

**THE DAILY COLLEGIAN**

"For A Better Penn State"

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Tuesday, November 10, 1942

**\$5000—What's That?**

Would you like to see \$5,000 thrown into a monument of stone or transformed into a drinking fountain for the quadrangle? Rather a waste of money isn't it? For that amount of money one might build a miniature rival to the Washington Monument or expand the fountain into a bird-bath. Silly ideas, you probably agree. However, seniors are called upon to make their choice of three gift possibilities including the two mentioned above. Why must \$5,000 be squandered?

The third suggestion is for a scholarship fund to be established by buying war bonds and to be used by class members returning to college after the war. This possibility is little better than the other proposals but is the lesser of three evils. Blowed, bearded, war veterans of the class of '43 would have a hot little time coming back to the campus on maturity of the bonds.

In past years there has usually been a decent opportunity for interested factions or members of the class to present ideas for consideration. This year, out of a clear sky, on "unknown" committee present the suggestions via post card without previous publicity or discussion. From this, class members are requested to make a decision involving \$5,000. The procedure seems slipshod and unfair. One look at the proposed gifts substantiates this observation.

The election is hurried and apparently without sufficient preparation. Aside from this, aside from the fact that seniors will be throwing away \$5,000 without consideration, aside from the fact that an "unknown" committee gave little thought to the project, we can see little real worth in any of the proposed projects.

War-conscious students stepping from the classroom to the battle-field will receive little lift in knowing that a useless, probably unsightly—monument remains on campus to record the passing of brave men who consider death a necessary little companion.

The campus is already well supplied with drinking fountains on the Mall and in College buildings. Still another fountain would be only so much money down the drain. At a time like this, the logical solution is to invest in war bonds. However, analysis reveals that a scholarship fund so created would not last long. Changing the proposal to a revolving loan fund might be more practical but even then we doubt if few members of "accelerated '43" will be back to continue college. That was the expressed purpose of the fund as stated on the election card.

This writer has been criticized for some opinions in the past but he has commented in the hope that unfortunate conditions might be remedied. He has objected only when it seemed that corrective measures must be taken. Surely something should be done in this affair.

How can \$5,000 be saved from trickling down the drain?

—H. J. Z.

**Four Per Cent**

Efforts to train Penn State men for Army life in a pre-induction course seems to have met with a poor reception. Of the 720 students the College was prepared to instruct, 32 appeared last night to sign up, with the consequence that the plan may be dropped. Maybe the boys prefer to be surprised in their next environment.



Away back in 1939 we came to Penn State to get the Collegiate atmosphere which Pitt couldn't offer. Little did we realize then that fate had destined us to become a Collegian gossip columnist. If we had known, Pitt would have gotten another Penn State transfer.

We found things about Penn State we liked and disliked. To our urban eyes it was a cloistered college shut off from the agitation of the world. It was a sanctuary in which the student may withdraw into silent contemplation of the universe "away from the distractions of the big city." It was away from the midst of all motion, moving not as the world moves, but pulling you safely around the maelstrom, never through it. We are still of that opinion.

We had contact with Penn State's inbred faculty. An inbred faculty is one recruited from the College's ranks. Inbreeding inevitably leads to inferior stock. We met men with PhD's who were dull clods, men without the gumption to succeed in business, without the imagination to create in their own right, without the intelligence to recognize the futility of their erudite scratchings, and without the courage to face themselves or the world.

These professors taught each subject as if it existed in a vacuum to be pickled in various bottles labeled "courses." One by one they are taken out, clammy with death, and revealed to the student, then they are put back in the pickle jar to be safely preserved until the next term.

Then we met men like Joe Rubin, Ted Roethke, Hal Reed, Hum Fishburn, Eddie Nichols, Sammy Wyand, Bob Galbraith, Harold Alderfer, and a few others who put something of themselves into their courses. They made the subject live and vibrate before your eyes. But, alas, they are so much in the minority.

We met students whose only memory of college will be a nightmarish mountain of greasy dishes. There were others to whom classes were an unwelcome interlude between house parties and big dance weekends. We found house parties were overrated booze affairs where frustrated inhibites had a weekend to get stinking drunk. Big dance weekends do not justify their titles inasmuch as no one has any room to dance. If a big name outfit like T. Dorsey were present, you either stood around and gaped at the performers or wriggled in two feet of dancing space.

Robert Ingersoll must have had Penn State in mind when he said, "College is a place where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed." We have seen the scions of farmers and miners join fraternities, soaked with a thin veneer of culture (easily cracked under heat or pressure), taught how to handle a steak knife and wear a tux, but not told how to think for themselves. Before entering the exclusive atmosphere of the fraternity house these boys were individuals. Then, not only their dress was standardized but their tastes and opinion. They were robbed of whatever personality they possessed and molded along the Fraternity's lines. They became essentially artificial decorated with silly snobbishness.

We found that student activities was big business and paid off dividends. The same insipid group was represented in all the high places—not because they so desired, but because most students were too lethargic to exert the extra effort to make out. We met engineers who will graduate as excellent slide-stick pushers, who will know how to test the tensile strength of a slab, but who do not understand the relation of the machine to social history. PENN STATE'S TECHNICAL SCHOOLS ARE BECOMING MONUMENTS TO STERILE CONSTRUCTIVENESS!!

