

Editorial Opinion

Safe Conduct Passes

Coeds attending the University should receive safe conduct passes to travel about the West Halls area—they need protection from the hoards of male visitors and students who have nothing better to do than stare and make derogatory remarks to the coeds who pass by.

Numerous males have been seen clustered on the back steps of Sparks and around the mall facing Thompson Hall. As soon as a coed so much as moves a step toward her window, a big cheer arises from the crowd and catcalls are heard muttered throughout the crowd. Another place of male interest, seems to be in front of Waring Lounge, where the males line-up on both sides of the sidewalk and the girls "pass in review."

Another example of the childish and immature actions of the men students, was the performance at last week's indoor movie in Schwab. From the very beginning, noise was most evident in both the balcony and first floor. Another commotion followed when the movie was stopped to change reels.

Unnecessarily sloppy dress is most prevalent in the West Halls area, and it may soon become another chapter of the "Nittany T-shirters."

The "hotrods" and "cowboys" are having a field day on Pollock Road. Here again the immature actions of the younger set are shown up. One of these days, someone will step from the curb and be run down by a hotroder. Then the campus patrol will crack down on these speeders. Action now, may save a life in the future.

Although one must remember that many of the males on campus are high school students and may not know how to act in public, they should know common courtesy and respect. Summertime draws both students and institute members outdoors for a breath of fresh air and relaxation, but they should be able to find better recreation than throwing Frisbys at girls or heckling them.

Let's grow up — men and boys, you're at a University now and people expect you to act like college students. Maybe the females will be nicer to you if you leave them alone.

Beauty Wins Applauds

Beauty—most abundant on the Penn State campus—paid off last week when Miss Lois Piercy was named Miss Pennsylvania for 1959 and Margaret McPherson, another University coed, placed among the top five finalists. To add to the woes of the University's male population, this was the second successive year that a Miss Pennsylvania has graced the campus, for Rosalie Samley won the 1958 title.

But it was Miss Piercy's performance which was a more important feather in the cap for Penn State students—she represented Miss Centre County, the home of the University. She won the county title by winning over 11 other University coeds in a contest in Bellefonte in May. Countless other coeds entered contests in their home areas. This spreads Penn State's female femininity throughout the state.

Another uniqueness in this year's pageant was the appearance of a coed from an off-campus center—Miss Judith Criste of the Altoona center. Shortly competition for the Miss Penn State title will have to include representatives from each of the 14 Commonwealth Campuses.

Congratulations to both Miss Piercy, the winner, and Misses McPherson and Criste, the losers. The University is proud of you—probably as much as you were to say "I am a student at the Pennsylvania State University."

It's off to Atlantic City for Miss Piercy. Let's show those 50 other odd contestants what made you Miss Pennsylvania—talent, poise, determination and hard work.

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Campus Beat

Weather Flags And Bulldozers Draw Attention

Have you seen site of the new football stadium recently? The graders and bulldozers have been industriously leveling the area for the past several months and it won't be long before the stands will begin to rise. It will be interesting for us to watch the stands at Beaver Field be disassembled and moved to their new home.

In that same area a now familiar intersection will soon disappear and be replaced with a modern cloverleaf overpass. We wonder if the Entrance Road-College Avenue cloverleaf will cause the duckpond to be moved once again. Those poor ducks will soon be in line at the Psych clinic if their pond is moved many more times.

Everyone criticizes the weatherman. The University crew in the Mineral Industry Building that predicts the weather each day has found a fool-proof method for predictions. When they are in doubt, they raise a white weather flag with a large question mark on it. Take a look atop the M.I. building some "uncertain" day.

We wish Ed Pollock luck in his new position at Union College. Union is orientated much differently than is Penn State's social system. Fraternity parties are chaperoned, but by grad students or young married couples. Everyone may drink—even Frosh. And there is no police-patrol by the IFC each Saturday night. In other words, it is wide open and should provide Pollock with a good working ground for his Penn State "reform principles."

While downtown the other day we received a new penny among some change. A friend asked to see the round copper. On one face is the familiar head of Lincoln, but on the other side is a change. It is a building, and our friend asked if we knew its name. We said it looked like the Lincoln Memorial but we were not sure. Our friend chirped, "Darned if you're not right. Why there's Lincoln in the middle." And he is; just take a look.

Did you know that there are now drugs which are non-addicting but give the same thrills or effects as the dangerous marijuana and heroin. Scientists have found such compounds in petroleum base derivatives. This discovery should be a boon to medicine and help wipe out the black-market narcotic trade which ruins the lives of so many people.

We have little sympathy for students who habitually complain of being overworked carrying 18 or 20 credits. The other day we had coffee with a full-time student who works a 40 hour week—at nights—and has been on the dean's list for at least the last two semesters.

