

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Saturday Morning, November 2, 1940

Mr. Wilkie For President

One day last summer when Mr. Roosevelt pronounced to the nation the important doctrine of indispensability the country sat up to take notice. That, the third term, and the already confirmed opposition to the President from some quarters dropped his stock so low that the Gallup poll of August 5 showed him trailing in electoral votes if an election had been held that day.

On the other hand, there was general pleasure with Wendell Wilkie, the barefoot boy, politically, who made good in a big way at Philadelphia.

For a time the wave of enthusiasm that swept Mr. Wilkie into the nomination subsided. No doubt, there were reasons. Mr. Wilkie, despite admiring commentary, was no sharpster at politics. He disregarded the wrong people, his speaking voice and his speeches were surprisingly flat (the latter much worse when heard than when read), he made mis-steps and mis-statements, he seemed to agree with the President to the extent that some agreed that about the only case for Mr. Wilkie was that he wanted a job, too.

The President, on the other hand, held to the political silence that killed off heaven-knows-how-many presidential aspirants. He was re-nominated while he was obviously very busy in Washington and for a time since then he concentrated on being very busy and on delivering golden-voiced, non-political defense speeches.

The net result was that Mr. Wilkie's score in the Gallup poll subsided to 32 electoral votes, just enough to keep the President from breaking 500 (somewhat off his par for the course.)

Then, the general attitude toward the election began to change. The voters began to realize that Mr. Wilkie wanted more than to continue the policies laid down by the President. It became suddenly clear that, although the two candidates agree on immediate issues and on necessary measures, their long run policies are vitally different because their philosophies of government are importantly different.

The President has taken the attitude (justified he says by depression) that the American economic system no longer is able to take care of itself. Since 1933, he has been busy concentrating its operation into his own hands. Mr. Wilkie on the other hand is a business man (and since when has that become a slur?) who has faith in the ability of business to restore itself with a restoration of confidence. The President seems to be striving for a new order. Mr. Wilkie is still sold on our present way of life.

In Mr. Roosevelt's new order, every time we take a step towards it, we sacrifice a bit of our own liberty. He is trading freedom for security. Americans are not yet ready for that kind of an order. They still have faith that the American way of life has provided more things in greater quantity than any other they know. They still have faith that a depression is only a depression and not a way of life. They would still bargain a pound of security for an ounce of freedom.

As upon the clarification of this issue, new alignments have been made. Mr. Wilkie's star is ascendant. The election is by no means over.

The American people are suddenly beginning to realize that to chuck traditions, to allow the continued concentration of power in the hands of one man is not to their best interests and therefore is not what they want.



THE MANIAC

Write Your Sports Writer

We have a new campaign we would like to see started—immediately.

Here it is in a nutshell. You all have heard how effectively large lobbying organizations, utilities, and pressure groups have used the "Write your Congressmen," or "Wire your Congressmen" idea. You know yourself if you were in a position to vote for a certain measure, or promote a certain idea, a flood of letters or telegrams would be bound to have some effect on your decision.

Well, instead of having a "Write your Congressman" campaign, let's have a "Write your Sports Columnist" campaign!

If we know anything about football players, and if Dick Peters and Bob Wilson know anything about football players, it seems to be pretty much agreed that Penn State has two, three, or possibly four players who match up with the best in the country!

4 Penn State All-Americans

Let's do something about it. It only costs one cent for a postcard. Why not everyone buy a card, write on it "I think Leon Gajewski, Pepper Petrella, Tom Vargo and Wade Mori, are four of the best football players in the country. How's about looking them over?"

If Grantland Rice or Chet Smith, or Eddie Doolley get enough such propaganda it's bound to make them stop and think. Penn State's first All-American, "Mother Dunn" was named mainly because the then Editor of the Daily Rag conducted a one man campaign to keep Walter Camp informed of "Mother's" prodigious doings. If one man can do that, think what 7500 students could do!

Whatta you say? Let's really put Penn State on the map!

Campuser Stinks

We also have decided not to bore our readers by repeating facts which are common knowledge. After all, everyone knows the Campuser stinks, so why repeat it?

Workout At Penn A.C.

Some Sigma Pi's have reported that the party Larry Higgins' father threw for them at the Penn A. C. was a gigantic success. It seems that some man mountain (not a Sigma Pi) got an attack of the D.T.'s and tried to manhandle Chuck Peters and four or five lesser Sigma Pi's and it took the pride of the Philly police force to remove him. Sissies! They also reported that they all had a good time slapping the face of some unlucky female who Poed.

This week's PIC has an astrologer's forecast for our own Billy Soose, the uncrowned middleweight champ. Billy is promised great things but is warned to take it easy through the winter.

