

# It's Your Valve

The best and most effective way to speak your piece about campus doings that either gripe or please you is through the Safety Valve column of the Daily Collegian.

PLACED ON THE editorial page each day daily beginning tomorrow, the Safety Valve is not only an outlet for student gripes but the one place you can offer constructive criticism to the staff of the paper. If a particular editorial goes against your grain, you can present your side of the picture to the College by contributing a letter to the Safety Valve.

"FOR A BETTER Penn State" is the motto of the Collegian but responsibility for fulfilling that motto rests with the students as well. By intelligent and spirited contributions, the student body can actually work toward that same objective.

Many times you complain to a few friends about something that bothers you and then forget it. The idea that "I can't do anything about it so why try" is too prevalent. But a move in the right direction may start the ball rolling and accomplish more than ever thought possible.

LACK OF SPACE requires that all letters be limited to 200 words. Most things worth saying can be said within that limit. Anonymous letters and those signed with false names must be rejected. Telephone numbers and addresses must be included for identification. Names, of course will be withheld on request. Send all letters to the editor, Box 261, Boro.

Next time you feel like letting off steam or throwing somebody a bouquet or two, do it through the Safety Valve instead of blowing your top to only slightly interested friends.

—DOTTIE WERLINICH

## Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

It seems the fad of advertising for marital partners has reached the Penn State campus. At last, the following notice is scrawled on a wooden standard near construction operations east of the Sparks building:

"One steel worker fellow wants to get married. He has a bank account of \$15,000."

A young bewildered sophomore, being rushed by one of the high-powered fraternities, had reached a state of utter confusion. He turned to one of the beaming brothers hovering over him and asked, "How many fraternities can I join, anyway? If I pledge your house does that mean I can't join the Penn State Christian Association?"

Some things happen purely by coincidence, but Mrs. Cordelia Hibbs, assistant to the Dean of Women in charge of women's housing, assures us that Audre Ann Rosenfeld was not assigned to 210 McAllister Hall just because her mother, Mrs. Dorothy Rosenfeld, occupied the same room 24 years ago.

Remember about this time last year when Football Scout Joe Bedenk went down to Bucknell to scout the gridiron Bisons and came back with glowing reports about a Bucknell drum majorette.

A male sophomore wanted to know where the girls' "MacAtherton Hall" is.

"You must mean McElwain Hall," answered the tried-and-true '49 grad now taking graduate work.

"No that's not it."

"Well, how about just plain Atherton Hall that's down in that direction?"

"Could be Atherton," replied the soph, "but I don't think so."

"I know what you want. It's McAllister Hall."

"Right." And the soph scurried to McAllister.

Note on the State College housing situation: Last year's Daily Collegian editor—now taking graduate chemistry work—has set up living quarters in his landlady's cellar, right next to the coal bin, while he scouts for another location.

# Gazette

Wednesday, Sept. 28  
 FROTH, 2 CH, 7 p.m.  
 AG HILL BREEZE, Candidates, 103 Ag, 7 p.m.  
 LA VIE, Senior Board, 412 Old Main, 7 p.m.  
 PSYCHOLOGY CLUB, 405 Old Main, 7 p.m.  
 KAPPA PHI, St. Paul's Methodist Church, 7 p.m.

AT THE MOVIES  
 CATHAUM—White Heat  
 STATE—Slattery's Hurricane  
 NITTANY—Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend.

"Think This Crop Is Worth Saving?"



## Tete-a-Tete

ABERNATHY—Hey, you with the black sailor hat, what is all this stuff about activities and student government and honor societies? Do you guys do anything or just run around making like wheels?

BILLINGSWORTH—Now, just a minute there, son, what seems to be the difficulty? Registration and orientation been too much for you? Here's a nickel, go get a cup of coffee, you don't look so good.

ABERNATHY—Aw, gwan, just 'cause we're sops and new to the place you think we don't know what goes on. I've seen plenty of tinhorn politicians in my home town. What's your angle, anyway?

BILLINGSWORTH—Before you blow your top, lad, let me give you a short scoop on the fact that I felt the same way when I first came up here back in '45... just couldn't figure why these guys with hats and big blue sweaters had so much to say. But it turned out later that those same wheels really had plenty on the ball and were some of the greatest guys I've known.

ABERNATHY—OK, maybe so, but just what can you guys do—anybody knows that the administration runs everything anyway. We had a so-called student government back in our home town high school, but they couldn't even lick a postage stamp without seeing the principal.

