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Building Boom

Welcome back to Penn State. Alumni! Consternation at the sight of the College's third major building boom in modern times, and its attendant "desecration of our lovely campus," destruction of vistas and the closing-in of buildings, is probably struggling for emotional supremacy among many of you.

It has been ever thus among the unrealistic sentimentalists, be they alumni, students, faculty members, administrative officials or trustees. It probably always will be.

How about it, you old-timers? Remember the hues and cries when Central Library, Sparks and Burrows began to "clutter up" the north end of the campus? Now this northern end of the mall is one of the most attractive sections of the entire campus.

In the light of the College's responsibility to the tax-paying citizens of the Commonwealth to provide a means of low-cost higher education to its sons and daughters, planned expansion must appear as a necessity, not a disaster.

Just suppose that none of the buildings of the last decade had been erected. Where would Penn State be today without Electrical Engineering Building, Osmond Lab (nee New Physics), Forestry, Ag Engineering, Atherton Hall or White Hall?

Many of the present students—perhaps your children, or younger brother and sister—could not have matriculated for lack of facilities. This post-war program, still far short of its necessary proportions, will help provide space for descendants of today's student body.

Let us, then, cheer the Diesel shovel, thrill to the rhythm of the riveter's hammer as a bigger and better Penn State of tomorrow unfolds around us.

It would require an extremely hard-shelled dreamer to deny that the new buildings are far more attractive than the pre-1920 eyesores. Obviously, today's supercrowded conditions would prohibit the razing of even the most antiquated relic until a new structure has been raised to replace it.

So, as any healthy living organism must, let Penn State continue to put forth new cells of life, and eventually increase her beauty by expurgating the deteriorated units.

On Saving Seats

We were sitting in the Beaver Field bleachers last Saturday before the start of the West Virginia game when something hit us smack in the face.

It was the total unfairness of the almost universal practice of saving seats.

Around us were several empty seats, yet student after student was turned away from them with a curt "These are saved. Sorry." And what made us even more aware of the lack of courtesy involved was the fact that we were saving two ourselves!

Everyone knows that in order to get better seats than those given to the Blue Band one must get to the field no later than 1 o'clock the afternoon of the game. After that time it is difficult to get a seat—any seat.

Apparently there's no solution to the problem. During the spring concerts of the music department in Schwab Auditorium this year an attempt was made to stop the practice, but after a few concerts it was apparent that people would be people, and the old habit resumed.

It would be impossible to establish reserved seats for students because of group attendance and the desire to mix. Besides, there would be the ever-present problem of placing classes according to rank. No method could be devised that could be put into operation without a flood of student criticism.

Voluntary, individual co-operation is the only possible way to alleviate the strain on tempers that is sure to arise every Saturday afternoon when there is a home game.

Remember: Don't save a seat—save someone else's temper.

—Jack Reen.

COLLEGIAN GAZETTE

- Sunday, October 24, 1948
- PI LAMBDA THETA, NE Lounge Atherton, 8 p.m.
- ALPHA RHO OMEGA, 304 Old Main, 7 p.m.
- College Hospital
 - Admitted Thursday: Ray Hedderick, Anthony Shumskas and John Stanford.
 - Discharged Thursday: Alden Amig, Richard Baker, Edwin Hanford, Melvin Breining, Annette Lefkowitz and Cornelia Dreifus.
 - Admitted Friday: George Lukaacs, Olin Simpson and Raymond Shultz.
 - Discharged Friday: Anthony Shumskas, Isabel Graif, Irwin Lindenberg, Royce W. Nix, Raymond Shultz and Jack Watson.
- College Placement
 - Hoover Company, October 27 and 28, eighth semester men from EE and ME.
 - Lukens Steel Co., October 29, eighth semester men from ME and Metallurgy.
 - E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., November 1 to 5, seventh and eighth semester men from Chemistry, Chem Eng, ME and Mining Eng.
 - Proctor & Gamble Co., November 2 and 3, eighth semester men from ME, EE, IE, Chem Eng, Chemistry and Commercial Chemistry.
 - Brown Instrument Co., November 9 and 10, eighth semester men from EE, ME and Physics.
 - Calco Chemical Division of American Cyanamid, November 3, eighth semester men from Chemistry and Chem Eng.