Stranger Than Fiction

This is old stuff to you MI students, but we thought it pretty good. It seems their is a professor in their school that is so absent minded he calls his own name each day on the roll call!! He also flunked himself a few years back! He should be in the Liberal Arts school.

Things we could do without: Renee Newman's green nail polish in the morning. It's too suggestive of the condition of our stomach.

Why not show that houseparty date a classy follow-up and invite her to Soph Hop two weeks hence? The setup is perfect. Dancing Friday night to one of the smoothest bands in the country and football Saturday. Get on the bandwagon. Remember the date: November 15, and the band: Bob Chester; and football with NYU.

They're guffawing about a new one by Wisconsin's Coach Harry Stuhldreher, rated as the best collegiate story-teller in his weight class. Seems a couple of idiots were out duck hunting together. A flock of mallards zoomed overhead and one of the idiots aimed carefully and dropped a duck. "You ninny!!!" bellowed the other. "What did you waste a shell for? The fall would have killed him!"

NIBBLING

AT THE NEWS

J. GORDON FAY

Sovereignty

In this day of blitzkriegs and bomb-shelters, dictators and drafts, humorous notes seldom pop up on front pages, but today there is one—not only humorous, but pitiful.

Wednesday, the old marshal of France, Henri Philippe Petain, told his people that they would keep "at least our sovereignty" after current negotiations with the Axis. The ironic humor of this statement is quite evident if one cares to look up the definition of **sovereignty**.

According to Winston's latest dictionary, the word **sovereignty** means "the state or quality of having supreme power or dominion." France's days of having supreme power over her own people are over until the Axis is no more.

The humor—to us, at least directly uninvolved in the European conflict,—is even more striking after a consideration of some of the remaining phrases in Petain's message. For instance, he declared that, by meeting Hitler's demands, the \$8,000,000 a day which France must now pay for the privilege of letting German soldiers do as they please throughout a large part of her country, may be decreased to a smaller amount.

Then, by doing as the Axis wishes, Petain hopes to "better the plight" of some 2,000,000 French prisoners of war. He also counts on rendering the line of demarcation between occupied and unoccupied France less rigid, or, in other words, would like to arrange it so that his people may occasionally go from one part of their own country to another without too much difficulty.

Yes, France will again become a sovereign nation — one which must pay for allowing another country's soldiers to occupy her territory, which must get down on its knees and beg for the privilege of its people going where they will in their own country, and which must be especially polite to a certain nation in order that no harm may come to 2,000,000 of its men imprisoned there.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY:

Blue Band rehearsal at 1 p. m. on golf course practice field.

TOMORROW:

Chapel, 11 a. m., Schwab Auditorium.

MONDAY:

Meeting of sophomore editorial candidates, 5 p. m., Collegian office.

Meeting of junior editorial staff, 4 p. m., Collegian office.

Safe Driver Training School class, 7 p. m., Room 13, State College High School.

TUESDAY:

Meeting of Xi Sigma Pi, forestry honorary, Room 103, Forestry Building.

Louise Homer initiation to be held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Leslie M. Burrage, 430 East Foster Avenue, at 7:30 p. m.

Receives Award

Raymond C. Lee Jr., freshman in Civil Engineering, was recently awarded a \$5 prize by Dean Harry P. Hammond for submitting the best paper concerning 12 outstanding engineering inventions.

City College of New York has the largest voluntary ROTC unit in the country.

Everyone's Going To See

'THE BALLOON GOES UP'

PENN STATE INN

310 East College
MEALS SERVED DAILY
SUNDAY
CHICKEN DINNERS
ICE CREAM BAR
College Creamery Products
CANDY, SANDWICHES, Etc.
DELIVERY SERVICE
310 E. College DIAL 2415

WE HAVE THEM ALL DAY

11:30 - 1:30 5, 6, 7 P.M.

Saturday, November 2

Those Juicy Steaks At The

ALL AMERICAN RATHSKELLER

WARNING!

You Have a Limited Time Only in Which to Obtain

A DOLLAR FOR YOUR OLD FOUNTAIN PEN

(Regardless of condition or make)

On Our Special Factory Sale of the New Banker's Special (Push-a-Matic) Fountain Pen. Latest Thing in the World.

The big, friendly, vacuum-filled—5 times the ink capacity of the old-style pen—visible ink gauge, two-tone DURUM POINT. Every pen comes with an iron-clad lifetime guarantee by the makers. It sells regularly at \$3.75, but during this factory sale we have been authorized to sell at \$1.98 and if you have an old pen to turn in we will make a further allowance of \$1.00.

Which Brings the Price Down to 98c

So bring in that leaky, balky, wornout pen with only 98c and take home the last word in a writing instrument. Ladies' and gentlemen's sizes in all the newest colors.

ON SALE AT

REA & DERICK

ONE DAY ONLY

Saturday, November 2, from 12 Noon to 9 P.M.