

Editorial Opinion

# Due Recognition

Tomorrow, on Mother's Day, many of the women's organizations on campus will honor outstanding coed undergraduates at the first campus-wide Honors Assembly in the recent history of the University.

The woman having the top scholarship record in each college, with the exception of Mineral Industries, will be named as a Mortar Board Scholar.

Chimes, Scrolls and Mortar Board hat societies will tap new members and the Education Student Council will present a scholarship and an outstanding senior award.

Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Kappa Phi and Alpha Lambda Delta honorary societies and Cwens hat society will recognize their new members.

We praise Mortar Board hat society, initiator of the assembly, and all other groups and persons instrumental in arranging this program.

By presenting their awards at an open assembly, the societies participating are adding stature to their awards through campus-wide publicity as well as giving the recognition due to those being honored.

By scheduling the program for Mother's Day when many parents are on campus, hat societies are giving parents of those being honored the opportunity to see their daughters receive the honor, a privilege usually impossible in the past.

In the future we would like to see this Honors Assembly continued and expanded to encompass the awards given to men as well as to women.

We would like to see a truly all-University Honors Day when all of the hat societies would tap new members, when all honorary societies would recognize new members and when all colleges would give their outstanding students the recognition due them.

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### Little Man on Campus

by Dick Bible



"NO WONDER THE RUSSIANS ARE AHEAD OF US - BOTH OF YOU SHOULD BE IN THE LIBRARY STUDYING."

the AP

# Command Performance

by ann palmer

It's Mother's Weekend on the campae. Florist's trucks zoom up and down the hills of University Park making a sharp contrast with the perennial strollers on the Mall. Students you thought lived day and night in sweat shirts and bermudas suddenly appear dressed to the teeth in suits, ties or dresses.

The campus is indeed ready for the big event. Trees are in full bloom, lilacs (the ones that haven't been picked) sweeten the air and Joel Myers has predicted fair weather for the weekend. The setting is ready.

The narrator enters: Members of the University family (as a whole) arise. Over yonder mountains the parents come. Prepare to greet them with best behavior. Let there be no bermudas in the dining halls this weekend. Let there be no mass riots, panty raids or firecracker exhibition this weekend. Let there be a spirit of comradeship and composure in the Nittany Valley. (exit narrator)

The play's the thing and so it begins: Muz and Pop are spotted through Joe College's high power telescope mounted in his window. How strange it is for Joe to have this instrument directed away from the girls' dorms!

It's time for a quick check. Is the car clean and new-looking? It would never do for the

folks to pull up in a ratty-looking car!

When Joe sees them, the car no longer matters. After Muz finds out that she's lookin' great and Pop is made to realize that he has gained a little weight, the weekend begins in full swing.

First thing on the agenda—out to the House. Joe's just pledged a fraternity and Mr. and Mrs. College "just gotta meet the brothers . . . they're great!" Joe hasn't begun his pledging period yet.

Out at the House instructions are made, names are forgotten and a few dropped. After standing around smiling at other parents, Pop suggests that they go back to the campae and look over a few "cultural attractions" of the University. Joe gets a little worried, but hopes he'll be able to find some.

The libe sounds like an ultracultural place to begin the tour. Joe takes Muz and Pop for a cigarette in the smoking room and they all sit for a while on the steps.

What's next? Joe's worried. That's it! The art exhibit in the HUB. "It's wonderful, dear," for about five minutes and then it's time to hit the LD for a coke. After all, it's an awfully warm afternoon.

Another stop . . . a five minute stand on the steps of Boucke. Joe tells his parents

how much fun this is between his 8 o'clock and second period HUB hour.

Suddenly Joe thinks of THE place to go. Hort Woods. Pop opens up with a sly grin at the mention of this historic landmark. Pop shares an office with a Penn State alumnus.

From the serene shadows of "the woods" it's only a few giant steps to the creamery—the favorite stop for University visitors from far and near. It's bittersweet for Muz, peanut-butter ripple for Pop and vanilla for Joe and once again they're on the move. Joe looks at his watch and sees that it's almost time for dinner at the House. He plots their course and decides the shortest route will be back past the HUB.

As the trio passes this modern structure a horde of screaming females emerges wearing hats of many colors. Some are dancing, some are cheering but all of them are leaping around.

