

'PS In The South'-- Support It NOW

For most of this term student rights and responsibilities has been the dominate theme for the various campus groups.

Although little genuine interest was generated by the student body at large, there is no doubt that the Ad Hoc Committee was instrumental in winning students a bigger voice in the forming of rules that govern them.

It is heartening to note, however, that the work still needed to be done in the South has not been forgotten either. The task of regaining Negroes to vote and operating decent schooling facilities for their children is much less glamorous than talking from a soap box -- but just as essential.

The job of handling this year's "Penn State in the South" project has fallen upon the University's religious organizations.

Rev. Joseph Ban, executive director of the University Christian Association has accepted the responsibility of heading the local effort. We laud him and his fellow ministers who are taking on this extra task.

We, likewise, encourage students to show as much interest and enthusiasm by giving their time--10 weeks if possible--or at least their financial support to the "Penn State in the South" program.

It costs \$350 to maintain each student, and a University this size should at least have 20 representatives.

Contributions can be given to the Hillel or Newman foundations or the University Christian Association for this purpose. We urge all students as well as administrators, faculty and townspeople to be generous.



'If they've the guts to go, let's send them.'

ullons au cinema The New Movies

by vince young

A mirage is an optical illusion due to atmospheric conditions, by which reflected images of distant objects are seen, often inverted. The mirage that is witnessed in the motion picture of the same name is much less due to conditions, stratospheric than to those of a more melodramatic nature. The new Harry Keller production casts several near and distant objects through an inverted looking glass, but they aren't reflected--they're first-hand images. So, just what is this "Mirage"?



YOUNG

Such confusing fun! It's one of those senseless wonders that leave an audience completely befuddled throughout. Even though there is a valiant attempt at some Betty Crocker instant psychiatry that, in a frantic final reel, laughs off the previous two hours as a bad, psychopathic joke, believe me, there is absolutely nothing outside of sheer fantasy which could appropriately come near to explaining all of the Bond and Belmondian shenanigans here. But if the denouement is not worth waiting around for, all that occurs before is enough that one admission fare could ask for.

I lost count of how many murders, accidental deaths, assassinations, of assassins, and untimely deaths there were, and by the time that "explanation" came about, it was difficult to remember exactly what it was that was being explained. Mr. Keller and director Edward Dmytryk have obviously patented their film as a baby sister version of "Thriller's" writer, Peter Stone, to concoct an elaborate script full of plots (dramatic and villainous), and they also hired two of its baddies, Walter Matthau and George Kennedy, either to be killed by or to kill off the remainder of the cast.

This remainder included Gregory Peck who is surprisingly good as a man who may or may not have amnesia, Diane Baker who is his former lover who may or may not be a girl badman, Lief Ericson and Kevin McCarthy who are definitely all bad, and several others who may or may not be killed in the course of the film. While "Mirage" is good, and deliberately incoherent, inconclusive, incredible es-

capism, "The Train" is not good, but quite incoherent, inconclusive, etc. accidentally, and the blame goes to its director, John Frankenheimer, who has composed a Wagnerian song of love and a gloriously lavish paean to the art of railroading, but has forgotten how to combine both thrills and drama as he did so memorably in "The Manchurian Candidate."

I can't help but get the impression that Mr. Frankenheimer as a kid always longed for his own vast HO-gauge train set with which he could wreck engines, blow up yards, set off explosions, and rock his neighborhood with the exotic sounds of metal and steel violently intertwined. So, he got hold of the French National Railway, and spent five million dollars making locomotive havoc.

Fine and good--all those crashes, derailments, strafings, and sabotagings were obviously created in great haste and executed with majestic beauty. But what about the two hours in between, those necessary story lines, which are supposed to carry us from crash to crash smoothly and believably? Where are they?

Well, the two hours is there in all its clock-watching length, but it's jammed tight with war cliché precariously balanced on top of war cliché, the biggest of which is Burt Lancaster who does some pretty precarious balancing himself, bounding, leaping, climbing, falling, rolling, verifying the old rumor that all of his talent is in his limbs, not in his head.

