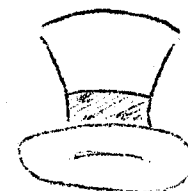


Old Hat



GET ACQUAINTED NIGHT

ORIENTATION WEEK

At 5:00 P.M. Thursday, September 23, the cry of "get your own sticks" rang out on the Highacres Campus as Freshman and Sophomore alike raided the surrounding woods for those primitive cooking tools on which to roast hot dogs. Everyone then proceeded to devour several pounds of hot dogs and drink a keg of soda. After they could eat and drink no more, everybody headed for the garden. Here they spent some time with Penn State tradition in the form of slides, narrated by Professor Lynch of the University Park Campus. The slides showed the development of Penn State from a farmer's high school into a prospering university. This proved to be an enjoyment to all who were present.

Afterwards, a Bermuda dance was held in the Student Union Building. Tom Prebula, chairman of the Social Activities Committee, said that approximately 325 people attended. He also said that the dance was a success, but that he had expected to see more Freshmen present. Ognir and the Nite People played, and this reporter is sure that the students would enjoy having them play

These activities, the first of a long list of social affairs, helped all attending Freshmen feel a part of Highacres.

-Helen Floyd

And then there was the deaf mute who fell into a well and broke three fingers yelling for help.

Said the lispng shoe salesman to the lady customer: Thit down, pleathe, while I look at your thize.

Orientation week was held September 20-24. It proved to be very beneficial to the incoming Freshmen here at Highacres. Throughout the various educational lectures, the students discovered themselves in a position far different from that of today's high school student. He found himself going through a whole new cycle of readjustment to the new teaching methods which he would encounter. He might have found that his studying methods would have to be altered to meet his new schedule. Lectures of various kinds offered the student a glimpse of his next few years of college life.

Throughout this enjoyable week, the Frosh became acquainted with his classmates, met his professors, and became familiar with places of historical interest and the whole campus in general.

Orientation Week was similar to a door, which, when opened, led an individual on to a highly adventurous journey.

The next week was Customs Week...

Ovr trpistz away on wecation,
oUr tyrists eway vor a wiek/.,
Out trpest es om hir vekatiom;;
Whule theez damb kiyz pley hude end
seej!!

-**@#@@@!!!

We hope this little poem illustrates how badly we need people who can type. There is quite a bit of typing involved in the publication of this paper. If anyone is interested in helping us PLEASE contact a member of this staff! God only gave us ten fingers each, and we're down to the second knuckle already.

The world's greatest optimist is the old maid who pulls down a folding bed and looks under it.