

Editorial Opinion

Fix It or Junk It

Saturday—one of the most beautiful days this spring—saw approximately 2700 persons witness the annual May Day ceremonies—indoors, in Recreation Hall.

Most of the spectators appeared to watch attentively as Karen Bixler, May Queen marched up the "aisle" formed by the Honor Arch and Evergreen (formerly Hemlock) Chain, was crowned, serenaded and borne away on what looked to be a sedan chair.

These—and the loveable antics of the queen's juvenile attendants—provided some of the more colorful and interesting aspects of the ceremonies.

But much of the rest of the spectacle was (and apparently always has been) childish, boring and downright silly.

Freshman women, wearing neither shoes nor stockings, hopped around two maypoles, looking as if they were trying hard for a good case of athlete's foot; as usual, one of the maypoles became thoroughly entangled; camera bugs sauntered across the floor during the ceremonies.

The band stopped playing abruptly several times as the script progressed; two heralds raised horns to their lips and trumpet music came from the other end of the hall; two "jolly jesters"—college women dressed to look like Froth advertisements—ran, jumped and sprawled through the festivities.

The glaring inconsistencies in the mock pomp and the grade school comedy which pervaded May Day combined to make the show an absurdity which will be long remembered. And Women's Student Government Association seems determined to keep the ceremony long-remembered by repeating it every year.

If women students feel they must put on a spectacular show for their visiting parents and if they feel it is worth the annual cost of May Day, they should, we believe, put together a program which will be consistent with the atmosphere of the University, one which will reflect a stronger plot than that of an ancient fertility rite and one which will not, year after year, fall flat on its farce.

We call upon the sane elements of WSGA either to completely revamp their Mother's Day program or to junk it.

Missiles and Ministers

Armed Forces Week is being observed by campus and county military units with exhibitions in the Hetzel Union Building which—among other things—concern themselves with missiles, radar and other technological developments.

We believe it is beneficial to publicly explain the devices which may help deter war or—if need be—win it. Students and the public should be interested in the things which play so vital a role in the nation's defense.

But if the details of U.S. defense draw public interest, how much more should we be interested in what our ministers do at the United Nations, NATO, the conference table, the "summits"!

The day-to-day diplomatic relations and the policy decisions behind these relations are what—if anything—will make the use of missiles unnecessary.

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Washington Beat

Unspent 'Jack' For Jackrabbit

By ARTHUR EDSON WASHINGTON (AP) — Curious thing about government: congressmen may vote money but they can't make a president spend it.

And the problem goes back at least to the days of the Apperson Jackrabbit automobile.

Normally of course the argument is over too much spending, and most agencies dish it out as fast as they rake it in. But occasionally Congress is heard complaining: How can we get a president to spend money?

Right now it's Sen. John J. Sparkman (D.-Ala.) who is protesting.

He told the National Association of Home Builders that the administration, through its Budget Bureau, is withholding more than a billion dollars that Congress has voted for various housing programs.

"Sometimes," Sparkman said, "I wonder whether the seriousness of the economic recession is understood in the inner sanctum of the White House."

A couple of years ago, other congressmen were fussing because, they said, President Eisenhower had been voted money to keep the Marines up to 215,000 men and then had allowed the Corps to fall below 200,000.

And President Truman once was bitterly criticized for refusing to buy airplanes for which Congress had put up the money.

Now let's go back to the Apperson Jackrabbit.

Shrewd old Sen. Carl Hayden (D.-Ariz.) was explaining the fiscal facts to the Senate.

"I made my first political campaign in Arizona," he said, "in an Apperson Jackrabbit automobile, which became stuck in the quicksands of the Gila River. We had to have the help of Apache horsemen who used their ropes and saddle horns to pull us out."

"At that time I made a vow that if I should be elected to Congress I would try to have a bridge built across the Gila River."

Well, he got elected, and he did try.

But just as the bill seemed sure to go through uncluttered, Hayden said, James R. Mann, the Republican leader, remembered the Osage Indians who struck it rich in oil. Mann tacked on an amendment which said if the San Carlos Apaches ever became wealthy they would have to pay for the bridge.

"The Bureau of Indian Affairs," Hayden recalled sadly, "refused to build the bridge so long as that condition was attached. Congress had appropriated the money for it, but the bridge was never built."

