

Welcome to PSU, 183-44-2821

Yesterday you were a person. Today you are a number.

One of thirty-or-so thousand students. A dorm room number — 36 Thompson — or an apartment number — 402 Penn Tower. A linen locker number — 36 — and combination — 13-24-9. A mail box number — 36 — and combination — E1.S2. A bicycle registration number — EJ12460. A phone number — 865-1566. A University Park zip code number — 16802. A Social Security number — 183-44-2821, or is it 183-44-2128?

Don't let all the numbers make you socially insecure or confused. With a little bit of effort, you can be a person again.

When the numbers get confusing, ask someone to explain them. Grab a passing upperclassman to tell you where building B2 is when it does not appear where the map says it should.

The students running around with "OL" buttons pinned to their shirts are Orientation Leaders. Their job is answering your questions. Nab one.

Have questions about rules, regulations or registration? Your resident assistant has all the answers. RAs' room doors are clearly marked. Knock on one if you need an answer.

When the confusion begins to clear a little, you can start getting some social security besides the number. It is easier not to be a number when you are doing something that interests you and that helps you meet students with the same interests.

Because many different kinds of students sign up for a four-year hitch here, Penn State has a lot of different religious and special interest organizations — everything from the Hillel Foundation to the Model Train Club. You can find out

about them by going to the HUB, where they are all registered with the Undergraduate Student Government, or by watching for announcements of their meetings, attending the meetings and participating.

When you've found there is a method to all this University Park madness, you might want to help the organization trying to make University life more sane. USG, the Association of Residence Hall Students and the Organization of Town Independent Students are only three of 300 registered student groups.

If you have a complaint against the University, take it to one of these organizations and help them clear it up. Get involved.

Don't let Penn State turn you into a number. Come out. Ask questions. Get involved in campus activities.

Assert yourself as a person.

Meet the University

So you're all alone at Penn State.

Your mommy has kissed you goodbye, and you've finished unpacking. You know there are 30,000 other students here, but you don't know any of them by name. So what can you do?

You could dust your potted petunias for the third time. Or you could go to the craft workshop this afternoon and learn everything from terrarium planting to crocheting.

You could develop an ulcer worrying about whether you'll make it through registration alive. Or you could attend one of the "how-to-get-through-registration" sessions scheduled in each of the dorm areas this evening.

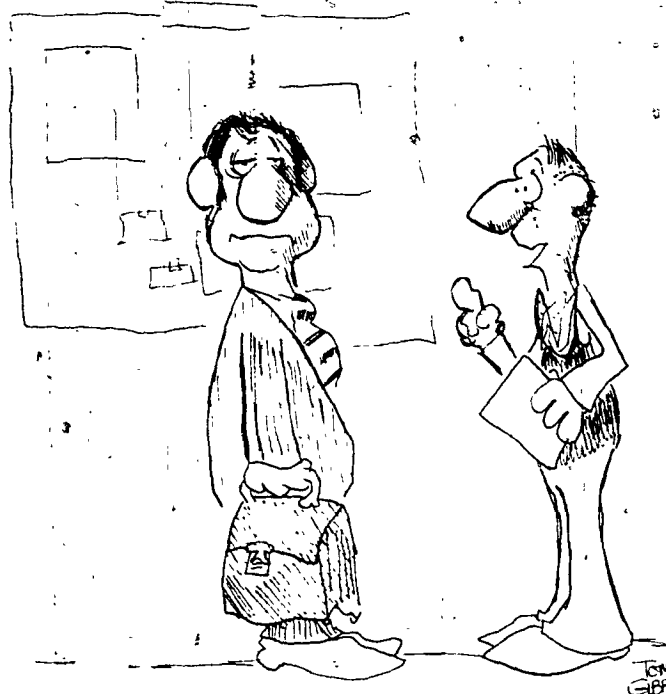
You could repack all the candles you brought with you because you're not sure you are allowed to burn them in the dorms. Or you could attend the legal affairs seminar tonight to find out your rights and responsibilities.

You could lock your door and push your desk up against it and stay alone in your room because you are afraid you might get mugged walking alone on the big bad campus at night. Or you could discuss assault with members of the campus Police Services tomorrow night, or learn self defense from a Police Services investigator tonight.

You could read "Little Women" for the third time. Or you could attend the Pattee Open House tomorrow night and discover all those books you always wanted to read but could never find and thousands of books you never found because you didn't know they existed.

You could very easily hibernate in your closet here for the next four years. Penn State will never come knocking at your door except to collect tuition.

But hibernation is for bears and other illiterate creatures, not students. So get a good start at meeting Penn State. Take full advantage of the Orientation activities planned for this week.



'Arnie, I just read your Orientation pamphlet "Anyone Can Survive Registration." I didn't know you could write fiction!'

Click! Or, what the dorm slide show doesn't tell you

By BILL SPANGLER
of the Collegian staff

Nearly every incoming student receives some type of information about the dormitories on campus. But often this information is incomplete or does not really capture the spirit of the dorm group.

