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War Dead a Memory?

It seems that some people never learn. A recent report from Tokyo by Keyes Beech, foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News Service, states that "in a world choosing up sides for war, American military men are not ignoring the fact that Japan has more than five million men of military age."

It might be interesting to note that this report was published in newspapers from coast to coast, subscribing to the news service, on December 7, exactly seven years after Pearl Harbor.

Can it be that politicians and military men have already forgotten the results of similar planning immediately after World War I? Are the approximately 300,000 American war dead in World War I just vague memories?

Following the Treaty of Versailles and the Bolshevik revolution the Western powers, notably the United States, Great Britain, and Poland tried in vain to restore the pre-war Russian government to power in the Kremlin.

When they realized the Reds could not be unseated from control of the Russian state, leading politicians in both the English-speaking states decided to help Germany to industrial and military recovery in the hope the revived Reich would act as a buffer between themselves and the new Communist goliath.

Their plans were realized so well that just 20 years after the Kaiser's generals laid down their arms the Third Reich had built up the most gigantic military machine known to man. Spearheaded by fanatics like Hitler, Goering, and Goebbels this Frankenstein monster turned on its creators and came within a whisper of destroying them.

Despite this tragic lesson, top American minds, particularly in the military, seem to be about to adopt the same program in regard to Japan. In other words they want to revive Japanese industry and rearm the Sons of Nippon so they can act as allies when (not if) we fight Russia.

Certain quotes from Mr. Beech's article may throw even more light on this tragic state of affairs. "... military realists are less concerned with the fact that Japan's constitution renounces war than they are with Japan's military potential," the news report states.

"More than one high-ranking American officer has privately expressed a wish to command Japanese troops in combat," it goes on. Combat against whom? There is only one other nation (Russia) in the world that could possibly wage war against the United States. The answer appears pretty obvious.

And like the Germans of the post-Versailles era, the Japanese today realize their one hope of recovery is to side with the United States in a war against Soviet Russia. "... Japanese of all classes like to think that America needs them as an ally against Russia," Beech continues.

Claims that we wouldn't make the same mistake again seem to be well founded. We don't want to rearm the Germans this time—no, this time it's the Japs!

—Wilbert Roth.

Not Militant

Yesterday pickets appeared in front of several downtown barber shops, bearing signs that said "Jim Crow must go!" These pickets are not militant prisoners or underdogs. They are students at the College whose only reason for picketing is that they feel strongly against Jim Crow. They don't like it, and they are doing what they can to fight it in State College.

The pickets are protesting publicly against an undemocratic system that creates second class citizens, second class students, second class Penn Staters.

As far as we are concerned, there is no such thing. And we, as fellow students, will let the barbers know that we will not have "second class Penn Staters."

This afternoon, the local chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which is behind the boycott and picketing, is holding a mass meeting on the front steps of Old Main, at 2 o'clock.

NAACP solicits the support and help of all interested students and townspeople. If you are concerned about discrimination in State College, if you don't like it either, then come to the mass meeting this afternoon and show your feelings.

Picket lines are something new in State College. Let's see the project through, and inject something new in State College—equality for everyone, regardless of color.

—Betty Gibbons.

The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887

Published Tuesday through Saturday mornings inclusive during the College year by the staff of The Daily Collegian of The Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second class matter July 5, 1934 at the State College, Pa., Post Office under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions—\$2 a semester, \$4 the school year. Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Madison Ave., New York, N.Y., Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Business Manager Vance C. Klepper

STAFF THIS ISSUE: Managing Editor Ray Benfer, News Editor John Ashbrook, Copy Editor Dot Hunsberger, Assistants Gloria Isenberg, Shirley Austin, L. Dean Giffeller, Advertising Manager Martin Weaver, Assistant Mark Arnold.

'Careful, Uncle—he bites'



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. This is the last of a series of twelve articles in which he presents his findings. Mr. Sprigle has changed the names of persons and places in some instances to protect those involved.

