

The Legacy...

The final blow has been struck. Eugene McCarthy, the leader of the youth revolt against the old politics, torchbearer of the dissidents, idol of the idealistic, purist of the pure, has at the last minute chosen to remain within the system and cast his vote for Hubert H. Humphrey.

The situation created by McCarthy's somewhat surprising endorsement of the Vice President is ironic in the extreme.

McCarthy, since he declared his candidacy for President many months ago, has convinced millions of young and old Americans to desert the corrupt, unrepresentative political machineries which run the Democratic and Republican parties and opt for the new politics of participatory democracy.

McCarthy set out last February on a seemingly quixotic campaign to cleanse the Democratic Party and the nation of their institutional hypocrisy, to provide an outlet for those who rejected and reject party and national "unity" in favor of individual honesty.

Now he has abandoned the hordes of disenchanted young people who formed his original support, who worked so hard for him in New Hampshire and Wisconsin and Oregon and California—has left them leaderless. He led them out of the system, but it is doubtful that he will lead them back in by his latest change of opinion.

Many of his followers have gone too far in their protest campaign to turn back now. They have denounced "the system" and the candidates who represent it too vehemently to capitulate to pragmatism at this late date.

No matter how vociferously Hubert Humphrey denounces the war in Vietnam, and no matter how many times he declares himself the advocate of change, most of the McCarthyites—with or without McCarthy—will refuse to support him.

Many of McCarthy's people will now claim that they were deceived, that they were led to believe by the mass media and McCarthy himself that the Minnesota Senator was a true revolutionary who would not halt his vendetta against the political machinery until the war was ended and the political system which perpetrated it overturned.

But these people deceived themselves. They needed a respectable revolutionary so desperately that they shaped Eugene McCarthy to fit the image in their minds. They transformed him into something he wasn't.

For McCarthy, despite the mystic, idealistic overtones which pervaded his campaign, is essentially a pragmatist. It appears now that he set out to accomplish certain specific goals and having done as much as one man can to achieve them, is now ready to reclaim his seat in obscurity.

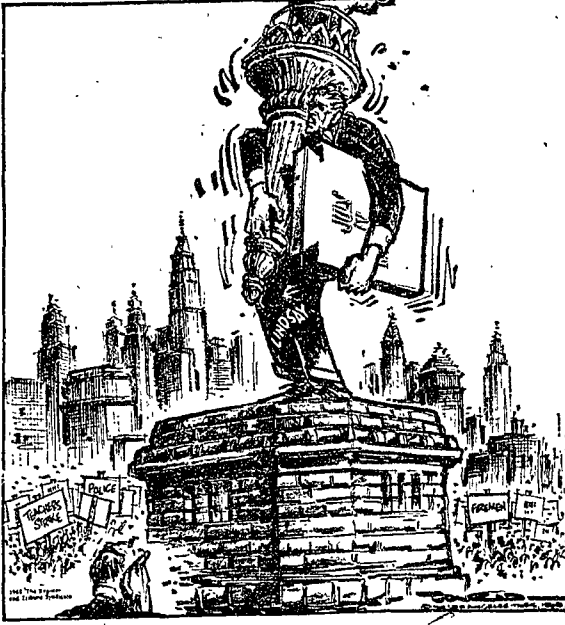
Though he did not succeed in ending the war in Vietnam, he dethroned its main proponent, Lyndon Johnson, made dissent against the war respectable and played a major role in spreading that dissent to at least a substantial minority of the population.

By his own honest appraisal of the issues, he forced his opponents to adopt similar tactics.

Unlike many of his more nihilistic followers, he never intended to launch a permanent revolution. His chief aim was to force a de-escalation of the war in Vietnam and to shame the Democratic Party into nominating a candidate willing to carry through that de-escalation and achieve peace.

He said he would not support Hubert Humphrey unless the Vice President changed his views on Vietnam. Humphrey has apparently changed his opinions, if indeed they weren't his opinions all along, and McCarthy endorsed him.

He ruined his image by doing so, but the image was a false one anyway.



"She called in sick, like everybody else!"

Letters to the Editor

Collegian Editor Has Gone Too Far

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Levine has gone too far this time! While we do not support George Wallace and find much to fear in his brand of politics, we believe he should be defeated for his stand on the issues and not his appearance. In resorting to an attack on his personal traits and those of his supporters, you become the very image of what you attack.

Do you, Mr. Levine, believe that you are superior to those who chew tobacco, those who eat hominy grits, those who have sloping foreheads, those who wear plaid flannel shirts? Because you have a high school diploma, the ability (?) to write sentences without double negatives, and are blessed with an overpowering collection of "flowery" adjectives, are you a superior man? Is there anyone as good as you?

We are nauseated by your immature, snobbish attitudes as exemplified week after week in OUR newspaper. Such attitudes have no place in our society. We therefore demand your immediate resignation!

Anyone who supports us in this matter please contact the chairman of the committee For A Responsible Collegian Editor (FARCE), Hal Sudborough, 315 McAllister Building.
Hal Sudborough
Graduate—Computer Science
Peter B. Worland
Graduate—Computer Science

Another Disservice to the Blacks

TO THE EDITOR: In reference to the article in Tuesday's Collegian, I must say that the campus "newspaper" has done another disservice to the black student on this campus.

