

Letters

Problem of Student Apathy Discussed by Sophomore

TO THE EDITOR: In reference to your column of April 24, I'll be frank Miss Palmer: your question should not have been "Where does apathy end?" but where does apathy begin? I will grant you your point that apathy is a disease spreading across Penn State, but I will ask: why shouldn't there be apathy? Why should I vote in the current elections? Well, I can tell you why I shouldn't vote.

the result is rules lacking student backing since student government is only a club for the social climbing, there are occasional exceptions, future "lawn mowers" of America.

I have no intention of voting unless you can assure me another Foianini-type president, a man who will stick up for his rights and try to make the students' voice heard.

Furthermore, there is a world of difference (in fact, no analogy) in voting for a president of the national government as contrasted to voting for a president of the USG. One government is sovereign; the other is not. Need I say more? The problem is this, Miss Palmer: as long as the University continues to treat students striving to find a place in a non-intellectual society as members of the common masses through its institutional methods of IBM machines, rules on discipline, and rules on conformity, you will have apathy.

I conjure you Ann: if you are fed-up with apathy at Penn State, you as editor of The Daily Collegian can do something about this condition. You, Ann, must accept the challenge by striking at the heart of the problem through striving to make the Penn State student a human being and an individual. The road will be long and the fight will be hard, but as editor of the Collegian you have the necessary weapons.

-Burt Kaplan '64

The only way any student will ever purchase a book at cost at this institution is by participating in a mass revolution in which the members of the Board of Trustees are murdered in a protest hanging on the Mall by the student body.

And, what of the student government itself? Even where student government does exist and does accomplish something,

Soph Attacks Campus Party

TO THE EDITOR: All year I waited for all the material things that Campus party promised last year. The Great Foianini, whose drive and determination was "unquestionable" was going to change student government, rid it of its apathy, etc. (of course, all without previous student government experience). But nothing came forth.

Will the voting majority be fooled again? Will they let Dennis Eisman put another one over on them? He's using another crop of puppets on the Campus party slate to try and stay in power. Too bad with all his dealings he couldn't have found better candidates to use: Campus party had nothing alone. Liberal party had nothing alone. Both together are double nothing.

-Albert Harris '64

TODAY ON CAMPUS

5 O'Clock Theater

The 5 O'Clock Theatre will present "The Hotdog Salesman" at 5:15 p.m. in the basement of Old Main. The play was written by Louis Florimonte, sophomore in secondary education from McKee's Rocks, and will be directed by James Marvel, graduate student in English from Laurel Springs, N.J.

Lectures

Dr. T. Moeller from the University of Illinois will speak at the Chemistry Colloquium at 12:40 p.m. in 302 Whitmore.

Col. Anthony L. Wermuth, associate superintendent of Army War College, Carlisle, will speak on "Military Problems Facing the United States," at M.I. Auditorium at 7:30 p.m.

The lecture is sponsored by H Company, Scabbard and Blade, national military honorary.

Film

The International Film Committee will sponsor the showing of the Danish film, "Ordet" at 3, 7, and 9 p.m.

Questionnaire

Student questionnaires for the 4-term evaluation must be returned to the HUB desk by 5 p.m. Tuesday.

USG Meeting

The Undergraduate Student Government Congress will meet at 7:30 in 203 HUB.

The tentative agenda includes International Fliers, 7 p.m., HUB approval of USG President Dennis Foianini's appointments to the LA Student Council, 6:30 p.m., Supreme Court and presentation of The USG Record, 214 HUB.

Other Meetings

Elections Commission, 8:30 p.m., 217 HUB. Gamma Sigma Sigma pledges, 8:15 p.m., 214 HUB. Gamma Sigma Sigma sisters, 6:30 Spring Week Carnival Committee, 105 Armsby. International Fliers, 7 p.m., HUB ballroom. LA Student Council, 6:30 p.m., 214 HUB. News Conference Luncheon, 11 a.m., HUB ballroom. Rod & Coccus Club, 7 p.m., 206 Patterson. Sigma Tau Delta, 7:30 p.m., 218 HUB - Executive meeting 6:45 p.m. Spring Week Carnival Committee, 9 p.m., 218 HUB.