So I'd like to present a brief slide show that might give you a better idea of what dorm living is like.

Everyone comfortable? Then we'll start.

Click.
This is a picture of North Halls. North is known for its interest houses, where students in the same field, such as arts and architecture, live together.

The interest houses are proving so successful that the University is planning to expand the program. Next year there will be interest houses for poker, taxidermy and knuckle-cracking.

Click.
This is East Halls. At first you might think East is isolated from the rest of the campus, but it isn't really. There are buses twice a week, and mail is delivered

regularly — until the heavy snows start.

Click.
Once it starts snowing, it gets harder to get out of East. But some people think the winters are getting milder. Last year, only three people were most trying to cross Parking Lot 80.

Click.
This is Pollock area. On a typical night, you can hear the men in Shunk Hall tell the women in Heister what they think of them. The women tell the men where to go with their opinions, and what to do once they get there.

Click.
This is Nittany. No, I'm sorry, these are the chicken coops above Nittany. Here, let me take this slide out. There. That's Nittany. You don't see any difference? That's all right, a lot of people don't.

There are advantages in living in Nittany, though. The rooms are all singles, and you may repaint them.

Click.
But the housing staff is strict in some areas. If you don't leave your room with the same number of cockroaches it had when you moved in, they take money from your general deposit.

Click.
This is South Halls. South includes Beaver, but a lot of residents aren't anxious for that to get around.

Click.
People in Beaver have — well — unusual hobbies. Everytime someone wrecks an elevator, he puts a stencil of an elevator car on the door of his room.

Click.
This is Centre Halls. A lot of women like to live in Centre because it's close to White Building, the women's athletic building. Watch your step with women from Centre.

Click.
This is West Halls, which probably looks more like a dorm area than most places on campus. But the ivy on the building is more than decorative. It helps hold the walls together, too.

Click.
The dining halls in West are interesting. When a meal period is over, the staff closes the dining rooms down instantly. I know someone who was late going to dinner one night — lost three teeth when the door hit him in the mouth.

Click.
Any questions?

This side of the truth Ye olde presidential transcripts

By JACK JACKSON
of the Collegian staff

I'm afraid I'm one of those people who think it is unfortunate that President Nixon had to resign. He was betrayed by his aides, such as John Dean, who were often unreasonably forced to tell the truth. And then there were those tell-tale transcripts.

Through a lot of research this summer however, it has come to my attention that other American presidents were guilty of the same "crimes" that Nixon is accused of. In papers only recently declassified by the Library of Congress, I have found that George Washington Himself was engaged in strange and covert operations.

In the spirit of justice and good journalism I feel it is my duty to reveal what is contained in these conversations between our first president when he was still a general and his chief adviser, Thomas Jefferson.

P: Good morning, Tom. I wanted to talk to you about this stuff that you, Ben, John and the others were kicking around. You know, I don't think the British are going to like it very much. J: I know that, sir, but Hancock says

that if they ask us any questions, we can plead the Fifth Amendment.

P: What's that?

J: Well, we haven't gotten it all down on parchment yet, but our attorneys think it'll be a legal way of stonewalling it.

P: Well, then, get it, that's for damn sure. Speaking about the British — are they (unintelligible) for the future? We have to have strong defensive systems.

J: Three minutemen to every middlesex village and town.

P: Sounds good. Keep working on it. J: Getting back to that other stuff.

P: Right. Let's talk about domestic matters. Tom.

J: You mean about internal affairs, the economy and everything?

P: No, I mean my wife, Martha. She's (unintelligible).

J: Oh, uh, I can understand that.

P: Well, I wanted her to do some of my campaigning for me, but she's complaining that her hair gets mussed when we fly that, uh, what is it called, the flag? Oh, the Stars and Stripes — it musses her hair and whatever else gets mussed.

J: We'll see what can be done about it.

P: Now about the campaign. We want to stay away from the arts. That's Tories, you know. Left wing. We want to keep it middle America.

J: But, sir, there is no middle America yet. We're only 13 colonies.

P: O.K., just remember, no Tories.

J: What else did you want to cover today?

P: Funny you should mention cover, Tom. Remember Franklin had that idea to eavesdrop on British campaign headquarters?

J: (unintelligible)

P: Whatever became of it?

J: He had one of those new stoves he's designed installed in their meeting room.

P: So?

J: Well, he's been sitting in it for the last four days and listening in on them.

P: There isn't any danger he'll get caught is there?

J: No, sir, but if we get a cold snap, he's going to be in a lot of trouble.

P: Good. Now I wanted, ah, to talk to you about our foreign service personnel.

J: Both of them, sir?

P: Yes, our envoy to England and our envoy to France. How are things getting on with them?

J: Just fine, sir.

P: Have there been any foreign requests for American aid yet?

J: No, sir, but the British government in India offered to send us food if we need it and the Czar has some wheat he wants to sell.

P: I don't see any, ah, need for it, (inaudible). Now let's get on to patriotic matters. Has any planning been done to celebrate our nation's birthday?

J: Yes, sir. Our primmennial birthday, when we'll be one year old, will be held this July fourth.

