

THE OLD ROAD

I must wander along the Old Road again before I am gone. It is a fine road. It has been there for many years, ever since our beginnings. It has seen new blood and old blood and all the changes on our Campus as our Campus' changes which is always. The stately trees along its rustic passage are ill-attended but not unkempt. Each autumn they shed their leaves upon the Old Road and each new spring bring a carpet of pale-green blossoms to cover its hard-brown surface. Here and there the tiny squirrels and chipmunks frisk back and forth in their celebration of the approaching summer. So the Old Road is not a lonely road.

And where, you ask, is the Old Road? It is there where the young meets the aged. It is there, just over the slope, where the grassy greenness inches its way a bit more each day up its beckoning passage. It has always been there. It has seen everything.

And so the Old Road is a lonely road after all. It is lonely because it is old. Before it stand youth and progress and the novelty of newness which now command the attention of the sentimental generations which seem no longer so sentimental. It watches them come to enjoy the handsome youth, some with books in hand, some with partner in conversation, all no longer so sentimental. And the grassy greenness inches its youthful impatience a bit farther up the Old Road.

The stately trees along the Old Road whisper to one another of the changes the Campus has undergone. They hear again the sounds of the yesteryear—the chatter of hammering and sawing ficats over the treetops and the Old Road knows Turnbull and Erie are the new infants in the household; button frosh rings loud and clear and the Old Road smiles and the colored leaves of the stately trees rustle in time to fight on state; a resounding road echoes against the pines and the Old Road knows soccer is a good game for this day; then the bitter wind of the white, white winter whistles through the naked timber and the Old Road is glad it has the leaves and not the trees; spring comes again, the chirping returns and the breathing of the newborn woods gladdens the Old Road and then a splash from the swimming pool elicits a chuckle and tells the Old Road that the garden hose has finally done its job until it is time for final exams and then the Old Road is solemn because things ought to be solemn at a time like this; and too soon came the youth, the cocky youth with its prenatal clanging and digging that cut into the Old Road but could not obliterate its seniority. And the grassy greenness inches its way a bit more up the rustic passage.

So the Old Road is a lonely road. It remembers the days gone by when its entrance was unstopped and those who were much more sentimental or those who just liked the Old Road would follow its pathway under the stately trees, up, up the woody hillside over the carpet of nutbrown leaves and twigs and up, up along the bank of the fabled gorge where Doctor Smith throws everyone who doesn't dissect the Echinodermata properly. So come again the autumn is its twilight. The grassy greenness creeps up the Old Road and it knows that youth is progress and vice-versa and soon, in a few short years, it will no longer be an Old Road because there will no longer be any room, any time for an Old Road.

But suddenly the Old Road thinks that those few remaining years can be golden years. It thinks that youth and age can live together in accord. It thinks that the grassy greenness is, after all, only creeping. And the Old Road is happy because it has seen many good years and those years have been priceless years and the memories are priceless too. And the Old Road thinks that maybe someone soon will put a quaint little sign somewhere nearby that says "The Old Road" and then points to where the grassy greenness slopes down into the stately trees that overshadow its beckoning entrance. Then, thinks the Old Road, those who are still a bit sentimental or those who just like the Old Road can wander along its friendly pathway and in the peace of the woods can dream awhile and discover themselves just a little more. And although it is autumn for the Old Road it is happy because it knows that from time to time a wanderer along its seldom trodden pathway will look up and feel the warmth of the friendly sun as its yellow rays filter through the leaves of the trees. And then a leaf or two of brilliant red or yellow-brown will float gently to the ground to remind the wanderer that the Old Road is a fine road because it is Behrend as it has always been. So that those who care to know

Liberally Speaking— dave goodwill

Analysis of Presidential Candidate

Anthony Downs, a political theorist, states that the alternatives of government action can be located on a left-right scale, and he contends that each voter can be plotted on this scale by what he wants and each party by what it advocates. The majority of voters appear to lie in the center of this liberal-conservative dimension. This partly explains why the Democratic and Republican parties are careful to nominate presidential candidates who hold moderate political views.

Another aspect of American politics is summed up by Donald Stokes, of the University of Michigan, that our political beliefs are multidimensional. In other words, knowing how "liberal" a voter is on one question will not generally give any clue on how "liberal" he will be on another. A typical northern voter may be very liberal on civil rights, but he may be very conservative in regard to high federal deficit spending.

We can obtain further insight into the desired qualities of a presidential nominee by analyzing the members of each party. The following remarks are based upon an article that appeared in news magazine of the New York Times November 4, 1962.

The Democratic Party consists primarily of minority groups, urbanites, those wage earners in the lower half of the economic pyramid (i.e. those who receive less than they think necessary for a decent standard of living), Southerners, and those who aim for more social equality. Democrats tend to support high federal spending on public housing, welfare programs, and medical care programs because they are in the end

the major recipients of these benefits.

The Republican Party consists mainly of business men, small towners, farmers, and middle class suburbanites. Republicans tend to support local self-government; individualism and therefore may criticize unions, big business, and big government because they deal with people as a group; and are concerned over subversive activities and a "hard line" in dealing with communists.

A presidential nominee must satisfy these political qualifications of his multidimensional party, and he must also appeal to the moderates in both parties because they are the majority. These are the obstacles that both Senator Goldwater and Governor Rockefeller must overcome, and they are the reasons why Governors Romney and Scranton will gain support. To further emphasize my point, Goldwater's conservatism is already showing signs of mellowing and perhaps the validity of the slogan "a real choice" with it.

OSGA...

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wealth campuses, arrangements for the Keystone Society State Conference, a commonwealth campus newsletter, and Intercampus League arrangements.

The conference ended on Saturday afternoon with a luncheon meeting in Hazelton's new Student Union Building. The main speaker at the meeting was U.S. Congressman Flood, who spoke on several subjects, including recent developments in Viet Nam.

must always know that it is not so lonely anymore, this fine, fine road, the Old Road.

The above was written by David C. Craley, a sophomore at Behrend last year.

If enough student interest is shown, the NITTANY CUB would like to back a suggestion to Mr. Thomas C. Campbell, assistant director of the Behrend Campus, that a sign be erected at the point of the road's origin (the end of the sidewalk in front of the Otto B. Behrend Science Building) noting the existence of "The Old Road."

This road hold many happy memories for students both past and present, and recognition of it would add credibility to the many "Nature Hikes" taken by the students in the spring.

A sign would cost little, detract nothing from the surroundings and foster a tradition.

THE NITTANY CUB