

THE COLLEGIAN

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Friday, November 12, 1943

10,000 Per Cent Profit

Anyone interested in mathematical manipulations has no doubt discovered by this time that a return of \$50 on an investment of 50 cents represents a profit of 10,000 percent, and that, by the simple process of dividing by two, a take of \$25 on the same investment equals 5,000 percent.

Unless some organization charged with prevention of exorbitant profits intervenes within the next two weeks, three Penn State students will rake in winnings totaling 20,000 percent in the campus National War Fund Drive lottery sponsored by the Collegian.

Actually, in spite of the impressive five-digit approach, any student who reads the papers realizes that prizes offered in such a campaign can be of only incidental importance compared to the primary incentive . . . the knowledge that it is necessary to put over a small section of a big and vitally important job.

Two thousand dollars is Penn State's part of the National War Fund Budget goal of 125 million dollars. It is the simplest channel through which the College can be sure of a part in carrying on the numberless functions of the United Service Organizations, United Seaman's Service, and war Prisoners Aid . . . agencies to whose benefits any American boy in uniform will testify.

With news commentators warning daily that the second chapter of the war to end war is about to enter its bloodiest phase, it is not necessary to dwell on the need for some system of organized aid to those who must fight and those whose homelands must become battlegrounds. There is scarcely more need to point out that such a "system of organized aid" does exist in the form of the National War Fund, a group of 17 war relief agencies whose purpose is to better conditions of soldiers and civilians both in the United States and abroad.

However, anyone who needs to be reminded will have these two facts brought to his attention adequately when the National War Fund Drive begins on campus at 9 o'clock this morning with solicitations in the Armory during the payment of fees. He will be reminded again and again during the two weeks duration of the drive, for with a total campus population, including students and service men, of approximately 5000, reaching the \$2000 goal means purchase of at least one raffle ticket by four-fifths of the group.

It is the logical way of contributing to war relief agencies of Allied and subjugated nations, of contributing once for all.

Last semester while All-College Cabinet announced the purchase of a jeep, setting the price at \$1600 as the goal, in the Third War Loan, students more than tripled the ante by buying over \$5000 worth of bonds and stamps. Because it asks for contributions rather than investments, the current drive will be a sharper test of student charity. Yet this request should not meet with less response; it is made by 17 war relief agencies . . . 17 reasons which need no explanation or clarification.

Today in the Armory, students will pay fees for the privilege of getting an education . . . for the privilege of preparing themselves for the kind of work they want to do, the kind of life they want to lead, in the kind of world they want. Is it asking too much that they contribute perhaps a hundredth part of that sum for the benefit of those who have been deprived of similar privileges?

That Hello Spirit

"Students at the University of Utah started off their new semester with "Hello Week," a unique orientation period. Hello tags were distributed for each student to wear his name during this week. A sidewalk running from the rostrum to the union building was designated as "Hello Walk," taking its name from the tradition that all persons passing one another on the walk give out with a lusty greeting."

Any Penn Stater might well read the above news item with a smile of smug satisfaction, feeling that Utah's "unique orientation period" is nothing but a steal on State's long-standing tradition of the "hello spirit."

But further reflection will cause any upperclassmen who can remember his frosh year to stop and wonder just exactly what has happened to the hello spirit. For it certainly is not very much in evidence as this semester gets under way. Previous freshman classes joined wholeheartedly in the tradition of the hearty greeting to any and all passersby. And it wasn't just on one walk or for one week. It was all over campus, and it went on until the frosh felt that they were an integral part of the campus.

Perhaps the fault lies with the freshmen for not initiating the hello spirit. Perhaps it is more the fault of upperclassmen feeling too remote from the incoming group. Whatever the reason, it is probable that most people have been too busy attending to their own affairs to even realize that the hello spirit was missing. But it is undeniable that it isn't there and that it should be. How about it, State?

