

Revise the USG Elections Code

Fraternities at Penn State have long been a bastion of undeserved prestige, over due influence and power and special privileges.

This power has carried over to student government. With little more than 3,000 men in fraternities, these students are represented on the USG Congress with four seats. This is in addition to the ex officio seat held by the president of the Interfraternity Council.

No other group on campus is catered to with such special privileges. Even sorority women are represented only by the Panhellenic Council president.

All other groups on campus are treated in the same manner. Men in residence halls elect area congressmen—the number determined by the population of their area—and are represented by the Men's Residence Council president.

Residence hall women who are unaffiliated with sororities are the same way: Representation through elected congressmen and the presi-

dent of the Association of Women Students.

And eight elected congressmen and the president of the Town Independent Men's Council speak for town men.

Why then do fraternities elect officials separate from the town?

Article 2, Section 1 of the USG Elections Code provides that "representation is to be geographical, not social or economic."

Clearly, that means that representation on Congress should be determined only by geographical areas, not social (or any other kind of) affiliations.

If all fraternities were located in one specific area of town, their special seats could be tolerated. But knowledge of the random placement of fraternity houses all over town clearly shows that this is not the case.

The unique interests of fraternities and fraternity men can be sufficiently served by the IFC president. Claims that Greek men have problems which can only be explained and lobbied for by other Greeks may be true. But the truth is that other special interest

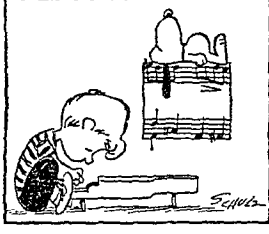
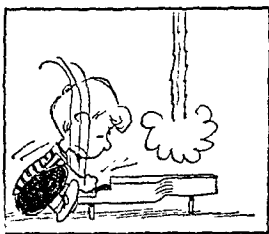
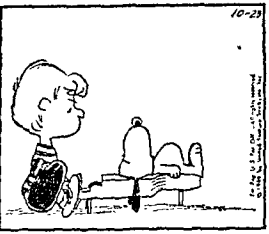
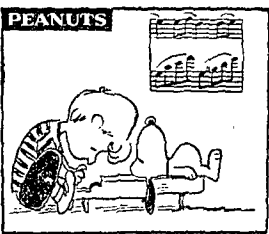
groups, such as sororities and agriculture students, are not spoken for in Congress by their own elected representatives.

The sensible alternative, then, is to make fraternity members vote with town residents. Instead of eight town congressmen, there would be 12. And the confusion over where a fraternity man who lives in town should vote—town or fraternity—would be eliminated.

For the past few years, the election of fraternity congressmen to USG has been typified by low voter turnout and general anarchy. In this week's elections, for example, only six candidates ran for the four fraternity seats. And four of those candidates were from only two of the Greek system's 51 houses.

Obviously, most fraternity men want to keep their USG seats only to maintain their power in the University hierarchy.

A revision of the Elections Code is badly needed. In making changes, USG officials must decide what is more important—traditional placement on the rungs of the University community ladder or a fair and effective elections code.



Campus-Style Dragnet On a Dark, Rainy Night

(Editor's Note: Name withheld to protect the innocent from the lecherous.)

Like this isn't the Hearst Press or anything. I mean Jim Dorris didn't make me disguise myself as a beautiful, voluptuous Penn State code so all this would happen, and I could report on the eye-opening realities of what it's like to be attacked (or, as in my case, almost attacked) and the aftermath and all that. This really did happen.

On Monday night around 9:15 (between rain storms) I was heading towards The Collegian along the walk that runs perpendicular to Sackett Building. In the area just below Old Main. Some guy was approaching me, and as we passed, we looked at each other, and he started to say something to me, only I kept right on going, mainly because that's common procedure for a girl and besides, this person had that "Professional dirty movie patron" look. That may sound cruel and insensitive, but baby, that's the way he affected me. Anyhow, when I continued on my way, he began to walk after me, so instinctively I took off. WOOSH! I knew there was no way that jerk was going to catch up with "Old Nine Flat in the Hundred" here.

But apparently I didn't turn him on because I didn't hear raging foot steps in the too near distant future. Nevertheless I didn't turn around to check, I just rambled on into Sackett, not knowing if I really almost got attacked or not.

Back at the dorm about 45 minutes later, I told everybody about it, and people convinced me to call up Campus Patrol. But I was reluctant because I had that "What For? It probably meant nothing" attitude. Still I gave them a buzz, and this campus cop came over to question me and then asked if I would mind riding around in his cop car with him.

