

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Monday Morning, April 7, 1941

White Collar Fallacies

Editor's Note: This editorial is reprinted from the Harrisburg Evening News because of its particular pertinence here.

Just as there is a bright side even to afflictions like appendicitis or a tonsillectomy, so there is a bright side to having the rough ride the American people have had during the past dozen years.

Something unhealthy and slyly subversive of real Americanism was growing up in the twenties. It was the desperate desire of every family to bring its sons up into white collar positions. This brought a sort of cleavage of the population into two classes—those who wore white collars and those who didn't.

If ever there was a false basis for division, that was it. Yet families slaved and struggled, denied themselves everything, so that their sons might achieve a job pushing a pencil or pen instead of working with their hands. Thousands of young men, often ill-qualified, fought their way through college or high school for no better reason than that it seemed to promise later light work at high pay.

That philosophy was fair neither to higher education, nor to American life, nor to the young men. For the primary purpose of education ought not to be to prepare one for a "good job," but to bring about a better adjustment of a man to life, with a greater appreciation of its rich and varied phases. Such objectives are no less valuable to a machinist than to a bank teller. And under today's conditions the machinist is more likely to have time and leisure to develop the cultural side of life than the teller.

People began finding that out after the depression struck. Young men or young women with high school educations or better found that the white collar jobs for which they had planned did not exist. They went into textile and steel mills, truck cabs and shops.

And to the surprise of many of them, they found, first, that it wasn't as bad a life as they had been led to believe, and second, that they were all the better mill-hands, drivers, or machinists because of their education.

The whole "white collar culture" of the twenties is now in disfavor, and the boom in defense industries now draws thousands more from desk to lathe. More and more of the future seems to be going over to the engineers, the chemists, the skilled workmen. Real brains and brain work will always be at a premium, but a white collar just for a white collar's sake no longer looks as good as it used to.

Old and artificial classifications are breaking down, and a good thing, too. True Americans will wear no man's collar but their own, nor will they be as greatly influenced in the future as in the past by its color.

Hats Off To Concert Series

Because so many worthy student activities are buried underneath the praise leveled at a few organizations, The Daily Collegian doffs its hat to one of the least recognized but most popular student programs which ended yesterday when the ROTC Engineer's band completed the annual complementary Sunday afternoon concert series for the year.

Few persons realize the hours of unselfish preparation spent by participating students for the hour-long concerts which draw, on an average, more people than most student presentations.

Beginning more than 20 years ago, this series has presented to Penn State the best in student musical effort through choir, glee club, symphony orchestra, girls' chorus, and ROTC and Blue bands, under the competent direction of Prof. Richard K. Grant and his department staff.

—R.B.L.

War And Youth

By FRED LEWIS PATTEE

Editor's Note:—This poem by Dr. Pattee, professor emeritus of American literature, was written for Friday night's initiation banquet of the Penn State chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Now comes the Spring with birds and blossoming, The Resurrection miracle again.

With wakened song all Nature is a thrill, But not the hearts of men.

For in the Spring—glad skies are monstrous things

A nation's Youth, aloft on steeds of death, Ride the swift winds, and voicing hymns of hate, Let loose destruction winged with fiery breath To blot out homes, make cities ghastly heaps With mangled babes and mothers mingled in. What can one think or speak or dream of late With half the world a holocaust of death? When Spring brings bloom and Easter hymns of hate.

What can one do but live with tragedy?

Then on this day, the climax of our year, When to our band we add the year's fit youth And place in their young hands the torch of Truth, What fitter theme for wartime minstrelsy Than Youth, supremest victims of all war, Then blighted Youth, war's major tragedy?

O fellow-bearers of the mystic key, You who have pledged to make philosophy Your rule of life, defining it as Truth, The generation soon to have control In lands across the sea, Is being stripped of soul, Of conscience, inner light, and foully fed Untruth, and these, however the war may end, At last from scattering armies will be tossed, A pagan generation worse than lost, A danger sinister for all the world.

Who wrought this deed? Whence came this monstrous brood

That swarms o'er Europe and its conquered lands? Who tore the Luther's Bible from their hands And taught them from a bible tinct with hell? Who wrought this deed?

Whose was the hand that broke the fatal jar From which overflowed the pestilential fog Bedrenching every shore, e'en ours today?

Great cities bombed can be rebuilt again, Crushed monuments restored, crops made to grow In war-torn fields, but what of blighted youth? Made pagan from their birth, taught hate in schools,

Stripped bare of conscience, trained to arrogance, Inured to cruelty, their god but Force? This affrite monster from the jar unloosed What can compel it to its cell again?

(Continued In Next Column)

War And Youth

(Continued from Preceding Column)

Must we then enter too this realm of steel Where Power is god and man is but a tool, This realm of swiftness and Satanic skill That makes machines but leaves the guiding Man Brute—bare of all that renders Man divine, Is this "New Order" now to be our world?

O chosen few, 'tis ours to shelter Youth,

To guide them, mold them, teach philosophy As guide of life as once we pledged.

'Tis ours to reillumine the smoldering torch Blown out by ignorance, and pass it on

To youthful hands, to keep the ancient Faith

Our Founders taught, who worked by light within.

Who made humanities, the living rock

On which they reared the walls we must defend.

Shall this new gospel sinister prevail.

This European pestilence make way,

Invaade our schools, our colleges, our homes?

Awake! O colleges awake! The "Day" is here!

Awake then, Brothers of the mystic key.

'Tis ours now to guard the gates of Truth.

The Truth that makes Men free.

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NOTICE 1

In order to be insured transportation between State College and Lewistown reservations must be made before 10 p.m., April 8th at State College Hotel. Buses will leave rear of First National Bank Building temporarily on April 8th and 9th. Buses will leave 11:15 a. m.-12:30 p. m. and 3:15 p. m. April 8th and 9th only making connections with eastbound trains. Reservations are the only way to be guaranteed transportation. Make reservations early. **CALL STATE COLLEGE HOTEL 733**

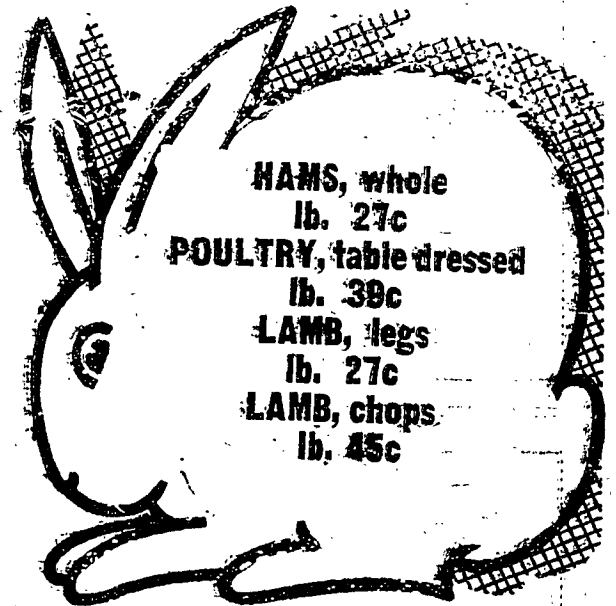


Easter Greetings

from the Corner

unusual

Easter FOOD Specials



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lb. 27c
POULTRY, table dressed
lb. 39c
LAMB, legs
lb. 27c
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