

Cassie Writes . . .

Dear Brutus,
 Have you ever felt that you were not getting the most out of life? Well, that is how I was feeling earlier this week. I had been thinking that this matter of living alone is not all it is said to be. I was lonely and was feeling the need for friendship and companionship. As if in answer to my prayers, returning home I found an engraved invitation which informed me that the Better Data Theta sorority would not be surprised at my presence at an informal tea that very afternoon.

Naturally, I was delighted at this invitation. All my life I had wanted to join a sorority, and Better Data Theta is one of the very best. Its women are noted for their manners, demureness, and the spirited way in which they use judo to clear out their parlor at one o'clock.

Cassie Gets Cleaned Up

Without any further ado, I plumped myself right in my bubble-bath and began smearing my face with some loathesome concoction. Because it was to be an informal affair, I decided not to use much make-up—only lipstick, rouge, powder-base, face powder, eyebrow pencil, mascara, eye shadow, and a dash of my favorite perfume, "Night in an Opium Joint."

The problem of what to wear puzzled me for a long time. To get just the right touch of informality, I decided on a black, chiffon blouse and a pair of dungarees. I didn't wear any shoes because they are passe at college, you know. Before leaving for the tea, I ripped out the "Zluppe Bros. Klassy Klothes, Plotzville" label on the coat and sewed on one from "Saks, Fifth Avenue" instead. I knew that the girls would never stoop to looking at the labels on my clothes, but, oh well, why take chances?

Girls Engage In Favorite Sport

As I walked up to the sorority house, the home of the Data Thetas, or D.T.s for short, adroitly avoiding the man-traps on the lawn, I thought how clever, how popular, how accomplished these lucky girls must be. I became convinced of this fact when in response to my knock, a sister, Beulah Blockbuster by name, appeared and removed my coat, looked at the label, bade me welcome, and picked my pocket, all at the same time. Entering the lounge I came upon a dramatic sorority ritual. All the sisters were on their hands and knees on the floor watching a pair of dancing white cubes, and chanting in unison, "Come seven. Baby needs a new pair of shoes."

When the crap game broke up (I made eleven straight passes) we sat around discussing men, campus politics, men, clothes, men, dates, and men.

"Those Crummy Baka Pi's"

Next we had a round table discussion where the history of this sorority and others on campus were dwelt upon at length. The sisters made an honest attempt to be fair in dishing out the salacious details about "Those damn Kappa Goonas" and "Those crummy Baka Pi's." I learned that a chapter of the D.T.s had been founded by a God of drink Bacchus far as the early Grecian period.

How I escaped the clutches of the vicious D.T.s and returned safely home with the sorority jewels secreted in my purse is a story for another day.

Your pal,
 CASSIE

P.S.—Can you lend me five bucks? I simply must have my hair done this week.

THE COLLEGIAN

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EVERYBODY - SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL!



Editorial

'Uncle Sam Needs You!'

"Uncle Sam needs YOU!" Latest reports out of Washington say that the United States will need hundreds of thousands of women recruits in the armed forces by the end of this year.

The French invasion, the Italian battlefield, and the Pacific campaign have put heavy drains upon American manpower resources. To relieve able-bodied men from non-combat positions, military and naval leaders have issued a call to the women of America — "Uncle Sam needs YOU!"

Replacements Needed

Enlistments have dwindled while the need for replacements has become more acute. When the WAC and the WAVES fail to meet their quotas the women of America fail with them. This is a war of manpower and women-power. We cannot achieve a quick victory when one group does not give its full support to the other.

The Army set out to enroll 150,000 women on September 1, 1942, and later boosted the goal to 300,000. But in one year it was able to obtain only 65,000, or one-fifth of that number. The WACs aren't alone. On their first anniversary the WAVES had only 27,000 women, while the SPARs had about 4,500 and the Marines a few thousand more.

Naturally, the number of women in service has increased since the above figures were released, but the rate of increase is far below expectations. Just this spring General George C. Marshall said that the Army would need 100,000 more WACs. And the Navy department announced that 40,000 more WAVES must be recruited this year.

Extensive recruiting drives have been put on by both branches of the service during the past month. The result was only a fair response on the part of the women. Army and Navy officials were greatly disappointed when only a few Penn State students took advantage of the WAC recruiting station down on Allen street and the two-day stand of the WAVES at the Nittany Lion Inn.

