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The Daily Collegian

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Editorials represent the viewpoints of the writers, not necessarily the policy of the paper, the student body, or the University.

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When the Bell Rings, Should Saliva Flow?

The following editorial was written by Willie Morris, editor of The Daily Texan, campus paper of the University of Texas. It was rejected for publication by the Editorial Director of Texas Student Publications, Inc., and the Acting Director of the School of Journalism, but was later approved by members of the Board of Texas Student Publications.

The Texas Board of Regents called for an end of editorials touching on state matters or national matters affecting state affairs as the result of a Daily Texan editorial opposing the natural gas bill then being debated in the U.S. Senate.

"A state which dwarfs its men in order that they may be more docile members in it hands," John Stuart Mill wrote many years ago, "will find that with small men no great things can really be accomplished."

We look upon the (University of Texas) Regents' pressure for a stricter interpretation of the Texas Student Publications Handbook and their order of "closer scrutiny" on editorial matter as a fundamental threat to the 55-year Daily Texan tradition.

They have called this newspaper liberal. If the term itself means anything, perhaps we are. Yet, paradoxically, the stand we are taking here is intrinsically conservative. We are merely asking to preserve that which was set down as ours by the founding fathers of this nation.

Freedom of inquiry, criticism, and nonconformity are guaranteed in our state and federal constitutions now nearly 200 years old. It is ironic, however, that each generation has to regain these liberties for itself. But this is not wholly a misfortune. For there are dangers in taking things too much for granted. Freedoms defended are the most precious of freedoms; liberties lost and regained are the most cherished of liberties. And doomed is the generation that lacks the integrity to defend its birthright.

The students of the University of Texas should be in this with us. For the right to a free press, unhindered by economic or political dogma, was granted them long before Texas was a state, or this institution its university; within the democratic tradition, our press freedom is essential.

The power of the University, the Press, the Church, and the Person over the State was a right that Voltaire and Jefferson and their contemporaries established as implicit in the existence of democracy, whose ultimate and pervading purpose is to protect the dignity of the individual. Can we deny our own democracy?

A censored man will in the end express no ideas at all.

It is a staunch Jeffersonian belief that the sole method of arriving at a truth in the long run is by the free competition of opinion in the open market. In colleges and universities, the freedom to learn and to express unhampered

No Sweat, No Tears

In this age of technology, no machine, no process, and no gimmick exists to create a substitute for human blood.

But our era has a use for blood which can and does save lives.

Consequently, the need for human blood becomes an ever-present demand on twentieth century people; it is obviously a need which can only be filled by people. And the crisis which would result were people unwilling to give their blood would be an ugly, unforgivable indictment of the human race.

Penn State students have been asked to contribute blood to the Red Cross. Their response yesterday (275 pints), relative to last year, was up to par. Their response, relative to their numbers, was pathetic.

Of the University's 11,500 students, less than 800 can be expected to contribute. Knowing this, the Red Cross has set a goal of only 500 pints and has planned to stay on campus only two days. That's painful realism.

To lure fraternity men into contributing, a trophy has been purchased. It will be given to the fraternity with the highest percentage of members who contribute. The trophy is two-feet high.

We suppose that's realistic, too. People, who know they're supposed to get something for their money, expect to get something for their blood, too. Someone once observed, "You can't squeeze blood from a stone."

But people aren't stones. They can therefore march into the HUB card room from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. today, answer a few questions, roll up their sleeves, have a needle stuck in their arms (a process roughly as painful as cutting one's self while shaving or dancing in tight shoes too long), sip coffee and munch doughnuts. The process takes about an hour, roughly as long as it takes to read an issue of Playboy or consume coffee in other quarters of the HUB.

Giving blood requires no sweat and no tears. But you gotta have a heart.

—The Editor

by pressures, prejudices, and politics is absolutely essential, since without it, these institutions would lose their reasons for existence.

If we falter by surrendering the right of legitimate criticism on a realm so broad as state government, surrendering under the pretext of preserving the "good name" of the university (Texas) and protecting it financially, we will have absolved the very principles upon which this university, this newspaper, a hundred universities and a hundred newspapers are constructed.

