

Responsibility

We realize that the Daily Collegian has a definite community to serve and a responsibility to uphold.

Further, we realize that the community to be served is the College community, and that all the responsibilities to be fulfilled center around the best interests of the institution at large and the student body as a whole. Hence our motto on page one, "For a Better Penn State."

What we want you to realize is that reflecting the community's best interests often amounts to much more than reflecting the interest of just one person or group. Through its Senior Editorial Board, the Daily Collegian aims at weighing issues on the scales of the College community to arrive at a constructive editorial policy.

BUT WE REALIZE what we don't know, you may know—and what we think may be directly opposite to your line of reasoning. So, the Daily Collegian regularly provides space for Letters to the Editor, under the heading "Safety Valve."

FOR OUR OWN Protection we ask that letters be signed, although the names of contributors are withheld from publication upon request. Because of space limitations, we also ask that letters be limited to 200 words.

We further want you to realize that the Daily Collegian attempts to reserve its news columns for fair and unbiased accounts of student and College events which have happened, are happening, or are to happen. Again we face spatial limitations, but in reporting we seek to be objective.

And last, we want you to realize that we believe one of a college newspaper's top functions is to entertain students during moments of relaxation. In this field we try to bring human interest to the fore.

THIS IS OUR three-fold, self-assumed responsibility—truth, objectivity and entertainment. You can be the judge of our success. We can't.

Voting Holiday

A perennial headache for student and administration at the College is the desire of many voting-age students to go home and cast a ballot on election day.

It is a headache because the College calendar is made up one or two years in advance and does not make provision for a holiday from classes come election day. It is also a headache because student leaders year to year are often not cognizant of the College's practice of drawing up the calendar years in advance.

Thus, a yearly student cry is raised in vain against the absence of a general College election holiday, and many students and profs deem unsatisfactory the College's arrangement of "voting excuses" to solve the headache. Excuses are not the best remedy, since the student is actually being penalized for wanting to exercise his voting privilege: to vote he must miss classes and fall behind scholastically.

ONE OF THE PRIME facets of democratic government is the act of voting, and one of the foremost aims of the College should be to foster a sense of civic responsibility and will to vote in the student.

The best way to do this is adjust the calendar permanently to provide a yearly voting holiday in November for the entire student body. Whether he be of voting age or not, this will tend to accustom the Penn State student to taking time out for voting.

That's certainly why a host of grade schools and high schools close their classroom doors on election day.

The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887

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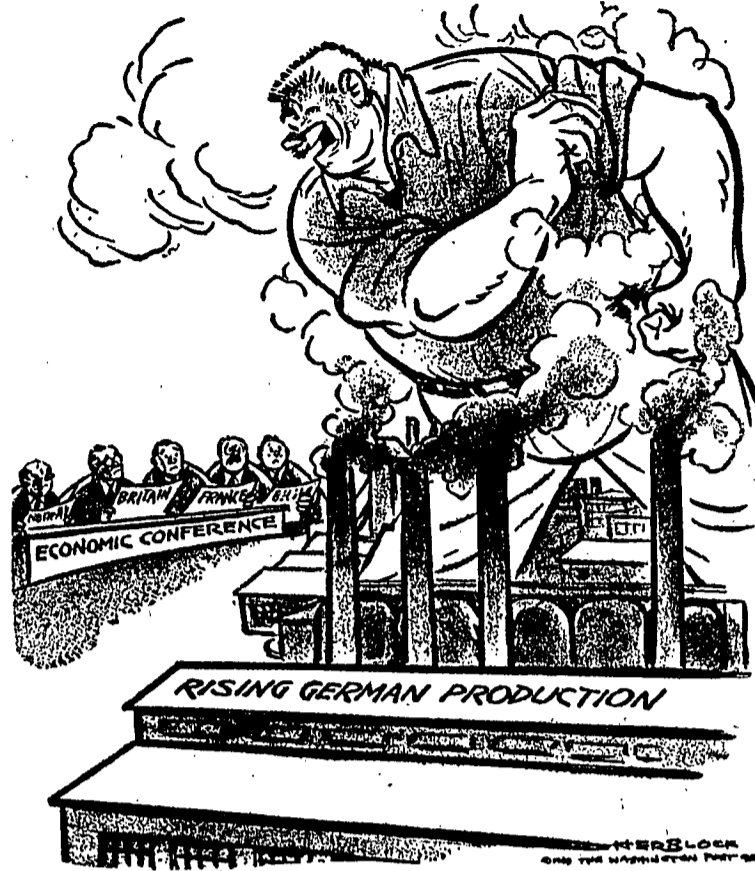
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"Want Me To Help Unify You Again?"



The Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

They held what was supposed to be a debate in Schwab auditorium Friday night. Fortunately, it was advertised as such, which probably kept quite a few listeners, including myself, from thinking they had blundered into a Thespian comedy by mistake.

TO ME THE "debate" looked more like a cross between a minstrel show and a "ham" production of one of Shaperears comedies.

Perhaps the condemnation is too harsh, because at least half the speakers (Richard Schweiker and John Fedako of Penn State) tried to make a verbal duel out of the farce.

Our two distinguished visitors from the Tight Little Isle, Messrs. Geoffrey Johnson-Smith and Robin Day, had other ideas, however. They seemed determined to avoid the topic, "Resolved: That the public ownership of basic industries and essential services is in the best interests of a democratic society," and in this respect it must be admitted, they succeeded rather capably.

Occasionally one or the other would slip in a sentence or two designed to bolster the affirmative side of the argument. These lapses were rare, though, Geoffrey being the biggest violator.

THE TWO SPEAKERS from Oxford Union, the debating society of Oxford University, were heralded in advance as two of Britain's top student speakers. In all truth, they lived up to their notices. As speakers, they were superb. As debaters, they could give Danny Kaye a run for his money.

Robin Day, second of the affirmative duo, seemed to be having a jolly old time when he took the platform. First he started off by quoting literary bits from Pravda and Time, interspersed with accounts of his arrival in New York. From there he quipped his way through a train ride, which was supposed to demonstrate in some obscure way that socialism was a superior economic system to capitalism.

When the timer indicated he had used up his quota of minutes, Day was outraged. He hadn't yet started on the topic. He then proceeded to rant on for another 10 to 15 minutes, but the closest he approached the subject was by saying something about "Britain will never go Fascist" followed by a fervent "Amen."

JOHNSON-SMITH, in his rebuttal, gave a good imitation of George M. Cohan. He stood on the platform waving his arms impressively and shouting "they're waving Old Glory, b'Gawd." By the former remark he intimated that the previous speaker, Mr. Fedako, had been overpatriotic. Not to give the impression he was of the same bent, he solemnly leaned on the speaker's stand at the conclusion of his rebutting and tearfully whispered "there'll always be an England"—just once.

What made the comedy so tragic is that the topic which was supposed to have been discussed is one of the major problems facing every nation in the world today—state ownership of the means of production. While the College speakers, Schweiker and Fedako, gave a good account of themselves, some of their arguments in support of free enterprise were as holey as Swiss cheese. Particularly the statistics quoted. Debaters, not comedians, could have given the advocates of capitalism a warm evening.

But not Johnson-Smith and Day. They wanted to act, and act they did. Johnson-Smith at least had an excuse. He was once on the dramatic stage. In the opinion of yours truly, he should have stayed there.

Gazette . . .

Tuesday, November 8
PENN STATE Flying Club, 1 CH, 7:00 p.m.
SLAVONIC ALL-MALE Chor-us, 409 Old Main, 7:00 p.m.
DUPLICATE BRIDGE Club, Tub, 7:00 p.m.
COLLEGIAN EDIT Junior Board, 100 CH, 7:30 p.m.
COLLEGIAN Business Staff, 3 CH, 7:00 p.m.
COLLEGIAN SOPH, Jr. Board Ad Staff, 9 CH, 7:00 p.m.
PENN STATE Bible Fellowship, 416 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

THE NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., Nov. 18, February grads in accounting.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Sunday: John Storer, Kennetta Peters, and Gerald Brand.

