

The Daily Collegian

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Mary Krasnansky, Editor
Edward Shanken, Business Mgr.

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STAFF THIS ISSUE

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College, 1951, Requires Faith

College, 1951, is probably unlike any other college year in the history of man. The college student, particularly the student embarking on his college career, faces a world gone mad.

The era of the atom bomb, the hydrogen bomb, and of germ warfare leaves the student facing four years of sometimes tedious classroom work with a somewhat futile feeling. "What's the use of knocking yourself out, when one button, pushed a few thousand miles away, can wipe away everything?" is a question conjured up by many college freshmen today, we think.

For the weak and the unsure, the answer to that question is a firm, "No, college is not the place for you."

For you, the classes of 1954 and 1955, the only answer is in a firm conviction that man will triumph over himself, that no matter what happens, there is an ever-constant, ever-growing need for the trained mind, the disciplined thinker, the strong intellect.

It is a paradoxical, but still inevitable fact that in times such as these, when long hours spent in study can seem so futile, that the educated mind, the mind steeped in the sciences, language, the humanities, the mind ever-constant in the belief in human rights, democracy, and freedom, becomes so vital a weapon in our struggle to create a free world.

President Eisenhower has said often that today's clash between the forces of democracy and communism is "a battle for men's minds." It is a phrase worth quoting and remembering, for college in these troubled days can mean something to the student who can interpret the President's words in the dim light of his own confusion.

If indeed we are engaged in a battle for men's minds, we will be better equipped to win that battle if we enter it with the keener minds, with better ideas, with something to offer the people of the world as an alternative to communism. Going to college then takes on a new purpose.

Let this, then, be our faith: a free world, a better world, a world whose peoples too have a conviction in the democratic method.

You Can Learn...

Students new to the Penn State campus would do well to make the most of the Orientation Week program that has been arranged for them.

Penn State can be as confusing to the frosh or transfer student as a curve ball is to the baseball rookie. The Orientation Week program has been arranged so that students unfamiliar with the campus and with the Penn State way of doing things will have a chance to learn just how things are done in the Nittany Valley.

Student government and student government officers will hold sway tonight, while President Milton S. Eisenhower will address new students in Recreation Hall tomorrow night. Both events, as well as the rest of the program, will help newcomers in their transition to life on the Penn State campus.

The Orientation Week program is well-planned to acquaint new Penn Staters with Penn State. How effective the program will be is limited by the cooperation and interest shown by new students.

1951 Grid Hopes High

Penn State's football team is on the way back. True.

It's also true that Penn State will tackle the toughest schedule it has had to face in many years when the Nittany Lions open the season September 29 with Boston University.

Is the crying towel out? No, definitely not. Penn State doesn't need a crying towel because the Nittany Lion football squad this season will be one that the students can be proud of.

Coach Rip Engle, in his second year as head coach of the Lions, may not have the best team in the country. In fact the experts say that Penn State will be lucky to win half of its games. And it might well turn out that way.

It seems that practically all the opponents have hit a peak year. Michigan State is picked by many to rank in the first three when the national ratings are completed. Nebraska is being mentioned as the team to dethrone mighty Oklahoma in the Big Seven.

Purdue is a Big Ten school and unless this year is the exception, any Big Ten school is a football power. Rutgers has 30 lettermen back. State has 20. Syracuse has 18 veterans returning from a team that soundly whipped the Lions last season. Villanova is said to have the best line in the East this year.

Pitt has a fine quarterback returning and a wealth of material moving up from last year's unbeaten, united frosh football squad.

But don't count State out yet. Rip Engle has a knack of pulling surprises and producing winners. Look at last year's record. The team has reported in tip-top shape and the team spirit is at a high pitch.

All that's needed now is all-out support from the students—from the seniors right down to the newest freshman. Put them all together and it'll take an awfully good football team to top the Nittany Lions.

—Ernie Moore

Greetings...

To the new crop of Penn Staters, Collegian too extends a welcome.