Hayden's conclusion, based on 46 years in Congress:

"There is no way of compelling any executive department to spend money if it does not wish to do so."

Which may seem hard on housing programs, the Marines and Apperson Jackrabbits. But that's the way it is, Sonny.

Gazette

- TODAY Ag Council, 7 p.m., 214 HUB Alumni Memberships, 8 a.m., 1st Floor lobby HUB American Chemical Society, 7:30 p.m., 119 Osmond Angel Flight, 7:30 p.m., 212 HUB Christian Fellowship, 12:45 p.m., 218 HUB Christian Science Lecture, 1 p.m., HUB Auditorium Christian Science Meeting, 5:30 p.m., 216 HUB Collegian Ad Staff, 7 p.m., 9 Carnegie Collegian Business Staff, 6:30 p.m., 202 Willard Collegian Promotion Staff, 6:30 p.m., 209 Willard Econ Faculty Seminar, noon, Dining Room A HUB Five O'Clock Theatre, 5 p.m., Little Theatre Fresh Regulations Board, 12:30 p.m., 216 HUB Froth circulation staff, 6:15 p.m., HUB Auditorium Gamma Sigma, initiation, 7 p.m., McElwain Lounge Home Ec. Club, 7 p.m., Hort Woods LA Council, 7 p.m., 317 HUB New Bayrischen Schupplattler, 7:30 p.m., Chapel Lounge Panhel Council, 6:30 p.m., 203 HUB Pi Mu Epsilon, election of officers, 7 p.m., 124 Sparks Physics Colloquium, 4:10 p.m., 117 Osmond Placement Service, 3 to 5 p.m., 209 HUB Psych Club, 7:30 p.m., 214 Borcke Vesper Service, 4:30 p.m., Chapel WRA Tennis Club, instructions, 4 p.m., East Courts WSGA Judicial, 5 p.m., 217 HUB UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL David Alexander, Charles Baker, Bruce Eppie, Herbert Fink, Mabel Hays, Morton Halper, Paul Lassie, Louis Lopreato, Waslander Mokha, Bernard Ostroff, Juan Perez, Marion Siemens, John Steiner, Edward Stoker, Loretta Sysdek, Jay Werner, Bruce Wiener.

Little Man on Campus by Dick Bibler



"I understand the only examination he ever passed was his physical."

et cetera

Nuts to Frisbee: Tiddlywinks for Me

by Dave Fineman

It happened the other night when we were hovering over the Associated Press teletype waiting for developments in the Nixon rhubarb and in the escape of 24 miners from a flooded pit.

The long ribbon of paper slowly inched its way through the top of the machine, and we could see the dateline being typed out—OXFORD, England (AP).

Not expecting any sort of story from there, we watched with increasing interest as the machine clicked away. It went on:

The Oxonian tiddlers... (This is an education—I never knew the proper name for tiddlywink players before.)

...defeated the Cantab winks...

(This is very possibly a sample of British sports slang.)

...at tiddlywinks—or perhaps you spell it tiddlewinks—Friday and immediately claimed the world championship.

(I didn't know there was so much at stake.)

The score was nip-and-tuck 113-111 favoring the Oxonians from Oxford University over the Cantabs from Cambridge.

The teams represented the cream of the world's winkers...

(Nor did I realize the impressiveness of the event.)

...and the match, which was of varsity rating...

(What else?)



... was witnessed by several hundred fans. Tea...

(Naturally!) ... was served at half time, with the Oxonians leading 89-87.

Pat Laugharne, a shapely 19-year-old right-hander from England, was the only girl in the match. She also was the star, winking in the decisive button...

(Is that anything like an aspirin?)

... which gave Oxford the lead it held until the end.

"It was a hard-fought match but it was fairly fought," she said. "There's nothing in the world like tiddling."

(I'll say, Pat.)

A raging controversy immediately broke out among male members of the two teams over rightful ownership of the world title.

Elliott Langford, Oxford captain, rose from his knees after the tiddling—snapping small buttons into a cup by pressing them with other buttons—and declared, "We are claiming the world title."

Cambridge captain, Peter Downes, said over his game-end-cup-of-tea:

"It was not a championship match—just an experimental game."

Nuts to your frisbee, Penn Sifers—I'm going to England to look up Pat Laugharne.