Admitted Monday: Jane Gilbert, Nellie Davis, and Richard Hughes.

Discharged Monday: Jack Jantzer, Larry McElfresh, and Phyllis Maneloveg.

At the Movies

NITTANY—Angel and Sinner
STATE — Miss Grant Takes
Richmond
CATHAUM—Thieves Highway

Safety Valve . . .

Consider the Ratio

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to the "Unfair to Coeds" article which appeared in Collegian—If this "overwhelming majority" that considers it unfair to them, that imports are legal, would consider that the ratio of boys to girls here at the College is little better than four to one and then look at the situation from a male's point of view, they'd see why they are not being invited to these various weekend affairs.

They must also realize that in order to obtain dates they must make themselves "available." The attendance of coeds at past mixers has been pathetically poor. How can a boy secure a date if it is nearly impossible to meet a girl and get to know her at least slightly?

Then too, the girls needn't play so hard to get nor be so discriminating in their choices. They won't give a guy a chance. They want to be chased and babied and treated like gold until a fellow gets disgusted or discouraged, gives up, and imports a nice girl from back home—a girl he knows, likes, and can enjoy being with.

So, it's not all up to the men—it shouldn't be. You girls will just have to climb down off your pedestal and mix a little more with the opposite sex.

You're welcome.

—Blair J. Smith

Unique Service

TO THE EDITOR: While recently confined in the college infirmary I was delightfully surprised by a unique service being rendered there. The National Service organization, Alpha Phi Omega, sends one of its members to the infirmary every night to take orders for and deliver any candy, ice cream, etc. which the patients might like to purchase from the nearby TUB.

I should like to publicly express my appreciation here and at the same time inform other students who may not be aware of the operation of this fine service organization on our campus.

Undoubtedly this is only one of the beneficial activities of Alpha Phi Omega. Perhaps more public acknowledgement should be made of these and other similar services at the Pennsylvania State College.

—H. P. Andrews

Coed Madness

TO THE EDITOR: I am a little confused after reading Thursday's Collegian. Three Penn State men said coeds had no more personality than the man in the moon, had nothing to be conceited about, and weren't the kind Penn State men would want to take to a prom. They stated their dates had been imports. Of course, they are entitled to their opinion. However, I am one of the above mentioned coeds; the one who Tom Bradley, of the writers of the letter, took to the prom. Only now he thinks I'm an import. What madness is this? I'm Sure I'm a coed.

—Claire Van Sciver

Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

Perhaps "Safety Valve" writers aren't far from the truth when they claim that these are the times—the era of imports—that try coed's souls.

A classified ad in the Daily Collegian on Wednesday, advertising "For Sale: Three (3) bows: 65, 47, 40 lbs. pull, respectively, brought a response from three Simmons gals. The bows come with no strings attached if the purchaser so wished, the advertiser informed the girls.

Unlike, so the coeds claim, many men on campus.

Who says professors don't have a sense of humor? Recently, a class after waiting the regulation time for their prof, left the following message on the blackboard: "We were here, you weren't, so we left."

The next class period the class found the following reply: "I came, you weren't here. We had a bluebook, you all failed."

Eighteen members of Kappa Delta sorority can attribute their silken complexions in the future to genuine bunny fur powder puffs.

When Vance Scout, left on a hunting trip he promised one of the KD's, Jean Heideman, a rabbit tail for a powder puff. Not only did he keep his promise he did much better and brought back a tail for each of her sorority sisters.

The identical appearance of the lobbies of Simmons and McElwain are a hazard to romance according to one hapless lad who came into the lobby of Simmons thinking it was McElwain.

He then called his date's room in McElwain and she promised to come right down. He waited patiently for 45 minutes before discovering his mistake. By this time the young lady thinking she had been stood up was no longer speaking to him. Would sign's help?