

How's Your Hello?

Perhaps we aren't ready for something like this yet. Perhaps we're still shut in by a cone of reserve acquired over four years of war. Or perhaps we just don't care.

Yesterday was the first day of action in the Hello Week drive for more and friendlier campus spirit. It didn't take much insight or intelligence to see how the College reacted.

We walked down the Mall just when classes were passing at 3:15 yesterday afternoon. Want to know how many people spoke to us without our speaking first? It adds up to zero. That's pretty many out of some 110 we passed, isn't it?

Sure, maybe Cabinet slipped up in not having much poster advertising spread around. Maybe they could have pushed it more. But no matter about that. The greater fault lies within ourselves, the students.

It's up to us to push a drive like this, to make it effective and useful. The "Hello Spirit," the spirit that everybody's our friend, doesn't come without some effort on our part. Just give it a chance to break out into the open.

Scare the people you meet today with a "hello." You'll probably leave them thinking you're slightly insane, until they remember that this is the week to say hello.

—C. J. R.

Petition Lovers

The American Veterans Committee recently presented a Patman Housing Bill petition which was signed by 1500 persons, including a large number of students at the College. The purpose of the petition was to urge passage of the bill and to demand two amendments which had been deleted by the House. The petition has now been sent to the Pennsylvania senators and will be discussed in the Senate.

The AVC is working for the interests of thousands of veterans in trying to speed up the building of homes which are urgently needed throughout the country. It is also benefitting veterans by trying to pass an amendment which would place a ceiling price on homes. However, were the majority of the students aware of the substance of this bill when they signed the petition? Probably not.

The AVC must be commended for getting excellent results concerning such a vital issue as housing. Collegian is not condemning the organization, but it is condemning students for not learning more about subjects before signing petitions. A signature is a valued personal possession and should not be given away without adequate knowledge of what it is supporting.

—A. R.

OPA for Vegetables

The State College florists rubbed their hands and listened to the music of the cash register last weekend and sweet music it was too. Every time the bell rang, two carrots and a sprig of greens changed hands and the campus coeds dug down in their blue jeans to the tune of \$1.50.

One enterprising coed, much to the chagrin of the local flower hawkers, made her own corsage for 11 cents. Some of the professional corsages were priced at 75 cents but with each added turnip the asking price soared 25 or 50 cents.

We can see paying their price for flowers but when it comes to vegetables than can be picked up at the nearest produce stand, the price had better be in direct proportion to the cost of the materials and labor.

—G. S.

THE COLLEGIAN

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Tuesday, April 30, 1946

A Dark and Bitter Look

Last Wednesday, after a nourishing supper of bone meal and asafetida, I ambled over, as is my custom, to pick up my feminine four-flusher friend Yay Verily for our weekly wrestle.

But something was wrong. Yay was not perched anxiously atop the ridge pole of the Eta Pleta Theta house peering intently toward the Tussey Mountains as was her usual wont. I made hurried, fretful inquiries of the girl's piled gracefully about the living room and could elicit no reply save, "Go away, sonny. You're waking up the hostess."

Finally I wormed the whole sordid story from the lips of my youthful Yay's roommate. Then I let her keep the lollipop.

Apparently, my Yay was the victim of circumstance—said circumstance being that she couldn't get the bottle back under the bed before the hostess came in. That was unfortunate, because the very next day she received a mysterious phone call commanding her to report before Judicial.

This she did, albeit with certain fears and questionings in her mind. As she entered the darkened chamber of justice, a harsh voice lashed out at her.

"Why did you do it Why! Why! Why?" The frenzied voice ended on a rising whine of frustrated fury. It was the dreaded Nosy Peerer, scowling fiercely through the gloom.

"You know you can't get away with it! Crime doesn't pay!" The faces of the court were set and

grim as the chief law-interpreter screamed on.

"Explain yourself! We know all about you, you fallen woman you! You even kiss boys!" Yay shuddered at the horrible memory of that sin.

The seven judicious Judicial satellites nodded their heads in unison, agreeing wisely with the judgment of their leader. Yay tried to offer a defense—that the bottle had been empty and had held only furniture polish anyway.

But this was refuted by the testimony of the arresting hostess, who showed the court a charred section of flooring on which she had accidentally splashed several drops of the fluid from the bottle.

Yay was finished. They ordered her from the room and weighed her fate in the balance. Someone must have had his fingers on the scale of justice, for they convicted my poor innocent little Yay.

After leaving her to tremble for five minutes in the hall while they stacked the ballots against her, the august body recalled her to the room for sentence. And they broke her heart with their cruelty, for they campused her for a week.

And you cannot do that to a sensitive child and expect her to live. So she . . . died, alone and friendless, mourned by no one—a victim of the fast pace of modern Civilization and Judicial.

Penn Statements

By JANE WOLBARST

One bright sunny and exceptional day, just before Easter vacation, students crossing Holmes Field on their way to classes were met with a startling sight. Standing in the middle of the field was a respectable looking gentleman dressed in business suit and a hat. On his face was a serious expression and he looked very much like a typical middle-aged professor. But his activities made observers definitely

curious as to what his occupation actually was. Oblivious to gaping students, he stood there happily blowing soap bubbles as if he didn't have a care in the world.

Unseen Audience

A girl we know just can't see the sense of wearing good clothes to a lab so she always dons jeans and an old shirt. She never gave the matter much thought and was comfortably happy in her ancient duds. But it seems that the male members of the class were extremely concerned about the entire thing. When she arrived in the lab last week she was handed a sheet of paper. On it was written a petition signed by an impressive list of men and requesting, in even more impressive words, that she wear a dress to class just once so that they could see what she looked like in more flattering attire.

