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# The Daily Collegian

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STAFF THIS ISSUE: Night Editor, Diehl McKalip; copy editors, Bill Ollendike, Mary Lee Lauffer; assistants, Bill Snyder, Bob Dunn, and Mary Loubris.

## Don't Use the Same Rope Twice

The establishment of a student traffic court as recommended to All-College Cabinet should help solve a problem that has vexed Tribunal since the full enforcement of the present traffic parking plan last fall.

The function of Tribunal, the handling of cases detrimental to the name of the College, was virtually forgotten last year when Tribunal became bogged down with hundreds of parking violation cases.

In general the set-up as proposed to cabinet shows a great deal of thought has been given to the organization of the court. However, there is one point that might bear closer study before being accepted.

The proposed amendment calls for a senior member of Tribunal to be chairman of the traffic court. This organizational set-up will provide, as contended, a link between Tribunal and the traffic court. The link is desirable to keep in touch with policies followed by the traffic court. But, since Tribunal will be the appellate court for actions of the traffic court,

a person who has already judged the guilt or innocence of an appellee will be on hand to judge the guilt or innocence of the student a second time.

It is true that Tribunal is comprised of nine members—nine members who can probably sufficiently present diverse views for a fair judgment. It is also true that seldom in the past has there been a better example of give and take among members of student government.

However, there is always the chance that in the future there will be a split decision that will make the one voice found on both the traffic court and Tribunal of great importance. The chances of this happening may be very slight, but to the one student accused of a traffic violation the results will be quite important.

In the search for an equitable and more efficient judicial system, our student government should be careful not to hang a man twice with the same rope.

—Dick Rau

## Safety Valve... Hits Honor System

TO THE EDITOR: Often the only effective method of dismissing unpleasant realities in an argument, in the lack of any positive proposals, is simply to scoff at the opposing arguments. This is what Mr. Sauder has done in his letter (in the Sept. 29 Daily Collegian) on the so-called honor system.

The term honor system, as it is used, is nothing but sentimental semantics. The true honor system is a sort of academic anarchy in which all students are trusted to act honestly... In most schools the honor system consists of a double-barrelled pledge in which the student agrees (1) not to cheat, steal, or act dishonorably, and (2) to report anyone who does. The proctoring system is—in the best sense of the word—a police system; the so-called honor system is an informer system. The essential difference between the present proctoring system and the proposed informer system is not in ends, but in the methods used to achieve these ends...

This is not to say that the informer system

is bad; the entire point is not whether it is good or bad, but whether it will work here or not...

... favorable conditions for (the honor system's) establishment do not exist on the Penn State campus. But aside from feasibility, the honor system is unfair, not only because it more readily rewards those who cheat, but by its very nature. It is justice without mercy: for to make an exception in enforcing the honor system, regardless of circumstances or the degree of offense, is to destroy the faith upon which the system is founded. A proctoring system, with student judicial processes, is more able to give fairer decisions

... in studying any proposals for an honor system, let's not imagine that those who cheat under difficulties are not going to cheat because the obstacles are removed. Because we all ought to be good does not mean that we all are good.

—Duane Holm

• Letter cut

## Safety Valve...

### On Immaturity

TO THE EDITOR: As I am an immature freshman I probably shouldn't write this, but your little article in today's (Sept. 30) Collegian is overly slanderous toward the Class of '57. I hate to bring up things that have happened in the past, but, you have forced my hand.

Customs, it is said, are an old campus custom. Each new freshman class inherits the right to be overlorded by upperclassmen. The riot staged this year was far from new. In fact, it is about as old as customs. I can recall having heard of riots by immature freshmen several times in the past. Monday night, the riot was not entirely staged by the freshman class. It would not have gone so far as it actually did if it hadn't been for some mature upperclassmen egging the frosh on. I don't believe you can disprove me there.

This also brings to mind an incident that happened, I believe, in 1951. The panty raid was certainly a mature exhibition. Don't you agree? The present senior class was a mature, original group at the time.

Richard Lemyre, our honorable All-College president, was certainly mature by offering, or should I say challenging, to take on the whole freshman class single handed.

Due to the laxity of customs enforcement by upperclassmen, I believe they should be abolished!

—Robert Howe

Editor's note—Admittedly immature actions in the past are no basis for immature actions in the future. The panty raid came from combined efforts of immature elements in all classes, not just one class. The mob refused to listen to reason three times, and refused to hear a logical argument by Lemyre.