Much less destructive but just as noisy is "The T.A.M.I. Show," the vivacious and impressive live rock 'n' roll circus electro-photographing some new wild rhythms, natural and otherwise. Most of the recording artists are lively and exciting like the show, a fine mating of "Shindig" and "Ben-Hur." But the star of the evening is James Brown who carries on (and is nearly carried off) for some twenty grand minutes of musical agony and ecstasy.

The rest of the two hours is less vibrant but still fascinating. The performers are: The Beach Boys, Chuck Berry, Marvin Gaye, Gerry and The Pacemakers, Jan and Dean, Billy J. Kramer & The Dakotas, Smokey Robinson and The Miracles, The Rolling Stones, The Supremes, The Blossoms, armies of dancers, and Lesley Barbra and The Gores.

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Warnock Hall's Service Criticized

TO THE EDITOR: In answer to Mr. Robert Patterson's letter giving an accurate description of conditions at Warnock Hall, I note two inadequacies:

(1) There is a lack of employee initiative and no lack of manpower and

(2) The dining hall has not, is not, and probably will not ever fulfill its main obligation to the students.

Unless I have been misinformed, the main purpose of the dining halls is to serve good, nourishing food to hungry students. This seemingly possible goal has never been attained in Warnock Hall. As a matter of fact they haven't even come close. For the amount of money supposedly spent on food we probably get the worst meals in town. Not only is the quality of the food poor, but the preparation is worse.

Let's take quality first. Every year someone in food service hands out his mimeographed sheet of drivel to the Collegian explaining how they do to all parts of the country to get their fruits and vegetables.

Somehow they have found the sturdiest type of asparagus, tasteless type of potatoes, stringiest type of beans, and those green salads--have you noticed that they have been collecting the grass down at Old Main. As to the quality of the meat--the inspector must be a blind vegetarian.

When one tries to separate the gristle from the meat one can't help but wonder what disease the poor animal died of, or what blunt instrument beat it to death.

As to the preparation of the food, admittedly you are already at a serious disadvantage because of its quality. But have you ever seen the cook--looks like he just stepped out of the vegetable soup!

We have already had one case of food poisoning because someone had an unclean hand in the tuna fish. The philosophy behind the cooking of many of the meals seems to be one of trial and error (mostly error).

You would think that the obvious deficiencies would be corrected. They haven't been and unless some drastic measures are taken they probably won't be corrected. What do I mean by drastic measures?

Well, we could start by getting a vat of boiling tar, a few bags of feathers, etc., but the real answer is a little more \$-rep-rated. The people who should be fired have been here too long for any amount of student clamor to unseat them.

One interesting thought that would probably improve both quality and preparation: Have President Walker eat every meal in Warnock for a whole term. If he survived I'll bet heads would roll!

—J. Glenn Ziegenfuss '68

TIM President Asks Support

TO THE EDITOR: Pennsylvania has the potential to become a great state, but this potential will do us little good -- as a University or as an individual -- if we do not start working for Pennsylvania now.

Although Pennsylvania may not believe in us as a University we can change this attitude by expressing our attitude.

By me I mean not only the Town Men, but the University as a whole. If we express concern by not only joining the 100,000 Pennsylvanians, by continuing to express the attitude in which this organization was started--that is a Better Pennsylvania, we will profit by a better Penn State.

Paul Hedeman
President TIM Council

Boxing Anyone?

TO THE EDITOR: After listening to the World's Championship fight, I would like to request that all sincere and loyal boxing fans join with me in prayer that the "honorable sport of boxing" finds a Babe Ruth quickly.
Cale A. Strittmatter, '65

Junior Finds Letter 'Highly Questionable'

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Amrhein's protestation (To The Editor, May 20) that the mess is man and not the system, since the system will prevail, is highly questionable. It has possibly slipped his erudite mind that the system is instituted, maintained, and perpetuated by man.

The acceptance of reality is a mark of maturity but an excessive dependence on the realistic viewpoint is susceptible to excess as any other intrinsically admirable concept.

If Mr. Amrhein cries in his beer in private, he is not doing himself or the institution any good. Compromise is useful in some cases (actually, it is not just a stalemate), but the pragmatic approach might be more favorable in effecting improvement.