Capt. T. T. Petterson, director of Naval Officer Procurement in this district, has stated, "There is a real need for more and more WAVES. It is certainly no secret that victory in any war goes to the side which has the greatest reserve power. The enemy in this

war is losing ground on every front because he has used up his reserve strength.

"In this country the reserve of strength is our womenpower. As a vital part of our reserve force the WAVES are making an important and vital direct contribution to victory. We need 40,000 more of them and we need them at once. We urge all eligible girls to join."

Nearly 100 Coeds Enlist

Since enlistment of women began, approximately 100 Penn State women have answered the call. The majority of the women have entered the WAVES, although a large number also enrolled in the WAC, SPAR, and Marines.

Requirements for enlistment in any of the services are easily met by the average college coed. She must be at least 20 years old, possess good health, and have good character. There are also a few other qualifications that are mere formalities.

Upon entering the WAC a person may choose the branch of service for which she is best qualified, one of 239 different jobs in the WAC, and the station to which she wants to be assigned. There is also a system similar to this in the WAVES.

Release Men for Combat

A foreign correspondent, Leland Stowe, said in an article, that women should enlist to shorten the war by releasing men for combat, and by inspiring them; that they can thereby prove to the world their worth and their patriotism.

Stowe also asserted, "Another reason American women should go to war is that they enjoy more rights and privileges than any other women in the world."

General Dwight E. Eisenhower remarked just before the Normandy invasion that he would need 5,000 additional WACs and that those he had were "doing a stunning job."

And the late Secretary of Navy Frank Knox said shortly before he died, "There are many ways that you can work for victory. But right now, can you honestly say, 'I'm doing all I can to help my Country win this war?'" — VJD

Penn State Club will initiate 15 new members in the club room at 321 Old Main, Tuesday.

Lion Tales . . .

"The Pacific Ocean no longer is pacific." The constant roar of artillery fire, the incessant thunder of aerial bombardment, and the unflagging sound of mechanized forces on the move have changed the once-peaceful Pacific into an ocean of blood, according to Privates Del Elder and Gordon Bronson, Marine veterans now stationed at the College.

The two men, who have seen action at Rabaul, Bougainville, Vella Lavella, and other outposts in the Pacific Theatre of War, are now receiving instruction with the V-12 unit at the College after a year of overseas duty.

Elder And Bronson Trained Together

Elder and Bronson trained together at Paris Island and Grove City College. However, it wasn't until they were transferred to Corpus Christi, Tex., that they really got to know each other. Then they were separated. Elder was sent to San Diego, Calif., where he was shipped to Hawaii, while Bronson went directly to the Fiji Islands. Later Elder joined Bronson at Espiritu Santo, part of the New Herbrides Islands north-east of Australia.

Elder was known as Staff Sgt. Del Elder, and Bronson was Radio Gunner Gordon Bronson. The former had been to radar school and thus became attached to the ground forces. Bronson took to the air and became the third man in a Vega Ventura bomber.

Staff Sgt. Elder was in the invasion army that took Vella Lavella, one of the many islands in the Solomons. While going ashore Elder's LST was strafed and bombed by Japanese planes. At the same time machine guns and other arms opened fire on the beaches from hidden positions.

Americans Mop Up Remaining Japs

American blood began to run and Elder saw his friends go down beside him. However, the Marines kept pouring ashore until the main part of the island was in Allied hands. Then began the mopping up operations against the remaining Japs on Vella Lavella. Elder in the meantime had set up his radio and radar stations on the beach-head.

Bronson's airplane, "Eight Ball," was one of the aircraft providing cover for the invasion of Bougainville at the time of the Vella Lavella occupation.

On one of his more exciting raids, Radio Gunner Bronson said the pilot pushed the wrong button while the plane was over Jap territory. Instead of pushing the bomb release, the pilot touched the button which fired the machine guns. Everyone was amazed—presumably even the Japs because they stopped shooting as soon as "Eight Ball's" guns opened up.

Afterwards, when the Commanding Officer asked if they were interested in going to college, Elder and Bronson replied, "Sure." So their papers were okayed and they returned to the United States by Clipper . . . eventually winding up at Penn State.

ALWAYS . . .

The Corner

unusual