This is your newspaper, this "Daily Collusion," as our friends on Froth (a self-named humor rag) prefer to refer to us. From Tuesday through Saturday, the staff of the Daily Collegian—all students—endeavors to cover the campus, with the Associated Press giving us an assist on world news coverage.

We—both the Daily Collegian and the AP—ask your indulgence. We shall not always be right, and we shall not always have all the news. We shall, however, try hard as all hell to be as close as is humanly possible to being always right and always on time with as much of the news as we can cram into our often limited space.

The Daily Collegian, to be technical, is a corporation under the laws of the Commonwealth. To be less technical, we try to be—above everything else—a student newspaper, devoted to the newspaper craft, devoted to the task of building a better Penn State.

As a student newspaper, it is the job of the Daily Collegian to reflect student opinion. But if a newspaper is to be more than a mirror, it must do more than reflect; it must also be a leader.

In the news columns we shall strive endlessly for objectivity. On our editorial page we shall strive for sound thinking, for facts rather than fancy. Editorially we shall seek for viewpoint rather than dogma.

The Daily Collegian feels free to criticize, and, in turn, welcomes legitimate criticism. Our doors are always open, as is our "Safety Valve" letters to the editor column, to students.

Let this be an invitation for you—the latest addition to the Penn State family—to drop in on us, either personally or by mail, with your pet gripe or complaint.

We even print letters of a complimentary nature.

A Full Life...

It is with fear of belaboring the point that we say that life at Penn State can be as full and complete as the individual wishes it to be. Any student will get as much out of college as he puts into it, whether the effort be in the lecture room or in extracurricular activities.

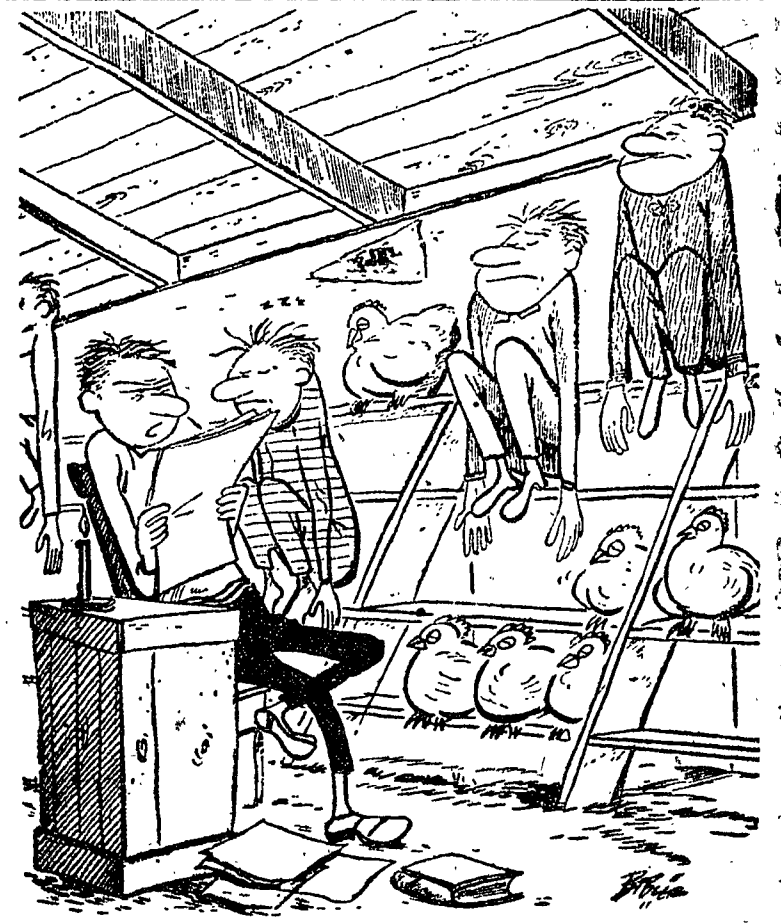
Penn State prides itself in being one of the leading colleges in the country scholastically. There is no room here for the academic goof-off.