I said okay, but it probably wouldn't do any good because I doubted if I could identify him for sure and I didn't want the responsibility of—get this—"convicting an innocent man." The cop got a laugh out of that last statement, boy.

We got into the car, and Davey, that was the cop's name, told me that about six girls had called that night and that the descriptions that one or two others had given coincided with mine. Boy, did I feel important. I actually saw somebody. A would-be assailant. It was just like being on Dragnet.

We drove around—mostly around the lower end of campus, but I didn't see anyone who vaguely resembled the guy. So Davey asked me if I'd be scared to walk through the HUB, and I said, "Nah."

But first we had to pick up some other cop, and Davey said they'd be waiting in the kitchen while I looked around. No luck, of course.

Back in the car again, Davey and the other cop—I'll call him Mr. X—drummed up a conversation concerning the yellow raincoats they had to wear on rainy nights. Davey said when you're trying to hide in some shrubbery, you look "just like a fire hydrant in a bush."

In the midst of their conversation, Mr. X asked me why I didn't "bust the guy in the mouth?" I told him I didn't have time, that I just took off. He said he guessed that was instinctive. Actually, the guy didn't touch me, and I'm not getting in a fight for nothing. However, should he have laid a hand on me, I would've busted him all right, but I had someplace else in mind.

Finally they took me back to headquarters, and although I felt like I was on Dragnet, the Campus Patrol Station certainly wasn't as nice as the one they have in LA. I sauntered into some room and took out a cigarette—about the fifth I had since Davey picked me up—and waited while they finished questioning some other girl who had the same problem as I had that night, some JR from Ewing.

First the cop sitting at a desk asked me to tell him what happened, and he wrote it all down. He asked me if I called Campus Patrol from the Collegian office, and I said, "No. I went down to Lorenzo's and then took that back alley back to the dorm," which goes to show you how phased I was over the whole incident.

I said I wasn't going to call at all, but everyone convinced me to, so I did. The desk cop said that was the trouble. A lot of people don't call in—especially boys when they're attacked—and then they only have one or two skimpy descriptions to go on which doesn't help much.

Then the desk cop took out a check sheet and asked me questions concerning the description of my would-be assailant. Well, it's rather difficult to accurately describe someone you had a five second glimpse of in the dark, boy. You're just not sure, and you don't want to give out any false information. He asked me his weight, and I said "skinny," and the desk cop asked, "would you say about 160-170 pounds?" I told him I was no good at estimating weights at all, so he wrote down "skinny" in the blank reserved for "Weight." But I tried to scour the old belfry for all it was worth.

Then he handed me a family photograph album that Campus Patrol uses for mug-shots, and although I didn't see the King of the Jerks, I think I recognized the kid who lived next door to me during my grammar school days that got me interested in collecting baseball cards. That was a shocker.

Finally, I had to write out a statement on what happened and sign it and say whether or not I would recognize this villain again. Then they let me go.

Faculty Forum

Angel Flight: A Woman's Role?

By CAROL L. BONTEMPO
Instructor of English

In the excitement and publicity connected with last week's activities, at least one campus organization received less attention than it warrants. Angel Flight, the women's organization associated with the Air Force ROTC, held its fall rush tea last Monday night, and will soon be selecting its new members. The girls chosen to join the present Angel Flight in its support of the campus military establishment will surely be thrilled at their election.

And yet, in their eagerness to wear the uniform, perform the drills, and serve the tea, have they given any real thought to what this organization stands for, and what they, as women, are doing in it?

Thoughtful consideration of these questions immediately reveals some obvious contradictions between the function of this organization, and the function of women as moral members of our society, both in the personal and in the social sphere.

Personally, they at least tacitly accept an insidiously degrading male characterization of them as a mere combination of passive foil to their male "superiors," and mindless window-dressing based on a stereotyped idea of sex appeal (there are no girls with fat legs, flat chests, and acne in Angel Flight). By doing so, they are admitting their alleged weaknesses, and denying their real strengths.

These strengths, which many women are too brainwashed to realize they have, might well be diverted into more effective channels. Instead of glamorizing various questionable activities, women could work on some of the moral imperatives which are becoming clearer to us all the time.

Heading the challenge of aware young people, they could help to bring about a fairer legal system so that, for example, women could obtain needed abortions without being butchered.

They could agitate to end the atrocious war in Vietnam, and prevent similar horrors in the future. They could work to end the glaring inequities of poverty and racism that threaten our very existence. They could turn their energies toward helping such oppressed groups as the grape pickers, and generally returning power to the people.

