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Something Bold

Something bold in the way of fun is buzzing toward the College. It's the Spring Carnival which takes over South Allen street at 2 p.m. Friday.

The idea of the carnival started last November when several members of IFC and a member of Pan-Hel conducted a survey of the fraternities and dormitories. Of the students polled, a tremendous majority favored the plan of a carnival for inclusion in the week-long celebration.

Promoting the idea in conjunction with its 40th anniversary issue, Froth presented the plans to Inter-fraternity Council which in turn took the proposal to All-College Cabinet. Cabinet assumed complete charge. Thus was conceived the Carnival. But March 31, the date originally scheduled for the carnival, was both wet and dreary. The carnival was temporarily cancelled. This coming Friday was set as the new date for the carnival.

Activities at the carnival will range from "racing gold fish" to "put out the lights," from "horse races" to "fools-nest," from "humpty dumpty" to "pop 'em off." Sororities, fraternities and independent groups are joining in the entertainment.

But aside from the fun of the carnival, there are the more pleasant fruits which the carnival will eventually bear. Funds raised at the carnival will be distributed by the World Student Service Fund to purchase books for students in the Philippine Islands.

We'll be seeing you Friday at the carnival.
—Sy Barash.

Work To Be Done

Congratulations are in order for the new hatmen tappees, Skull and Bones, Parmi Nous and Blue Key. Perhaps some of them will prove more deserving of the honor than the majority of their predecessors.

Periodically throughout the years, the cry has gone out to the "honor" societies to "Justify your existence." They have been told to do something worthwhile or disband.

Occasionally, a few of the more conscientious hatmen start out like a house afire, eager to make all manner of reforms and show everybody that they consider their hats more meaningful than a hollow honor.

But the inertia of the vast majority soon clutches at their high-flying heels, dragging them to earth amid the crashing of their lofty ambitions.

For it is all too true that the standard attitude of a hatman is the lethargic one that "I was chosen for what I've already done, not just as a work-horse to do more."

That remark is only approximately true. Of course the selection is meant as recognition for past contributions to the College. However the value of the honor is directly proportional to the student evaluation of the society as a whole.

And the society's prestige can be measured by the constructive work it does around the campus.

So perhaps you new young bloods will be able to inject some life and vigor into the old honor societies (and boost your esprit de corps as well), by taking on some special projects. There are lots of them begging to be done.

Traditional?

At last we think we've figured out why the Daily Californian's Ice Box (counterpart of the Daily Collegian's Safety Valve) is always so full and overflowing.

Tradition ("as true Bear rooters, steeped in the traditions of old Cal") must be the answer to the question that has long puzzled us. "How can they get six or seven letters every day, on so many varied topics?"

It must have become a tradition at Cal to write letters to the Ice Box, whenever half an excuse presented itself. Controversies chase each other through its shelves, sometimes defrosting the contents (and perhaps the authors and readers as well).

How this custom was, and can be built up is unrevealed, but it is certainly a worthwhile one. Probably it is the only way to make a student newspaper serve as a true forum of student opinion.

We've even been more generous with our space than the Californian, permitting 50 words more than their limitation of 150. (Of course with the greater number they receive, space is at more of a premium.)

Unfortunately, some of the most interesting letters to the Safety Valve cannot be used. Like the brilliant irony on Communism received yesterday. As much as we wanted to, we couldn't use it because the signature was not listed in the registrar's file.

Anonymous letters, and those signed with false names, must be rejected. Telephone numbers and addresses must be included, for verification. Names will, of course, be withheld on request.

What Penn State needs is a popping good Safety Valve tradition.

Edit Brief

We believe that not even the most mathematically precise equality of segregated institutions can be properly considered equality under the law. No argument or rationalization can alter this basic fact: a law which forbids a group of American citizens to associate with other citizens in the ordinary course of daily living creates inequality by imposing a caste status on the minority group.

—The Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights.

Moron's Delight



Your Lion

By Red Roth

I've been at Penn State for four semesters now, not including five months with the ASTP (Always Safe Till Peace) boys, but in that short space of less than 20 months I've suffered everything from a near nervous breakdown to punctured eardrums. The main reason for my physical and mental abnormalities is that our house is crawling with that demented species of racket-lover known as "bopsters."

Fraternity brothers, normal in most other respects, dash about the house screaming "oolya koo," "oop leep ba be bop," and other nonsensical utterings until I'm glad to escape to the nearest Spanish class. At least I can understand a few words spoken there.

Charlie Parker, "Dizzy" Gillespie, or Charlie Ventura is liable to blare out from the record machine at any moment. Even the Spring Houseparty was no escape. While other fraternities had sedate dinner dances or novel costume balls, we had "Jazz at ZBT."

Until the strains of "How High the Moon," "Perdido," "Birdland," and other tunes of that ilk played by wailing trombones, screeching trumpets, and moaning saxes began buzzing through my head I thought I knew a little about music. Now I'm not so sure.

I was always under the impression music was supposed to be pleasing to the ear. Bop, on the other hand, delights in producing weird noises which my roommate, himself a drummer who wallows in the stuff, explains as "a futuristic variation of jazz." Jazz he goes on to define as "extemporaneous interpretation of music by individual musicians."