Penn State also prides itself in making available to students one of the fullest extracurricular programs in the country. For those inclined to athletics, competition in 11 intercollegiate sports and 16 intramural sports provides an outlet. But sports are only part of the Penn State extracurricular picture.

For those interested in music there are, among others, the Blue Band and the Concert Band. Thespians and Players provide an outlet for those inclined to the drama. Froth, the Daily Collegian, Inklings, the Farmer, and the Engineer are outlets for journalists. The list is endless: chemists, sociologists, physicists, artists, etc., et al.—all have something to supplement their classroom work or provide a means of recreation.

Life at Penn State can be full. The 24 hours of the day can seem insufficient. It's up to you.

Little Man On Campus By Bibler



"I see by the Daily Collegian that College officials recognize the housing shortage."

Poor Man's Paradise



By PAUL POORMAN

So you decided to come to State? You've made a fine choice, let me hasten to assure you, and my opinions along that line are borne out by thousands of alumni and thousands of returning students this fall.

The thousands of alumni and returning students would also tell you, if asked, that you're entering not only into a new school, but a new world as well. The thousands of alumni and returning students have not been asked, and are not telling you. I have not been asked, and I'm telling you. Pull up a chair.

This new "world," as I choose to call it, might be termed a world of confusion, at least for a few weeks. You'll think that the College administration has gone out of its way to make things harder for you to understand at first. It all begins with registration. This, you would think, will be easy. Just fill out a couple of forms, sign your name, and you're done. Not so.

Those few forms will turn out to be a half-dozen complicated interrogation sheets, to be filled out in triplicate. This is usually done at Rec Hall, where, with a few thousand others who know no more about it than you, you'll be sent from line to line in hopeless quest of the magic phrase "final phase registration."

Enter the Villain

You'll make visits to Willard Hall, the high-walled hangout of the College bursar. You'll drop in on a well-meaning but terribly outclassed individual optimistically called an adviser. All this you'll do, while continually asking somebody, anybody, the directions as to just how to get there. As one scribe put it, Rec Hall to Willard to Armory may never replace Tinker, Evers, and Chance in the Hall of Fame, but they'll be in there pushing.

By now, you're already in contact with your student orientation counselors, and they're trying to set you straight on a few things that may seem trivial, but are really highly important to you. These people are not case-hardened "college Joes" but are students who, by virtue of a couple of years attendance at State, know a few things that may help you to get along in your new environment. If there is anything bothering you, and take it from me there will be, ask them about it. If they can't help, they will at least offer their sympathies.

All during this week, you'll be

subjected to a bewildering array of meetings, mixers, dances, sings, etc., all designed to help you orient yourself to your new life. At these mixers, nature will take care of your social life, and God will probably look after everything else. A tip to the girls, though: don't believe him if he tells you he is president of his fraternity, he probably just works in the kitchen. Also, don't accept a ride home with him unless you take at least six other girls with you. There's safety in numbers, and besides, the men like it that way.

As for you, men, you are safe. Take it from me, you will not be mobbed by scores of screaming womanhood, all after your honor. Your job will be to dig up one, just one, travel-worn, beat-up, over-aged woman? that you can buy a drink. If you find one, let me know.

A Three-Cent Stamp

In your new world, you'll lose all contact with the "outside," except on visiting days. You'll write cheery letters home, but your heart won't be in it. Your only interest in the mail will be the letter with the check in it. You won't be a Democrat or Republican, merely a Lion or State. If you have an extraordinary radio, you may be able to get the 50,000 watter in Pittsburgh to bring you the late ball scores. You won't hear from Truman, Acheson, MacArthur, or any other bosom chums, unless... I hesitate to mention it, but... Oh, well, here goes. Unless you go into town to buy another paper.

Great White Way

You'll never forget your first trip into the city proper of State College. Enough said. All this, no doubt, has already eased your mind considerably, and given you a much clearer picture of life in our own little world. But don't despair. I have lots more advice and many more helpful suggestions to give you. I won't though, because it's much more fun to stumble around blindly in search of a well-adjusted college life.

The Line-up

I hope you'll be hearing from (Continued on page seven).