Being thus actively involved in important issues, women such as those in Angel Flight could begin to realize their potential socially as well as personally. And this seems particularly necessary in our country today. For these women, now, obviously approve of the American military, a brutal and oppressive machine which no citizen can support without complicity in all that it implies.

This unquestioning acquiescence in such an obscene system suggests that these women (and the many others who look with favor on their presence here) are less than fully aware of their responsibility, and their value, to society.

This attitude is all the more unconscionable because of some of the other women we had the opportunity to meet during the week. There could hardly be a more striking contrast to Angel Flight than two invited speakers at the Moratorium, Jill Boskey and Marjorie Melville. These were two very different women, one an intense young draft-resistance-counselor from New York, and the other a gently dynamic ex-nun who has worked extensively among the peasants in Guatemala. Yet both represent the antithesis of the Air Force sorority, partly because both have helped to destroy draft files, and both have willingly been persecuted for doing so.

We may not wish to regard either of them as ideals, or models, and probably (as Stanley Aronowitz suggested last Wednesday night in a somewhat different context) we should not. Yet we cannot help being deeply impressed by them as responsible, thoughtful, active, and therefore real, women.

Perhaps we could get somewhere if there were more women like this in our society, and fewer seraphic swingers.

Paper Requests Faculty Writers
University faculty are invited to submit articles to Collegian's "Faculty Forum." Columns of opinion from all members of the faculty are welcome.
The articles should be typewritten and triple-spaced and should not exceed 75 lines in length. Interested faculty should bring their articles to Collegian office, 20 Sackett Building.

Letters to the Editor

Turn Pressure Upon Hanoi

TO THE EDITOR: If the next "Peace March" focuses on Hanoi's unwillingness to negotiate for peace, rather than on continued criticism of U.S. imperfections in seeking than on a major step toward ending the Vietnam war. If this is done, Hanoi, instead of gloating over the war weariness in America and refusing now to admit South Vietnam to the peace table, will feel some pressure to negotiate for peace not for the spoils of war.

Peace cannot be achieved unilaterally — all combatants must stop fighting. Peace can be negotiated now if there is a willingness by the participants to do so. It need not await a victor who will dictate the terms. But we must not let North Vietnam feel that it is unnecessary to negotiate by letting it appear that Americans will do it for them.

We went into Vietnam to help a people defend themselves following the massacre of hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese after withdrawal of the French. Though we may question the wisdom of getting involved and the effectiveness of our methods, we took the action in good faith.

Our withdrawal now without a peace settlement would set the stage for North Vietnam to overrun South Vietnam and could lead to another horrendous bloodletting. It would also encourage other aggressive nations to overpower their weaker neighbors.

We've seen it happen in Czechoslovakia only months ago when the risk to the aggressor was small. This is the type of procedure that led to World War II; it is the same kind of procedure that could lead to World War III.

If we can get North Vietnam to negotiate a peace that will

give the South Vietnamese a chance to reasonably determine their destiny, we will have made definite progress toward a more lasting peace.

We chastised ourselves on Oct. 15, 1969. It is time to turn our pressure for peace upon Hanoi.

Penn Staters and State College residents can provide real leadership by focusing the November Peace March on getting both sides to negotiate at the peace table. If you feel as I do, cut out this article; sign it; get others who feel the same way to sign it also; and return it to the editor. Let yourself be heard.

N. J. Palladino Dean, College of Engineering

Religion in Athletic Contests

TO THE EDITOR: One's dialogue with God is best kept private; it need not be broadcast over a public address system—especially at a state-assisted university.

With this in mind it seems to me that the reading of invocations prior to the two recent home football games may have been unwise and perhaps even unconstitutional.

Penn State, as a state university, is obliged not only to those who claim a belief in God but also to those who do not. The reading of an invocation to God to an essentially captive Beaver Stadium audience is as unjustified as the prayer public school youngsters were listening to each morning until the recent Supreme Court ruling.

Ought not a university which refuses to make a commitment on a gay-long national war moratorium (claiming it is a matter of personal conscience) also refuse to permit religion (What can be more personal?) into its athletic contests?

H. Charles Neuhaus (graduate-journalism-Lake Hiawatha, N.J.)

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PAGE TWO

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1969

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, 20 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.

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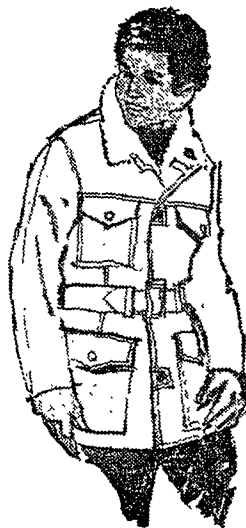
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