

The Daily Collegian

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Editorial staff: Joan Kuntz, night editor; Bob Fraser, Chuck Henderson, copy editors; Marjorie Cole, Nancy Meyers, assistants.

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Players Workshop Needed for Future

Players recently-introduced workshop has gotten off to a flying start. Seems as though Players are almost turning people away from their weekly instructional meetings for persons interested in the theatrical field.

Players are pleased and the campus as a whole will probably benefit from better coordinated productions at Schwab Auditorium and Center Stage. Of course, that remains to be seen.

For a long time, responsible students and faculty members close to players have felt the need for some sort of program which could be counted on to introduce new blood into the organization, insure a more accurate knowledge of theatrical technique among crew members, and maintain a continuous high degree of production standards.

Players hierarchy got together and came up with the workshop idea which was put into practice two weeks ago. There's no question that the workshop will be a tough thing to keep going. But so far, so good.

The important thing for Players to remember is that the program will collapse if the leaders don't continue their wholehearted interest and don't give freely of their time as they are doing at present.

The workshop is the most vital thing that has happened to Players in years. Not that the recent Players shows haven't lived up to the standards of the organization, but we feel the workshop will insure these high standards in the future.

This kind of change reflects maturity on the part of Players, and is the type of self-examination which every responsible organization should conduct once in a while to re-evaluate its goals and weed out the dead wood.

Players have shown by their forward-looking program that the organization will continue to give the same kind of high standard service that it has provided the College in the past.

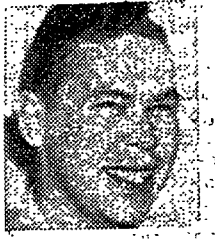
But we hope Players will keep an eye glued to its workshop lest the program falter as many another ambitious undertaking has faltered in the past. The workshop has been initiated. We can only wait and hope that the results will be as beneficial as expected. —M. M.

Little Man On Campus

By Bibler



Poor Man's Paradise



By PAUL POORMAN

We were sitting in the Corner Room the other day, sipping up iced tea and culture from the Sunday New York Times. It was all quite legal. We had borrowed a pair of white bucks, and were sitting far back in the corner. We were perusing the News in Review section in preparation for a quiz in current events, and were not in too happy a mood.

Everything was blooey in the world. Iran and Britain were still

doing a turkey-trot around Abadan. The Reds and UN negotiators were doing a turkey-trot around Kaesong. Turkey and the United States were doing a Marshall Plan-trot around Russia. The French were still riled up about sex, and Argentina was having a revolution to pass the time.

In short, things looked black. Atomic warfare was locked in a death struggle with germ warfare for top billing, and hapless bookies were still being persecuted in Brooklyn. To top it all off, the Dodgers weren't showing signs of brilliance.

We sat enveloped in gloom. Here we were going to be inducted shortly into a world of confusion, fighting, and uncertainty. Nothing seemed untouched by the general low feeling garnered from the newspapers. Almost nothing.

Friend Coed's voice cut through our thoughts. She was talking to a coed friend of Friend Coed's.

"How high can you stack the tea cups?"

"Two high, with the saucers underneath."

"You pass from left to right, huh?"

"I think so, but you'd better look it up before class."

"Gee, I hope I don't spill anything. I want a three out of this course."

"Yeah."

We put down our paper, quietly fascinated. We listened in amazement. Thoughts of tea-cups, saucers, marmalade and all the trimmings flew back and forth from mouth to eager mouth. Something, something great, something revolutionary was taking their little minds off the great war. We gently

inquired, "wha?" "Doughnut Dipping - 405, of course."

"Yeah, and boy is it hard. We've got to study now for a breakfast we're going to serve in class tomorrow."

"Yeah." "Obviously here was a realm that hadn't been hurt by national or international affairs. Here was a blissful state of Nirvana never achieved before. We inquired how."

"Oh, it's a Home Ec course to prepare us for careers as housewives."

"Yes, it teaches us the correct methods of doing almost anything."

"Yeah."

The girls went back to their serious preparation for the breakfast they were going to serve the next afternoon.

"What do you think will happen in Iran?" we asked.

"Where's Iran?"

"How about the peace talks in Kaesong?"

"What a funny place for broken English."

We tried once more. "Who do you think will win the pennant?"

"Oh, are they giving one away?"

We grabbed the check, stuck it in our pocket, and crawled out past the cashier. We went outside and watched the serious faces walk by, lost in thoughts on a higher plane.

For a moment, we had peeked into Alice's Wonderland, and had seen many things. We were gratified that in a turbulent world, vital studies were still being conducted in the nation's big universities.

Meals Are Rights, Not Privileges

Far too many faculty members and administrative officers of the College who are not eating three meals a day in the College dining halls smile, good-naturedly and say, "Students ALWAYS gripe about the food," when one of those students actually does come up with a murmur of protest about conditions in the dining halls.

Of course the administration can go on blissfully assuming that all is serene in the dining halls, particularly Simmons, to which we specifically refer.

After all, there have been no riots, the campus patrol has never been called out to quell any dinner-time brawls, there has been no throwing of dishes or brandishing of butter knives. But occasionally there are incidents like the one which happened yesterday.

No one may eat lunch in Simmons after 12:20.