## Tennis, Anyone?

About the lostest person in the country these days is the man who's not a baseball fan: the man without his country's pastime.

For the next several days, the world will be a different place. The day will be reckoned by the game of the series. In the afternoon, at least, time will be measured by somewhat different standards. Innings will replace hours, and a combination of hits, errors, walks and outs will substitute for the measurement of minutes. Seconds will be reckoned by pitches.

Ebbets Field and Yankee Stadium are the national capitals, and a handful of umpires will constitute the Supreme Court.

There are two classifications of man today: a Dodger fan or a Yankee fan.

Man's most valuable possession today is a portable radio. Static and—dread the thought—rain are his two most feared enemies.

One question faces the country today: What's the score?

The South could secede, or the stock market quiver. That wouldn't matter. The condition of Mickey Mantle's leg, or the meaning behind a nod from the head of Chuck Dressen are much more vital issues.

And scrambled between it all are the razor blades. The baseball fan who could go unshaven these days—despite inning by inning sales pitch—is the ultimate example of sales resistance.

About the only non-controversial thing you can say about the World Series is that they'll go four or more games.

Say anything else, and you'll be sure to find someone who'll place a wager on that.

—Mike Feinsilber

## Gazette...

### TODAY

AUDITIONS for announcing candidates, campus radio, 7 p.m., 304 Sparks.

COLLEGIAN PHOTOGRAPHY Candidates, 7 p.m., 111 Carnegie.

HELLENIC Society, 7:30 p.m., Tub.

NEWS AND VIEWS staff and candidates, 6:30 p.m., 14 Economics.

### STUDENT EMPLOYMENT

Experienced barber.

Experienced clothes presser.

### COLLEGE HOSPITAL

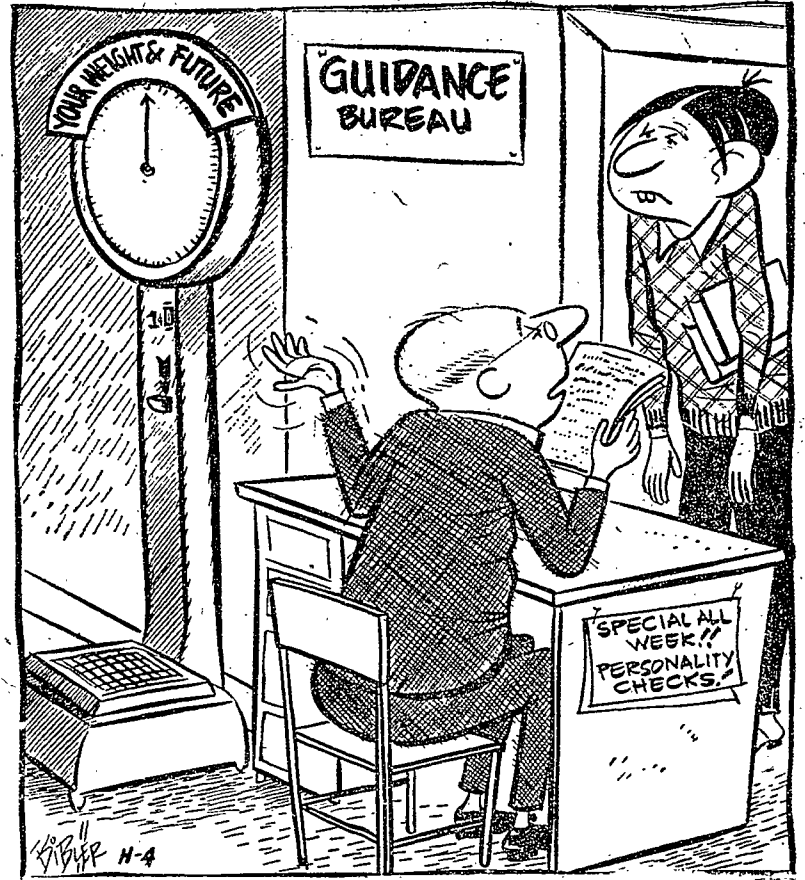
Fred Drabenstadt, Hana Gach, Ronald Gardner, Paul Green, Helen Hammersberg, John Hertel, Patricia Hennessey, Russell Hummer, Virginia Juan, Marilyn Kaplan, William Kudarski, Charles Larson, Marvin Lessin, Sally Ostrom, Earl Shoemaker, Robert James Watson, Lee Wetmore and Richard Pinney.

