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Code in Danger

Forty-seven fraternities, representing more than 2000 men, are confronted with a serious threat to their established social life, with the first assault having already been made against their cherished unchaperoned dating code.

Already sophomore women have been denied the privilege of participating in unchaperoned dating in fraternity houses. This injunction of the dean of women's was discussed briefly in yesterday's Collegian.

Yesterday's editorial expressed the belief that Dean Weston would attempt to influence the Senate Committee on Student Welfare to abolish the IFC dating code, in the event that she remains convinced that its most pertinent sub-sections will be ignored.

Now let's get one thing straight. Much can be said for the rightness of her position, if, as she contends, but has not proven, fraternities consistently ignore the code restrictions on mixed drinking and escorting women to bedrooms.

Not only does the code itself prohibit both acts, but the College's regulations for undergraduate students provide for severe punishments for them.

Nevertheless, the dean, by the manner in which she effected this partial annulment of the dating code, indicated an unwillingness to cooperate with fraternity and coed leaders, or to have confidence in their motives, ability and sincerity.

Coeds and fraternity men are most fortunate this year to have leaders of the caliber of the IFC and Women's Student Government Association presidents. They are mature, capable and responsible adults, and are willing to work for the same goals that Dean Weston appears to be striving toward.

As students, they are fully cognizant of whatever problem exists, and they realize its true proportions. They are unlikely to be misled by a few isolated instances, wild rumors or garbled exaggerations. They deal with facts.

As student leaders, they realize the responsibility of their positions, and the vital necessity to their respective organizations of a collective self-discipline. The stark knowledge that if they don't govern themselves, the College administration will, is vividly impressed upon their minds.

They dread the consequences of the social vacuum that would result from a cessation of unchaperoned dating in fraternity houses. No imagination is required to visualize the resultant increase in treks to Bellefonte and cars parked in secluded country lanes.

Organized, social control would be seriously diminished. This fact, and the acknowledged inadequacy of social facilities, must have been deciding factors when the Senate Committee on Student Welfare first approved the dating code some 20 years ago.

Dean Weston has said, point-blank, that she favors retention of the dating code, but only if its provisions are strictly adhered to. She added that she is waiting for concrete assurance that it will be enforced. When that is given, she will permit sophomore women to participate in unchaperoned dating.

Fraternity men, fraternities and Interfraternity Council, the future of your dating privilege rests with you. To enjoy the privilege, you must accept the responsibility. Ultimately, it comes down to each individual member, since the chain is no stronger than the well-known weakest link.

The Council cannot assume the role of a detective agency. It can and must try and punish known violators. But the policing must be done by each brother of each house.

'Rally' Ho!

If you want college tradition at its best, tonight is your chance to see some of it and also to take an active part. Starting at 7 o'clock at the Tau Kappa Epsilon house at Prospect and Garner streets, the most spirited campus tradition, the first football pep rally of the semester will start off the football season.

It's a chance for both old and new College students to show their appreciation and hopes for a great football squad. The new student can see what the Penn State spirit is like and the old student can see that that spirit is still at its height.

Tonight will be the first time for Hum Fishburn's new Blue Band to go into action. It's also a chance to see what the team looks like this year, and to hear Coach Higgins tell what he expects tomorrow afternoon.

It should be remembered that student enthusiasm last year was one of the factors that led last year's squad to an undefeated season and the Cotton Bowl.

To show the Nittany Lions what we think of them is also everyone's chance to get into the game. Let's equal and even better last year's rallies by having everyone there. It will be great to have another top team!

—Arnold Gerton.

COLLEGIAN GAZETTE

Brief notices on meetings and other events must be submitted to The Daily Collegian office in Carnegie Hall by 2 p.m. of the day before the issue in which it is desired to appear.

Friday, October 1
ALPHA Rho Omega meeting, 304 Old Main, 7 p.m. Sunday.

College Hospital
Admitted Thursday: Melvin Levine, Wayne De Arment.

Discharged Thursday: Spencer Boyer.

Student Employment

Jobs available for students with print shop and hototype experience.

Finished carpenters needed to fill openings.

Baby sitters needed for Saturday afternoon.

"Need any help?"



Another Man's Poison

By Arni Gerton



Dear Boss:
Well, I'm back, so start worrying. This semester the wise old cat is raring to go and I'll be on your neck more than I ever was on Ben French's.

I haven't gotten off to a good start because here the semester has started and I'm a week late. Had I known there would be so many new faces (pretty ones) here I would have come up for Orientation Week. I always like to help out sophomores . . . and I would have had a chance to get into the rat-race in trying to date them.

I meandered into the Corner (newly painted) for my usual bowl of ham and cream when I was rushed by at least twenty girls. You know, boss, I wish these girls would get their fathers to buy them fur coats, or else you introduce me to people who won't have to worry about keeping warm this semester. What's this about the dating code?

The early semester hysteria hasn't changed at all, I see. Instead of overhearing conversations, at which I'm most adept, about studies and the classics, all I hear around town is, "Who are you dating tonight?" and "Isn't that fraternity wonderful!" and "What semester do I have to be before I can schedule Dr. Adams?" — Things are still the same!

There seems to be a more appropriate expression than the polite phrase of "Drop Dead!" floating around this semester and that is "Flunk Out!" Oh well, I'll do my best.

I had an interesting summer. I was crossing Broad and Chestnut streets in Philadelphia during the GOP National Convention when I got my tail caught on the bumper of Dewey's buggy. The next thing I knew I was part of the delegation from New York.