What man can ask us to do that? Yet far too many Americans interpret our liberty as merely abstract principle rather than real conduct. It is the conduct that must preserve the principle.

Says Barzun: "How many of our public institutions and private businesses, our schools, hospitals, are in reality little totalitarian states where freedom of speech is more rigidly excluded than vermin because it is felt to be dangerous? Martyrdom abroad becomes irrelevant compared to the battles fought day by day by those in whom democracy is a real passion, not an opportunity for frothy partisanship."

What value is there in opinions that flow from us like the saliva in Pavlov's dogs, at the ringing of a bell?

Henry Steele Commager, the great historian, has traced the broad implications of our trouble. We have been busy of late, Commager says, calculating our strength and the strength of our potential enemies, the totalitarian states.

Whatever may be this balance of strength, he believes, there is one realm where our superiority is beyond challenge, and where it cannot be lost except by our own will. "Ours is a system of freedom," he writes, "freedom of inquiry, of investigation, of criticism, of creation. Over against it stands the closed system of totalitarian countries. In this system, facts have to conform to preconceived ideas, or so much worse for facts. . . . But they are victims of their own system. They cannot adjust their conduct to reality for they only recognize those realities which flatter their preconceptions."

So, if then, in the name of security, loyalty, politics, or appropriations, we start sacrificing our freedoms, we will ultimately sacrifice our security as well. It is not logical that on the campuses of our American universities, traditional guardians of our practical and philosophical liberties, we should prove to the world and to ourselves that free expression and human rights are not only workable but necessary. The moment our philosophy bows before the fear of politics or money, or both, on a university campus, we are doomed as a nation and as a way of life.

Close the Open Door

Fraternities at the University pride themselves on their friendly reputations, and at times, this turns out to be a very costly reputation.

Why is it costly? Simply because hand in hand with fraternity friendliness goes the "Open Door Policy," and its correlative, the open window policy. Unlocked doors early in the morning tempt burglars and vandals alike.

The most recent burglary of a fraternity has been the costliest. Some person(s) evidently knew of Sigma Alpha Epsilon's friendly invitation to walk in at anytime, and did so—early Monday morning. They cleared the house of \$1200 in valuables.

Criticizing now may be hindsight, but it's time fraternities learn to benefit by past experience, for this isn't the first such burglary, and it probably won't be the last.

Fraternities must take a more realistic and less friendly attitude if the SAE incident is not to be repeated.

Despite a general atmosphere to the contrary, State College does have its share of burglars. Fraternities are not immune to burglary, especially when they leave their doors and windows open, and valuables within easy reach of any who enter.

Fraternities should lock their doors around 1 a.m. and put their valuables in safe places. Burglars, like rushees, like friendly houses.

—Larry Jacobson

Gazette

Today

- CENTRAL PROMOTION AGENCY Distribution Staff and Candidates, 6:45 p.m., CPA Office, Hetzel Union basement
- DAILY COLLEGIAN Circulation Staff, 6:30 p.m., 308 Willard
- MARKETING CLUB, 7:30 p.m., Alpha Tau Omega
- MINING ENGINEERING SOCIETY, 7:30 p.m., Mineral Industries auditorium
- NEWMAN CLUB novena, 7 p.m., Church
- NITANY GROTTTO, 7 p.m., 121 Mineral Industries
- PENN STATE CHESS CLUB, 8 p.m., Hetzel Union TV and card room
- PHI MU ALPHA Sinfonia, 9 p.m., 117 Carnegie
- PLAYERS' Advertising Workshop, 7 p.m., Schwab loft
- RIDING CLUB, 7 p.m., 217 Willard
- SCROLLS, new members, 12:30 p.m., 208 Grange
- University Hospital
 - Susan Alsop, Shirley Allison, Joseph Bohart, Nancy Bortz, E. Richard Bouchet, Harriet Felder, Herman Gordon, John Higgins, Joseph Kirk, Anne Klein, John Lessig, Sally Lewis, Lina Lightner, Robert McCarthy, Donald Shaner, James Short, Thomas Smallwood, Lois Snyder, James Sponster, Ruth Stafford, James Tipton, James Welch, Carl Wolfe, and Joann Yoder.

