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The Daily Collegian

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It's Bargain Day in 104 Old Main

Everyone loves a bargain. We'll venture to say that even the members of the senior class would do anything short of going through frosh customs again to save that proverbial buck.

Well, Members of the Class of 1956, here's your chance to save a dollar, and at the same time come out on top of a bargain-deal.

The University Alumni Association has begun its annual membership drive for graduating seniors. As a special inducement, the association has cut the initial membership price to a rock bottom two dollars for a year's membership. This is one dollar off the usual price.

Unfortunately too many students will never realize the advantages of the group. Too often they have to be coaxed to join the Alumni Association with a "bargain" such as the reduced price gimmick.

Well, seniors, here is our pitch to convince you that you all should join the Alumni Association—pronto. When graduation finally rolls around, the complaints and dissatisfactions which have irked you for four years at Penn State will fade away. Most of you, we are sure, will feel some regret when you get your sheepskin and realize you are just another person again and no longer a part of the University.

But you seniors can remain an integral part of the University without taking up graduate work or becoming a part time campus cop. A

mere two dollars will do it. And here's what you'll get for it:

1. First priority on reserved football tickets.
2. A subscription to the Penn State Alumni News, issued seven times during the year.
3. The Football Letter, a personalized review of each week's game written by Ridge Riley, executive secretary of the association.
4. A subscription to The Penn Stater, a quarterly newspaper.

Coeds—don't feel left out because a lot of the benefits seem to be related to sports. Your membership in the Alumni Association also entitles you to join any one of the 65 Penn State Alumni Clubs scattered throughout the country which can aid young alumni in becoming acquainted in new communities. Don't worry about the University forgetting any of you members either, because the association maintains the only active mailing list.

So take advantage of the bargain and join the Alumni Association before Commencement Day. After that the usual price of three dollars will go into effect, and your last chance to "pull a deal on the University" will be gone.

The many benefits graduates can obtain by belonging to the Alumni Association far outweigh the small membership price. So seniors, show your loyalty and spirit to the University and join the Alumni Association now.

—The Editor

How Not to Cram for Finals: A New Way

You say The Ordeal is drawing closer and closer?

You say the work-to-do is building and building?

You say your pulse is pounding faster and faster?

Why get so excited? It isn't as if the world were doomed to atomic fire before June—is it?

Of course not. So why sweat finals? What can they do—besides making you flunk out, dive into academic probation, bring tears to your parents' eyes, or make you a failure in life.

Don't cry. Don't moan. Try smiling through the teardrops. Force a short laugh and tighten your heartstrings. And always remember—anything you can do, the coed sitting next to you can do better.

Here is our highly-prized formula, dreamed up one sleepless night, for passing all your finals with colors. The latter, of course, are reflected in the face, the eyes, the fingertips, and the red pencil marks found on certain colored books.

First, collect all your books together. This may be difficult if you haven't bought them, but give it that old college try.

Next, amass all the notes you have taken during the semester. This may involve frantic searches behind bookcases, between mattresses, and the dainty collecting of ashes from the incinerator. If all else fails, you can bribe that girl—found in all classes—who is continually flashing a stubby pencil and leafing papers.

She really has notes. Maybe you could offer to carry her notebook home—your's of course.

The methods are many, but get those notes. Now, gather together a large cardboard placard, a ruler, two pencils, a compass, and anything else you can think of. For you must work up a study schedule. It will take time but soon you will have completed a beautiful schedule.

It must list all the times you have available for study. This includes spare moments, not-so-spare moments, coffee hours, class hours, work hours, chow hours, and, naturally, sleep hours.

If you get the point, we advocate study hours all the time. In fact, your schedule could well be one big study blank.

All you have to do now is spread all the books out on a very large table, pile all the notes in a little pillar in the center, buy 12 packs of No-Doz, lock the door, and go to work.

If our plan is to work, we must insist there be no interruptions. Food may be slipped under the door by a friend, preferably a bosom buddy who has just eaten. Don't let minor interruptions bother you. Ignore your steady date who insists on trying to pound the door down. Remember not to answer the telephone.

And when the day that finals start comes, gently close all your books, one by one, unlock the door, and emerge.

You are master of your fate. You are confident. You are brimming with facts.

You will surely pass.

—Ted Serrill

Safety Valve

Chapel or Countryside

TO THE EDITOR: I am somewhat distressed by the shallowness of Mr. Tom Pelick's attempted refutation of George Brown's criticism of the newly erected Helen Eakin Eisenhower Memorial Chapel. Pelick's arguments are disturbing one-sided and even infantile.

Having completed nearly eight semesters in a study of landscape design, George Brown is qualified to venture, at the very least, an intelligent comment as to the fittingness of a structure to its surroundings. His feeling is that this Georgian-type structure is aesthetically incongruous with its setting.

Mr. Pelick has obviously never attempted to escape to nature from our campus. He apparently derives adequate pleasure from the smattering of flora and fauna to be found on the campus itself. There are those of us, however, who desire a more complete escape. With the removal of Horticulture Woods, this has become an extremely difficult goal to attain. The fact that the state of Pennsylvania has set aside natural wooded areas as parks is but little consolation to us here.

Inasmuch as God has allegedly given us these wooded areas, it seems more than a trifle asinine to cut them all down in order to make a place for mere man-made structures—even, I should suppose, in Mr. Pelick's philosophy. George Brown's religion has obviously not generated to the level of mere idol-worship. His worship is divorced from the group and ritual to be found in most contemporary religious services. Such men as Albert Einstein have seen fit to worship in this manner also.

Although the church has undoubtedly been beneficial throughout its existence, organized religion has, in the greatest of probability, been the greatest deterrent of progress in the history

Are Students Always Right?

