

Glad You're Back

Welcome, alumni! It's good to have you back. Perhaps things seem a little different and you miss the wide open spaces of several years ago, but we can assure you the spirit of "dear old State" is still the same as it was when you were here.

We're sure you've retained the same old spirit, and it's going to be great to have your help when we go in there to pound Nebraska today.

Have a good time, alums. We'll be seeing you!

—Bill Detweiler

Orientation

Familiarizing a newcomer thoroughly with growing Penn State is replete with more ramification than explaining an intricate T-formation football play.

ANY ORGANIZED plan for orienting sophs and frosh as they arrive on campus is considered remiss if it treats lightly of Nittany traditions, social life and spirit; if it fails to include introduction of College officials whose jobs directly affect the student; if it leaves too little time for constructive bull-sessions counseling by upperclassmen, and — most important — if it passes ineffectively over the countless opportunities available to students in extra-curricular activities that are as numerous at Penn State as the leaves which now strew the Mall.

This year's Orientation program tried to accomplish all of these. On many counts it was successful, but in trying to be so wide-sweeping it perhaps overlooked a few vital points.

The session sponsored by student government and designed to present a general view of student activities has been ineffective in recent years. Its virtual impotence this year can be laid to the fact that scarcely 1500 sophs and frosh attended it, in comparison with the 3800 who sat in on the initial meeting when College officials were introduced.

THERE IS NO doubt that part of the blame for small attendance was due to technical difficulties that delayed for half an hour a girl's meeting preceding the student government session and consequently forced a delay of more than a half hour in the latter program, causing many impatient sophs to leave.

Original plans to hold the All-College Cabinet-sponsored meeting at New Beaver field had to be scrapped when the new paint on the stands was not sufficiently dry. This site might attract a better turnout, barring bad weather, and should be considered by next year's Orientation committee.

A better plan of introducing newcomers to student leaders and College officials would be to cut out a few speakers in each group, then incorporate the groups in one opening program instead of two. This would leave room for what we think should be a vital part of the entire week's schedule — a short mass meeting outlining student activities and what makes student groups tick on campus, followed immediately by longer sub-meetings on different student interests. These would be question-and-answer sessions conducted by upperclassmen vitally interested in the respective activities.

NEXT YEAR'S Orientation committee should schedule an all-College mixer on the parking lot behind Osmond Lab and then cling to the hope that Jup Pluvius will be kind. Cold damp weather this year meant moving the mixer from the lot to the TUB, which bulged with the 2000-strong influx.

Another point worth improving is tied up with fraternities. Their rushing week runs simultaneously with Orientation Week, and often causes important Orientation Week activities to be relegated to second fiddle as the houses schedule high-pressure rushing parties at the same hours as all-College student functions.

It's evident that the student being oriented at Penn State is inundated by the welter of places-to-be-at-certain-times and the hurrying to wait in lines, and the general lack of time to cram into Orientation Week all that he is supposed to.

FOR EXAMPLE, Orientation schedules of a large group of new Commerce and Finance students called for a couple of meetings with C&F student counselors. The first was well attended, but attendance at the second dropped 90 per cent because the sophomores had to spend the day in registration and class-scheduling lines.

