



April 17, 1936

PENN STATE IN THE WORLD WAR

German re-arm the Rhineland, Marshall Badoglio's fascist legion have penetrated to the Lake Tana region where the British sphere of influence is severely menaced. Every paper carries news of border clashes in Outer Mongolia.

The German student is under arms; he must spend a year of his youth in compulsory military training. Italian students are marching and dying in the furnace-like plains of Ethiopia. All the students in Europe are awake.

American students, as a whole, are removed from the terrific strain education feels under the fascist despots. The American student, however, shall be just as regimented, just as helpless, as the European university man when the patriots and the Japs make the next war.

The American college today is losing whatever liberty and dignity it may have once held. The slow strangulation and decay of democratic control of our own destinies is a painful sight.

We are being led like lambs to the slaughter by the Jude-goats who led us into the last war. The Penn State men who died in the last great war went blindly, without knowing that they were handing their lives over in a monstrous farce.

Among the Penn State men who dropped under the

Dec. 9, 1941

We Show Steady Hands

We signed Japan's death warrant yesterday. With the formal declaration of war by Congress, the last barrier to the Japanese hak-kari was hurdled. United States' only alternative, war against Japan, climaxed a situation that America didn't want, didn't invite; a war which was forced upon us by Axis powers.

The reverberations of the sudden and fantastic attack upon American possessions in the Pacific Ocean threw Penn State students into a peak of excitement and anxiety. The inevitable American declaration of war heightened their emotional perplexity.

The macabre hand of war thrust itself into student life and demanded of American youth its service, because from the youth of the nation will come the nation's victory or defeat. All the nation, terror, uncertainty, and upheaval of woe itself upon student faces.

"That part am I going to play?" was the question asked by deferred students, potential draftees and conscripts. "What are we to do?" they inquired of each other. The answer is not simple, probably not entirely correct, but it is an answer which springs from common sense thinking.

As students, we have a job to perform, bloody, senseless, and heart-breaking as it seems. We must win. We must win by utilizing our natural resources, our wealth, our strength, and our lives. We must barter ourselves in the warring market for the attractive and costly package of peace, an established peace at our own terms.

War is a job of legalized murder. As much as individuals, decay the practice of bloodshed to assert their privileges, society still clings to its

half of steel in the last war were two athletes, Red Bebout and Levi Lamb. Old grads will tell you what these big fellows did to opponents on the gridirons and wrestling mats of that halcyon day, before they were murdered. Today we have a plaque in Red hall to perpetuate the memories of these Penn State men.

Wake up! We shall not die in a shameful slaughter like Red and Levi. We know why they died; not for national honor, not for the sanctity of our womanhood, not to make the world safe for democracy. They died without knowing that the world would be safe for nothing because of their deaths.

Today we know more about what makes war, who profits from war and who loses by war than Red and Levi. We must use that knowledge to save our own lives. We cannot shrink, we cannot evade, we must not be discouraged by the spineless lads who our way not do anything about it.

The Peace Strike of next Wednesday is our way of showing the irresponsible, power-drunk patriots and industrialists who killed Red and Levi in the last war that we cannot do the same to us.

We have a mighty force against them—all of us gathered in a Peace Strike, along with 350,000 other students in the land. That will give their peace efforts a real chance. They will think about the 250,000 and the half million state will be next year when next they start to think the world safe for democracy or when they start the next war to end wars. They will recognize our protest against compulsory ROTC; they will realize that students want to name their own destiny; not to go blindly like Red and Levi.

Penn State men: do you want life or a plaque in Red hall?

—J. T. D.

first natural law—that only the fittest of its group shall survive. Today, Japan has forced us to prove that law.

We must sacrifice. We must give up our ideals, careers, homes, and lives to help maintain our chosen method of living. But, above all, we must think. The utilization of our mental and physical advantages will be wasted unless we learn to apply ourselves.

Our job? We can serve our nation as effectively as possible by staying where we are, keeping our heads, and pursuing the same objectives until we are called upon to do a specific task. Like squirrel hunters, who run from one tree to another, we are of no use to the nation by running from our present duties. Only by mobilizing the total strength, the coordination of forces behind the army, can the United States best carry on its war against Japan.

Students play a big part in smoothing out this behind-the-scenes organization. By doing the tasks they are assigned to do, by staying in college and educating themselves until Uncle Sam becomes his long arm, students are helping to maintain a national equilibrium.

In these abnormal times, students must establish a normal attitude. They should not haphazardly attempt to leave college to join the army or take national defense jobs until the need is apparent. By attending college, they will improve the orderly system of war which the United States government is setting up.

Our business in life are we now engaged in? In this picture of deathly quiet, we find no relief. But we find satisfaction—the fulfilling of a duty, which may lead to the most peaceful world—peace.