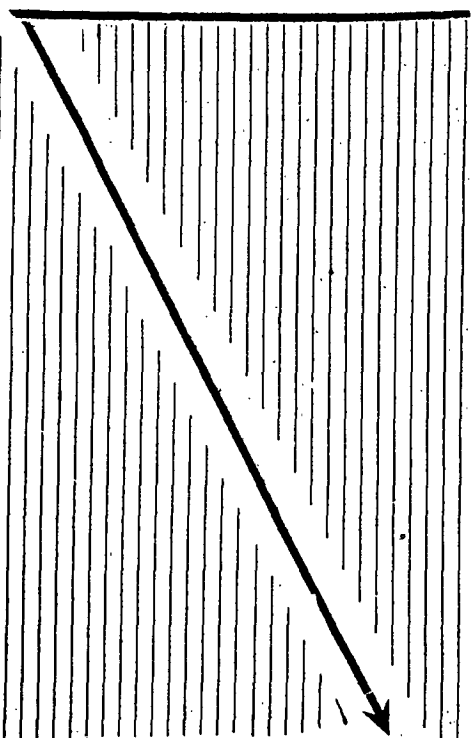
Voice of the People

The words Vox Pop, which have been predominating conversation because of the forthcoming broadcast Monday night, are also applicable to another event—All-College elections. The very essence of any Democratic election is that it should reflect the voice of the people.

But, unfortunately, previous college elections never measured up to this basic prerequisite simply because of a lack of student interest in choosing the officers of their government. The returns in the elections usually represented the vote of the two groups interested in college politics, plus a small minority of the general student body which voted in order to put their friends and acquaintances in office.

From a purely unbiased viewpoint, it matters little which of the two parties makes out in this election, especially in view of the shaky platforms presented by both groups. What is important is that the election returns are a fair and just reflection of the wishes of a majority of the students. Vote for whichever candidates suit your fancy, but at least get out there and vote.

ALWAYS . . .



The Corner

unusual

Penn. Statements

By SERENE F. ROSENBERG

With politicians old and new out soliciting the business of unconcerned upperclassmen and unknowing freshmen, it seems only fitting to take a few inches up with last-minute briefs.

Each year or semester, as the case may be, campus parties round up members, draw up a platform, and generally get organized. Choosing the more subtle and diplomatic of their quota to run for class offices, the chairman of each group then makes it his business to be sure the party hopefuls get out and campaign. The word "campaign," meaning see as many people in your semester as you can, pump their hand ardently, hail them your long lost friend, mention all the little things you and your party would like to do for them, and otherwise mislead the gullible as much as is possible.

If you're one of the inquisitive voters, and what a headache you can be, you will probably properly confuse but not embarrass your politician friend by asking what his or her party intends to do if lucky enough to reach their distant goal. Here, after an impressive pause, the little campaigner, unphased and outwardly composed, will begin to call off planks one, two, and in good seasons three and four. If the terms are general, and this "if" is likely to be the case, don't become discouraged. After all, just because you think there are important things to be doing just now, just because you can probably think of several, doesn't necessarily mean the party chairman and committees could. Then, too, there is the little danger of getting a real determined, definite platform, one anyone can understand and interpret. This would necessitate hundreds of voters coming to the polls, a condition which would take the elections entirely out of the hands of both parties. Anyone might vote! So dispense with your questions, and accept the planks or what have you at political value.

If you've been perturbed by people you hardly know, and this is meant for campus newcomers particularly, speaking to you, calling greetings across the Mall, etc., feel no alarm. You know them. They're the people you were introduced to once a long time ago or the person who was in your lecture class six rows back, third center. They're the people who are running for office.

It seems only fair about here to accredit some of these bitter sentences to the original, one "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," by Max Shuleman, whose takeoff on college life from newspaper offices, through elections and athletics is one every college girl and boy should read. We didn't quote but some of his parody on elections started us thinking.

And by way of justification, if such be necessary, we might add

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campus parties now biting their nails in the Old Main poles for this election are an exaggeration of even Mr. Shuleman's book. He said they should be concerned chiefly with unimportant subjects which would not particularly disturb anyone or encourage the college riff-raff to vote. Even in his delightful parody he did not suggest that a platform be composed of "once-tried and failed" planks or vague causes. It would seem that during wartime semesters both groups could have put up a few aims and objectives worthy of the times.

However, don't let this uncalled-for take-off discourage you. Vote in spite of yourself and the candidates. Vote in an election that admirably exhibits the kind of names that are today "typically American." Vote for a Jones, O'Reilly, Klein, or Comisky. Vote not for a party or a name, but a person that you may know, a person you respect, a person you like, a person who will head your class! Vote.

Rev. Frederick E. Christian of the Covenant Central Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, will be the chapel speaker Sunday.

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