

kaleidoscope

September 16: The 'Big' Day

—by kay mills

Sunday dawned a bright new day, or so they tell me. I wouldn't know. I was asleep. This blissful state was not to last, however, as I soon heard male voices resounding down the corridors of McElwain Hall. Male voices? Women's dorm? Eeeek.

But my confusion did not linger for long. Through the "I've just-awakened" haze, I realized that this day was Orientation Sunday, capital O-capital S. So I hastily got up and prepared to greet this new day.

Food was my first thought, and I was somewhat worried about where I would get any because it was then about noon. I'd read in the Centre Daily Times that you new students were to arrive at a rate of about eight per minute, so I figured you'd probably hit the eating places at the same pace.

Fortunately, you must have still been unpacking by the time I arrived at my favorite little quick breakfast spot, so I was soon able to begin my walk around campus.

As I strolled, I watched you entering your new homes with the amused aloofness that only a scared-stiff senior can muster (scared about the big, wide world which looms ahead). I watched you snap at wall-meaning parents and younger brothers and knew that later you'd wish you hadn't. I did.

I saw you lag behind your exploring parents, as if to say "Aw, folks, please don't embarrass me." You'll get over that eventually. I hope I do.

You may have visited the State College Chamber of Commerce's welcome booth on S. Allen St. or the other local open houses which extended you the big "hello." If you did, you probably had to fight through area youth and upperclassmen taking advantage of the free eats.

And you may have heard your upperclass foes joke about the merchants' welcome. You are a ready-made market which they do not intend to overlook. Yes, you help the exploitation by mountains of purchases and will

really send cash registers clanging this week as sweatshirts and pennants start adorning you and your dorm walls (in that order).

We upperclassmen thought we were pretty swell Sunday. We live in horror of being mistaken for one of you. Until frosh customs begin and the difference is then painfully obvious, you may observe some strange behavior among us.

If we've spotted you as a freshman, we will draw ourselves to full height and make sure we speak to everyone we know. We will be especially certain to speak to clerks, waitresses, administrators—indeed any adult—with a loud, "Hi. How've you been this summer? I came back early to . . ." etc.

We aren't as confident as you think and you'll do well to remember that.

Sunday I saw you buying your dinks and handbooks in the HUB basement and I even saw the more enthusiastic among you wearing yours. There are some in every crowd.

With two Daily Collegian cohorts, I went to a late lunch where we were asked when the freshmen were coming. You see, there are really some people who don't know you're here and care less. But these are "few and far between."

I visited the Collegian office and the women's orientation "headquarters" in Grange Hall and found both in the calm between storms. We're over the hump in preparation for your arrival, but there is much ahead to orient you during the coming days.

As you can tell, your entrance onto the campus scene has not gone unnoticed. You are in the spotlight. Soon, though, you will have to share it as September 19—today—marks the beginning of registration and thus the upperclassmen's return.

They did not see your shining faces September 16. You will long remember the 18th. Make them remember the 19th.

Freshmen interested in joining the editorial staff of The Daily Collegian should come to the Collegian office in the basement of Sackett after 6 p.m. Monday through Friday.



MISS MILLS

aimless

The Almighty Grade

—by sandy yaggi

It's time to turn over a new leaf. It's a new term and every- one — frosh and upperclassmen alike — have an opportunity to start out with a clean slate academically.

So much has been said in the past about the academic atmosphere here at Penn State. It runs the gamut from being non-existent; to fairly challenging depending on who is expressing the opinion.

We all have not only an opportunity but also a responsibility to see that our own best interests are served. Before long, periah the thought, exams will be upon us again. Phones will be ringing, dorms will be a buzz of activity and the cram sessions will be starting. Without a doubt, some night as you are studying, someone will call to report that the final for the XYZ course you are madly studying for is, as the saying goes, "out."

Horrors, there is no sense in studying now, you say, for it's impossible to pass if some students have the final. (Actually, I have it from some pretty good sources that this is usually just a false alarm.)

This is only one instance of stu-

dents attempting to panic or deceive other students about exams.

According to admissions statistics, the caliber of the students now admitted to Penn State is considerably higher than it has been in previous years. But what happens after the student gets here? He sees that the "almighty grade" is the only thing that concerns a great deal in campus life and that it is imperative for him to fare well no matter how he does it.

I am sure the realization that some people use "crutches" during exams is not a new one to most of us, however, this is no reason why we should condone it or, as many do, work to perpetuate the "tradition."

Just who are we kidding? The profs? Possibly. However, I've heard it about that many of the profs DO notice these little enterprises going on in their classes.

Certainly we are not kidding ourselves. Well, perhaps for awhile. But if we all consider the consequences of just glancing once or twice on another's paper simply because it's the thing to do, we may realize how easily this thing can get out of hand.

So you are in a banking and finance course; you get help in your exam with the math involved

in balancing an account — stop — project yourself three or four years hence to your new banking job and see what would happen if you need this kind of help. You are alone and the responsibility is yours and "you" must do for "yourself".

As the term begins, let's all make an effort to get off to the right start and remember Prexy's words at Freshman Convocation when he said, "Each student is expected to do the best job HE" —not the guy sitting next to him— "is capable of doing while at Penn State."

LETTER POLICY

Letters to the editor must carry the full name of the author and identification of the author will be verified before any letter is published. In most cases, letters over 400 words will not be published. The Daily Collegian reserves the right to edit any letter if it is deemed necessary. The decision to publish or reject a letter lies solely with the editor; letters containing obvious misstatements or lacking in good taste or fair play will be rejected.



SEND YOUR PARENTS THE

DAILY COLLEGIAN

Perhaps you don't realize it, but your parents do miss you while you are at school. Although the Collegian won't replace you, it can keep your family abreast of the happenings here at P.S.U. Also a great way to follow P.S. football.

- One Year (including Summer) \$6.50
- Three Terms 6.00
- Two Terms 4.00
- One Term 2.25

Please send The Collegian
To My Parents at the following address:

Name

Address

City & State

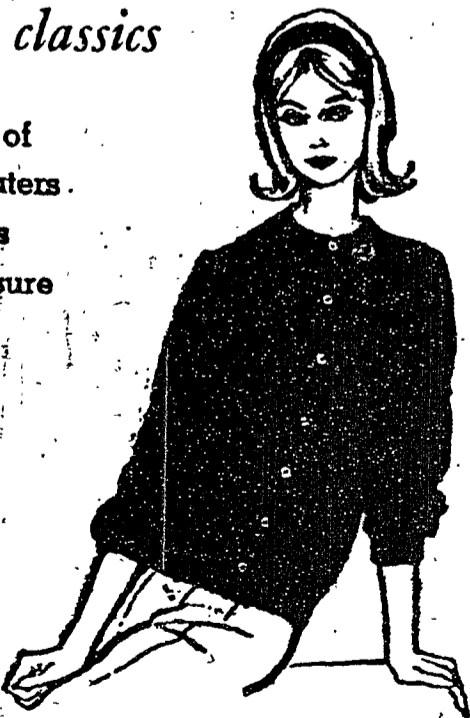
() One Term () Three Terms
() Two Terms () One Year

Daily Collegian Box 281 State College



Covering the fall story...
cardigan classics

The kind of wonderful sweaters that collectors of classics treasure to the last stitch . . . that make all the difference for a great casual look in wardrobe thinking.



Featuring Bucks Countian and Garland's Sheltie Mist at

The Smart Shop

123 S. Allen St.