First of all, if the whites on this campus want to know something about the blacks here, they should ask the ones who have been here a while, not first-term freshmen. I am not trying to say that the individuals who were interviewed were wrong, but they haven't been here long enough to know how the blacks on this campus conduct themselves.

The remarks about the black fraternity men are incorrect; they do not confine their dating to black sorority women. Independent dates are especially rushed by them, in fact they probably have more dates than the sorority women.

Our parties are stereotyped. We know that we can have a pleasant evening at one of the fraternity houses and not have to get drunk in order to have a good time. We have more sense than to disgrace ourselves in front of our peers by getting drunk. The stereotyping of the parties comes in the fact that the same faces are seen every weekend because the black population on this campus is ridiculously small for a university of this size.

The girls who must go to jammies to overcome their loneliness have a problem. They need only come to, or call the sorority suites, or get in touch with any other black student on campus. The black Student Directory has over 300 names in it, and if these girls can't pick up the phone and call someone they know, then shame on them, they deserve to be lonely.

Linda E. Harper
10th term—Math Ed.

White Society

By BILL MOHAN
Collegian Staff Writer

Into the meat loaf and salad place,
reality invaded --
It rattled and gutted tables
and knocked the children
down.

There was ketchup spilled on
every seat,
the whole room spun around --
Into the patch of fat delights
came death, alone, unaided.

Friday it rained but by the middle of Saturday morning, the sky had cleared and the air was crisp as a fallen leaf. Paul Glenn, who always worked the second shift, was driving up the quiet, photogenic road from Blanchard. Feeling fresh after two days off, he was glad to be traveling this 20 miles, back to his job as utility man. Soon arriving, he tucked a cigarette into his face, and walked into the Pollock Union Building.

There,
To begin a new timecard.
Punch,
Another week.

As Paul strode up the steps, he could listen to the happy dissonance of the kitchen. Entering to see people in remarkable accord, here amongst the gooey garbage of breakfast. The kids, the din of the machines, the camaraderie and Paul, all stirring in anticipation of the noontime meal.

They liked him. Everyone who worked here. This tall man, red and angular, with hair like melting ice. Indeed, he sometimes fluttered the counter ladies with his brittle good looks.

But mostly they liked Paul because he was friendly. It seemed like his hobby, no, his profession was talking. Just trading com-

ments, a phrase at least for all. Smoking and smiling in chains: honey nothing's going to harm you now.

And so it was time to set up, get ready for lunch. The kitchen, occultly enough, began to smell all green and new. Paul put on his paper hat and left for the dining room, where there were MANY things to do.

After an hour of mopping the floor, he took a break. And ate a little of the baked beef hash, but heck, he wasn't hungry yet. Besides, the baked beef hash stunk. So Paul just sat with the others, the simple starched uniform men, and his girls.

Like Debbie, a freshman of paper-thick sensitivity, who called him "Papa." Debbie and Paul chatted about everything under the sun, and once he'd talked her out of leaving school. But Debbie wasn't there now. She was coming in at five.

Steady breathing, never prized,
Everybody all aboard,
That is, until it's gone.
The Titanic sails at dawn.

After awhile, people were working in earnest. Mealtickets flashed by and students poured into that skinny little room to fill their trays. Paul manned a cart of dishes, stacks of them quivering like porcelain jelly. Over the orange tiles he pushed, to the counter with replacements for the items, constantly diminishing. Then back.

He returned with ice cream sandwiches. A pot of peas. Back and forth, a single spoke in a cycle of flesh and steel that daily, appeases a collective hunger.

Paul was wheeling the little cart about forty-five minutes when he started to feel sick. He told somebody he had indigestion and went downstairs to the locker room. There after drinking a 7-Up, he died.

What the HELL'S the point?
you say.
God knows, please don't
ask me.
He's dead, that much
I understand.
Ketchup, ketchup, ketchup.



MOHAN

Letter Policy

The Daily Collegian welcomes comments on news coverage, editorial policy and campus or non-campus affairs. Letters must be typewritten, double spaced, signed by no more than two persons and no longer than 30 lines. Students' letters should include name, term and major of the writer. They should be brought to the Collegian office, 23 Sackett, in person so proper identification of the writer can be made, although names will be withheld by request. If letters are received by mail, Collegian will contact the signer for verification. The Collegian reserves the right to fairly select, edit and condense all letters.



Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887

The Daily Collegian

63 Years of Editorial Freedom

Published Tuesday through Saturday during the Fall, Winter and Spring Terms, and Thursday during the Summer Term, by students of The Pennsylvania State University, second class postage paid at State College, Pa. 16801, Circulation: 12,500.

Mail Subscription Price: \$12.00 a year
Mailing Address — Box 467, State College, Pa. 16801
Editorial and Business Office — Basement of Sackett (North End)
Phone — 865-2531
Business office hours: Monday through Friday, 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Member of The Associated Press

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PAGE TWO WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1963

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