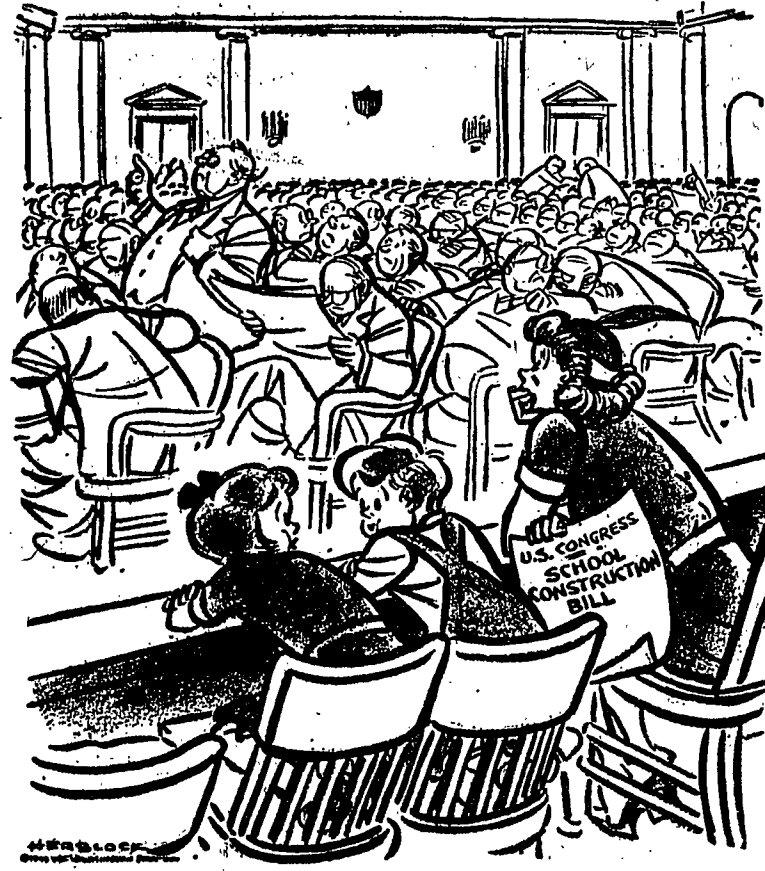
The vicious registration circle of Advisor—to—Rec Hall—to—Carnegie—to—the Armory—to—Advisor may be alleviated somewhat next year if the new Willard Hall on Pollock Road is substituted for Rec Hall or used to complement the present setup.

Selection of student counselors might be improved if applicants were required to say beforehand why they want the job, and if their qualifications as far as campus interests and activities are concerned were heeded. An easy \$10 for conducting a bull-session is by itself a poor excuse for applying for a job of counseling newcomers to Penn State.

Another suggestion might be to extend part of the Orientation program beyond one week's time. The counseling sessions would fit well into such a plan, and would be more worthwhile when not competing with other first-week events for the time of the sophs and frosh.

In any event, it seems futile to plan every hour of Orientation Week. A crammed schedule leaves everyone prostrate.

"Gee—Each Of 'Em Has A Whole Seat To Himself"



Gleaned From Prints

By AL RYAN

19 YEARS AGO

Now that most Penn Staters have read the latest issue of Froth and refreshed their memories with jokes they probably heard long before matriculating in the Nittany Realm, it seems only appropriate to reprint what the Penn State Collegian termed the worse joke of the week, 19 years ago.

Here it is:
 Millionaire's Wife—Say, will you read my mind?
 Visiting Mystic—Madam, I am no magician.
 Watch for this one. It's surefire stuff for that rag and will probably appear in the next issue.

25 YEARS AGO

FOLLOWING A lapse of three years, Clean-up Day was revived this week, 25 years ago. The job was to be accomplished through manual labors of the freshmen and was in charge of the sophomores headed by the Stunt Night committee.

Contrary to the system in vogue in preceding years, no part of the town was to be cleaned, the activities of the underclassmen being confined to College property. In former years some of the townspeople had depended on the freshmen to clean their back yards and rubbish piles.

Consequently, claimed a writer of the Penn State Collegian staff at the time, many of them would allow trash of all kinds and description to lie around until Clean-up Day, when it could be removed free of charge by the yearlings. This was one of the most important reasons for the discontinuing of the custom during the past three years, the writer pointed out.

Mushrooming College

D'ja ever notice how many guys lately seem to be spending most of their spare time sitting around watching the College "mushroom"? Just about every third day a local daily which will modestly remain nameless pops up with a blazing scoop on some joe who. "The last . . . years has seen the College mushroom from a tiny enrollment of . . . students to its present massive student body of . . ."