Collegian part of changing world

By JOHN LOTT

For a crew-cut farm boy from Gettysburg, Penn State in the sixties was a cup running over with culture shock.

I arrived in Happy Valley in the fall of 1962, vowing I'd milked my last cow and determined to become a sports writer. By the time I left graduate school six years later, my hair was longer and I was as tired of sports writing as I had been of milking cows.

Along the way, I had been jolted into a new awareness of what mattered. And *The Daily Collegian* had helped me discover that the press could make a difference — for the better.

During my Penn State years, I had been witness to, and part of, the biggest student revolution the campus had ever seen. It changed all of us. For some of us, the change was profound.

The *Collegian* office, located then in the basement of Sackett Building, was practically my home during my undergraduate years. I pulled my all-nighters there, studied with my feet propped on the sports desk, wrote my term papers there, the chatter of a single typewriter echoing from the concrete floor to the 12-foot-high ceiling. At the city desk, I consumed a steady diet of hot coffee and greasy burgers from the New College Diner. And sometimes, draped over a rim, I slept there.

As it was for so many before and since, the *Collegian* was my life, the start of a lasting love affair with newspapering.

For the *Collegian* of the sixties, there was no shortage of drama on the front pages and in the office. Those were exciting, head-spinning times — perhaps the best of times to be a Penn State student and a *Collegian* staffer.

Youth had always been rebellious, of course. But this was different. As a nation gasped, students took to the streets, waved signs, shouted slogans and occupied buildings. The targets were war and racism — and at Penn State, a peculiar brand of sexism.

The movement came late to idyllic Happy Valley, but by the mid-sixties, the pages of the *Collegian* began to reverberate with the times: draft-card burnings, protests against the university's research, SDS vs. YAF — the Students for a Democratic Society — on the left jousting with the Young Americans for Freedom on the right.

At the time, I still naively about the high ideals of journalism, covering the campus in the sixties soon disabused us of one notion. Objectivity was impossible. A *Collegian* reporter might start on neutral ground on an assigned story, but even the most conscientious staffer found it difficult to remain detached from the story.

It was a frenzied baptism into political reporting. *Collegian* reporters grew cynical before their time. Others began to embrace the revealed truth they were writing about.

We also knew that a story perceived as favorable to one side would likely inspire an angry visitation from the other. Leaders of the anti-war student groups paraded into and out of the *Collegian* office, seeking favor or screaming foul. If they were happy, they'd lounge about the rim, making small talk. If angry, they'd march straight to the editor's office and pound on the door, which often had been slammed shut by its eagle-eyed proprietor.

The student body was united on one issue — perhaps the biggest of all at Penn State in the mid-Sixties. While Vietnam galvanized students across the land and polarized a nation, Penn State students were rocking their rulers in Old Main over something we'd label today as institutional sexism.

Then, we called it in loco parentis.

That pretentious tag referred to the university rule that barred women students from living off-campus and, among other things, prohibited women from visiting the apartments of male students. All in the interest of protecting the weaker sex from whatever might befall them after curfew, which, if memory serves, was 11:30 p.m. on week nights and 1 a.m. on weekends.

Where students reserved their demonstrative tendencies for football rallies, suddenly Old Main lawn was covered with angry crowds, chanting, singing, cheering the speeches of their leaders, jeering any administrator brave enough to face them.

If it couldn't stop a war in Vietnam, student power might at least stop an archaic, sexist policy in our midst. It did.

Another quaint rule — the "balanced speakers policy" — also drew our indignation. Old Main decreed that a visiting anti-war speaker had to be "balanced" in short order by, say, a visiting four-star general. For a time, the administration was bogged down with this business of balancing and cluttering the *Collegian* newsroom, the late nights in the smoky *Collegian Daily Times* composing room, and the post-mortems at the Diner after the paper had been tucked in.

The *Collegian* was its people, and we were a tight bunch. We laughed with each other, screamed at each other and, in a few cases, fell in and out of love with each other. Through it all, we shared the exhaustion and excitement of a communal push for excellence. The cup was indeed overflowing, and the company was good.

I also met the local sheriff when he visited the *Collegian* office to serve the papers for my first libel suit. The aggrieved party was a professor. Columnist Mel Ziegler had "evaluated" his course in print. As editor, I had hurriedly approved Mel's copy at two minutes to deadline. We settled out of court.

Years later, as I try to bring those times back into focus, the tumult, the shouting and the headlines aren't the first things that come to mind. What I remember most are the chatter and clutter of the *Collegian* newsroom, the late nights in the smoky *Collegian Daily Times* composing room, and the post-mortems at the Diner after the paper had been tucked in.