Well, my Whipple-tanned-students—study diligently for those inter-session finals tomorrow; and if you develop a unpleasant mood and start to grumble and complain, remember the student we just mentioned, for he must work from 5:30 p.m. till 2 a.m. tonight and then take a final in Phil 3 tomorrow morning at 8 a.m.

—Prof. Wayne

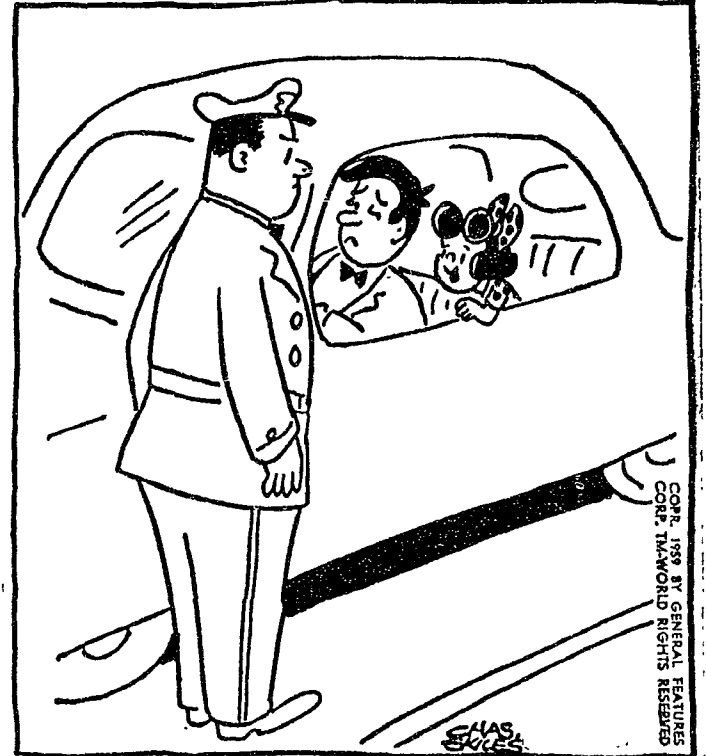
Letters

Coed Questions Sewing Machines

TO THE EDITOR: As students of a large university many small conveniences are made available to us. One of these conveniences for the coeds is the use of sewing machines for personal sewing. I find, however, that this practice is discontinued for the summer. During the summer months we have more time for such domestic endeavors, so why can't the University share some of its many idle machines with us?

—Elizabeth Clark

JOSEPHINE



"Boy! I sure hope you don't ask to see his driver's license!"

—from here to infinity—

Missing Supper Not So Bad

by bob thompson

Twenty reporters missed their supper Saturday night, but they didn't complain.

They missed it because of a charmer from Brandon, Miss., who always manages to be late. She was Miss America, 1959, Mary Ann Mobley. And she was 45 minutes

late for a 4:30 p.m. press conference. She was here for the Miss Pennsylvania Pageant.

An enthusiastic hand-shaker, Miss Mobley made sure she met everyone in sight before the conference got underway. Upon meeting this member of the press, she kept his hand a second longer to read the fraternity letters on his class ring, then quipped, "We don't have a chapter where I go. Guess we had better colonize there."

After meeting and talking with Mary Ann, there wasn't one person who even missed not having eaten!

Prepared questions were tossed aside as the brown eyed southern belle and the press conversed. One thing, just led to another.

She likes traveling and meeting the people—especially the press. "I really mean it too," she said.

According to Mary Ann, there are no men in her immediate future, although she admits that sometime she'd like to have four children.

"During the past year, I've traveled all over an' ah haven't met ma man yet—at least ah don't think so," she said in her best "Mississippiian."

"Ma daddy frowned on boy-friends when ah was younger. He was so afraid ah would meet a boy and get serious be-

fore ah finished school. Now ah think he's wound up with me on his hands," she added. Saying she had never gone steady or been pinned, she admitted, "It's a mess."

Mary Ann will be a senior when she returns to college next fall. She only needs six credits—all in Spanish—to graduate.

She said she needed to brush up a bit on the language though. Telling about a recent visit to Mexico, she said she talked to a group of businessmen who couldn't speak English.

"I thought I did real well, so I decided to order breakfast the next day in Spanish. Instead of two fried eggs, the waiter brought me two raw ones in a bowl of milk." That sure took the wind out of my sails," she said.

One of the south's strongest salesmen, Miss Mobley readily admitted that her southern blood wasn't thick enough for northern winters. She sat in the rain at the Cherry Blossom Pageant and ended up with a case of pneumonia. It's a good thing she doesn't go to school at Penn State. Imagine what she would pick up walking to an eight o'clock class on a January morning!

Mary Ann says that she was a tomboy with pigtails until she was eight, and wore braces on her teeth until she was 16. She said that she spoke at the southern dental conference "because ah had more fillings than anyone else in the south."