Then he rants and raves about impressionism, pleasing discords, and a succession of other terms which would do credit to Roget's Thesaurus. I try to wipe the stupid expression off my face and nod intelligently, but outside of picking up a few choice words for my vocabulary these explanations serve no useful purpose. I still think bop is just a lot of noise.

Heaven knows, I've tried to understand the bop being turned out by campus musicians. When they staged a concert at Schwab I remained plastered to my seat through chorus after chorus of discordant measures. I've willingly given up hours of much-needed sleep to attend "sessions" at which equally-tired members of the local "bop set" did everything but blow out their brains. Still no soap. The only thing I got from hours of beer drinking and bop listening was a sleepy feeling and a hangover.

After talking to a number of bop-lovers, however, I've come to the conclusion they don't even understand the notes produced themselves. Ask an admirer of Parker to interpret Thelonius Monk, noted bop pianist, and he's almost—but not quite—as dumbfounded as the non-initiated "square" who thinks Guy Lombardo is the greatest thing that ever hit the field of popular music. Then inquire more deeply and they explain this lack of understanding due to the fact that each individual musician interprets his emotions in music in a highly singular fashion.

They point to the varied interpretations of Picasso's paintings offered by art critics as a parallel situation. I should think a better comparison would be the varying impressions steel workers receive when they hear a 20-ton press smash down on a sheet of metal. The sound is much more like the music being considered than are Picasso's works.

"True bop is the musician's driving passion expressed through his music," my stick and brush mad roommate declares. If what he says is true, the driving passion of most of them must be a severe case of colic.

It's gotten to the point now where I pick up a Strauss waltz any time I can fight my way through the mass of jazz fiends crowding the record players and try to regain some sort of sanity listening to "The Blue Danube" or "Die Fledermaus."

My lone hope is that bop, like dixieland, swing, and Kenton's impressionistic jazz, will pass through its cycle and die an unnatural death.

Until then here's a solitary cheer for the three B's, and I don't mean be bop blea.

Collegian Gazette

Tuesday, April 26

PENN State Bible Fellowship meeting, 417 Old Main, 1:10 p.m.

WRA Bridge, WH playroom, 7 p.m.
Fencing, 1 WH, 7 p.m.
Bowling, WH, 6:30 p.m.

PSYCHOLOGY Club, 204 Burrowes, 7 p.m.
MEN'S Bridge Club, TUB, 7 p.m.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Saturday: Stephen Segal, Shirley Raynes.

Discharged Saturday: Russell Orner, Joseph Swadlow, William Davis, Phyllis Oxford, Lee Johnson, Eleanor Chesney.

Admitted Sunday: Joseph Strack, David Skelly.
Discharged Sunday: Dorothy Park, John Burton, Leslie Fell, William Keblbish, Rene Burickson.

Admitted Monday: Alice Kuywmjian, Theodore Mann, Willis Dickey, Patricia Irwin.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Arrangements for interviews should be made in 204 Old Main Fidelity & Deposit Co. wants applications from students interested in the bonding field. (Single men under 30 preferred.)

Bolton School of Nursing of Western Reserve U., April 27, June grads in A&L, Pre-Med, Psych, Science, and Health Ed.

Westinghouse Electric Co., April 27, 28, and 29, June grads in EE, IE, and ME; juniors in same curricula for summer employment. A group meeting will be held for all interested students, 219 EE, 7:30 p.m., April 26.

Sears, Roebuck and Co., April 28, June grads in Ag Eng for sales.

Talon, Inc., April 29, June grads in IE and ME, for instructors in the training department.

Scott Paper Co., April 28, June grads in ME.

Lehigh Portland Cement Co., April 29, June grads in C&F for their sales department.

Pitt School of Nursing, April 29, June grads interested in nursing as a career.

Kroger Co., April 29 and 30, June grads interested in food merchandising.

Prudential Insurance Co., May 2 and 3, June grads in A&L and C&F for sales work.

H. J. Heinz Co., May 2 and 3, women students from following curricula for summer work: Home Ec, Med Tech, Bact, Bot, Chem, Zoo and Ent, Pre-Med, Com Chem, Sci, AgBioChem.

West Penn Power Co., May 2 and 3, undergrads in EE, IE, ME, for summer employment.

International Business Machines Corp., May 3, June grads in EE.

Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing Co., May 5, June grads in Chem Eng, C&F, EE, for sales work only.

Ralston Purina Co., May 6, June grads in Ag Ec, Ag Ed, Ag Eng, Agronomy, Animal Husb, Dairy Husb, Hort, Poultry Husb.

Line Material Co., May 6, June grads in EE and ME.

Leeds & Northrup, May 2 and 3, June grads in Chem Eng, EE, IE, ME, Metallurgy, for sales engineering only.

AT THE MOVIES

CATHAUM—Take Me Out to the Ball Game.

STATE—Ma and Pa Kettle.

NITTANY—The Captive Heart.

Edit Briefs

● Students who take the commendable "Meet Your Government" trip to Washington this week may find a few deviations from the ideal on the part of our lawmakers; for example, Congressmen sometimes favor the ball park over the chamber on a sunny afternoon.

● The Carnival committee is protecting itself against the weather to the extent of gaining borough approval of either Friday or Saturday nights for the affair. The unanswered question... what if it rains both nights?

● With the publication of the final examination schedule, Scheduling Officer Watkins will hear the yearly complaint: Why is my last exam June 17?

The Daily Collegian

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