All my life I've regarded Eliza's stunt of crossing the Ohio on the floating ice floes, with bloodhounds baying at her heels, as a pretty heroic adventure. Not any more. The night I came up out of the deep South in a Jim Crow bus I'd have been glad to take a chance crossing on the ice if anything had happened to stall our jolting chariot on the Kentucky shore. And there'd have been no need of any bloodhounds to put me into high gear.

We rolled out of Kentucky across that old Ohio River bridge into Cincinnati—into safety and freedom and peace. Again I was free, with all the rights of an American citizen. Again I was—no, not white. Not yet. It wasn't that easy. Down South my friends had done too good a job of making me into a Negro.

For many days I'd been looking forward to an elaborate meal in a luxurious restaurant with fancy food and prices and service and attention. I found one. And then—take it or leave it—I didn't go in. I found a little lunch counter and ate there.

How Crossing Line Feels

I took a cab to the Hotel Sinton—my first cab in four weeks that didn't have "For Colored" on the door. And, safely delivered at the hotel, I hesitated again. So I went down a block, found a telephone, called the hotel, made a great point of the fact that I was a "Post-Gazette" man from Pittsburgh, asked for a room and got it.

I registered, talked fast, slid past the clerk as swiftly as possible and followed the bellhop.

I'll bet I know one thing that no other white man in America knows. That's how a white skinned Southern Negro must feel when he quits his race, "crosses over" and turns white.

On that bus trip across three states from Atlanta to Cincinnati, as usual, nothing much happened. Only that we Negroes had the least comfortable seats, ate in squalid cubbyholes—or not at all—and found our Jim Crow rest rooms filthy and evil.

For traveling companion I had the young son of an Atlanta Negro minister on his way to New York.

Allowed to Stand Outside

Bus stations along the line were strictly Jim Crow. Usually we ate at a counter across a corner of the kitchen, right beside the food being cooked for the white folks. At the last station just before reaching Covington there was no accommodation for us colored folk at all. But we were permitted to stand outside and watch the white folks eat. However, none of it

bothered me in the least. I could have put up with anything. I was on my way back to the white world.

On that long bus trip North, as in all my sojourn in the South, in 4,000 miles of travel by Jim Crow train and bus and streetcar and by motor, I encountered not one unpleasant incident. Nobody called me "nigger." Nobody insulted me. Nobody pushed me off the sidewalk.

As to that last, however, I might mention that I gave nobody a chance. That was part of my briefing: "Don't jostle a white man. Don't, if you value your safety, brush a white woman on the sidewalk." So I saw to it that I never got in the way of one of the master race. I almost wore out my cap, dragging it off my shaven poll whenever I addressed a white man. I "sirred" everybody, right and left, black, white and in between. I took no chances. I was more than careful to be a "good nigger."

Could Have Gathered Scars

True enough, this would be a far better story if I could show scars left by the blackjack of some Negro-hating small town deputy whom I'd failed to "sir." Or a few bullet holes, mementoes of an argument with some trigger-happy Atlanta motorman.

I could have gathered them all right. Just by getting "fresh" at the right time and place. But for me, no role as hero. I took my tales of brutality and oppression and murder at second hand. And was mighty glad to do so.

But if I were to become a Negro for four years or 40 years instead of a mere four weeks, there's one thing to which I could never harden myself. That's the casual way in which these black friends of mine in the South refer to slavery. I have read my history, of course. I know that for 250 years slavery was a respected and respectable institution in the South. Less so for a shorter period in the North.

But to these people with whom I lived, slavery is no mere matter of history. They didn't learn about slavery from any book. They learned about human bondage and the lash and the club at their mother's knee. Most Southern Negroes, 65 or more, are the sons and daughters of slave parents. My friend with whom I traveled only escaped it himself by 17 years.

