

The Bus Baggage Blockade

By David Malickson

Of the many students returning from Easter vacation, some were greeted at Lewistown by the usual assortment of multi-colored busses.

As has been the practice, bus drivers stored the luggage in the rear of the bus; collected their \$1.44 fares, and started for State.

The baggage was piled in an orderly way... yes, in an orderly way in front of the emergency door; two or three rows deep, and higher than the door handle.

It has always been our belief that an emergency door is for the quick exit of passengers in the event of serious trouble in the bus.

How quickly could such an exit be with suitcases stacked in front of the door? How many lives would be lost in the stampede toward a would-be exit blocked by baggage?

At times, bus drivers have safely driven their busses over mountains in spite of very poor driving conditions. For this they are to be commended, but certainly not for the practice of blocking the emergency door with suitcases.

Students expect not only \$1.44 worth of transportation, but also \$1.44 worth of safety on the trip from Lewistown to State College. However, safety, being an intangible thing, cannot be measured exactly in dollars and cents, but most certainly if a bus has an emergency door it should be kept in usable condition.

The rear of the busses could just as well have

been made with a solid piece of metal, and would serve the same purpose. This is particularly true at vacation time.

An emergency door does not serve merely to give the rider mental comfort in the fact that he sees the words "Emergency Door"; it is to serve a practical purpose if the need arises.

No baggage should be stored directly in front of the emergency door, and no suitcases should be placed anywhere on the aisle. Free passage to the emergency door must be insured.

Such an unobstructed passage-way could be had by placing the luggage on either side of the emergency door. If this space is not sufficient, then the last row of seats should be used for baggage also.

At \$1.44—slightly less on round trip tickets—per passenger, we feel that the person who owns this transportation franchise should be willing to lose the fares from two or four seats in order to be able to use them for baggage. It would be for his own protection as well as for the safety of the students.

If there was an accident, and the emergency door was blocked, there would be much explaining necessary.

In the future, we hope the safety of twenty or more students in each bus will not be sacrificed for \$5.76—the four fares lost if the last row of seats were used for baggage.

Some 'High Class Politics'

Lawrence G. Foster

Miss Peters' editorial in a recent edition of Cabinet's decision to send Gene Fulmer to the Student Union Convention at the University of Illinois.

It's not generally known, but there were some "high class politics" behind this decision. Because the entire student body is represented by the members of Cabinet, and because it is the money from the pockets of students who financed this trip, we feel that they should be enlightened.

William Gessner was nominated to make the trip by members of the Student Union Committee

because it was felt that in writings for Collegian during his two remaining years at the College he could do much to keep the project in front of both the student body and the administration. George Donovan, Student Union manager, ratified the choice.

Not more than a half hour after the committee members and Mr. Donovan had their talk and decided on Gessner, Fulmer, who was confined at home because of illness, knew of the plan. (This was Thursday, Cabinet day). Immediately the telephones began to buzz and Fulmer succeeded in stacking Cabinet votes against Gessner, and for himself. He had decided long ago that he wanted to make this trip to Illinois, and wasn't afraid to admit it.

Not all members of Cabinet voted for Fulmer, but those that did, gave him the nod for a reason. It was not because they thought Mr. Fulmer could do more to propagate the Student Union project, and it couldn't have been because they felt he has done the most for the project to date. For what has he done? Oh yes, he did suggest a reformation of the Student Union committee of which he is a member. In fact, he had big plans for the new organization, but he brought them up before Cabinet once a few months ago, and since then hasn't done a thing about carrying them out. Any other work that Fulmer has done to date was equaled and even surpassed by some members of the committee.

The real reason behind the move was a political one and had nothing to do with furthering the Student Union project. It seems that during the past few months Fulmer has become less popular with the members of his party, the Nittany Independents.

When it came time to select a candidate for next year's all-college president, Mr. Fulmer was politely by-passed. Instead, the party decided that they could get further with a candidate who could draw more votes, but perhaps not do as much work. (Mr. Fulmer has accomplished a good deal along certain lines.)

This decision did not strike a happy note with Fulmer for he had his eye on the all-college post. It was well known that he could make things warm for any candidate the NI party put up... so what could be better than to get Mr. Fulmer out of the way for a while.

The convention was the answer, because it is taking place on three very important campaign days. Being convenient for all concerned, the "deal was swung."

We're not the least bit concerned with the family troubles of the Nittany-Independent Party. But when politics sneak into a project as worthwhile as the Student Union, it's time something was done. The members of Cabinet who took part in this deal cast a vote for their own interests, and not for Student Union.

Dog Lovers

TO THE EDITOR: There is a black speckled bloodhound—dog tag number 55061, in a blue Packard car which bears the license number 4E-711—N.Y. This car is parked in the lot in front of the Tri-dorms.

This dog has been imprisoned in this car not for a day, not for a week, and not for a month, in fact, it has been over a semester and a half. If one can't care for a dog properly, one shouldn't have one. Dog gone it—we're sentimental, and a dog's cry goes to our hearts.

Spring has come—Come on, Richard, Open that car door.
—Three dog lovers from the Tri-dorms.

We note in a recent edition of our "competitor," the Centre Daily Times, that the recommendations of the State Highway Department for the erection of a traffic light at the intersection of College avenue and Allen Street has been tabled until a later meeting of the Borough Council.

Letters presenting the highway's recommendations were read, discussed, and tabled temporarily because "they were inconsistent with what was originally planned by council."

