

Editor

Welcome

Twenty-five years have elapsed. The College has mushroomed three-fold. Other changes exist, but does the following editorial—written by the Penn State Collegian editor of a quarter century ago—not apply in part to today?

SEPTEMBER 22, 1924

One thousand freshmen have been admitted to Penn State as the Class of 1928. To these new men and women Penn State extends the hand of fellowship. Fortunate are these young people to be admitted to an institution which must yearly turn away, for lack of accommodations, hundreds of prospective students knocking at its portals.

Fortunate, indeed, are they to be admitted at this heyday in Penn State's development. A word of friendly advice to these seniors of tomorrow will not be amiss.

There is everything here in this peaceful Nittany Valley that will enlarge the life of any man. But first of all Penn State is a place for work; it is no child's playground. It will be well for the members of the freshman class to keep this constantly in mind. The Class of 1928 expects much of Penn State; it will receive more provided it can be diligent and persevering.

These new students will not find it hard to adapt themselves to Penn State, for a feeling of friendliness that has long been characteristic of the Nittany institution is always prevalent. This good fellowship is exemplified in that wonderful spirit which has helped "make" Penn State men and women.

WHEN A MEMBER of this newly enrolled class is matriculated he becomes an integral part of the greatest institution of its kind in this Commonwealth. He takes upon himself the performance of a triple duty: to his parents, his college, and his fellowmen.

The freshman comes here with a definite purpose in mind: that of securing an education. At the same time he pledges himself to uphold Penn State ideals and traditions, and he cannot break his pledge. He must harbor within him no false impression of college life, and he must strive to learn as speedily as possible what Penn State is and for what it stands.

Welcome then, the Class of 1928, and may it aid in making the next four years outstanding ones in Penn State history.



With the Staff

We hear that telephone conversation between Ike Gilbert, graduate manager of athletics at the College, and a West Point bigwig went something like this about ten days ago:

West Pointer (optimistically)—Hello, is this Ike Gilbert?

Ike—Yes. What's on your mind.

West Pointer (hopefully)—You know, sales are pretty good here for the BIG game.

Ike—Yes. Pretty fair here too.

West Pointer (confidently)—Yes, our tickets here are going like hot cakes . . . I was wondering . . .

Ike—Yes, what's on your mind?

West Pointer (urgently)—In fact, I'll tell you, Ike, our tickets are all gone. The game's a sell-out here. HOW MANY THOUSAND OF YOUR 10,000 TICKETS ARE YOUR RETURNING?

Ike—(calmly)—Why, I've sold them all.

West Pointer (flabbergasted) . . . gulp! . . . (silence).

This is a real paying position: Shirley Gauger, president of Women's Student Government Association, was chagrined when, after she showed a freshman and her family the layout of Atherton Hall, the eager-to-please father offered her a 50-cent tip.

The Rev. Lutheran Harshbarger, general secretary of the Penn State Christian Association, while warning would-be counselors last night about problems new men would bring, cited a conversation he had with C. O. Williams, College examiner.

Topic of the encounter was ever-increasing government agencies, or something of the sort. It seems there's a new one, GAIC.

Sophomore men note: "God, Am I Confused."

"What Do You Think About These For '52?"



The Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

It may be purely coincidental, but the regulations concerning freshman women issued by the Women's Judicial high command seem awfully militaristic to me.

If I had a shred of proof, I'd charge Miss Constance Craushore, boss of the Judic, of being in cahoots with the WAC. At least she's doing her darndest to acclimate the youngsters to Army life. If you think it's a joke, just read some of the regulations the frosh have to live up to.

FIRST AND FOREMOST, of course, there's this ridiculous comedy of no talk or association with men. Now what sane, logical reason could there be for such a sad state of affairs unless Connie wanted her little charges to get used to living with women, depending on women, and being bossed by women.

And where else but in a Woman's Army does such a condition of life prevail. Already the evidence is damning.

Rule number two states, "During the first three weeks freshman women must be in their dormitories by 9:15 on week nights and by 9:30 on weekends." See, she's trying to institute bed checks. Someone with a less coherent or penetrating mind might not see these subversive little tricks, but she can't fool me.

Still another of the barracks edicts forbids any member of the upperclasses from granting immunities to freshmen.

It's as plain as the legend of the obelisk what the old gal has up her sleeve in these innocent words. She's getting the "greenies" used to centralization of command. Authority from the top down, discipline from the bottom up, is shrouded behind that one little rule.

BUT WHEN we get down to reading the freshman women's customs the simile stands out like a bucket of beer at a WCTU convention. Every word printed stresses uniformity, uniformity, uniformity.

