

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

Established 1940. Successor to the Penn State Collegian, established 1904, and the Free Lance, established 1887. Published daily except Sunday and Monday during the regular college year by the students of The Pennsylvania State College. Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934 at the Post-office at State College, Pa., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Thursday, October 2, 1941

The Flame Is Mounting

Fan the flame!
Students like bonfires. Maybe it's the mass excitement of seeing huge flames soar in red columns against a black sky or the burning of effigies symbolic of Penn, Pitt, Navy, Colgate, or Cornell. No matter what, students would rather warm their hands at a roaring bonfire than at the cozy fireplace in their homes.

From the traditional Penn State bonfires when upperclassmen armed with paddles for freshmen who could not gather wood fast enough to the present-day rallies attended by thousands of students, a bonfire has captured the spirit and imagination of Penn State students and athletes.

In 1939, a "Beat Pitt" bonfire swept the student body into such a pre-game fervor that The Hig's football eleven under the leadership of Captain Spike Alter pushed the famed Pitt line from one goal post to another. The Hig said after the game that this display of enthusiasm was responsible in great part for the Nittany Lion victory. The spirit of the student body, according to Higgins, also is reflected in the pre-game spirit of the football squad.

Tonight, students will get a chance to send the 1941 edition of the Nittany Lion football team off on the right foot. Whether the eleven is destined to climb to the top of the gridiron ladder or falter on the bottom steps does not matter. What really counts is that the team, win or lose, knows that the student body is supporting it on every line plunge, pass, end run, or goal-line stand.

When Captain Len Krouse ignites the bonfire tonight, he will also start the flame of Penn State football enthusiasm. How that enthusiasm is manifested and displayed will determine indirectly the fighting spirit and mental status of the squad.

On the other hand, the reawakening of a college spirit should not be so overzealous that personal or property damage occurs as a result of some "hell-raising" by a few students. No one anticipates this, because rallies like this have been planned to let stored-up spirit run without restraint but in the right course.

Every Penn State student, whether he is a participant or not, will be held responsible for his action not only as an individual but as a representative of the whole student body. That's a lot of weight to carry on one's shoulders.

So, fan the flame, but make certain it's in the right direction!

We Take Off Our Bandage

A perennial sore-thumb to former Collegian editors, the initiation ceremonies of hat societies have ceased to become a paddle-wagging and physical torture process, and, instead, a more vigorous but easier initiation is being used.

Last night, Skull and Bones and Parmi Nous, followed the lead taken last year by the junior honorary, Blue Key, by abolishing paddling. They substituted more humiliating hazing.

With the paddles hanging on the wall, we take the proverbial bandage from our sore-thumb and lay it carefully on the desk—not quite sure the funds are needed for willing to take the chance

ONE MAN'S MEAT

The Muse Strikes Room 313

While staggering about the meager limits of the Collegian's Old Main cubby hole one bitter Monday morn, I stumbled over a young lady in the throes of literary child-birth. Attended only by the movie-wise antics of sophomoric journalists and the unnecessary battering of typewriters, a sonnet was born! It was as out of place as you or I would be coming into the world on an escalator.

The readers of Portfolio—that literary pearl whose editors cast it so patronizingly before Penn State's barely literate swine—are acquainted with the author of the Collegian-born verse, Katey Popp. In spite of its odd entrance into this world, I think it is rather good and present it with a view of showing my gentle readers just what can happen, and rarely does, when Collegian's finer minds are distracted. Due to the exigencies of its birth, christening services have not been held.

"The wealthy, ballroom feet that danced in patent leather shoes,

The worn-out soles and heels that shuffled down the avenues,

The calloused heels, the naked toes that wriggled in the sun,

The stockinged feet that kicked their slippers when work was done,

The feet in fur-lined boots that slushed and scraped through winter snow.

The tired feet of factories that lined up row on row,

The aching corns of toes with coal-dust underneath the nails,

The wooden shoes, the high-heeled pumps, the idle feet in jails,

The crutches and the wooden legs, the lame, the young, the old,

The black, the white, the yellow feet, the fearful, and the bold.

All these are squeezed in heavy boots arranged in careful rows

To click their heels and march the world with regimented toes.

And the earth is creaking on its axis, squeaking from the rust,

While ant feet take the ants exploring over mounds of dust."

Kathryn M. Popp '43

Dean Ray's Vagaries

Dean Ray's chief efforts, as I see it, should be directed toward seeing that all her dear charges stick closely to the straight and narrow path demanded by the conventions of the day. Yet, in a recent issue of that substitute for a bulletin board—Co-Edition—I see her advising the young ladies who allegedly read that sheet to disregard the prevailing mores and folkways.

Her advice, and I quote, runs thusly: "No monument was ever reared to the man who merely followed the customs of his day." No doubt it is my perverted sense of right and wrong which makes me believe that the good Dean wants her girls to go out and find out about life for themselves—and in their own sweet ways. As Cicero once wept, "O tempora, O mores!"

