

The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1867

Published Tuesday through Saturday mornings inclusive during the College year by the staff of The Daily Collegian of The Pennsylvania State College.

Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934, at the State College, Pa., Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879.

Collegian editorials represent the viewpoints of the writers, and do not necessarily reflect the policy of the newspaper. Unsigned editorials are by the editor.

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More on Customs

If All-College Cabinet reconsiders the customs code adopted by the previous Cabinet, one of its first actions should be to set a deadline on how long freshman customs shall apply.

UNDER THE PRESENT CODE, Tribunal, the men's judicial body in charge of enforcing customs, shall recommend to Cabinet dates for starting and ending the customs period.

Without some deadline, it would be possible for the customs period to drag on indefinitely. Once something of the kind is in full swing, there probably will be little inclination to put it to an end.

In the pre-war years, men's customs generally ended sometime around Christmas. Such a practice next year certainly would be at odds with the program for freshman women, since most women's customs extend only for the first three weeks of classes. This applies to dress and dating customs, and to early hour restrictions.

Certainly there should be some correlations between the customs periods for men and women, if customs are to exist, and it is up to the new Cabinet to see that this is done.

Some points listed in the present program also should be reconsidered. For example, why should not freshmen be allowed to smoke on campus? We fail to see what this will do toward advancing any of the announced aims of the customs program. It is unlikely to produce spirit, it will be of no value in making friends, it will not help develop loyalty to Penn State. As far as adding color to the campus is concerned, the contribution of such a restriction would be nil.

THE SAME THINGS MIGHT BE said of the provision that freshmen will not be allowed to place their hands in their pockets while on campus.

It might also be pointed out that an inherent contradiction is to be found in the customs program, one which obviously must be clarified by Cabinet. According to one section, Cabinet is to have a hand in customs enforcement, and is to be the final board of appeal on customs violations.

Yet another section states that "sole power to interpret any of the foregoing rules shall rest with Tribunal."

These sections obviously conflict, since many decisions of Cabinet in appeals cases would involve interpretation of the code. If Cabinet is not able to interpret the code, it will be incapable of sitting in judgment either on violations or appeals.

Pressures and The Press

A recent editorial in the University Hatchet, campus newspaper at George Washington University, makes interesting reading for anyone who wonders about just how much freedom the average college paper enjoys.

DEFINING HIS PAPER'S position, the GW writer effectively asserts problems that are peculiar to a campus publication when he says: "A straightforward, honest paper is a credit to any university. Reporting both the school's good and bad points, although in isolated situations it may perhaps prove disadvantageous to the institution or to some of its members, in the long run adds up to a healthier, more progressive atmosphere. Cream puff, rah-rah tactics are an insult to the reader and ultimately serve to lower the respectability of the school."

A college newspaper is subject to an amazing number of pressures. It occupies a precarious position, basically, because it is not quite independent financially but at the same time does not like to think of itself as tied to the administration or as in cases such as Penn State, to a journalism department.

HAPPILY THE COLLEGIAN'S position with regard to the latter two organizations has been such that pressures are almost entirely self-imposed.

In any given school year, of course, all sorts of groups and individuals will throw criticism at the paper which refuses to take its particular bent. They divide themselves, roughly, into two groups—those who feel that the paper ought to campaign on practically everything and those who would like the paper to deal with the news from the top, strangling everything that does not advocate some limited point of view.

It is our opinion that the college newspaper's sympathies ought to be with neither of these sides. It should aim for a path between the two. This position, like the cat on the back of the fence, invites abuse from both neighbors but is the only one which we can see that honestly leads to that better Penn State.

—Herbert Stein

Gazette . . .

Saturday, May 13

WRA GILF CLUB: This morning from 10-12, Caddy House.
SAE—7:30 p.m. Monday, 110 EE, R.R. Faller, manager of training of the Ethyl Corporation, guest speaker.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

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

J. C. Penny Co., May 19. June grads in C & F for retail sales work.

Kawneer Co., May 19. June grads in Engineering for a sales training program. Men with technical background and some experience in business preferred. No priority.

National Supply Co., preliminary applications returned by May 17. June grads in Accounting.

Line Materials Co., May 16. June grads in EE and ME for sales and design, few in research. No priority.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT

Information concerning these positions can be obtained at the Student Employment Office in Old Main.

Interviews for full time summer sales with Wearover, May 16. Part time during school year.

Interviews for Camp Christmas Seal, May 16.

Walters and Dishwashers for next year. Must be able to start now. Weekend subs needed.

Juniata Valley Council Camp, aquatics director.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Thursday: Harvey Reisman, William Abbott, Daniel Parrish.

Admitted Friday: Ted Kline, Edward Ramin.

Discharged Friday: Donald Kump, William Abbott, Kenneth Weidner, Raymond Husted.

AT THE MOVIES

Saturday

CATHAUM: The Big Lift.

STATE: The Damned Don't Cry.

NIITANY: Challenge to Lassie.

Monday

CATHAUM: The Big Lift.

STATE: The Damned Don't Cry.

NIITANY: The Chips Are Down.

Safety Valve . . .

Letters to the Editor should be addressed—The Daily Collegian, Box 261, Boro. The writer's name will be withheld upon request, but no letter will be printed unless it is signed.

Hits Trustees on Lorch

TO THE EDITOR: It was shocking and disturbing to read The New York Times account of the trustee's action in dropping Dr. Lee Lorch because he loaned his vacant apartment in New York to a Negro family. And to have that action characterized as "extreme, illegal and immoral, and damaging to the public relations of the College" is fantastic.

Dr. Lorch's apartment was in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's vast housing development, "Stuyvesant Town." The Metropolitan built this project because the city agreed to exempt it from taxes. In short, the citizens of New York subsidized "Stuyvesant Town." Nevertheless, Metropolitan insisted that it had the right to discriminate against certain tax-paying American citizens—namely, Negroes.