THE STORY USUALLY takes the form of an interview and generally runs something like:

One of the most uninteresting characters of the faculty is the dean of a little-known division of the College, the School of Regenerative Corpuscular Toxicology Dean Ignatius P. Zilch, who has headed the School since its inception early in 522 S. D., has watched the total enrollment mushroom from its original insignificant two to its current inconsequential three.

"Enthusiasm is tremendous," Dean Zilch reports. "The School invariably shows one-hundred per cent attendance at football games, sometimes chartering its own motorbike for the away events."

THE DEAN IS proud of his home. He says, "Our door is always open to students in trouble." Tastefully decorated dictaphones and carefully concealed motion picture cameras lining the walls help these worried ones feel right at home when they come to discuss their private problems with their mentor.

The School proper nestles picturesquely in a large pothole, a scant three miles from Old Main. It is conveniently located within crawling distance of the chicken houses which provide an almost inexhaustible supply of specimens for the School's research on nights when there is no moon.

One of the School's main functions during the last few years has been to prepare all foods served in the College cafeteria. It has, of course, been the butt of many good-natured jokes on this account. Rumors that barks may be heard coming from the kitchen on quiet nights, however, carry things a bit too far.

In Dean Zilch's concluding remarks, he stated, "I have enjoyed my long years of association with the School of whatever-the-hell it's called, and look forward to a happy future of watching it mushroom."

Be sure to read the next in this series of interviews, when you will be treated to an informal view of the little man who grows the mushrooms.

—BOB BOMM

Gazette

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Thursday: Bruce Wadsworth, Richard Pioli.
 Discharged Thursday: Phyllis Herbert, Dorothy Noll.

Admitted Friday: Anita Goldberg.
 Discharged Friday: Phyllis Yedinsky, Frank Sklenar, Donald Murray, Betty Porter, Carolyn Griffith, Betty Ann Cooper, Mark Givler, Kenneth Shull.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Further information and appointments for interviews can be made in 204 Old Main. A representative of the General Chemical Division of Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation will be on the campus Thursday, October 27 to interview February graduates in mechanical and chemical engineering as well as chemistry. Also interested in a few civil engineers interested in structural work or sanitary waste disposal. Must have a 1.5 or better.

A representative of the Procter and Gamble Company will be on the campus this fall to interview February graduates in mechanical, electrical, chemical, and industrial engineering as well as chemistry. Applications must be submitted to the College Placement Service, 204 Old Main, not later than October 21.

AT THE MOVIES

CATHAUM—Come to the Stable
 STATE—Lost Boundries
 NITTANY—Big Sombrero

Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

After a jostling hour in the saddle, a member of Captain Gariyan's riding class remarked that the attainment of a credit in this course would bring her to "no good end."

Overhead in lines in front of the tellers' window at fee payment in Willard Hall—Ought to refer to this place as the 'Cashbar'."

Another sidelight on fee payments—disgruntled students who stood in line for half an afternoon, can't help wondering why the room is Willard Hall was closed just as they reached the door at 3 p.m. yesterday. They were told to come back at 8:30 a.m. today. Later those same students who were told the office was closed discovered that it was reopened after they had gone.

One hundred-twenty early birds; the Chapel choir, which has long since begun rehearsing for its presentation of "Elijah" in April.

Movies playing in S. C. yesterday: "Come to the Stable," "Christopher Columbus," and "Suddenly It's Spring." With a little imagination, could be an invitation for Chris to view the annual springtime influx of newcomers to the barnyard world. Or could it be a manifestation of spring fever.

How eager can you be? Even though a class in the modern British novel had been called off recently, 11 people were there, wondering where the prof and the rest of the class had disappeared. And after a trip to Ag Hill for a lit class. Very discouraging.

Curt O'Shell, married student, was placed on the steering committee in Ed. 189 with two charming gals. His mistake of the day was to bring his little girl to the meeting with his two classmates. Daughter reported to mama that papa was with two pretty girls. This post-war era!

Glee Club members should not be too surprised if they find a feminine member in their midst. Because of Martha McMillen's "baritone" voice a prof in music advised her to try out for the men's club instead of Treble Singers.

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