

Editorial Opinion

Growing Together

"As the University grows, so grows State College." This has been recognized by many in the past, and now the two are working together in joint planning for the future.

It is a welcomed sight to see town and gown working together in a project that could prove beneficial to both. It seems there is a definite need for better communications and cooperation between campus and town officials.

If adopted, this plan could make State College a "walking town"—well in keeping with a "walking campus" for which future plans for the University call.

This could serve as a more physical uniting of campus and town as the shopping area would appear as an extension of the campus mall.

In addition, there would be the natural safety features. Unfortunately the rush hour for automobiles is the same as that of pedestrian traffic. No serious injuries have occurred recently but there have been many close calls.

The outcome of this study could unite town-gown relations and add an extra spark to future cooperation.

Fight On, Lions

Freshmen will get their first look today at Penn State's 1959 football team—a team that looks as good as some of Penn State's best teams of years past. Upperclassmen will greet the Lions for perhaps the second, third or fourth time for an opening game.

The Nittany Lions are a fighting team—helped by the enthusiastic cheering and spirit of its student body.

A Student-Operated Newspaper

The Daily Collegian

Successor to The Free Lance, est. 1887

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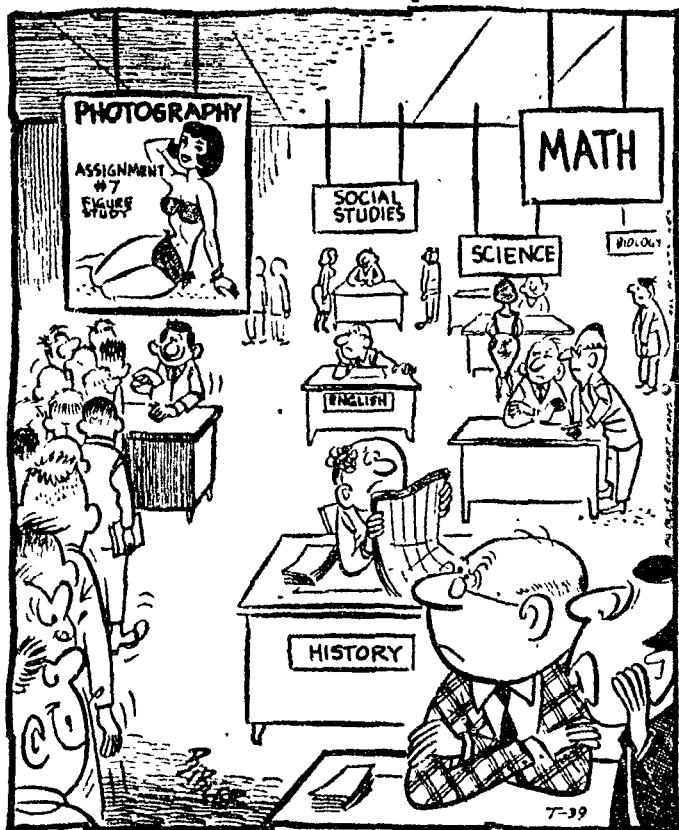
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Little Man on Campus by Dick Bibler



"YOU'LL HAVE TO ADMIT ONE THING—HE HAS CERTAINLY BUILT UP THE PHOTOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT."

Campus Beat Liquor Store May Eliminate Old Tradition

We see that State College may have a liquor store soon. It sure is a shame. The state just finished building a new road to Bellefonte too. Before long, the well known milk run will be a thing of the past—like Sunday jam sessions.

We kind of pitied the fraternity pledges that camped outside Rec Hall Wednesday night for Army game tickets. We went up to the ticket office at 4:45 p.m. Thursday, and had no trouble getting a pair of good seats.

We're trying to figure out the motives of the pranksters who put the latest sign in front of Thompson Hall. It came from the Dairy Barns.

The scheduling office is really using all the classroom space there is to capacity. On Wednesday two classes were scheduled for the same classroom in Boucke. Actually, each class was in a different room. Someone neglected to inform the scheduling officer that the wall between the two classrooms had been removed.

