

With the Editor—

'The Battle of Life Is Ahead,' Ex-Editor Lord Tells Penn State

EDITORIAL NOTE: All of the editors who served Collegian since 1925 have been invited to write the editorial they would most like to address to Penn State students today.

By WHEELER LORD, JR. '28 Copy Editor, Philadelphia Inquirer

In these days when talk of training camps, preparedness, national defense and the like are uppermost, it would do well to liken the Penn State campus to a huge training camp where we prepare ourselves for the Battle of Life, and, incidentally make possible the rendering of more valuable service to our country.

As freshmen we heard, as the Class of 1944 has heard and will hear these next few weeks, that "we get out of the years we spend at Penn State just what we put into them."

Few of us would think of going out into the middle of College Avenue and throwing away several thousands of dollars in the street and walk casually away. And yet hundreds of your colleagues figuratively do that very thing every year by failure to examine the contents of their textbooks more frequently and more thoroughly.

We can be more specific and make accusations concerning one student who wasted a good part of his educational opportunities and we'll swear in Dean Stoddard as a judge and ask him to pass verdict. Thus we speak from cruel experience and if that lesson can swerve any readers from a similar pitfall it will not have been in vain.

If at the start of each day of classes you take time to ask yourself, "Am I prepared?" and then give an honest answer, taking pains to rectify the cause if the answer is in the negative, you will be well on the way toward giving a decent account of yourself when you get out on the firing line in the Battle of Life.

In the little world of its own that Penn State is, there are other interests which have their appropriate places and it is important that the proper value, no more and no less, is placed upon each.

With the football season upon us, for example, we are all wondering what "the chances are" this year. Naturally, we would like as would followers of all teams, for a "championship" team. And yet how ridiculous! The important thing is "how they played" and the obligation of sportsmanship and loyalty from the spectators is just as vital, too.

These words of Grantland Rice apply very aptly whether on the football field, the classroom or at any point in the Battle of Life:

"For when the Great Scorer comes to write against your name He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game."

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

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THE MANIAC

If you have ever booed, hissed, or Bronx-cheered at the movies when one of our prominent personages, whether Willkie or Roosevelt, is flashed on the screen this little bit is meant for you.

Aside from the fact that 80 per cent of you boocers and hissers are not old enough to vote for either of these men ever if you did have the ambition and civic loyalty to vote, your disgusting exhibitions of bad taste makes me for one ashamed that I attend the same college with you.

At the moment you boocers are practically all upperclassmen but if you keep it up for a month the frosh will be joining in, for after all whom are they to take their cue on how to act from but the upperclassmen?

Whistling when Hedy Lamarr slinks across the screen gives it that collegiate atmosphere and booing the villain is funny, but hissing and booing the President of the United States or his opponent is NOT funny.

Let's leave the booing to the Brooklyn baseball fans and show that we have at least acquired a few manners with our College education.

This weekend is Dad's Day and although your Dad might not be able to be here somebody else's will. You wouldn't boo if your Dad were here, so don't disgust somebody else's parents.

We have been told at least five times, read in at least ten different places in Froth, that Don West is one of the figures portrayed in Henry Varnum Poor's Old Main Mural. We were told the five times by Don (The editor of Froth is Don West). All we have to say is from the looks of the Mural Don had better get a barbershop ad for Froth. He needs a haircut.

Add ideal jobs for the Summer: Sophomore Bob Miller was life guard at an all-girl camp where the girls' ages ranged from 16 to 19.

Things we'd like to see . . . A girl drum major for the Blue Band. Not that Jimmy Leyden isn't good, but after all there are more boys in this school to look at a winsome lass strutting her stuff on New Beaver Field than there are coeds to look at Jimmy. What do you say Dean Grant?

More things we'd like to see . . . Billy Lewis with Marjory Strode . . . Bob Montz with Leslie Lewis on the weekends . . . the girl that Jack Heck thinks doesn't have a terrific body . . . Maynard Bloom's dog Tipper somewhere else besides across the street from Morrell's Nut Shop . . . Larry Driever elsewhere . . . Beer in the basement of Old Main like they have at Cornell . . . Penn State have an undefeated football season and Leon Gajeki a full-fledged, approved-by-good-housekeeping All-American.