Little Man on Campus

By Bibler



"Worth! Just because you got an A in typing class . . ."

—pebbles on the shore—

A Vail of Tears

by ted serrill

Susan Hayward really has quite a ball in "I'll Cry Tomorrow." We didn't particularly want to see the film. After all, it isn't a technicolor, super-doooper extravaganza with a cast of millions.

Besides, these tear-jerking tales of high emotion and higher tragedy usually leave us cold. Who wants to be continually reminded life is a vail of tears and one must continually hold head erect and bravely wipe away the steadily dripping remnants of broken hearts?

But we had heard glowing reports of its fine acting and its low-keyed air of being "the next best thing to reality itself." This was a movie we couldn't miss!

After nearly two hours of eye-dabbing we emerged from the theater a nervous wreck. We were impressed. Stella Dallas has nothing on Lillian Roth. To think alcohol could do this to such a sweet girl. Why, it could happen to anyone! Our former disliking of soap opera had disappeared. This was the real thing!

In fact, we were so impressed we began to think what could happen to a typical Penn State thrush under similar circumstances . . .

A Coeds' Tale of Woe

Trixie D. was a vivacious girl, fresh from high school, where under the keen eyes of her parents she had sailed through her senior high grades with good marks and a breezy disregard for the boys.

Her ambition was to become a State coed where she could do anything she wanted. After all her mom and dad would be far away.

For the first month she was a great success at falling into the State way of life. Her wavy hair, speckled eyes, and stunning figure appealed. She was a hit with the boys. Remembering that activities were looked upon as a key to fame, she decided to become a songstress. She sang all the time—for the AIM dance, the IFC dance, the Cotton Pickers dance, and a multitude of get-togethers thrown by the fraternities and sororities.

Her name was a campus byword. Everyone said she sang just like Gale Storm. Trixie's roommate, Sadie T., acted as her business manager and press agent. Lucky her, she thought, to have such a popular roomie, always reaping in dollars galore and good-looking fellows. Trixie was not pleased. She didn't like to be watched over and treated like a pin-ball machine. Put in the money and do your stuff. Humph.

Then she met THE FELLOW. He reminded her of that cute kid back home who always whistled—wolf-type of course—and cracked funny jokes. She had snubbed the back-home guy, naturally. Her folks were always watching. But they

couldn't peek at State. Trixie went steady.

He was so encouraging and so nice. He was one of the 3B's—you know THAT house—and soon she was pinned. Then one day as she was singing at the Big Wheel Ball she got a phone call.

He had broken both knee caps while chasing the house's puppy from his room. He had to go home and recuperate. He wouldn't be back until next fall. Trixie was heartbroken. For days she cried and cried. She couldn't sing, she couldn't study. She was really low.

Sadie T. couldn't take this any more. That poor, innocent girl—and besides she needed more money. Something was needed to return to her old warbling self. Coffee! Yes, coffee might do it. Trixie was strictly a milk-fed girl—her parents, of course—and had never drunk anything as strong as coffee.

In desperation Sadie gave Trixie a cup. Would it work? (To be concluded tomorrow)

Handbook, Customs Staffs Required

Students interested in working on the editorial and business staffs of the Student Handbook and students interested in serving on the Freshman Customs Board may sign up for interviews today at the Hetzel Union desk in the HUB.

Freshmen and sophomores are needed for the customs board.

Larry Jacobson, sophomore in journalism from Chester, will be appointed editor of the handbook at Thursday's All-University Cabinet meeting. Jerome Bogutz, senior in business administration from Cynwyd will be appointed business manager.

Marketing Club to Elect

The Penn State Marketing Club will elect officers at 7:30 tonight at Alpha Tau Omega fraternity.

Tonight on WDFM

91.1 MEGACYCLES

- 6:45 ----- Sign On
- 6:50 ----- News, Sports
- 7:00 ----- Your Telephone Bandstand
- 8:00 ----- Marquee Memories
- 8:30 ----- Open to Question
- 9:00 ----- Music of the People
- 9:45 ----- News, Weather
- 10:00 ----- Virtuosos
- 11:00 ----- Sign Off