

With the Editor—

What Does The Future Hold For A Better 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. Not all of them have responded. The editorials of those who have will appear in this column from time to time.

By A. WILLIAM ENGEL, JR. '40

Reporter, Radio Editor, Harrisburg Evening News Scene—The Pennsylvania State University Time—Any Alumni Day after World War II has permitted Penn State's sails to be unfurled,

"Notice any change, Dad . . . good or bad?"

"Sure, numerous changes . . . and each for a better Penn State, Fred."

"Many days of toil and conscription have been torn from the calendar since you last exchanged words with the Deans, eh Dad? The same Deans are here on the same stage, but the scenery has changed . . . Let's stroll over to see some of this new scenery."

"Say, Fred, isn't that the highly publicized Student Union building?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Is its interior crowded with administrative offices and classrooms?"

"On the contrary, Dad, that building contains the country's most spacious chapel, an equally large auditorium, and adequate facilities for undergraduate extra-curricular activities and social functions."

"Amazing . . . you know, Fred, it wasn't so many years ago that we wrestled with the manifold problems that crop up in the course of running an institution as large as this. Such problems were not unlike those of international importance for our struggle was one of keeping organized a heterogeneous group . . ."

"Yes, Fred, one of the essential techniques of promoting peace and good will is to establish a satisfied 'home guard'—one that is furnished with adequate facilities for relaxing and exchanging thoughts, opinions, observations . . ."

"Unfortunately, Penn State lacked such facilities to provide successfully united student-faculty relationships; adequate space for clubs, especially for the non-fraternity man or woman; a center for social life, and a home for one of the strongest student governments in the country . . ."

"For years the undergraduates whistled into the wind with a desire that some consideration would be given to the erection of a Student Union building on the campus . . . with the hope that some Plutus like Morgan or Rockefeller would be attracted to Penn State and view the need for such a building . . ."

"Yet, the situation remained unmolested . . ."

"Social and recreational facilities were lacking for thousands of students—the heterogenous masses of a type similar to any large institution . . ."

"A two-by-four office, actually a part of the Athletic Association offices, represented Penn State's Student Union . . ."

"Yes, Fred, that was the situation in those days gone by. Insignificant as it may appear, that was the situation which created ill feeling among those students who had facilities available and those who faced only four walls daily, just as the international affairs become muddled by those confined to areas not deemed sufficient for their expanding activity."

"And, now, you notice the change, eh Dad?"

"Yes, Fred . . . and for a better Penn State."

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

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THE MANIAC

The best one we heard about the draft registration was the one about the sweet young thing who was registering one of our smoother campus characters. When she came to that part on the back of the card which asks "any obvious physical defects?" she put down "mustache," and what's more she had to ask how to spell it!

An Undressed Tale!

And no figment of my imagination is the story about the frosh who thought that Atherton Hall was Engineering-A until he encountered two scantily clad coeds strolling nonchalantly down the hall. No, don't get any bright ideas, frosh, those things only work once.

What sports editor of what local daily collegiate newspaper's ears are burning? He forgot to register for the draft. We'd rather spend those five years in College ourselves and besides we're just exactly \$9,999.42 short of the required donation. Must be nice being sports editor.

Anybody Find Any Feet Around?

The Kappa Sigs, or rather Ralph Sapp, would like to have those two huge barefeet which were in their alumni decoration returned. Ralph is real proud of them because he was the model!

An embarrassing fact has come to our attention, a fact which should be equally embarrassing to the five preceding writers of this column. There is, at this time, residing at Beta Theta Pi a gentleman (he must be) who in five years spent in this great institution, has never had his name mentioned in one of the Collegian columns. His name is Ronny Crawford. Ronny please accept our humble apologies. It won't happen again. In fact I still can't believe it.

Frosh Beauty Roll

We really do feel bad that this column stinks like it does but we have a good alibi. We read the CAMPUSEER the other day. To make up in some small way we are printing a list of the best of the Frosh Coeds.

Here they are:

There was Shanes, R. D. and Siebert, M. E.; Wittman, D. M. and Waddell, M.; Story, B. W. and Storer, R. M.; Taylor, J. C. and Saylor, J. C.; MacLellan, P. C. and McGeehan, B.; Polishuk, E. and Schmelz, H. L.; Podell, B. J. and Meisner, R. E.; Parke, E. L. and Popp, R. L.; Newman, S. R. and Stauffer, E.; Smith, J. K. and Wickersham, L. N.; Shipman, N. A. and Whitcomb, M. A.; Stover, J. E. and Stevenson, F. D.

Then too, there was Fiero, J. and Frazier, B. J.; Hewitt, R. I. and Fuchs, A.; Hazlett, M. A. (um-m-m) and Henninger, J. N.; Graham, J. E. and Kindl, M.; Ludwig, J. G. and Minnich A. J.; McKinney, H. R. and Puskarich, G. C.; Margulie, F. and Miller A. H.

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Letters to the Editor—

'Watch Out!' Ex-Editor Warns

To the Editor:

Some time last summer, in a column for the Collegian, I sought to point out some of the dangers besetting our path to total defense. I sought to point that although we necessarily were being rushed we should for our own sake observe some speed limit, that we should stop at least momentarily to think things through, that we should sober up and emerge from the drunken stupor that was beginning to turn men and women—like you and I—into mere robots.

Now, I'm not arguing against any destroyer-for-base deal. I'm not arguing against conscription. Basically, in view of present circumstances, both moves, I believe, will help bolster the nation's defenses.

I regret, of course, that the destroyer-base deal was not offered to Congress and to the people before it became an accomplished fact. I regret that the conscription age limit was not extended to embrace a larger proportion of Americans—to extend the responsibilities as well as the privileges of a democracy to old as well as young.

But what I regret—what I fear—most of all is the current unmistakable trend in American thought, a trend that would justify almost anything in the name of national defense.

Take, for instance, the edict which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler placed before his Columbia University faculty the other week, demanding that all professors resign if their convictions conflict with the school's pursuit of its "ideals" in "the war between beasts and human beings."

The Collegian upheld this on the thesis that it is wise to give up "some democracy" now for "more democracy" later. But this is not a question of giving up "some democracy." It is not merely a question of the freedom of thought

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More Girls Wanted, Preventionists Cry

Dear League for the Prevention of Coed-infiltration:

So, Penn State Has Too Many Girls!

If the decline in what you have termed the grand Penn State spirit of yore is in any wise attributed to the influx of women, we are proud of it.

If the lessening of dangerous hazing of freshmen, the relative safety of the Corner Room from blazing bonfires show any decline in the all-holy Penn State spirit, we, the women, are honored with the responsibility.

If woman's influence on this campus has done this much in 10 years, we say, "There can't be Too Many Girls!"

League for the Prevention of Coed-Injustice.

Bomber

(Continued from page one)

the ointment was a certain Herr Hitler waging war against England and trying to blockade the British ports. The transfer of the animal from war-torn Europe to Penn State called for a bit of fancy dodging and gauntlet-running.

"The Bomber," as he was appropriately nicknamed, was held since May in Scotland, and at times it appeared doubtful if he would ever be shipped. A consignment of 15 shorthorn cattle and 43 sheep was the only shipment of its kind to North America this year. Mr. Petrie, a Scotch lad sent along to care for the animals, reported that they left Scotland on August 15 in a convoy of 75 ships. Gunboats accompanied the convoy for four days, and the party arrived at Quebec on August 27.

After being held in quarantine at Quebec for 30 days, the Bomber's release was obtained by Prof. W. L. Henning upon payment of customs fees. The Bomber was transported to State College in the back of Professor Henning's car.

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