Joe groans and mumbles an explanation—"Women! It must be the Honors Assembly getting out!"

After the typical House dinner of roast beef, peas and mashed potatoes, Muz and Pop drive off in their shiny car headed for home.

Whew! Sure was a hectic weekend but it was great to see the folks!

### Letters

## Feasibility of 'Bureau' Doubted

TO THE EDITOR: Now that USG has a Student Opinion Bureau (abbreviated — well, you know it's abbreviated), I would like to express the first opinion: It won't work.

The idea, folks, is to take "issues" — that word can hide the stupidest things — and ask a random sample of students by telephone how they feel. I urge you all to reply, "Fine, thank you," and hang up — unless you're a male type and wish to ask the surveyoress for a date.

Let us take two sample "issues": Penn State has rejoined the National Student Association on a one-year trial basis. The decision — presumably an intelligent one — was met after presentation of argument in two successive sessions of the Congress, one of them over four hours long. And even as the question was called one representative changed his mind between a show-of-hands vote and the roll-call vote taken two minutes later.

You would be asked to make the same decision in a three-minute phone call. I do not mean, of course, to imply that

you might not arrive at a sounder conclusion.

Two years ago a committee was empowered by the interim government to investigate chartering buses to take students home to the larger cities at the end of each term and possibly to bring them back for the next. Nothing was done until the middle of last term when Dennis Foianini personally contacted several bus lines, one of which said it could provide the reduced-fare service he was seeking if given sufficient notice.

Foianini fed the information back to a new committee, and, with less than four weeks remaining in this term, that's right where the idea sits. Want to survey that, Mr. Wharton? Then save yourself the phone bill.

Just post a sign-up sheet on the travel board in the HUB and advertise it prominently in the Collegian. If "favorable opinions" show up make one phone call — to the bus company. Just think — you hardly have to get up off your swivel chair.

Want any more opinions?  
—Lawrence Cameron, '64

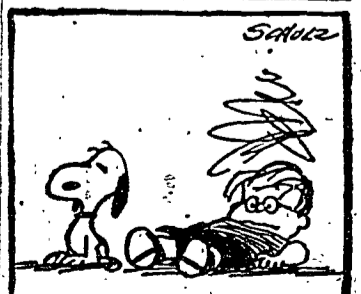
### WDFM WEEKEND SCHEDULE

#### SATURDAY

- 2:00 Sign-On
- 2:00 Metropolitan Opera
- 5:00 Saturday at State
- 6:55 Weatherscope
- 7:00 Hi-Fi Open House
- 9:00 Offbeat
- 1:00 MTGOOFB
- 1:15 King's Korner

#### SUNDAY

- 5:00 Sign-On
- 5:00 Chapel Service
- 6:00 Chamber Music
- 6:30 Mormon Tabernacle Choir
- 7:00 The Third Programme
- 12:00 Sign-Off



### Letters

## Grad Student Challenges Orton's Views

TO THE EDITOR: I read Saralee Orton's column, "Lest We Forget . . ." interesting, terribly unoriginal, but interesting. If I've heard "thunder on the right," "witch-hunter," "far more destructive than the communists," etc. once, I've heard them too many times. I don't object to the ideas being old (most good ones are), it's just that she, poor girl, finds it necessary to put them forward in the same old way. As it turns out, she sounds as if she's been memorizing New York Times editorials.

But, alas, I cannot restrict my criticism solely to Saralee's descriptive powers. I must go a little further. I challenge Saralee to prove that members of YAF fall into the category of "witch-hunters," i.e., self-appointed executioners of internal communists — at all costs. I know YAF members on campus; I've read National YAF publications; I've noticed no witch-hunting, and hope it does not exist.

I hate to charge you, Saralee, with irresponsibility (of the McCarthy type), but if you desire to make such charges I think it only proper that you back your own witch-hunting with substantial and unequivocal proof immediately.

This should have been done in your column. To charge "methods they (members of YAF) use may contribute far more to the destruction of democracy than . . . communists," is a very serious act. This must not go unproven.

It is your duty to expose this organization for what it is. If you find you are unable to gather the necessary overwhelming proof, proof so overwhelming that every detail and nuance of your charge is verified, then, Saralee, I suggest you retire from the staff of The Daily Collegian as an irresponsible witch-hunteress.

—John J. McHale  
Grad Student