

# Responsibility

A state law in Quaker-influenced Pennsylvania makes it a crime for a tavern to sell intoxicating liquor to a person under 21 years of age. But age is often hard to guess. The State Superior Court acknowledged this in a case in 1947 when it observed:

"WE FULLY realize that no matter how diligently the Liquor Control Act is enforced, it will not make the sale of liquor to minors impossible because it is often difficult for licensee or his employee, or the employees in the State liquor stores, to determine the age of the person who may be served or sold intoxicating liquor."

That there are weaknesses in the state law was pointed out convincingly in Lancaster last month when a 19-year-old employee of a newspaper there easily bought liquor in all of Lancaster's 81 licensed bars and three state liquor stores. In his travels, the minor was not challenged once about his age.

The same weaknesses surely exist in State College, although to a lesser extent since most town tavern owners have been conscientious about requiring many College students and others to fill out a card assuming some of the responsibility.

BUT THIS student responsibility was more or less microscopic until the Borough Council decided that both the seller and the buyer—at least in State College—should be held legally accountable.

THUS WE HAVE the borough ordinance which now slaps a \$25-\$100 fine on a person under 21 who enters a State College taproom unaccompanied by a parent or guardian after 7 p.m. (The ordinance allows the minor to eat, not drink, in a local tavern up until 7 p.m.)

Now it's not only a crime for a State College tavernkeeper to serve a beer to a student under 21, but it's also a crime for the student to go in and ask for the beer in the first place, or even have his buddy order it.

The moral of this is that the thousands of Penn State students who are not yet 21 should be aware of the possible fine if they are caught.

# Gosh....!

GOSH, THREE weeks to do or die in econ! ... The fanfare and excitement of getting back to the old grind ... hiya boys ... caught right away in the football swirl ... Beat Bucknell!, oh no, it's Villanova this year ... gee, there's Claudia the coed ... registration ... lookit, this is gettin' shorter every year ... but I gotta drop-add ... what a line in the Armory ... new buildings all over the place ... 'gettin' to look like a young city instead of a campus ... hello Claudia ...

... Who's your advisor? ... Corner Room capers ... What an end run! ... yea team ... these seats aren't the greatest ... Don't wake me for my 8 o'clock ... the prof's out of town ... Snap course, this econ ... Joe said it was, anyway ... JD's great at the Ball ... Do coeds make good dates? ... a bluebook already! ... gosh, "If at a certain instant a freely falling body is moving 30 feet ..."

... Let's see, Lion or State ... Skip, yeah, I know him, he's a bop hound ... session tonight at Delta Sig ... Yep, what we need here is a Student Union Building ... Beat Pitt! ... no need to read the econ assignment tonight ... let's go to the Tavern ... do I wear my combat boots to the Mil Ball? ...

... This guy Keller blew the house top off last night ... d'ya hear about it? ... 5051 ... Meet you at 2:10 tomorrow, Claudia ... think I'll write a letter to Collegian ... let's see, one hour for econ tonight ... he was a friend till he trumped my ace ... Schedules are tricky to make out and trickier to maintain ... Meteorology 300 closed already! ... let's go to the TUB ... all these acres and I can't find a parking space ...

GOSH, THREE weeks to do or die in econ!



"Oh he's not a boxer. He's in training for the Blue Band."

# Touring Pennsylvania With A. Graham Bell

One of the most fascinating experiences of college life, one of those things that really makes it worth leaving home for, is the long distance telephone call. And when the charges on that call are to be reversed, then you really have a party worth writing home about. In fact, that's about the only way home will ever hear from you, because you darn well won't get it by phone.

SO HELP ME Leonides, this is exactly what happened to me on a recent near miss call to Philadelphia. Finally getting to the telephone, a good evening's entertainment in itself, I lifted the gadget like the pictures show, and waited. Eventually, a voice, somewhat cleft of palate, cooed from one end, "Dormitory."

"I wish," I intoned, clearly and distinctly, "to place a collect call to HAdes 4-1300, Philadelphia. My name is Ron Bonn, B-O-N-N Bonn, this is 5051-25." "Thayunk you," gurgled the young lady, and the war was on.

The first stop was Information. To this day, neither Information nor I can quite figure out why. However, Dormitory—odd name for a girl, but then all these operators ... Dormitory pushed the plug and turned me, laughin' and scratchin', over to Information. Information suggested I try College, and promised to plug me there-into. The line went dead.