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Among my most vivid memories are the long walks home alone at 3 a.m. after putting the paper to bed. I can still remember how I'd review in obsessive detail the creation of another *Collegian*, wondering if I'd gone too far with this story or not far enough with that, hoping some layout idea I'd copied from the *New York Herald-Tribune* would look good in the morning. Nothing I could retrieve the editorial to rewrite a crucial sentence.

Most of all, I remember how good it all felt, how much fun it was. I discovered that I did want to be just a reporter, or photographer, or editor. I wanted it all. I loved the process of producing a newspaper, from start to finish, and the incredible learning that went with it.

At the *Collegian*, I learned there was something very special — even noble — about the newspaper business. I still believe that. And I'm grateful to the *Collegian* and Penn State for the chance to make that discovery.

John Lott was *Collegian* editor in 1965-66. After working in Ontario newspapers for 12 years, he became journalism coordinator at Centennial College in Toronto in 1980.

Congratulations On Your Own Century Of Excellence

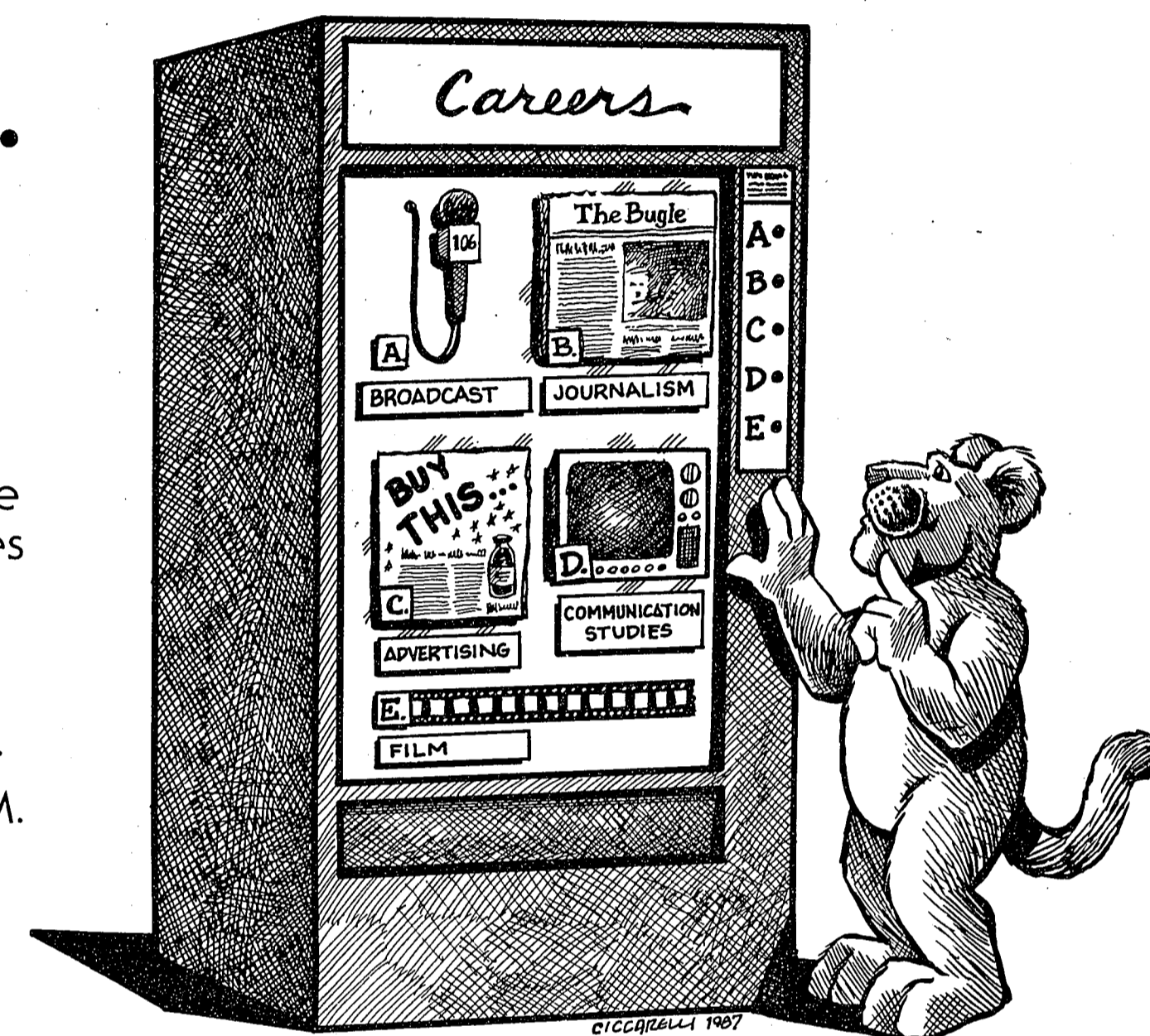
Join Us In Our Look To The Future...