All the new Penn Staters must wear green bows. All the new Penn Staters must have three-by-five (note, not a sixteenth of an inch clearance is allowed) regulation name cards. All new Penn Staters must print their names in letters ONE inch high. All new Penn Staters must keep off the grass.

But wait, here's the topper! "When an older person or an upperclassman comes into the room, all freshman girls must rise," says Freshman Women's Custom number six. Does it bring back memories, GI? Shades of West Point!

Of course no Army directive ever came out without a statement at confused everybody, and even here Judicial hits the mark.

I QUOTE FROM Freshman Regulation number two. "Following the three-week no-dating period, freshman women may have three dates per weekend."

Unless I'm old-fashioned and things changed during the summer months, the weekend consists of only three days, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. How could they possibly have more than three dates per weekend even with the male surplus we have around Old Main? Unless, of course, they devoted their time to more than one man per night. It's both confusin' and amoozin', to borrow from Al Capp.

It might be just coincidence, but — — —

Well anyway, frosh, welcome, and Seig Heil!

An observation: Never in the history of the College have so many students returned so early before they had to, i.e., before required upper-class registration. If you're no football fan, you'll have trouble figuring why.

Letter

Cape Town
South Africa

Dear Editor:

After a man travels across a space equal in size to three Americas and sees little else but waves and fish he comes to the conclusion that someone made a very bad slip when he called it all the Earth. But since we would probably rob the Mississippi River of its beautiful Indian name if we named the world the Great Water, the best policy perhaps is to leave geographical terminology just where it is.

Of the few precious dots on this water world where man does live, the more one sees the more he is convinced they are all linked as though they were on one continent, linked by human need and by a desire for help and leadership.

Regrettable as it may seem to many, America is the sun for most of our planet, the major exception being the iron-curtained area about Russia. To America most of the world has turned with admiration and with a plea for help.

RHODESIA SEEKS the latest equipment for its mines. Little, sleepy Madeira wonders if its pains of poverty will be alleviated by America lowering duties upon its major export, wine. Johannesburg, the metropolis for gold and diamonds, hopes America will increase the price of gold to restore prosperity.

Students in poorly equipped schools of Madagascar dream of attending the great universities of America, but wonder—should they get the opportunity through our foreign education fund if they can compete with young men of superior training.

Even in the England of socialism, where the struggle to return to pre-war prosperity has been the hardest, there is frank, open admission that the present government could not have continued in power without American financial support.

We are told that only restrictions upon emigration by American and Britain alike keep tens of thousands of that uneasy island from seeking the greater opportunities they believe America alone can give. To him who knew the proud England of 25 years ago, these confessions seem incredible.

THE AMERICAN traveler may find himself embarrassed and perhaps humbled by these sincere evidences of faith in and gratitude to the country that gave him life. He will come to understand that it is not alone the dollar but a better way of life—enriched by the sciences and the arts—that these people are seeking, not alone a leader but a kind of statesman tailor with a workable international pattern for them to follow.

Whether we like it or not, destiny has set us in a high place and has pushed a crown of laurel in our direction. A recognition of the sweaty responsibility involved makes it appear more like a crown of thistles and casts a heavy shadow of doubt across our minds. Will we accept that crown?

Unnumbered pairs of anxious eyes are upon our every success and certainly our failures. Whether these efforts be in engineering, farming, science, liberal education or journalism, they are carefully recorded by a watching world.

The social significance of the work that 10,000 Penn State students complete this year surely can be realized to the fullest only in terms of the dire need of these people who live beyond our horizon, and in the ultimate power to help them. Their one life will be brightened or darkened by the amount of light that is ours to give.

—Franklin Banner.

Ed. Note: Prof. Baner, head of the department of journalism at the College is now on a research trip to England, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia.

At the Movies

CATHAUM—Today, "The Big Cat;" Thursday, "The Great Gatsby."

STATE—Today and Thursday, "The Mutineers."

NITTANY—Today, "Golden Earrings."

The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887

Published Tuesday through Saturday mornings inclusive during the College year by the staff of the Pennsylvania State College.

Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Madison Ave., New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Editor Tom Morgan Business Manager Marlin A. Weaver

STAFF THIS ISSUE

General News: Tom Morgan, Jack Roen, Red Roth, Dottie Werlinich, Al Ryan, Jo Reist, Jack Senior, Bill Detwiler, John Ashbrook, Ray Benfer, Bill Dickson, Jack Boddington, Sy Barash.

Sports: Elliott Krane, Bob Kutzbauer, Ray Keshler, George Vadass.

Society: Connie Keller, Barbara Brown.

Advertising: Marlin A. Weaver, Lou Gilbert, Hal Wallin, Ruth Johnson.