Comes The Revelation

These bright October mornings are filled with warnings that November and its trials and tribulations will shortly be upon us. Those privileged with the franchise in State College will find themselves faced with that ever-difficult task of choosing between the lesser of two evils on Tuesday, November 4.

For on that dread day, two men who have been not a little responsible for the great lack of love between the student population and the officials of the Borough of State College will vie for the tradition-hoary position of Burgess of said jerk-water town.

One of these men was tutored under the able direction of Light-handed Wilbur Leitzell. He was chief of gestapo in Warrior Willy's early days as burgess. It was he who carried out the mighty magistrate's first orders in the great anti-bonfire crusade of 1934 and the subsequent College Grill raids.

The other has tasted the fruits of the high office before. The Bible-slinging Burgess, they called him. It was easier on your pocketbook, but harder on your conscience in those brimstone and hell fire days. Parking offenders, Peeping Toms, and other assorted State College culprits filled the church pews in penance for their heinous crimes.

Next week, if my able spies fulfill their research mission, I plan to devote more space to the un-bounding issues of the 1941 borough election campaign.

—LOKI



"YOUR PENN STATE" — That's the title of a brief history of the College and its traditions written by A. R. Warnock, above, dean of men. The first summary of Penn State's development, this pamphlet was mailed to freshmen during the summer and is now available to upperclassmen at Student Union for five cents a copy.

ROTC Band Named

(Continued from Page One)

Lutz '45, Leonard Dileanis '45, Frank Hess '44, Earle Cressman '45, William Humphries '45, Roscoe Brady '45, Robert Hastedt '45, and David Robinson '45.

Trombones — Elwood F. Olver '44, Donald Wilson '45, Lewis Mammel '45, Richard E. Warner '44, G. L. Fiski '45, Willard C. Dellicker '44, Robert Troscwell '45, and Charles Rutsky '44.

Baritones—Richard Crowers '45, Albert Hillier '45, James Burden '45, George Houck '45, and Robert Beacher '45.

Alto Sax — Eugene Snedeker '45, Robert F. Hibner '44; Tenor Sax — Francis Reltzo '45, Baritone Sax — Lester Trout '45.

Flute and Piccolo — Jack B. Israel '44, Charles Blakeslee '45, Warren W. Currier '44; Drums—Ross S. Rumbaugh '44, Hartley Lloyd '45, Albert L. Wilson Jr. '44, Albert R. Yavkle '44, Robert North '45, and Hugh Ridall '45.

Basses — William Leisiy '45, Edward T. Chervak '44, Everett Cowan '45, Henry S. Illingworth Jr. '44; Horns—James A. Harter '44, Lawrence V. Rubright '44, Dale Waldenmyer '45, and Milton A. Wollman '44.

Oboe — Robert Apt '45; Drum Major — Paul V. Schaefer '45.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

TODAY

All candidates for assistant wrestling managerships should report to Rec Hall at 5 p. m.

PSCA seminar meeting scheduled for 7 p. m. has been postponed until October 9 at the same time.

First rehearsal of College Choir promptly at 7 p. m. in Schwab Auditorium. The selected list of voices will be posted in the lobby of the auditorium today.

Advanced opera course meets for first time in 417 Old Main at 4 p. m.

Lists of successful tryouts for the ROTC infantry and engineer bands will be posted at Student Union, the Armory, and 401 Old Main.

Student-Faculty Relations Committee meeting, 302 Old Main, 7:30 p. m.

Soph Hop committee meets in first floor lounge of Old Main at 4 p. m.

Candidates for editorial and business staffs of the Penn State Engineer meet in 314 Old Main at 7:30 p. m. It is not necessary to be an engineering student.

Compulsory meeting of Philotes, 302 Old Main, 6:45 p. m.

Forestry Society meeting, 105 Forestry Building, 7:30 p. m. Open to everyone.

Compulsory meeting of Pi Lambda Theta, 309 Old Main, 7 p. m.

TOMORROW

Sophomore candidates for Collegian Business Staff, 312 Old Main, 4 p. m.

All churches will hold their annual receptions from 7 to 10 p. m.

Senior Engineering Lectures, 121 Sparks Building, 4:10 p. m. Prof. C. E. Bullinger, head of the department of industrial engineering, will be the speaker.

MISCELLANEOUS

The following classes have been announced by the department of economics: Russian I, Monday 4-5:30 p. m. and Wednesday 7 to 8:30 p. m. Russian III, Monday 7 to 8:30 p. m. and Wednesday 4 to 5:30 p. m. All classes will be held in 110 Sparks Building.

Frosh Must Make Signs

Raymond F. Leffler '42, head of Student Tribunal, last night warned freshman without "Beat Colgate" signs that they must make their own. The supply at the Athletic Store has been exhausted.



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CLOTHING

For--
IMMACULATE
CLEANING

For--
FINE PRESSING

For--
A GRAND JOB
OF DYEING

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