Few former slaves are still living. They'd have to be well past 85 to know anything of it at firsthand. But sons and daughters of slaves are leaders of the Negroes

(Continued on page seven)

Hates and Wants

"Does the Negro hate the white man?" "What does the Negro really want?"

These are the questions Ray Sprigle attempts to answer in the last two, and most significant, installments of "In the Land of Jim Crow," which has been appearing in the Daily Collegian for the last seven weeks.

The hatred question was answered in a surprising negative, by Sprigle, the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette reporter who, disguised as a Negro, spent four weeks in intimate contact with Negro leaders in the South.

What he does hate is the discrimination and oppression that keep him down his whole life. He hates being but half a citizen, paying taxes and dying in our wars, but being denied the right to vote and enjoy the simplest forms of liberty.

His wants are quite simple, and most reasonable. They are the franchise, and adequate education for their children. These are things to which they are, of course, entitled. He also wants and deserves an end to the senseless discrimination that is practiced by unthinking persons, in the North as well as the South.

Some types of discrimination still exist in State College, as everyone knows. And until every trace is stamped out, we cannot justifiably point to our community as a democratic one.

No Way to Celebrate

With the safety campaign in full swing, now is the time to concentrate on stamping out the biggest danger spot on our own campus. The most hazardous roads on campus are in Windcrest where over four hundred children live in the crowded trailer camp.

Practically all the roads in Windcrest are narrow, winding, and generally in poor condition, yet students insist in racing through the settlement as though they were on a super-highway. The situation has been made critical by the partial closing of Shortlidge road which necessitates driving through Windcrest to get to Simmons Hall in the evening.

Tribunal has promised to look into the situation but the responsibility rests upon every driver who uses these roads.

Under the crowded conditions now existing in Windcrest, with virtually no place for the children to play out-of-doors, it is impossible to keep them off the roads. So the duty falls directly on us as adult citizens to protect the children of our fellow students.

Running down and perhaps killing a little child is hardly the way to celebrate a Big Evening. Be careful—save a life on your own campus.

—Sylvia Ockner.

The Safety Valve

Time for Action

TO THE EDITOR: This is an appeal to the men and women of Penn State. The time for action on the barbershop problem has come. A boycott of the barbershops is now in progress.

We have been told that a boycott is not the solution to the problem; that we must wait for the barbers to get "educated" to the ideals of democracy.

But surely we must credit the barbers with enough intelligence to understand the meaning of "equality." Surely as adults living in an enlightened community, they must know that discrimination is incompatible with the principles of democracy. While we wait for the barbers to get educated, our fellow Americans are suffering needlessly; while we wait, they grow cynical and contemptuous of man, God, and country.

But we are no longer content to be hypocrites. We can and will establish the ideals of democracy right here, right now. The rights of men in our free America must not be abused.

Let all men, therefore, support the boycott. Let all women stand courageously behind them. Then we cannot but succeed, we—the people who believe in the equality of all men.

—Peter R. Prihl.

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Sunday, December 12

ROD and Coccus Club, Simmons Hall Recreation Lounge, 7-9:30 p.m., Christmas Party.

Monday, December 13

INTERCOLLEGIATE Conference on Government, 124 Sparks, 7 p.m.

PHILOTES, Penn State Club Room, Old Main, 7 p.m.

College Placement

Joy Manufacturing Co., December 13 and 14, eighth semester in EE and ME. Should have inclination for design and development in heavy machinery.

Army Security Agency, December 13 and 14, eighth semester students in EE.

Hagan Corp., December 15 and 16, eighth semester men in EE, ME, Sanitary Eng, Ceramics, Chem Eng, and Chem.

Long Island Lighting Co., December 16, eighth semester, in EE and ME for public utility work.

Piaseck Helicopter Corp., December 17, eighth semester men in AE and ME.

Supplee-Wills-Jones Milk Co., December 18, eighth semester men in Dairy Husbandry.