

The Nixon Threat

Last Thursday, Richard Nixon announced to the world that if he is elected President, he will take the next step toward World War III.

Nixon told an enthusiastic group of provincials in a small Pennsylvania town that if he occupies the White House he will take steps to establish a "clear-cut" nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union.

In other words, the Republican die-hard candidate would accelerate the arms race, further exacerbate relations between East and West and make the confrontation which is now only probable a virtual inevitability.

In one of his more candid moments on "Face the Nation," Sunday, Nixon unconsciously made clear the lunacy of his own position. "But we have to remember that we are in a race," he said. "The other side's running; we're walking. We've got to be sure we stay ahead."

Why? The two countries have large enough stockpiles and missile systems to destroy each other. And if we start frantically running toward "superiority," the Soviet Union is perfectly capable of matching or surpassing our pace.

Further acceleration of the arms race is both pointless and dangerous. Nixon and his followers refuse to acknowledge the conclusion reached by almost every historian and political scientist of any importance: that the arms race cannot be compared to a track meet because, unlike a foot race, it the arms race does have an end, no one will win.

Every arms race in history has eventually resulted in war. And the only reason why the antagonism between the United States and the Soviet Union did not long ago take this form is due to the universal fear of nuclear war.

Richard M. Nixon has apparently overcome this fear, and is therefore to be feared.

Richard Nixon frightens us. He should similarly affect every American who is genuinely concerned

about the future of this country.

Contrary to the repeated claims of Hubert Humphrey, Nixon does have a detailed program for change. But the main purpose of that program is to thrust the United States back into the 1950s; back into the Eisenhower era of brinkmanship abroad and chauvinistic conservatism at home.

In foreign policy, Nixon would not only step up the nuclear arms race, but his refusal to endorse the nuclear non-proliferation treaty indicates that he would allow it to spread to smaller countries with less responsible leadership.

In Vietnam, Nixon's hawkish call for a "greater military effort" and his refusal to accept a coalition government indicate that even if he ends the war, South Vietnam will remain an American imperialist possession for many years to come.

Domestically, the main thrust of Nixon's campaign has been the meaningless call for "law and order." If he had his way, the next four years would be as calm and eventless as the Eisenhower years. But the only way to achieve such a static state of affairs would be to silence dissent — on the campus and in the ghetto. And this would require a two-year Chicago-type police riot.

His method for ignoring the civil rights issue is also a throwback to the Eisenhower era; ignore the rulings of the Supreme Court and turn the expensive business of rebuilding the ghettos over to "private industry." The latter is one of the most absurd, impractical programs ever devised.

But while all of these aspects of the Nixon program for "change" are disturbing, they fade into insignificance when one considers the chief demerit of the 1968 Republican ticket — Spiro T. Agnew.

The possibility that this petty left-over from the Joe McCarthy days might be a heartbeat away from the Presidency should make any voter turn tail and run for the Democrats, however paltry their offering might be.



"Do you think we peaked too soon . . . ?"

Letters to the Editor

Forget King Walker and His Court

TO THE EDITOR: I wish to resurrect the idea of a student bookstore here at State, owned, operated, and perused by students and faculty.

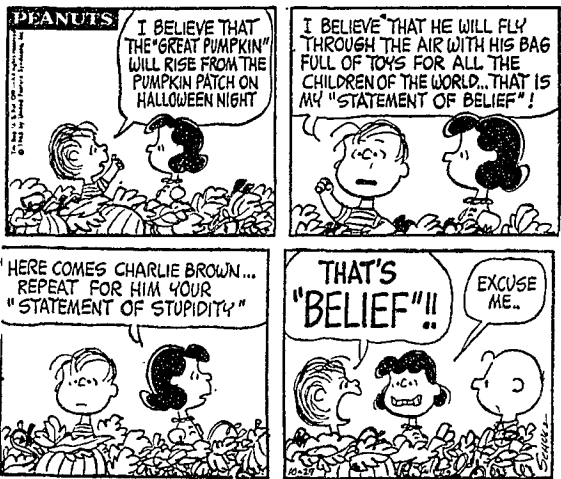
As I envision it, in the beginning interested students and faculty members could perhaps donate used and unused books. A temporary structure, perhaps a tent to house them could be erected between the flagpoles in front of Old Main, to dramatize our desire.