We don't know what council planned originally but we rather imagined that it was a stop light. Now they've just stopped.

Editorials and features in The Collegian reflect the opinions of the writer. They make no claim to represent student or University opinion. All unsigned editorials are by the editor.

Letters

Social Bugaboos

TO THE EDITOR: Where did Mr. Sarge ever get the idea that the men of Pollock Circle are social bugaboos, and that Pollock Circle vets have a "reaction of defense" which leads to "antagonistic attitudes"? Applied veteran psychology is no longer in style.

When we "come over across Shortlidge road" we are unable to make a distinction between "regular" students and the aborigines from Pollock Circle, roaming the wilds of the Campus. Furthermore we did not realize that we were "crying out in our wilderness," as Mr. Sarge so nicely puts it.

We quote Mr. Sarge's statement that Penn State's "sportsmanship, classroom honor, hospitality, and loyalty to the College" have disappeared. Where did they go? We think the school still has them, but if this were not the case, what bearing does this have on Pollock Circle?

It seems to us that Pollock Circle is well represented in all College organizations, and that there is no reason for resentment, except perhaps against Mr. Sarge's derogatory letter.

—Signed by 17 Pollock Circle Men.

Kinderscholastic

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Sarge in his kinderscholastic editorial diagnosed "The ailment common to practically all ex-servicemen returning to once-familiar territory" with deep insight and a profundity quite remarkable for a sophomore.

Mr. Sarge, speaking of Pollock Circle, told the X-GI's in his frank and revealing analysis exactly what was the matter with them.

"Not being able to conquer the situation," (Mr. Sarge pointed out to the helpless GI's brooding in their barracks, "a usual reaction is one of defense and may lead to antagonistic attitudes on the part of the X-GI or Navy man.")

There you are, Pollock Circle army and navy men! Your defensive and antagonistic attitude, hinted at by Mr. Sarge but of which we are not aware, has been very intelligently explained by this capable ex-army captain who no doubt has had wide experience and close association with X-GI's and, of course, is therefore naturally justified in including Navy men, too.

As a fraternity man and a politician, Mr. Sarge is extending a welcome and a helping hand to "independents, all students in fact" to come on over and join campus organizations. Such an overwhelming philanthropic attitude cannot and must not be overlooked.

Men of Mr. Sarge's calibre who show a maturity far beyond their tender years and an ability to write editorials of such depth and with so much research, study, experience and understanding behind them will do much to hasten our goal for a bigger and better Penn State. (Rah! Rah! Rah! for Mr. Sarge.)

—Ann Stolts.

Ed. Note: Shortly before the Easter holidays we printed an editorial by Mr. Sarge of the Collegian Staff. While the editorial was addressed to Pollock Circle in general, it was meant for those few men (a decided minority) who feel that "everyone's against us."

The majority of Pollock Circle men drift along amiably enough, trying to adjust normally and without saying much.

We regret that Mr. Sarge's editorial was taken as a general criticism of Pollock Circle men, for it wasn't, as Mr. Sarge most diplomatically pointed out, the editor and sports editor both live in the Circle.

In all fairness to Mr. Sarge, it might also be pointed out that while it is true that he was discharged as a captain (horrible thought—brass in our midst) he started as an enlisted man and worked his way up over a period of five years in the service.

Beaux-Arts Ball

TO THE EDITOR: I wonder why there has been so little comment on this campus at the revival of the annual Beaux-Arts Ball. Certainly it is not from lack

WHEEL-CHAIR BUS



Walter Ellsworth, patient at McGuire Veterans Administration Hospital, Richmond, Va., adjust a safety bar holding his wheel chair in place preparatory to a ride in the new, specially equipped bus recently obtained for transporting wheel-chair patients.

of effort on the part of the advertising committee, for the posters on display are the best I have seen.

Maybe it's because the students have forgotten that the Beaux Arts Ball used to be gayest event of the social year. Or maybe because Scarab, Esquisse, and our art talent in general, keep so much out of the limelight that the student body is unfamiliar with them.

Anyway, I, for one, am always happy to see a good thing brought back to life after a dormant period.

Wm. Bond Gould

Springtime

Capt. Philip A. Mark, chief of the Campus Patrol, has been writing poetry for many occasions and for a good many seasons. Here is his contribution, suited to the present time of the year.

When you hear the robins cheepin'
And through the ground the
rhubarb's peepin'
Springtime's round the corner,
brother,
But Old Man Winter's round the
other.

Keep your overcoat rather handy
Even though the day seems
dandy.

Keep your furance fire burnin'
Winter days will be returnin'.
Springtime thoughts and Spring-
time weather—

In the morning soft breezes
: sighin',
In the evening snowflakes flyin'.

Springtime is the only reason
That affects a young man's rea-
son.

Makes his heart get kinda gushy,
Makes his thoughts seem sorta
mushy.

A young man smells the Spring-
time breezes,
Falls in love and gets the sneezes,
Gets the notion that he'll ask her
What she thought he shoulda last
year.

In a trailer he'll go housekeepin';
Round her waist his arm starts
creepin'.

You can see the love bug's got
'em.
He won't come to, until late
Autumn.

Old guys wish they were twenty
years younger,
So they could make the same
darn blunder.

Yes, Springtime is the strangest
season—
Does funny things with rhyme
and reason.

—Philip A. Mark

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