Dr. Lorch and a number of other tenants felt this discrimination, especially in the midst of New York's housing shortage, to be unfair, unjust and un-American. When Dr. Lorch left New York he loaned his apartment to a respectable, hardworking Negro family with one child. It has lived there since without trouble.

For the College trustees to characterize this action as "extreme, illegal and immoral, and damaging to the public relations of the College" and to drop Dr. Lorch because of it shows no concern for the facts, the constitutional issues involved, or the name of the College. Indeed, the trustees show concern only for the feeling of the Metropolitan Life and its directors, a much harassed group of tycoons who are looking desperately for someone to take their side in supporting racial discrimination.

While Dr. Lorch's action may have outraged the ghost of the late Senator Bilbo, it could possibly be as damaging to the College's public relations as this admission that the Metropolitan's racial discrimination policies govern who is hired by Penn State. Where is that academic freedom America is famous for?

Has no one told our trustees that "Dixie" is not Penn State's song? Has anyone told them Penn State is not a Jim Crow college and cannot bow-tow to racial discrimination? Has anyone told them that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company should not determine who is on Penn State's faculty? Have they heard of the U.S. Constitution, of academic freedom?

Apparently not. And these gentlemen need to be told by every type of communication the students, the faculty, and the alumni can find. They need to learn they cannot become the lackeys of racial discrimination without jeopardizing Penn State's standing as an American institution of higher learning. Write them tonight.

—Harry Henderson
Collegian Editor, '36

Will Continue to Import

TO THE EDITOR: Was very glad not to see my picture amongst the five guilty in Friday's Collegian of the "Rats who dated coeds."

Will continue to import now more than ever, less I be represented in the next picture of "Rats for dating imports."

—R. M. Gundel

THERE'S AN OLD saying that March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb, but it wasn't until the first of May that the lamb-like weather we were expecting at the end of March finally descended on Nittany Valley. Perhaps the weatherman until now had decided upon what the weather should be for the Lions.

Little Man On Campus

by Bibler



"And now, here's your final—eat what you've just cooked."

No Cater To Mater

COMES MOTHER'S DAY and come thousands of Mothers to the Nittany vale. Here midst the blossoming cherry trees and the Keep Off the Grass signs, these flower-bedecked ladies get a glimpse of what their progeny are producing when they are back home in Pittsburgh or Mauch Chunk.

In addition to family re-unions, Mother's Day like most holidays peculiar to the United States, has certain traditions. Not the least of these is the sending "Mother's Day" cards—a pleasant custom, but in State College, a difficult one.

Not being one to defy custom, I gaily walked into one of the local drugstores with the purpose in mind of purchasing an endearing card for "Mother." Racks of colorful greetings greeted my roving eyes. "An easy task," I thought. Then, I started to read the salutations on the cards: "For My Wife on Mother's Day," "To My Friend's Mother on Mother's Day," "For a New Mother on Mother's Day," "To Daughter on Mother's Day," "To One Who Has Been Like a Mother to Me on Mother's Day."

But were there no cards for "Mother on Mother's Day?" I shuffled through the wilted stack of flower, kitten, and crawling-baby adorned cards. Finally, I espied one which had the desired greeting. Opening it, I read:

"I know I can't say it
In big words
Like grown-ups do,
But, I'll tell you
In some little words
Dear Mommy, I love you."

"Very charming," I sighed, as a tear slid down my cheek and splashed on a calculus book, "but did I endure two semesters of English composition for this?"
So, I sent flowers.

—JANET ROSEN

Hymn To Spring

And lo! Spring is come upon the vale of Nittany. And the frozen snows of winter are become but warm vernal drizzles. And the voice of the tractor is heard in the land. And everywhere is to be found

Fertilizer.
BEHOLD, UPON THE MALL, small machines that putt exceeding great putts cast the fine manure grains upon the outraged winds. Yea, even unto the ill-famed Ag Hill breeze cast they them. And all the populace rejoice and are glad as the zephyrs bear the fragments down upon them, like confetti fling they the grains of

Fertilizer.
And with the manure grains come the small growing things, on eager wings they come through the tattered dormitory screens, and they bite upon the populace and are made glad. And the small growing things are happy, well fed are they and happy, and in their nostrils abounds the beloved fragrance of

Fertilizer.
AND NOW EMERGES A VAST ARMY of warriors, yea, of deadly warriors indeed, clad in their warrior grab of blue. Slowly they proceed, and are exceeding thorough, and in their blasted track they leave a fine, even topsoil of

Fertilizer.
Herds, yea, vast multitudes of horses, sheep, goats, pigs, cats, chickens and mastodons must have existed ere all this could be. And the populace considers these vast forces which are allied against them, and are humble. For is not man but an ant, a plaything of nature's caprice, who, at her whim, can be smelled from off the face of the sphere? Do not the heavens now declare the glory of

Fertilizer?
FOR THOUGH ALL THE LESSER ANIMALS of the earth be gathered unto the bosom of the earth, yet do they leave their sign and seal upon earth's shining countenance. Yea, in small neat pyramids leave they their mark, and then cometh imprudent man, and rejoiceth at the finding of the piles, and buildeth great factories to refine the material to its basic essence, to make it, so to speak, even more so.

Then cometh the vast trains to transport these accursed goods, long and shunned are the trains. Mighty the trucks that whisk the product in terrified haste across the cringing mountains. And then come the small engines of the great putts, and the small growing things of many legs, and the great engines of the throbs, and the blueclad human warriors, and they grasp, all of them, with eager grasp at the powdered immensity of

Fertilizer.
And then swiftly they descend upon the campus.
And the College is become a stinking paradise.

—RON BONN