P: Good day for it.

J: Yes. Some of the New York boys thought of it.

P: What kind of festivities are you planning?

J: Well, we're going to have a lot of things like a "pick our national bird" contest and "invent our national food" contest.

P: Any entries yet?

J: Well, some of General Von Steuben's troops suggested we invent the hot dog.

P: What are they like?

J: Here, try one, sir. (Pause) What do you think of it, sir?

P: (Inedible).

the daily Collegian

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Welcome to the real Fun City!

By TOM GIBB
of the Collegian staff

The staff and faculty of the Pennsylvania State University would like to extend a warm welcome to the freshmen and transfer students arriving at the University Park campus.

Everyone who knows better would like to extend deepest sympathies.

No doubt your arrival was merely an indication of things to come. The Pennsylvania Bureau of Statistics and Other Neato Things found that 99.6 per cent of all incoming students last year spent their first day here:

(a) stuck in the Annual New Arrival Traffic Jam conducted on the same date each year by drivers like yourself;

(b) arguing with apartment landlords about who gets the one room flat which, it turned out, had been rented to seventeen different people;

(c) trying to find a direct descendent of Harry Houdini to get a folding bicycle unlodged from the car trunk;

(d) phoning the trucking company to see if they've located the steamer trunk which contains your clothes and underwear and which was last seen leaving St. Louis truck terminal for San Diego; or

(e) kissing a reluctant mother goodbye.

The other .4 per cent spent the day in Pine Grove Mills, trying to figure out which buildings were part of South Halls.

Of course, the fun is just beginning. For the dorm dweller, it is inevitable that his or her roommate will be:

(a) unable to speak English;

(b) a cross between an exhibitionist and an audiophile who likes to entertain the whole dorm area with a 400-watt amplifier, 40-inch speakers, and a slew of Jan and Dean albums; or

(c) a gorilla.

For the apartment dweller, the real levity will come when he finds that his apartment doesn't have all those

little luxuries like air-conditioning, running water and indoor bathrooms.

At any rate, you needn't fret. You'll probably find that in a few terms, you'll fall into the routine of spending your days in class and your nights in some little bar.

Turning away from the miseries of housing, the new student will find that fun and games abound on campus, especially in the new contest called "Find Your Adviser." It is somewhat akin to trying to get the secret out of Coca-Cola. For some reason, the opening of school coincides closely with the day most advisers go into nine-month seclusion.

For many of the advisers you have been assigned to, one of two things is probably true; your adviser is either on leave of absence or deceased.

For those of you lucky enough to get a real, live adviser (well, real, anyway), you will find office hours posted on his door. Note that these schedules merely refer to hours and days. Advisers feel more flexible if they don't announce the month or year the schedule refers to. Note also that the hours posted do not refer to the times you will find your adviser in the office. It merely serves notice as to when you may drop by to find the lights on and the door hanging open.

Some advisers will also list their office phone numbers with the little footnote, "If no answer, call this number." Since it is one of the laws of nature that you will never get an answer on an office phone, you are expected to try the alternate number. The alternate number, though, is probably not the adviser's home phone. It is probably the number of a paybooth down on Pugh Street and College Avenue. However, it is important to remember that at least your adviser was thoughtful enough to give you the number of a phone that would be answered sometime by somebody.

Now let us suppose that you find your adviser in his office (remember, now, we are only supposing). It will then be time for the first adviser-advisee encounter. (Emily Post reminds us that at times like these, we

should not be carrying concealed weapons.) It is important to size up your adviser by his very first words. For instance, should he say, "Let's sit down and get right to work," you can assume that he is very business-like. If he says, "Welcome to my office" or "Wonderful day isn't it," he is probably the friendly sort. If he says, "Well, I'm sure your schedule is worked out, and we'll have a good year, I'm sure," you can be sure that not only is he an adviser but a comedian, too.

Now let us imagine that you make it through registration with one or two of the classes you want. (If you have a wild imagination, you might be able to picture this.) Your next step is to the bookstore.

While pricing books, keep in mind that if your father had enough money to get your tuition paid, there's no reason why he can't go a step further and mortgage the house to buy your books.

Of course, with anything the consumer must buy, he feels he must moan and groan. Such is the case with books. Many people say that the local bookstores charge double the price for many books. That is but another ugly rumor. Triple the price, maybe; double the price, no.

Actually, you run up such a big bill at bookstores because most profs get their jollies out of assigning enormous numbers of texts. This practice serves two purposes: first, it helps you in class, and second, the texts will help you in later life. And such really is the case. Last fall, I pulled an "A" in a math course, and the weight of the books in my car trunk kept my wheels from spinning in the snow during the winter.

Thus concludes my dissertation on the miseries of coming to University Park. Wherever you may be at this moment — chasing your adviser across campus, being removed from registration on a stretcher, or still caught in the Annual New Arrival Traffic Jam — take heart. You are a child of the University, and if you've paid your tuition, have a bursar's receipt, and are carrying a current matric card, you have a right to be here.