On Campus with Max Shulman (Author of "Rally Round The Flag, Boys", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

CRAM COURSE No. 3: ENGLISH POETRY

Final exams will soon be upon us. This is no time for fun and games. Let us instead study hard, cram fiercely, prepare assiduously.

In this column today let us make a quick survey of English poetry. When we speak of English poetry, we are, of course, speaking of Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Some say that of the three, Keats was the most talented. It is true that he displayed his gifts earlier than the others. While still a schoolboy at St. Swintha's he wrote his epic lines:

If I am good, I get an apple, So I don't whistle in the chapel.

From this distinguished beginning, he went on to write another 40,000 poems in his lifetime—which is all the more remarkable when you consider that he was only five feet tall!

I mention this fact only to show that physical problems never keep the true artist from creating. Byron, for example, was lame. Shelley had an ingrown hair. Nonetheless, these three titans of literature turned out a veritable torrent of romantic poetry.

Nor did they neglect their personal lives. Byron, a devil with the ladies, was expelled from Oxford for dipping Elizabeth Barrett's pigtails in an inkwell. He thereupon left England to fight in the Greek war of independence. He fought bravely and well, but women were never far from his mind, as evidenced by this immortal poem:

How splendid it is to fight for the Greek, But I don't enjoy it half as much as dancing cheek to cheek.

While Byron fought in Greece, Shelley remained in England, where he became court poet to the Duke of Marlborough. (It is interesting to note in passing that Marlborough was the original spelling of Marlboro Cigarettes, but the makers were unable to get the entire word on the package. With characteristic ingenuity they cleverly lopped off the final "gh". This, of course, left them with a "gh" lying around the factory. They looked for some place to put it and finally decided to give it to the Director of Sales, Mr. Vincent Van Go. This had a rather curious result. As plain Van Go, he had been a crackerjack director of sales, but once he became Van Gogh, he felt a mysterious, irresistible urge to paint. He resigned from the Company and became an artist. It did not work out too well. When Van Gogh learned what a great success Marlboro Cigarettes quickly became—as, of course, they had to with such a flavorful flavor, such a filterful filter, such a flip-top box, such a soft pack—he was so upset about leaving the firm that he cut off his ear in a fit of chagrin.)

But I digress. Byron, I say, was in Italy and Shelley in



He resigned from the Company and became an artist

England. Meanwhile Keats went to Rome to try to grow. Who does not remember his wistful lyric:

Although I am only five feet high, Some day I will look in an elephant's eye.

But Keats did not grow. His friends, Shelley and Byron, touched to the heart, rushed to Rome to stretch him. This too failed. Then Byron, ever the ladies' man, took up with Lucrezia Borgia, Catherine of Aragon, and Annie Oakley. Shelley, a more domestic type, stayed home with his wife Mary, and wrote his famous poem:

I love to stay home with the missus and write, And hug her and kiss her and give her a bite.

Mary Shelley finally got so tired of being bitten that she went into another room and wrote Frankenstein. Upon reading the manuscript, Shelley and Byron got so scared they immediately booked passage home to England. Keats tried to go too, but he was so small that the clerk at the steamship office couldn't see him over the top of the counter. So Keats remained in Rome and died of a broken heart.

Byron and Shelley cried a lot and then together composed this immortal epitaph:

Good old Keats, he might have been short, But he was a great American and a heck of a good sport.

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BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE "PLAYBOY" EMPIRE

Hugh Hefner launched Playboy magazine on \$10,000—and a nude photo of Marilyn Monroe. Today he's a millionaire. In this week's Post, you'll learn how Hefner lives up to his Playboy image. Why he keeps close tabs on the private lives of his buxom "bunnies." And which Hollywood stars got their start as "Playmates."

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