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The Daily Collegian

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Put the Cork in the Spring Week Bottle

Not a year has gone by since Spring Week was first instituted at the University that a small number of irresponsible students don't spoil the festivities by bringing alcohol into the picture.

We were not disappointed in this respect this year. Two groups participating in the carnival Tuesday were charged with having alcoholic beverages on their booth premises.

In the few short years since its inception, Spring Week has become one of the outstanding social events at Penn State. It entails weeks of careful planning, rehearsing, construction, and hard work on the part of the fraternities, sororities, and independent groups that participate in the affair. Their combined efforts produce a show that is unrivaled among other colleges and universities.

And now that Spring Week has found an accepted place on the campus, a few students insist on endangering the entire program by allowing drinking to creep into the carnival.

Students at the University do not know how lucky they are when it comes to enjoying social life. They have come to accept Spring Week as a yearly must on their social calendar without realizing that many colleges and universities forbid such social affairs as carnivals on grounds far more trivial than drinking.

It seems a shame that this minority of stu-

dents endanger the status of Spring Week by continuing to disregard University drinking regulations. They fail to realize that by their actions the carnival, and even Spring Week, may be brought to a quick end.

The group caught with alcoholic beverages in its booth was not the only guilty party. A glance into the parking lots that surround the area would have disclosed many more persons "fortifying themselves for the night's work."

The fact that one group was later exonerated on the grounds that the bottles of beer used in their show were pre-empted before the carnival started does not detract from their guilt. There is no excusable reason at all for alcohol to take any part in the carnival.

It is unfortunate that all the members of the guilty group must bear the punishment for the actions of a few. Most of the participants in the show had no knowledge that drinking was going on, and other shows where drinking was going on got away without any detection at all.

The University should not have to guard the morals of students at such social affairs, but if immature students can't keep the alcohol out of Spring Week, it may be found necessary to put the cork in the bottle and do away entirely with Spring Week.

—The Editor

Come Back Nittany Lions

Every college campus from the largest to the smallest has a statue or two set among its ivy covered buildings to commemorate some traditional part of the institution.

Here at Penn State, the only shrine on campus is that of our famed Nittany Lion.

There is no reason why the campus should be limited to just one statue of our mascot. In fact, the University was in possession of four different statues of the Nittany Lion which could have been placed around the campus as shrines.

Ma and Pa, the original stone statues of the Nittany Lion were long a cherished symbol to returning alumni. These twin statues stood atop the pillars at the main entrance to the University on College avenue.

When a new entrance was constructed in 1916, the statues were taken down and supposedly stored away in a safe place until a proper shrine could be built to house them.

Within a year, the famed statues wound up on the University garbage heap.

Again in 1930, the University muffed another chance to add, free of charge, to its statuary collection. At that time, a second pair of lion statues were placed on top of the pillars of

the present gateway. These bronze monuments were removed from the pillars after three weeks and also stored "until a suitable place could be found for them."

The suitable place, in this case, was the scrap pile of the Titan Metal Company in Bellefonte.

These symbols of Penn State's rise to fame did not go the way of their predecessors however. A local merchant, O. W. Houts, found them before they were melted down, and purchased them as a keepsake of the University.

For years the bengels guarded the entrance to his store, surviving the elements, and even a fire which destroyed the store last year.

It is time these monuments of our University were rescued from their dreary duties of guarding household wares, furniture, and lumber, and restored to the campus that was once proud to display them.

The University has been offered—of all things—a ships bell for the courtyard in front of the Hetzel Union building. Surely, these Nittany Lions would be a more fitting remembrance to the past years of the University, and, at the same time, add a more colorful touch to the HUB courtyard than a cast iron ship's bell. Let's bring the lions back to the campus.

—The Editor

An Aroused Public

The findings of the board of inquiry investigating the drowning of six marines at Parris Island, S.C., and the promise of reform by the Marine Corps Commandant come as welcome news to an aroused and concerned American public.

Under pressure from their elected representatives, particularly the House Armed Services Committee, the corps appears to have made an honest and thorough investigation of the deaths, although that investigation was conducted in secret.

Gen. Randolph M. Pate, Marine Corps commandant, has promised a complete overhaul of policy, including sweeping revisions of recruit training programs. As a first step in this program, Maj. Gen. David M. Shoup has been appointed to the new post of inspector general in charge of Marine Corps recruit training.

If Pate's program is carried out with forthrightness and sincerity, as we trust it will be, there should be no further "death marches." The long chain of occurrences involving abuse of authority, which Pate told the House committee did exist, will be broken.

On April 12 The Daily Collegian observed: "But the Marines—and the United States government—cannot escape blame for the tragedy. They allowed McKeon to gain a position of responsibility in which he could, without asking, march his boys to their deaths."

Gen. Pate confirmed this judgment when he admitted that the corps has been lax in supervising drill instructors. "Some practices," he confessed, "have crept into the handling of recruits which are not only unnecessary but do not comport with the dignity of the individual or his self-respect."

The real tragedy of the six dead Marines is that they had to die to bring about reforms which never should have become necessary. No words or actions now can bring them back. But their deaths may have saved other lives from future tragedies through the reforms that came too late to save their own.