COMMUNICATIONS CAREER DAY

Join alumni and friends who will be on campus to share their experiences on communications careers in advertising, broadcast/cable, film & video, newspapers, magazines, public relations and journalism school.

April 30 9-3 P.M.

HUB Fishbowl



While Always Mindful Of Our Shared Past

- 1855** The institution which would eventually become The Pennsylvania State University was chartered. Although no communication areas were among the initial fare, an 1857 announcement claimed "writing for the press" as one of the "subjects proposed to be taught."
- 1873** Penn State's first instruction in the ordinary operations of transmitting and receiving messages through telegraphy was offered. In 1879, phonography was added as a course which would be available from time to time. Both were apparently dropped shortly thereafter.
- 1887** While electric lights were first being installed at Old Main, The Free Lance was being launched as Penn State's first student publication. The paper folded in April 1904, but within five months The *Collegian* was born.
- 1903** The Carnegie Library Building was erected thanks to a \$150,000 gift from Andrew Carnegie. When the main library moved to its current location in 1940, the Department of Journalism moved in.
- 1911** Penn State's first separate journalism course, Rhet. 14—Journalistic Writings, was listed among the English Department's offerings. A second journalism course, concentrating on copyediting, was added in 1914. The journalism major became an integral part of a new Journalism Department created in 1929. In 1955, the department became a School of Journalism within the College of the Liberal Arts.
- 1928** Penn State's first advertising course, Journ. 26—Writing Advertisements, was listed among the English Composition and Journalism Department's offerings. A separate advertising major was created within the Department of Journalism in 1937.
- 1939** Penn State's first course dealing with film and telecommunication, Dram. 61—Appreciation of the Theatre, Cinema and Radio, was offered. The film/television production major was created by the Department of Theater Arts in 1968.
- 1941** Penn State's first separate telecommunications course, Speech 300—Principles of Radio Speech, was listed in the Speech Department's offerings. A broadcasting major was first offered by the Departments of Speech and Theater Arts and the School of Journalism in 1961.
- 1958** Penn State's first mass communications course, Journ. 68—Law of Mass Communications, was listed in the new Journalism School's offerings. The first interdisciplinary major in communication studies was offered by the School of Journalism and Department of Speech in 1973.
- 1985** Penn State merged the programs previously housed in the School of Journalism with the telecommunications program from the Department of Speech Communication and the film program from the Department of Theater and Film into a new School of Communications.

Penn State School of Communications

Oct. 15, 1969

Editorial Opinion

The Daily Collegian

is in complete sympathy with the aims of The National Vietnam War Moratorium and joins with thousands of other Americans in protest of this damnable war.

These Are Some of the Pennsylvanians Slaughtered in Vietnam:

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|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|--|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Aven, David D., Blairville | Brophy, Patrick J., Erie | Gay, Curtis T., McKeesport | Hewitt, Frederick A. Jr., Philadelphia | John, Charles L. III, Philadelphia | Patrica, Anthony P., Irwin | Went, John, Ephrata |
| Ashby, David E., McConnorsburg | Brown, Michael P., Hatfield | Gleason, Donald B., Pittsburgh | Jackson, Alan E., Philadelphia | Jackson, Robert E., Lancaster | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Young, Ronald E., Harrisburg |
| Adam, Barry L., Reading | Brown, Ralph W., Benton | Hammer, Robert E., Pittsburgh | Jackson, Robert E., Lancaster | Jackson, Robert E., Lancaster | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Zickman, Edward F., Philadelphia |
| Adams, Robert L., Carlisle | Brown, Scott W., Pittsburgh | Hamm, Thomas M., Jr., Philadelphia | Jackson, Richard B., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Zimelski, John M., Pittsburgh |
| Adams, Timothy W., Trenton | Brown, Walter W., Philadelphia | Hart, Timothy M., Stroudsburg | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Zorfas, Jerome V., Bethlehem |
| Akers, Richard L., Philadelphia | Brown, William W., Philadelphia | Hess, Leonard C., Drexel | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Albrecht, George M., Terrace |
| Allen, Daniel E., Dallas | Buckley, William J., Lancaster | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Archer, George M., Terrace |
| Allum, Daniel E., Dallas | Burke, Herman C., Derry | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Alm, Robert E., York | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| American, Samuel D., West Milton | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Amos, Joseph P., Philadelphia | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Anderson, William J., Acme | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Andre, Douglas V., Carlisle | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Auer, William J., Lansdale | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Baughman, Tom J., Reading | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Beahm, James M., Belleville | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Baker, Jack A., Stateburg | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
| Baker, Joseph T., Philadelphia | Carroll, William J., York | Hickman, Robert E., Philadelphia | Chaster, Spence | Chaster, Spence | Patric, Robert D., Lechburg | Barnhill, Hill |
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