I met some big newspaper men at Convention Hall. Boys that started like you did. I rubbed against Lowell Thomas, H. V. Kaltenborn and Ben French. French was an usher in the balcony. He and his high journalistic ideals! The most remarkable thing was that I also ran into your ex-boss Allan Ostar. He

had to sneak in . . . I always knew that he would go far. Now I hear he's in Madison, Wisconsin.

That prominent has-been, J. Arthur Stober was there too. You remember him. He was the one that fouled up Froth. He wanted me to use my influence in getting him a newspaper job, but what does a so called humorist know about life in the raw!

Besides my running into people and cars, I've been practicing up on my shooting . . . with a rifle and not my mouth. At first I had trouble finding decent targets but one day I spotted a bird. Hah, I spotted him. It was nothing more than a sick old owl. So I put him out of his misery in quick time. It's a great sport, sport.

Well, I'll have to cut this short now. I hear that you have to call 5051 to get any girl and that's just what I want, any girl . . . the line for the phone forms to the right.

You'll hear from me soon,
Phineas T. Glockenspiel

Speech Professors Visit Convention

Seven faculty members of the department of speech at the College are participating in the seventh annual convention of the Pennsylvania Speech Association in Harrisburg today and tomorrow.

The members are Joseph F. O'Brien, Harold J. O'Brien, Harriet D. Nesbitt, Eugene T. McDonald, C. Cordelia Brong, Harold E. Nelson, and Clayton H. Schug.

Representative speakers from Pennsylvania universities, colleges and high schools will join with the Penn State delegates in stressing speech education, methods, and rehabilitation.

The convention members will consider the various aspects of speech education being carried on in the State, and will propose measures to advance speech correction, both in the home and in the school.

Professor Joseph F. O'Brien is executive secretary of the association, while other officers include Armand L. Hunter of Temple University, president, and Buell Whitehall Jr. of the University of Pittsburgh, vice-president.

Out of the Wastebasket

Salvaged by Elliot Shapiro

While rummaging around in the source file for this column, some interesting items were found. Unable to pass them up, we must pass them on to enlighten and enliven the day of our readers.

Cobra skins are one of the latest variety of imports from the Orient. Women, it seems, will wear anything. Not only take the shirt off their providers' back, but even the skin off their favorite snakes. If the girlfriend's shoes, or her handbags display a tendency to rear up and spit at you—don't blame it on your personality. She may be wearing a cobra skin.

Among other new developments is a vitamin capsule vending machine. Along with the pencil sharpeners placed in Sparks building by the LA Student Council, these machines could prove a great relief after blue-books.

There's a new technique for handling door-to-door salesmen, it seems. No longer do they get the door slammed in their faces. The new way is much more subtle. The housewife invites the salesman in to demonstrate his product, and, incidentally, do her housework.

For instance, one electrical appliance company requires all salesmen to show prospective customers how a shirt should be ironed. Before they start selling they learn to iron a shirt perfectly in 4½ minutes.

Browsing a little further into the circular file we came upon a few more pages of our young sophomore's diary.

September 29: I'm disgusted, I'm burned up, I could swear a blue streak, if I knew how. And here's why. I trusted my room-mate. I know I should have faith in my fellow man, but after this I'm not sure. Here's what happened—

I was waiting for a booth in the Corner this afternoon, with my room-mate of course. That guy never leaves me. Suddenly like a ray of sunshine breaking through a cloud, a beautiful coed came in. (All right, so she was only pretty, but I liked her style.) She wanted a booth too, it seemed. So we waited together, until I got up enough nerve to speak to her. She seemed pretty friendly, and after we introduced ourselves, things were running smoothly.

She agreed to share our booth and I went to get a pack of cigarettes. That was when the dirty work was done, I found out.

One thing led to another, and I was stuck for my room-mate's coke as well as hers. My room-mate and I walked back to Ath Hall with her. As we left I asked her for a date for Saturday night.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, "but I already have one." I didn't pay much attention to it at the time but my room-mate was grinning like a Chesapeake Cat.

And then, this evening, the awful truth came out. My room-mate, my buddy, the guy who shares my shaving cream, stole my girl from behind my back.

Now—I could kick myself. Now that it's after 10 o'clock I remember that I could have asked her for a date on FRIDAY night.

September 30: I slept late today and my room-mate slipped another one over on me. He and I are through!

I intended to call up my coed this morning, but that dirty dog beat me to it. While I was sleeping, he got a date with her for Friday night too. He can't do that!

But I shall fix his wagon. I just finished switching the labels on the toothpaste and shaving cream tubes. Will he get the surprise of his life tonight!

P.S.—I'm a bad boy for switching labels—and besides shaving cream has the worst taste. That's right, I forgot about my own joke.

P.P.S.—But my room-mate didn't. Hah!

At the Movies

CATHAUM—Pitfall. Midnite show, "Forever Amber."

STATE—Taproots.

NITTANY—The Big Clock.

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Letters to the editor must be signed for inclusion in The Safety Valve, although names will be withheld on request. Telephone numbers and addresses must be included to facilitate verification of authenticity of signatures. Letters exceeding 200 words in length may be cut when required by space limitations.

Letters should be addressed to the editor, Daily Collegian, box 244, Beas.

College Bookplate

A bookplate, for use in publications in the Penn State Collection, has been designed by Milton S. Osborne, professor and head of the department of architecture at the College.

The plate includes a drawing from one of the earliest photographs of the College and depicts students at work on the farms, with the Main Building in the background. It will be placed in books and bound volumes of publications in the Penn State Collection. Ralph W. McComb, College librarian explained.