We heard two stories this week about Hitler and life under him. They are supposed to be gospel truth. The first you folks from Philly should appreciate. It seems that some people in Philadelphia wrote to relatives in the Greater Third Wreck and inquired as to how they were faring, did they like it, etc. The relatives wrote back and said life in Germany was beautiful and they had everything in the world where they would rather be and that was Laurel Hill in Philly. Laurel Hill is Philadelphia's best-known cemetery.

The second little morsel concerns a sister and brother. The sister lives here in America and the brother lived in Germany. This sister and brother kept up a regular correspondence until one time the sister, when her brother asked would she like him to send her a souvenir from Germany, wrote in a joking way that she would like Hitler's eye. By return mail she received a grisly piece of something which upon examination turned out to be a human eye. That was the last communication she received from Germany.

The youth of America come to the doors of our colleges with hope and vision. Their spirit is the spirit of adventure. Their urge is the urge of growth. Their principle qualification for admission is curiosity. Their most valued recommendation is the desire for better things. Their finest equipment is courage and determination to succeed in a world of opportunity. They are endowed with the talents of normal human beings and are burdened with the frailties common to all men. This is the material with which the college works and no finer task may be found in all time than to create from this material a product that can be recognized as a gentleman and a scholar. Rutgers University's Dr. Fraser Metzger aptly describes the "raw material" of higher education.

"It is the task of intelligence to build up our social order, and the beginnings can be in the classroom, the campus and the community. By teaching men that they need each other and depend upon each other, we will instill the religious impulse into modern life." Rabbi Charles Shulman of Glencoe, Ill., in a talk at Lawrence College, Appleton, Wis., assesses the role of religion in a democracy.

Nibbling At The News

J. GORDON FAY

News item: "The Spanish press, taking Spain's alignment with Axis powers for granted, today assailed the policies of the United States. The newspaper "ABC" warned that the Axis might consider American aid to England and the pact with Canada a cause for war."

Have you ever seen one of those B.B. (Before Blitzkrieg) gangster films in which Big Butch grabs the little, dried-up guy by the coat lapels and grunts, "Well, are y' with me or against me, bud?" The little fellow squeaks, "I'm behind you, Butch," and then, about two murders and a gun-fight later, pipes up from behind Butch's back, "Watch y'selves, boys, or me 'n Butch'll give y' de woiks." Does the comparison need more explanation?

However, funny as it may be to think of Spain, its 24,000,000 people still hungry from the effects of one of the most ruinous civil wars of history, threatening the United States with what "me 'n the Axis" will do, the whole current situation is definitely no laughing matter. It isn't that we may expect to wake up tomorrow to find dark-skinned Latins or little slant-eyed gentlemen running around in our backyards, but that the Axis nations are at last getting into position to tell the United States to keep completely clear of the present conflict.

Since, it seems, the policy of complete isolation has been proved an impractical one for us, the United States has not and will not keep from giving aid to Britain. Thus every new nation added to the Axis brings this war closer to us.

Courtney Riley Cooper has, by his own choice, attended his last circus. Whether snubs from Wash-

Maloney '43 Injured In Motorcycle Accident

Harry A. Maloney Jr. '43 is in the infirmary following a motorcycle accident at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon in which he suffered abrasions of his right knee.

He was reported in "good condition" last night.

Maloney was riding on Route 322 near Boalsburg when a drive shaft in his motorcycle broke. John T. Taylor '42, a fraternity brother of Maloney's, drove his car to the scene of the breakdown to tow Maloney home. In the 100 block on West Fairmount Avenue, Taylor swerved his car to avoid a hole in the pavement and Maloney was thrown into the ditch.

Heavy Quake Recorded

A heavy earthquake located about 4,700 miles from the College was recorded by the seismograph of the School of Mineral Industries. The quake took place about 3 a.m. yesterday and lasted about 40 minutes.

ington after his investigation of "fifth column" activities in Mexico caused his suicide will probably never be known, but one thing is certain; namely, that this country has lost one from whose typewriter came a true portrayal of things American.

Drive-In Theatre

SATURDAY . . .

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