We wonder how long it'll be before Froth girls will be clad in long overcoats. By the looks of lass in this month's issue, it won't be too long. We aren't even sure that the girl's hands and arms were nice. She wore elbow-length gloves in one picture.

Time was when a record player in a fraternity was a luxury. One pledge returned this week with a 2-unit console stereo outfit for his room. The finish on the stereo outfit, however didn't match the finish on his roommate's television set.

This week is probably the only time that frosh men will look forward to ROTC drill periods. It means they can doff their dinks and signs—at least for a couple of hours.

By the way, hats off to Vince Marino. He's the first pep rally M.C. in four years to use some new jokes! Let's hope it isn't the last time we hear him at pep rallies.

We've been wondering in what college the University might place a law school—especially when the Astronomy Department is in the Chem-Phys College. We understand the pre-dental curriculum is in the Agriculture College, too.

Well, the old Prof has to take leave now. See you at the game this afternoon. —Prof. Wayne

Froth Edit Staff to Meet

The Froth editorial staff will hold a meeting for interested freshmen and upperclassmen at 7 p.m. Monday in the Froth office located in the Hetzel Union basement.

End of a Whirl

Fun's Over; Ike, 'K' Settle for Talks

By J. M. ROBERTS Associated Press News Analyst Now the carnival part is over and the participants in last week's greatest show on earth must get down to business.

The United States has tried to show Nikita Khrushchev some of her mores, some of the things that make her great. In turn, he has been trying to convince Americans, as he put it himself, that Russians don't eat babies.

The show will be resumed tomorrow, when the Soviet Premier will report to press and public whatever he wants to report about his visit.

But the Disneyland he didn't visit, and the semicomical mob scene amid the rows of Iowa corn, are far behind.

President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev, leaders of the two most powerful nations on earth, now sit down to see if they can find some



So What Home Game Crowds Road to Bellefonte by Marty Scherr

Football season opens at home today and all of the local gentry will be out in full force. Here are a few of the typical proceedings of the day.

People will start arriving on campus long before most of the students arise. They will have been waiting in

line for tickets, breakfast and lunch, score cards and the Skellar and thousands will be spent on "things" by game time.

If the weather is bad the local shops will do a land-office business in inexpensive blankets and umbrellas.

The road to Bellefonte will be jammed for miles and the little store on N. Spring St. will be doing a capacity business for hours on end. That is, unless some of the people were smart enough to make milk runs earlier in the week.

One of the local stores has claimed to be the first in town to sell or have in stock the "Original Hot Seat" but it is doubtful whether it will be needed during this Indian Summer of ours.

The seat is a vinylite cushion filled with a chemical that heats itself upon pressure of the posterior or any other pressure-bearing area. We advise buying early. The capitalists may gather stock and sell them for a higher price at the gate when the weather turns cold.

Some of the other things that are popular at the football games are souvenirs, or as the vendors at Yankee Stadium call them, silvereers. They include such things as "beat West Virginia" buttons,

blue and white pennants to wave at the cameramen and little brass-plated lead footballs to wear around your neck or for your girl's neck. Now, isn't that romantic!

The chrysanthemum salesmen have the racket; they won't let you alone until you buy a mum or insult them. The latter is very hard to do with a cute little girl hanging on your arm ogling at the pretty blue and white flowers (some wilted—obviously left over from last year).

The earliest risers in the town are the score card and program salesmen. "Ya can't tell da players widout a program." Buy one, help the freshman football players through school.

The matric card game is one of the best known, but is considered illegal and disorderly by the University—almost as disorderly as carrying a flask into the wrong section of Beaver Field. Many pretty and heavy thumbs will be moved away from matric card pictures this afternoon.

Campus cops will be out in full regalia, wearing their new white gloves and polished badges. They'll probably have their best manners on for all of the out-of-town visitors, but they'll still remember the wise cracks for the regular students—just remember, the young men have a job to do.

Besides the campus patrolmen, a few state policemen manage to work their way into (Continued on page five)



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