—Bob Franklin

Safety Valve More Rock and Roll

TO THE EDITOR: Why don't you rock and roll protesters get serious? Isn't it a small minority of Penn State fans who oppose it? If you objectionists are so set against rock and roll music why do you listen to it? You certainly aren't going to decrease its popularity any by calling this music "stuff," "junk," or any other childish term.

Why try to oppose something that has climbed to the top of the hit parade, has become so popular that disk-jockey and music programs all over have had to meet the demand and now include it as part of their regular program whether they approve of it or not? Even Steve Fishbein has had to give in and play it as part of his nighttime show because of the great demand for it.

If you don't like classical music or hillbilly music do you go around fussing and fuming to everybody because you hear it on the radio? You do not! So why make a "federal case" out of r-and-b and r-and-r music? Live and let live is a good policy for you and your minority to follow. Certainly nobody is forcing you to listen to it, are they?

If the majority of Penn Staters gain some pleasure out of listening to rock and roll music why down it? I myself am not a pusher of this type of music and can take or leave it, but I don't try to deprive others of any enjoyment that they may get from it.

—Barroa H. Bohnet

Gazette

Today
SCROLLS, 12:30 p.m., 209 Hetzel Union
HILLEL, Sabbath Eve Services, 8 p.m., Hillel Foundation
University Hospital
Noel Decavelante, George Goldstein, Irving Heiklen, Alan Jones, John Kersh, Philip Litow, Ruth Nissen, Walter Wysockanski, Ernest Young.

Little Man on Campus

By Bibler



"Speaking of minor leaguers, look who discovered the steam pipe system."

—pebbles on the shore—

Flip, Shake—Tilt

by ted serrill

Have you ever watched a pinball fanatic in action? Have you ever observed open-mouthed how his muscles tense, his head glides forward and shoulders hunch, how his whole sense of concentration is pinned on one tiny ball as he pits himself against the machine in his constant search for that most elusive of prizes—the free game?

No? Well, here is your chance to learn about that frustrating and often futile life of the men who think of money in terms of nickles, and sometimes dimes, and whose only idea of adventure is the racking up of free games.

Picture a typical pinball machine backed up against a grimy wall in a restaurant, bar, or drug store. In the midst of these drab surroundings, the colored panels and lights of the machine hit the eye and hold it in a semi-trance.

What is this thing, dead now with its pretty green tilt sign blaring, but liable any moment, you think, to flash into life with a sputter of clicks, claps, and tinkles blazing with light and a half-perceived inhuman hostility.

Enter the protagonists, their fists full of nickles, their shirt sleeves rolled up, their cigarette packs within reach. They are the experts, the college youth who after years of experience and loss of nickles, has mastered The Touch.

They brought handfuls of nickles to gorge the hungry machine but they are confident only a few coins will be needed. This machine is a new one. One of the rarities of the pinball-playing world is the discovery of a machine that is new to the masters, a machine whose bumpers, flippers, gates, and holes are arranged in a fashion different from any other known machines.

The mastering of a new machine is as exciting and as intriguing as climbing a new mountain or choking an 18-foot python to death. So our fanatics were confident they could learn all the secrets of winning in a short time, and when winning, who needs money?

Of course the supreme goal is to hit the limits—to win as much as the machine will allow. It is always fun to try and guess how many games you could run up before reaching this point where all the high scores and "hitting" specials you muster won't win you another game.

The limit is often 26 games and if after an hour and a half

of play it hasn't been reached, you might as well quit the game, man, you've lost The Touch. Hang your head when you leave; the machine has mastered man.

A nickle is harshly jabbed into the slot and the first game is underway.

Push the ball into place . . . pull back the plunger and send the ball into the maze of flashing lights and discordant pops and clicks . . . keep the play at the top . . . bounce the ball on and off the bumpers . . . build up that score . . . push that machine . . . shake that machine . . . careful, don't tilt it . . . plop, goes the ball into the 500,000 hole . . .

A typical ball, one of many—five balls to a game. Play a game and win another. Play a game and lose it. On and on. Hour after hour they pound the machine, spending not a nickle now. Time flies fast and the bluebooks they have tomorrow are doomed to be flunked.

Here are the experts at work, not thinking of the flying time, of the countless smokes and cups of coffee, of the annoyed couple in the booth down the aisle. And here are the techniques, the tricks of hand and eye that make each game different, the tricks that when continually applied to The Game invoke a blurry trance—the mark of a pinball player.

Measure exactly the force needed to send the ball into the game . . . make it end up on the right bumper so it makes the correct bounce and gets you the most score.

When flipping, time the flip to the split second so the ball is sent flying back to the top . . . aim it at the target, just pile up that score.

Any pinball player will tell you that while a good eye and sound reflexes are needed to flip or aim the ball you can't win a game on just that alone. That is why they make machines light enough (Continued on page eight)

Tonight on WDFM

91.1 MEGACYCLES

6:45	Sign On
6:50	News, Sports
7:00	Contemporary Concepts
7:55	News
8:00	Just for Two
9:00	Weekly News Roundup
9:30	Light Classical Jukebox
11:00	Sign Off