Yesterday one resident was walking down to lunch at exactly 12:18—she had checked the time with the clock in the main lobby. When she was 20 feet away from the cafeteria door, it was slammed shut.

The girl explained the situation to one of the hostesses, and together they checked the clock, which only then was pointing to 12:20. The hostess went down to the dining hall to discuss the matter, and was told that the girl was not entitled to her lunch. The fact that the dining hall had been closed early by mistake made no difference. Rules are rules.

The point is not that one girl was refused admittance to the dining hall.

The point IS that this type of injustice, or some variation of it, is happening frequently.

A meal is not an honor which can be bestowed or taken away at the whim of a dietician. It is an item which has been paid for in hard, cold cash.

—Rosemary Delahaney

Let's Sing 'Hail O Hail!, at Games

Everything went fine on the football field Saturday afternoon. Rip's boys came out on top, the Blue Band was in its usual high stepping form, the cheerleaders were spruced up with the addition of nine coeds, and the cheering, while not spectacular, was about as loud as could be expected.

Yes, everything went fine—as far as it went. But every one of the songs and cheers at the game was one of the good old standbys. Noticeably absent was that fine song, "Hail O Hail!"

This stirring song has caught the fancy of a good number of Penn State students. It was introduced by the Glee Club last year and has been popularized this fall by the hatmen and groups of singing frosh. But for some reason the Blue Band steadfastly ignores what we feel sure will turn out to be one of State's top songs within the next five years.

If the Blue Band doesn't have the music or hasn't learned the song, we feel it's high time they got on the ball. Otherwise, we see no excuse for not playing it.

Perhaps the reason State's cheering is not as forceful or exuberant as it might be is the lack of new songs and cheers. Perhaps the student body is a little tired of "Fight on State" and "Hail to the Lion." These traditional songs are good, but there's no reason why we can't add to their variety.

"Hail O Hail!" is both new and good.

From the way we've seen Ray Fortunato's song spread among the frosh and catch fire in upperclass bull-sessions, we'd say the student body would appreciate hearing "From the heights of Nittany Mountain..." ring out over Beaver Field the next time Penn State takes to the gridiron.

—Moylan Mills

Papers Have Job To Do on Freedom

Somebody has said that some several hundred "weeks" are celebrated in the United States each year. There's a National Apple Week and a National Hosiery Week, and a National Sallami Week.

From Oct. 1 to Oct. 8 is a week rather special to the newspaper business. It's National Newspaper Week.

National Newspaper Week might serve as a reminder to newspapers and newspapermen of their responsibilities. Newspapermen are in an unusual position in that they are especially charged with responsibility for maintaining that freedom for which Americans have died.

And America's newspapermen dare not fail in the execution of their tasks, for freedom of the press is the most important of our freedoms in that it protects and fosters all the others.

In the words of Gov. John S. Fine, "In no nation have the people lost their liberties so long as the press remained free, fair, and fearless..."

The American press has remained free of interference from the government, but to say that the American press is entirely free is quite ostrich-like.

Nor has the American press been noted for its fairness or its fearlessness.

"Preserving freedom is your job" is the Pennsylvania theme of National Newspaper Week. There is a lot of work to be done on that job, gentlemen.

Gazette . . .

Wednesday, October 3

ASAE, Dr. Fred Miller speaker, 105 Agricultural Engineering, 7 p.m.

BAR-BELL CLUB, business and social meeting, McKee recreation room, 7:30 p.m.

COFFEE HOUR, Dean of Men, 109 Old Main, 4 p.m.

DEMOLAY CLUB, smoker, 418 Old Main, 7 p.m.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS RESEARCH ASSOCIATION, 220 Willard Hall, 7 p.m.

INKLING advertising, art, business, editorial, and promotion-circulation staffs, 208 Willard Hall, 7:30 p.m.

NEWMAN CLUB, lecture discussion, rectory basement, 7:30 p.m.

PI TAU SIGMA, 105 Main Engineering, 7 p.m.

RIDING CLUB, 217 Willard Hall, 7:30 p.m.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION CLUB, 317 Willard Hall, 7:15 p.m.

WRA BOWLING, White Hall alleys, 7 p.m.

WRA DANCE, White Hall rhythm room, 7 p.m.

The College was the first school to adopt the plan of admitting students with entrance conditions.

Gazette . . .

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Andrew Balakonis, Jean Berg, David Helffrich, Rudolph Kraus, James Longo, Emmert McGarry, Polly Moore, Harold O'Connor, Joyce Rife, Herbert Schaaf, Vance Stout, Clara Jane Wolf, Raymond Wolfe.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT

Janitor's job for student in an agriculture curriculum; must have car. Man to work for room and board. Men to set pins for bowling league. Student wives for evening store work.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Babcock & Wilcox company will interview January graduates in Mechanical Engineering on Thursday, October 18.

Carter Research Laboratory, Tulsa, Oklahoma, will interview M.S. and Ph.D. candidates in E.E., Pet. Eng., Mech. Eng., and Ph.D. candidates only in Phy., Chem. Eng., Phy. Chem., Chem., and Geo., who will receive their degrees no later than June, 1952.

Chance Vought Aircraft will interview January graduates, at all levels, in M.E., C.E., E.E., Aero. E., Math., and Phys., on Monday, October 15.

West Penn Power company will interview January graduates in M.E. and E.E. on Tuesday, October 16.