In our freshman year the LA faculty was being rated by the Collegian... The "College" was changing its name to "University"—if the Trustees came across... Collegian Sports Ed Bob Wilson was riding Higgins to resignation for the 47-0 loss to Cornell... "Keep America Out of War" rallies were being staged in Schwab... and Pitt-Soph Hop Weekend was a welcome substitute for Thanksgiving Vacation.

We ask: "Why must the state university of the second largest state in the Union receive the lowest appropriation of any land grant college???" How can a college professor do his best work at a salary that a Pittsburgh elementary school teacher wouldn't accept???"

We have just been informed that the College will suspend classes for 20 minutes in memory of Armistice Day and for those who died in World War I. We of World War II will probably rate 25 minutes.

—DAVID SAMUELS

**Political Parade**

With LARRY CHERVENAK News Editor

Outstanding political figure in the sophomore class, in most anybody's book, has been one Walter C. Price, high-potentate of one of the most dynamic political machines in College history.

Price organized and built that machine; he was its first and only head: He cajoled, coaxed, bullied, and begged its members, and worked with them through two class victories. He's reputed to have hand-picked its candidates and hand-picked the committees they appointed when elected. He organized a precision-perfect filing system, and saw that it was used effectively to crush all opposition.

Each election Price's clique grew more powerful, apparently more completely subject to Price's ends. Sunday night was planned for the climax, the moment of victory.

As his Campus clique, almost a hundred strong, assembled for its nominating meeting, word came that the opposing class clique was still without candidates and on the point of quitting. Victory was in full view now; only one detail remained before Price would have conquered.

It was then that the clique head asked his party for the first favor in three campaigns—the nomination for the class treasurership.

The clique responded with one of this or any other year's top political upsets: Walter C. Price lost by a reported 18 votes—beaten by a comparative upstart in the clique.

Anti-climax came a few minutes later, when the disorganized Independents '45 gave up the ghost, without candidates and completely beaten.

Price had lost, and won.

**WANTED: HISTORIANS**

Indecision still reigns along political lane as to whether the class of '44 will have four or five new officers come November 19. One of the junior-class clique chairmen started all the trouble after final nominations Sunday by announcing to a surprised Elections committee that the class historian had not been about campus for several moons, and that the time had come to elect a new one. There's still a possibility that both cliques might give up the search for suitable historian candidates, since no one seems quite sure what the historian is supposed to do, anyway.

**ORATION—IN VAIN**

One of the most stirring political orations—and oration it was—came during the Campus '45 final nominations. Johnny Graf, the

**CAMPUS CALENDAR**

Today

Senior editorial board meeting, 7:30 p. m.  
 WRA Tennis Club meets, College courts, 4 p. m.  
 WRA Archery Club meets, Holmes Field targets, 6:30 p. m.  
 WRA Bowling Club meets, White Hall alleys, 6:30 p. m.  
 WRA Intramural managers meet, WRA room, 6:30 p. m.  
 IWA meets to elect officers, 412 Old Main, 7 p. m.  
 Prof. Aaron Druckman will be the guest speaker at the Hillel Movie Forum Series, Hillel Foundation, 7 p. m.

**College Calendar**

(Continued from page one)

Agriculture begin.  
 Jan. 29, Sat.—Fall Semester Classes end 11:50 a. m.  
 Jan. 31, Mon.—Fall Semester Examinations begin 8 a. m.  
 Feb. 4, Fri.—Fall Semester ends 5 p. m.  
 Feb. 4, Fri.—Fall Semester Graduation exercises.  
**Spring Semester 1944**  
 Feb. 8, Tues.—Freshman Week begins 8 a. m.  
 Feb. 11-12, Fri.-Sat.—Spring Semester Registration.  
 Feb. 12, Sat.—Freshman Week ends 11:50 a. m.  
 Feb. 14, Mon.—Spring Semester Classes begin 8 a. m.  
 Apr. 1, Sat.—Midsemester Below-grade Reports  
 Apr. 7, Fri.—Good Friday Recess.  
 May 20, Sat.—Spring Semester Classes end 11:50 a. m.  
 May 22, Mon.—Spring Semester Examinations begin 8 a. m.  
 May 26, Fri.—Spring Semester ends 5 p. m.  
 May 26, Fri.—Spring Semester Graduation exercises.

only non-fraternity student being considered for the clique's slate, was pleading with all the sincerity at his command for the right of the independent man to have a representative in student government. But a vote by the clique followed that speech, so Johnny Graf will not be one of the candidates "announced officially for the first time" at today's convention.

**ALONG THE BATTLEFRONT**

Other reports from the political dress rehearsals: That Larry Ghent declined the preliminary nomination of the Campus '44 slate for vice president... that Bobby Williams was considered by both fresh parties for nomination for '46 class prexy... that Independents '44 are reaching off the deep end in an effort to pull a surprise combination that can compete with the admittedly strong Grey-Leaman duo. And the curtain doesn't rise officially until this evening.

Fresh Sweet Unpasteurized

# Apple Juice

(Commonly called Cider)

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