BILLINGSWORTH—Well, Buster, you're going to find that things are a lot different around here. Student government at Penn State is a real full-time job, and pretty successfully handles most of the student problems which come up. In fact, student government here is one of the strongest among Eastern colleges, and sure does a better job for its constituents than the big-time state and federal outfits, although on a much smaller scale.

ABERNATHY—All that may be OK, but what does student government do for ordinary Joe College, for a guy like Abernathy Vanklepperr, that's me?

BILLINGSWORTH—Plenty, Jocko, it does more than 90 per cent of the students even dream of. The great privileges and liberty enjoyed by Penn Staters are due to administrative faith in the sound student government, faith in its ability to take care of things before they go too far. It has taken a long time to get here, but right now the regulations governing students are made by themselves. They are much easier to take that way than if they came right out of the College office.

ABERNATHY—OK, OK—my poor ears feel like pulp. How did you ever get into the racket, if you say you felt like I did when you came?

BILLINGSWORTH—Just kept my eyes open, smile on my face and my big mouth shut, and finally came to realize that there was something to it. A little interest and a lot of work does the rest.

ABERNATHY—Check, Big Shot, I'll have my secretary send you a campaign button after I get elected all-College president. Right now I've got to go manicure the head at the fraternity house... Boy, things sure changed fast when we signed those pledge cards.

## Buildings Burgeon

Signs of expansive times at the College: Now a Daily Collegian man at the office in Carnegie Hall must point through superstructure of growing dorms to point out Rec Hall to the inquiring sophomore.

# Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

Remember Clarence Darrow? He was the late famed criminal lawyer who, legend had it, could send juries the country over into convulsions of laughter with a jest from his whip-like tongue. Or, on the other hand, he could make the twelve peers of the accused break out in banshee-like walls of grief as he depicted how environment and circumstances made some doe-like creature stab his mother through the abdomen with a crowbar.

WELL, IF THE ARTICLE in the current (September) issue of "Changing Times" magazine is correct, few if any of the Penn Staters now in pre-law courses will get a chance to emulate the fabled defender of justice.

Titled "Where to Aim for the Best Jobs," the feature gives the lowdown on possibilities for college graduates today. Prospective lawyers, for example, are warned that already there are too many young lawyers for the openings available.

The same is true for such professions as journalism, airline pilots, engineers and architects. If the current trend continues, journalism graduates will soon be out in the world thinking up new nursery rhymes to sell, pilots will have to content themselves with flying model planes, and engineers can start devising more elaborate erector sets.

FLEDGLING ARCHITECTS get a real break, however. They still have one undeveloped field open to them. We can make our dogs the best-housed in the world if all our would-be Frank Lloyd Wrights, frustrated from designing buildings for humans, devote themselves to the canine housing problem.

There are a few fields that are wide open. These include bookbinders, carpenters and veterinarians, among others. So if you are handy with a glue pot, can hammer a ten-penny without leaving your thumbnail dangling on the edge, or know how to say "open wide" to a horse, you're set.

Actually, there are 20,000 ways of earning a living.

This, of course, does not include those lucrative, but unlawful, professions such as booking horses, breaking into banks, white slaving and the like.

Of the approximately 50 million job-holders in the United States, the professions account for only four million, or about six and one-half per cent.

FOR A LOT OF college men the best course of action, at least for those who got into the habit of eating at an early age and still retain it to any degree, might be to discard their regimental ties and camel's hair jackets and get into the "blue shirt" profession.

"Blue shirt" is a term used to describe those men in skilled or semi-skilled jobs who don't have a college diploma and who suffer from the lack of it by making twice as much money as the boys who used to loaf in the Corner Room.

Dismal as the situation may look to future college grads, just think of the effect it will have on the coming generation of kids still in grammar school.

When most of the current Penn Staters were still learning the ABC's it was considered fashionable for young boys to aspire to be locomotive engineers.

The next generation fastened their hopes for the future on becoming airplane pilots.

But now—imagine some little cherub piping up with "I want to be a bookbinder when I grow up."

## Post-College Spirit

Penn State grads take a little chip of the Nittany spirit with them when they leave campus with a diploma. Through later life they maintain their ties with the College. This is the proof: Penn State ranks among the first dozen colleges in the nation in number of paid-up members of the Athletic Association.

# The Daily Collegian

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