As financial assistance is received from His Highness, President Walker and the august USG, regular transactions could be made with the student bookstore receiving copies from various retail stores, publishing houses, private sources, etc.

With multifarious types of books, and people to read them, this student bookstore could evolve into a regular meeting place for intellectual discussion and exchange of ideas, thus promoting an atmosphere of intellectual questioning and endeavor at this University.

At this point, I think that we shall never see books, dripping with ideas, on shelves within an establishment owned, operated, and perused by us. With or without King Walker and his Court, let us make this dream of ours real!

Walt Baginsky
Instructor of Political Science



Cheers and Boos

Fans Hail 'Der Fuhrer'

(Continued from page one)

pants carted signs around the arena telling the names of the faithful.

"United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters Support Wallace." "United Auto Workers Local 282 Endorse George Wallace." And on and on.

But they stood the longest and cheered the loudest when their Fuhrer took the podium. He stood there, his lips stretched into the same nauseous smile. At any second, you thought, he's going to blow Friday morning's hominy grits all over the microphones. And while he stood oozing that sickening confidence, his partisans screamed their allegiance.

Eyes Blurred

And then, if your eyes were blurred by the waving signs and flashing banners of red, white and blue, if your ears were blasted with cowboy hoots and hillbilly yells, you blew your mind.

All around you were George Wallaces, with vomit smiles and flashing, reptile eyes. Five thousand of them, five thousand George Wallaces, surrounding you, gnawing at your soul. They were there defending the flag against anarchists and blacks and students, and they did it by spitting all over humanity.

One Face

They all had one face, the ugliest in America.

And they had one voice. It was the drawl of an Alabama truck driver turned Governor turned leader of a nationwide hate cult. Translate the words into German and it was the rhetoric of an Austrian paper hanger turned Fuhrer turned chief assassin.

The parallels are clear, though George Wallace's political future is not. Just as the sign in the arena warned hockey patrons, it is necessary that citizens are warned that the death of a country from a charismatic fascist may result from failure of a nation to protect itself.

They Give 'Quite a Show'

(Continued from page one)

getting my vote. Are you voting for him?" Well, er, no; I won't be voting this time. I'll be 21 in June."

"That's okay. We'll get him in now, and you can vote for him next time around." Finally the candidate himself appeared. He climbed onto the stage, taking his place behind a mass of microphones. From up close you could see only the top of his head — the rest was hidden by the rostrum and the electronic gear.

As soon as Wallace started to speak, heckling broke out. It came from about 300 students in the rear. They cheered Wallace, mockingly, but soon the mocking turned to a "U. S. A." or "Sieg Heil!" and "We want Rich. We want Rich."

The "We want Rich" chant caught the attention of newsmen traveling with the Wallace campaign. They seemed to be bored by the speech, possibly because they've heard the same thing three and four times a day for the last six weeks. But this chant was something new.

"Rich?" one reporter asked. "Why would college kids want Dick Nixon?"

It was explained that the students were referring to John Rich, student-candidate for Penn State.

The heckling continued, but it never really rattled Wallace. His amplifying system was loud enough to carry his voice over the students' noise. Most of the time the speakers were too loud, causing Wallace's voice to sound like a continuous blur.

Throws Kisses

At one point Wallace stopped, stepped away from the microphones, and threw kisses in the direction of the hecklers. It was quite a show.

"Now, I believe in dissention," George told his audience. Then, a few minutes later, he looked at the student section and said, "You'd better have your day now, because after Nov. 5 you're all through."

After the speech, a few hecklers mingled with Wallace supporters outside of the arena. One lady, while admonishing a student for his alleged poor manners, claimed she was "not for Wallace the man, but for what he stands for."

Short, Fat Lady

And there was this short, fat lady who kept pointing at student cars, shouting "Communists, communists. Kill the commies, kill the commies."

As one elderly lady left with her husband, she said, "You know what those kids are, Henry? You know what it is? It's treason, that's what it is. Treason. They're all treasonous."

Yes, it was quite a show. But perhaps the Hershey Arena should stick to its ice hockey brawls. They are much more sophisticated.



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PAGE TWO

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