The great American game



In the Land of Jim Crow

By Ray Sprigle

Ray Sprigle, Pulitzer prize-winning reporter and staff member of "The Pittsburgh Post Gazette," recently disguised himself as a Negro and for four weeks "lived black" in the South among his fellow Americans. In a series of twelve articles, beginning today in The Daily Collegian, he presents his findings. Mr. Sprigle has changed the names of persons and places in some instances to protect those involved.

For four endless, crawling weeks I was a Negro in the Deep South.

I ate, slept, traveled, lived black. I lodged in Negro households. I ate in Negro restaurants. I slept in Negro hotels and lodging houses. I crept through the back and side doors of railroad stations. I traveled Jim Crow in buses and trains and street cars and taxicabs. Along with 10,000,000 Negroes I endured the discrimination and oppression and cruelty of the iniquitous Jim Crow system.

It was a strange, new—and for me, uncharted—world that I entered when, in a Jim Crow railroad coach, we rumbled across the Potomac out of Washington. It was a world of which I had no remote conception, despite scores of trips through the South. The world I had known in the South was white. Now I was black, and the world I was to know was as bewildering as if I had been dropped down on the moon.

The towers and turrets of the great cities of the Southland, painted against the falling night, as we rolled along the highways, represented a civilization and an economy completely alien to me and the rest of the black millions in the South.

Questioned Only Twice

Only twice in my month-long sojourn was my status as a black man even remotely questioned. A Negro doctor in Atlanta, to whom I was introduced and with whom I talked briefly, later turned to my Negro companion, who was leading me along the unfamiliar paths of the world of color, and demanded:

"What are you carrying that white man around with you for?" To which my friend replied:

"He says he's a Negro and that's enough for me. Have you found any way of telling who carries Negro blood and who doesn't?" And if the doctor wasn't convinced he was at least silenced.

Another time my membership in the black race was doubted was my own fault. I broke my resolution to keep my mouth shut for a couple of days I was alone in Atlanta, living in the Negro Y.M.C.A. and eating in a small but excellent restaurant. Mrs. Hawk, the proprietress, tangled me in conversation one day—never a difficult task for anyone. So, I talked too much, too fast and too expansively.

A couple of days later she met my friend and remarked:

"That friend of yours—he talks too much to be a Negro. I think he's white."

Detected No Suspicion

But in literally thousands of

contacts with Negroes, from nationally known leaders of the race to share croppers in the cotton rows I was accented as a Negro. I sat for long hours in Negro groups where we discussed everything from Shakespeare to atomic energy and the price of cotton. Neither I nor my companion ever detected any reserve or suspicion that I wasn't just what I pretended to be, a light-skinned Negro from Pittsburgh, down South on a visit. I attended half a dozen Negro meetings, from Y.M.C.A. banquets to political conferences and church gatherings—and was even called upon to speak.

My contacts with whites were few indeed, but here, too, I went unsuspected and unquestioned. Southern whites have long taken the position that when a man says he's black, as far as they are concerned, he is. So the white folks never lifted an eyebrow when I sat in the Jim Crow sections of trains, buses and street cars, drank from the "For Colored" fountains in courthouse and railroad station, ate in Negro restaurants, sat in the "For Colored" sections of rail and bus stations. Rarely is a light or white Negro questioned in the South when he seeks Jim Crow accommodations. Now and then a conductor or policeman will remind a passenger, apparently white, in a Jim Crow coach, or a light-skinned Negro entering a "For Colored" restaurant—"That's for Negroes, you know." But the usual response of "I'm where I belong" ends the matter right there.

He Took Guide

Of course, I realize that if I had tried to make my way through the black South on my own, alone, I would have met with suspicion and rebuff on every hand from blacks and whites alike.