### COLLEGE PLACEMENT SERVICE

The companies listed below will conduct interviews on campus. Schedule interviews now in 112 Old Main. REM-CRU, INC. will interview January graduates in ME, IE, EE, Metallurgy, and Accounting on Oct. 13. GENERAL MOTORS CORP. will interview January graduates in Chem. Eng., Arch. Eng., CE, EE, IE, ME, and Accounting Oct. 13-15.

## Little Man on Campus

By Bibler



"After reviewing your case we're still in a quandry—Mind stepping around here for a moment?"

### Music Lover

## Whispering Gallery

By CHIZ MATHIAS

We can't really be termed a "music lover" like the long hairs who lose all sense of equilibrium (their eyes do 33, 45, and 78 rpm) at the first strains of a concerto and they begin to spout lyrics, the composer, date, period, country, etc. (no offense to Music 5, which we skillfully avoided). And we're not a bop cat who's really hep to the jive. But we appreciate a pleasant tune and fine vocals.

Not having taken music lessons as a child (at the relief of the local maestros), we never took music seriously, and barring an occasional dixie land combo or stray Salvation Army drum and bugle corps, never even took notice.

Then last summer we were termed "barbarian" by a self-styled debutante long past her "coming out." It was then we became a "Cultured Scholar" and began to do something about it.

We sent away for a pair of tickets (free, at that!) to Robin Hood Dell on the bonny, bonny (if somewhat polluted) banks of the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia. In previous years, concerts were run as private enterprise and invariably, thanks to Jupiter Pluvius, Old Man Weather, concerts were always rained out. Considerable money was lost because contract performers had to be paid whether or not they sang. Philadelphia, lest it be called a "scab on the face of America" like her big sister New York, overtook several civic projects to develop culture within the city and decided to underwrite the Dell. Free tickets were distributed for the asking to allow common people a "slice of art."

As a result, the Dell was often a strange mixture of distraught society matrons, street walkers, women's clubs, musicians, and students striving for the arts.

We went to hear coloratura Roberta Peters of Metropolitan fame. Arriving late, we looked for a place to sit and were amazed at the number of front seats not taken while the back was jammed solid. We would have collapsed in the first row if we hadn't been indignantly informed that this was the local "Diamond Horseshoe" reserved for Friends of the Dell. We picked up our rhinestone tie clip and trudged back through the crowd to perch on a stone wall. Already the banks of the Dell were covered with mobs of people. Women sat on blankets with their shoes kicked off, wiggling their toes. Men squatted contentedly sipping the mysterious contents of a thermos jug, and children wove their way among people crouched beneath the trees.

As it grew darker the orchestra came out and began to tune up, and colored spots flooded the sta-

dium. Ten thousand people filled the seats and an equal number (according to the morning paper, we didn't take a census!) coated the sloping banks under the charcoal sky.

Overhead old Jupiter Pluvius started kicking up his heels and Erich Leinsdorf of the Detroit Symphony, guest conductor, made an announcement that Harrisburg Weather Bureau predicted rain and program numbers would be arranged so important numbers were played before the downpour.

This called for an entire new seating arrangement in the orchestra. While musicians played musical chairs in the shell, our attention was caught in the audience by a peculiar, disheveled girl clanking down the aisle with all the grace of a Pershing tank. She wore mushroom-colored slacks and a tee-shirt with the figures Co1347. We couldn't decide if it was a telephone extension or a parole number. She found a spot on the stairs and sat down with her head in her lap. Then she laughed, squinted her eyes, stuck out her bottom lip, and went through all the grimaces of a well-rehearsed pantomime. One minute she was Sarah Bernhardt sending her lover to the guillotine. The next instant she was a playful trained seal barking and flapping her arms for a fish. We caught some of her conversation.

"I'm surprised they let me in, ha! I was going to sit outside in the grass and listen." Her eyes rolled up in her head. "Hey, what's your name?" She spied a "cat" from South Philadelphia sitting on the bottom step and occupied herself for the next ten minutes trying to put a hex on him. By this time she had a large audience.

"My name's Bernice." It might have been a proclamation of Caesar rendered in fog horns.

Then Mr. Leinsdorf made a majestic swoop with the baton and the music began. There were mountains, and rivers and fountains—and Bernice! "What's the name of this piece?" The orchestra was playing Mozart's "Symphony No. 39 in E Flat Major," originally scheduled for after intermission, and the harpist, who ar-

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