TO THE EDITOR: I suggest that in the future when Larry Jacobson writes about student affairs he familiarizes himself with the facts. His overuse of cliches was also nauseating.

Let it be known that: 1. The student employees have not taken a flamboyant attitude against the University. Their demands were peacefully presented to the food service department, excluding any threat of riot. 2. The students have not been consistently antagonistic, in fact, their relations with the food service have always been very mannerly. 3. There was indeed organization, knowledge, and tact by the students. Mr. Jacobson made the accusation without apparent investigation. A good reporter should not insert facts if he only thinks they are true.

4. No one was trying to scare the University. The students fully intended to quit if they were not satisfied. 5. There was an attempt to coerce the students though it did not work. (The legal maneuver was invalid anyway). 6. Walking off their jobs was not a "faux pas." The method is as old as labor unions. 7. The walk-out did help the students; it is now certain that a new plan is to be put into effect. 8. The students did not insult the intelligence of University officials. 9. The students showed that they are mature and know how to respectfully make their grievances known.

—Robert Reeder

of mankind. The prosecution of Galileo, the burning of Joan of Arc, even the crucifixion of Christ can be directly attributed to the organized religious societies of their day.

I would repeat George Brown's question . . . what price religion?

—David Schleicher

Gazette

Today
 CHESS CLUB, 7 to 10 p.m., 7 Sparks
 COLLEGIAN CIRCULATION STAFF, All Boards, 6:30 p.m.,
 Collegian Office
 FROTH, Senior Board, 7 p.m., Froth Office
 MINERAL INDUSTRIES STUDENT COUNCIL, 7 p.m.,
 201 Willard

PACERS ASSOCIATION, 7 p.m., 215 Hetsel Union
 RIDING CLUB, 7 p.m., 217 Willard
 THETA SIGMA PHI, 8:30 p.m., Alpha Chi Omega Suite
 W.A.S.S., 7:30 p.m., 209 Hetsel Union

Tomorrow
 HOME ECONOMICS CLUB, 7 p.m., Living Center

Little Man on Campus

By Bibler



"If you think we're busy now—you should come in sometime when it ain't so close to finals."

—dubbs-za-poppin'

Grandma Likes Long Hikes

By ED DUBBS

Reader's Digest can do it. So why can't Dubbs-za-poppin' do it? So we're going to do it:

The Most Unforgettable Person We've Ever Met (it's true, too):

One day last summer we saw this elderly grandmother—carrying a dufflebag—crossing the Lincoln Highway between Chambersburg and Gettysburg.

Not used to seeing elderly ladies with dufflebags crossing highways, we became a little curious. She didn't stick out her thumb when we drove by, so we figured she wasn't hitchhiking or just not hitchhiking with college boys (these grandmas get around, we've found out: there were college boys in their heyday).

Then it dawned on us that she was crossing the three-lane highway where the Appalachian Trail crosses it. "That woman must be hiking the trail," we thought.

We slammed on the brakes, turned around in a private driveway, and went back to where we saw the woman.

We caught up with her about 200 yards in on the trail. A little chat—about two hours long—ensued.

Yes, she was walking the trail and was about half her way on the 2000-odd mile trail.

Our friend was a retired nurse in her early 70's. She was a slender, wiry looking woman. She somehow didn't strike us as the type that would be walking the trail, although we have no idea of the type that would be.

Her family raised, she had set out on her second attempt at the trail. She had tried it two summers ago from Maine to Georgia but was forced to turn back after a short distance. She wouldn't say why. This time she was determined to do it—from Georgia to Maine.

We never heard if she made it or not, and her name even slips our mind. We tried to find a feature story about her, but were unable to do so.

In her dufflebag she had two blankets, some dehydrated food, a flashlight (she found it along the way, she said), a camera (she hadn't used a roll of film when we saw her), and some extra clothes.

While we were having the little chat, she took the opportunity to wash out a few unmentionables (again she must have known we were college boys and wouldn't be embar-

sed). She was a kindly person, who gave her reason for making the hike "the love for the out-of-doors."

What probably amazed us the most was that she didn't tell anyone she was going to hike the trail. "I just told them I was going for a walk in the woods," she said. "This is a damn long walk," we thought to ourselves. She said she had since written her family as to her whereabouts (which relieved us no end).

After the two hours of talking, we sorta ran out of intelligent questions. So we asked: "Have you seen many snakes and aren't you afraid of them?"

Well, she had seen some snakes, but not many. Her answer went something like this:

"When you're afraid of snakes, you're looking for them, but when you're not afraid of snakes, you're not looking for them and you don't see them."

Our grandma was not only quite a hiker but also a philosopher. Her philosophy on snakes can be applied to many things in life.

Then she said she had to be getting on her way if she was to keep her 20-mile-a-day average. She said goodbye and yelled from up the trail a little way:

"Honest, I'm having the time of my life."

There was no doubt in our minds that she was having just that. In fact, we were about ready to tag along.

THOUGHTS WHILE DAY-DREAMING IN CLASS: May Day (Continued on page eight)

Tonight on WDFM

91.1 MEGACYCLES

6:45 ----- Sign On
 6:50 ----- News, Sports
 7:00 ----- Your Telephone Bandstand
 7:45 ----- News of the Nation, State-wide, & Sports Scenes
 8:00 ----- Marquee Memories
 8:30 ----- Open To Question
 9:00 ----- Music of the People
 9:30 ----- BBC Weekly
 9:45 ----- The Day's News, Sports, & Weather in Review
 10:00 ----- Virtuoso
 11:00 ----- Sign Off