Fortunately, though, I didn't have to go alone into the black world of the South. Walter White, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, took care of that. Out of his vast store of friendships among Negroes North and South he chose a man to lead me through the warrens of the black South.

And if there is any commendation due any one for these chronicles, surely the lion's share must go to that companion of mine. I doubt if there is a man living who knows the South, black and white as he does. We ate, slept, lived and traveled for four weeks. If I learned anything about the life of the Negro it is because he took me to the places, the men

(Continued on page three)

No Monthly Check

What would happen if suddenly your allotment checks, or monthly allowance disappeared? Would you be able to remain in college? There are many men and women students who have never had the benefit of the subsidy to which you are so accustomed.

Have you ever truthfully asked yourself if you could keep up the pace of studies plus whole, or even partial parties? Lost in that happy land of fraternity parties, football games, and the old Saturday night date, it is difficult to realize that someone else is wondering if he or she will be in the school the next week or next month. Yet there are many who struggle valiantly only to be vanquished by the great god Dollar Sign.

Silently they slip from the class lists while your personal cycle of parties, studies, sports and the dependable monthly check goes on.

Admittedly women are the weaker of the race. Partial support for a woman is often a more difficult task than total support for a man. Female employment opportunities are comparatively scanty. A woman cannot work at high paying manual labor during the summer to accumulate a sturdy bulwark against fall and winter expenses.

The Dean Charlotte E. Ray Scholarship was set up in 1946 for the purpose of rescuing worthy women students from financial tangles. It consists of \$100 per year, and is maintained by funds accrued from the annual Mortar Board Carnival, this year renamed "Mardi Gras." The Mardi Gras will be held in Rec Hall on Friday. For the first time fraternities and independent men's groups have been invited to sponsor booths, either alone or in conjunction with a sorority or women's group.

Mortar Board asks for cooperation in making the celebration a success both financially and as an entertainment. Those few hours you spend next week planning your booth will be a step in this direction.

Maybe \$100 hardly seems worth the trouble to you. Maybe you spend that much in a few weeks of partying. But it might be the needed bridge to graduation day for the young lady in your comp class.

—Jo Fox.

The Big Race

Another year—another influx of coeds on campus. Yes, the coeds have done it again. As the weekends come and go, new faces can be seen circulating about the fraternity houses, hot-dogging it in ye old corner room, and causing the green horns of jealousy to pop up on the heads of the junior and senior girls.

How well the "old faithfuls" recall their sophomore days when they too were being sought after. But now they must resign themselves, at least for the time being, to a cheerful smile, a courageous lift to the chin, and weekends of dateless monotony.

Sacrifice is the key word in sororities these days. The actives amuse themselves with forming date bureaus for the benefit of their innocent, wide-eyed pledges, whose duty it is to be seen at the latest social affairs on campus. Can't you just picture the crowd of male admirers that has gathered about Miss Susie Sophomore as she turns from side to side, smiling engagingly, and exposing her newly acquired pledge ribbons for the benefit of her appreciative audience? "Are you affiliated with a sorority?" queries one of the less intelligent young men of the group. That's right, Susie, shake your head yes, smile and let those Greek words that have taken you nights to memorize pour glibly from your lips—and stop right there. Remember, anything you say will be held against your sorority. And while you are being swept off your feet by those handsome men-about-State, the boosters of your popularity are sitting in and concentrating on turning the heels of their argyle socks, secretly cursing their men friends who have found greener pastures.

What is this magnetic charm that casts an aura of temporary insanity about the heads of the male members of this college community with the opening of every fall semester? Can it be that the entrance of the sophomores on campus stimulates the inherent drive of aggressiveness and masculinity on the part of the complacent, easy going men here at State? Is it that new things are always more intriguing and mysterious? Or finally could it be that these new faces about campus will prove to be a novelty that will wear off sooner than unsuspecting Susie Soph thinks? Here's hoping!

—Charlotte Seidman.

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