of it."

"Darling, don't make cracks at my crying in movies," she said. "Pictures like this one just naturally make me sad."

"God, these war pictures do make you think. Look what those guys are giving up out there, and we don't even realize it."

"It's awful, isn't it?" she answered. "Oh, let's go into the Corner Room. Isn't Sonny Tufts wonderful?"

He was persistent as they entered the Corner Room. "To hell with Sonny Tufts. Think of all of us here at college, not doing a thing but playing around, and a couple million guys overseas doing everything in this war."

"Uh-huh," she said. "Let's sit

here. I think I'll have a chocolate marshmallow sundae."

"So," he went on, "anything that can jar us out of our placid little rut here is a darn good thing. We're lucky we're getting a little jar, like a movie, instead of a big one, like an air raid."

"Darling, you've been getting so morbid lately." She smiled at him across the table. "But I'll admit it was a marvelous movie. I'm sort of glad I cut surgical dressings class to go."

—G.L.

Officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority with headquarters at Knoxville were on campus Wednesday to inspect the results of the farm electrification research of Prof. J. E. Nicholas. They were interested in the possibility of adapting the experiments for use in the territory served by the authority.