WELL, I TWITCHED that doo-dad a few times, and suddenly was back with my old flame, Dormitory. "College, please," I remarked hopefully, and doggoned if I didn't get College on the fifth try. "Collect call to Philadelphia," I described, "HAdes 4-1300. Name is Ron Bonn, B-O-N-N, 5051-25."

"What on earth did you call me for," she snapped. "That has to go through Dormitory." The line went dead. Pretty soon I got Dorm—I was using her nickname by now—and repeated dolefully, "Collect to Philadelphia, HAdes 4-1300. Ron Bonn, B-O-N-N, 5051-25."

"Thayunk you," quoth the lady, fiddling with various noisy instruments. All of a sudden, a calm, professional voice announced, "Harrisburg." The line went dead.

I HELD THE corpse for a bit, and all of a sudden, I heard a voice like choirs of angels murmur, "Bellefonte." I wept. I told her my tale. She soothed my fevered brow vocally, murmured, "Why you poor boy," and started spinning things. Immediately, yet another voice entered the act, stating its point of origin as the Garden of Eden. Or so it seems, though actually all it said was, "Philadelphia operator." Which goes to show the miracles of modern communication, when a device like the telephone can make Philthy seem a paradise.

Bellefonte transmitted my message, and I sat back to wait for the welcome ringing of the home telly. The line went dead.

Sadly, I made my way from the booth. The stars did not mean this call to be. Just then, the thing brayed out behind me. I lifted it, identified myself, and heard College ask indignantly, "Didn't you place a call to Philadelphia? I have it for you. Why on earth did you hang up?" I fell to the floor, mouthing amidst showers of foam, "B-O-N-N 12345678910 Harrisburg pleeyuz will you marry me Dormitory no I can't marry you I love Bellefonte 5051 hahahahaha." The line went dead.

—Ron Bonn

# Safety Valve...

## On Their Way

TO THE EDITOR: Penn State has at last a basketball team.

We have a team which would be happily received in toto 99 44/100 per cent, and I don't mean pure, of the major colleges flooring basketball teams.

The team is composed largely of veterans who were grounded in the fundamentals of basketball during the inimitable Lawther era when more often than not they were referred to as certain quantities of the presursors of increased soil fertility, all of which brought about a degree of maturity inconsistent with their ages and is now producing such fine results under the able coaching of Gross and Egli.

With such a team to support, let's not overlook our responsibility and privilege of helping them polish their record with Colgate tonight after the matmen pin Virginia.

Whitey McKown

# Gazette . . . .

Monday, January 9  
FLYING CLUB, 105 M.E., 7 p.m.  
PHILOTES, WSGA Room, White Hall, 7 p.m.  
COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Further information concerning interviews and job placements can be obtained in 112 Old Main.

Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corp. at Oak Ridge, Tenn., Jan. 12, 13. February and June advanced-degree candidates in Physics, Chem, ChemE, ME, EE, Metallurgy, Mathematics, Ag-BioChem.

The Hill-Rom Co., Jan. 12. February grads in Civil Eng., Arch Eng., IE, ME, Sanitary Eng., for sales program.

National Lead Company, Jan. 20. February and June grads at Ph.D., M.S., and B.S. levels in Chem, ChemE, and Metallurgy interested in research in field of titanium chemistry. High scholastic standing is essential.

The General Electric Atomic Energy Plant at Hanford, Wash., Jan. 18, 19. February and June grads in Chem and ChemE for development work. Applicants must have 1.8 or better average.

The Sylvania Electric Products Co., Jan. 12. February grads in EE, ME, IE, and Ceramics for production with electric manufacturing.

The Bureau of Reclamation, Jan. 12, 13. Sophomore, junior, and senior Civil Engineers interested in summer or permanent work. There will be a group meeting for all interested students at 7 p.m. Jan. 12.

## COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Thursday: Lewis McKinsty, Harvey Wingard.

Admitted Friday: Max Williams, George Deer.

## AT THE MOVIES

### Saturday

CATHAUM—Inspector General.  
NITTANY—Sun-down In Santa Fe.  
STATE—Lady Takes A Sailor.

### Monday

CATHAUM—Inspector General.  
NITTANY—Monsieur Vincent.  
STATE—Lady Takes A Sailor.

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—Newsweek