I have been on both sides of the periodicals desk (as a re-

searcher and as a student assistant) and for those who have not had this dual experience, I can assure them that the staff position is even more frustrating than having to postpone work because of the inavailability of materials needed for a project.

Why is it that it is so difficult to accomplish anything approaching constructive work in the Periodicals Section of Pattee Library at Penn State?

Also, why is it so difficult for a staff of eminently qualified student assistants to give the service for which they are employed? Is it the system or the man who is responsible for the system?

Come on, Johnny. Let's play the game fair. There is a "cesspool" that needs cleaning up and it would appear that you are the man to do it.
—Joseph R. De Philip, Jr. '66

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For Seniors On Graduation

By RICHARD G. SPAGNOLLI
Editorial Columnist



Suddenly it happens almost as quickly as it began. The Madras wasteland transforms itself into a land of conservative blues and grays, theory turns into practicality, and once again it is time for graduation.

A strange feeling overcomes you and the breeze on your bare ankles feels all too cold and real, and reluctantly you cover them with a pair of socks. The sandals you have been wearing everyday for some reason become uncomfortable and you change them for a pair of regular street shoes.

You love Penn State for the opportunity and education she gave you, and you hate her for the aggravation she caused. You love her because of her beauty and picturesque features and you hate her cold and impersonal nature. And you love her because of the good memories she afforded you and you hate her for the unhappy ones she gave you also.

You are a brazen hypocrite, but you are a Senior who has endured this difficult environment, so we extend our forgiveness. You have felt the agony of individuality and the "security" of conformity on this campus. And now you must decide if this agony is more important than the security. Graduation makes this demand on you.

You have been to Penn State's fraternity and illegal apartment parties and you have drunk beer and have gone wild. But you also have been alone in the solitude of a beautiful Penn State evening and you have experienced the excitement solitude can bring.

You have dated at Penn State and you have hurt others and you have hated yourself. A search in an artificial social environment has led you to particular extremes and it has led you to understanding. But you are a Senior and soon this social environment will appear superficial and ridiculous when you are far from here.

And on the night before graduation, you will visit all the bars in State College because this is the time Seniors do before they graduate. All your friends will be there and you will get drunk together and laugh together and remember and forget together.

But soon this spree is over and you are drunk and everything is quiet. You are alone and this is when you will decide if you love or hate Penn State. If you love her, you will kiss her and cry, for soon she will be only a happy memory. If you hate her you will laugh at her and spit on her, because you have failed to understand her and yourself.

The next day is graduation and the ceremony drags and some of you will wish it would never end. Pictures are taken as usual and parents and relatives are beaming with pride. You are their sons and daughters and nephews and nieces. And now you aren't Seniors anymore. It doesn't occur to you easily, but perhaps this is the way you won't.

It's back to the "A" Store with your cap and gown, lunch, more pictures and then the inevitable happens. You get in the car and sit in the back seat. You are quiet. Your mother speaks but quickly senses the mood. The car moves away from Penn State at a rapid rate, and you don't look back.

But then you realize you're all alone with life . . .

Should 'Deviates' Leave?

TO THE EDITOR: This is an open letter to Assistant Professor Haag, grad students Davidson and Goldberg, and other faculty members or students concerned with student rights:

The time has come for you "deviates" to either keep quiet or leave Penn State.

Mr. Dorshaw, Mr. Wintenberg, and Mr. Young stated in the Collegian that they represent 82 per cent of Penn State students--and they are "satisfied with this school as it is."

They are obviously satisfied that the administration allows students little or no freedom in determining University policies; that female

students over twenty-one are subject to rigid dorm regulations. They believe in preserving the status quo. Most certainly they would have been outraged at the "so-called leaders" of the American Revolution who dared advocate change or rebellion. And this voice of Penn State sounds much like the voice of the status quo-loving Ku Klux Klan of the deep South.

No, I am afraid Penn State is not for you gentlemen. The 82 per cent recommend silence or transfer. Then they will be able to raise their madras flag on Old Main's lawn and observe Dean Lipp's wonderful spring weather undisturbed. —David McConkey '67

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