Lucky students who drove home for vacation have probably been wondering about the fate of a certain hitch-hiker. Set up in front of

his suitcase was a large sign saying, "State College to Philadelphia or bust." The fellow looked rather discouraged at the time but we certainly do hope he reached Philly and didn't have to take the drastic alternative.

Education

Journalism 28 is a course taught by Mr. Reilly, editor of the Centre Daily Times. Students taking the course work on The Times a few hours each week and also meet for discussion of the paper, which they are supposed to read. Recently the paper has been reporting on the activities of the elusive "Bald Eagle Mystery Man" who has been going around the county annoying people. In class one day, Mr. Reilly asked one of his brighter students to report on the latest adventures of the Mystery Man as written up in The Times. "Oh really, Mr. Reilly," replied the girl in a superior tone of voice, "I never read the Centre Daily Times comics."

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

The time is now! Now is the time for us, the people, to decide. Is government a function for the benefit of a privileged few or for the benefit of the majority?

The House of Representatives has passed a bill called an "extension of the O.P.A." In reality it is a double-talking political farce. A meaningless piece of paper hardly worth the cost of print.

Ninety per cent of the people have indicated on opinion polls that they favor price control even with some of the faults that the present system incurs.

But now, if this bill becomes law, what amounts to no control at all will be in effect. Butter—95c per pound, sugar—27c per pound, gasoline—37c per gallon. Increases in basic commodities of at least 40 per cent.

Figure it out men and women, if this bill becomes law, you may as well pack up and leave school.

However, late as it might be—THINK! Remember the men who enact legislation that force you to leave school, or force you to use up that small sum of money saved by your sweat and blood. Remember that these men are the same ones that enacted legislation against the Wyatt Housing Bill, a bill that will provide you with an opportunity to have a

home when you graduate.

Remember—who fought the war—people who vote. THINK—who elects representatives with moral courage—people who vote. ACT—what happens in November—people will vote.

REMEMBER—THINK—REGISTER—and VOTE!!!

American Veterans
EDWARD BANYAI,
Chairman,
Centre County Chapter,
American Veterans
Committee.

All-College Cabinet has voted and passed a resolution to restore the "Hello Spirit" on campus. To achieve this they have a plan whereby sixty one dollar bills will be distributed to individuals assigned to passing the money on to the first stranger who says "hello" to him.

The theory is indeed commendable, but the method is another story. Paying someone to smile and greet you certainly defeats the purpose in a most immature way. Surely, we as adults, are capable of devising more useful channels to which we can throw excessive money.

After the week is over, how many "hellos" do you expect. All-College Cabinet?

Sincerely,
"Headline Readers"

Off The Record

By Audrey Ryback

There's a new singer on the market with a wee little voice something like Bonnie Baker's. She is Betty Barclay, new chirper for Sammy Kaye's band. Betty gives out with "I'm A Big Girl Now," and on the backing she sings with Billy Williams to the tune of "Put Your Little Foot Right Out."

By this time everyone on campus is probably Les Brown conscious, since the "Band of Renown" will visit the campus in a few weeks.

Some of the latest hits recorded by the Brown band are perfect for dancing, and a couple are as hot as they come. "I'll Always Be With You," fits into the former classification and features the sweet voice of Doris Day. Doris chirps on the other side of this one too, to the tune of "Tain't Me," which, incidentally, is packed full of rhythm. Here's one recorded by Les that is destined to get some place. It's the beautiful "We'll Be Together Again," and on the flip-over, "A Red Kiss on a Blue Letter." Both songs are sung by Doris Day.

Butch Stone gives out his all when he sings the Les Brown arrangement of "The Frim Fram Sauce." On the reverse of this one the orchestra plays the popular "In The Moon Mist," taken from a classical selection. Another good one is "The Last Time I Saw You," paired with "Aren't You Glad You're You?"

Here are a few changes in some of the country's leading bands. Warren Covington, formerly a Les Brown trombonist, will toot his horn for Gene Krupa . . . During his recent stay at Meadowbrook, Benny Goodman picked up an addition to his sextet, young Johnny White, who arranges and plays piano . . . Artie Shaw has reorganized and may come east . . . Harry James and company replaced singer Anita Boyer with Ginny Powell . . . Rumors area that Claude Thornhill will organize another band in the near future . . . Band elader Dick Jurgens is back on the bandstand with a new ork, including strings. Jurgens was recently released from the Marine Corps.

Punch Lines

By GEORGE SAMPLE

I see by the last edition of the Collegian that the newly-revised Froth staff is looking for talent. It seems that they want someone who can turn out reams of copy that will be a sure-fire rib tickler.

I haven't any suggestions right now, but it might not be a bad idea to give all the Collegians' "Letters to the Editors" to the Froth. Lately they've been better than sitting through two reels of Abbott and Costello.

It's a lot of fun to watch this new Froth staff operate. On Wednesday and Sunday nights, when the Collegian staff is trying to get a paper together, the guiding lights behind Froth are huddled together near the copy rim. I've never really seen them do anything except rub hands and make chin music. There's a dirty rumor circulating around that they sit near the rim in order to salvage the waste paper that falls on the floor.

High Class Jokes

I don't believe it though, Froth wouldn't do anything like that. They're a good bunch of boys with high ideas. They tell me they're going to offer the highest in high class jokes, I believe them, too. The other night one of the editors took a half hour of his time to explain one of the jokes appearing in the next issue.

He sidled me into a corner away from the clatter of the typewriters. There he grasped a piece of copy paper and began to scribble furiously. After sometime he had the rough drawing of a cartoon. Pencil in hand, and gesturing wildly, he began to impart the necessary knowledge in order to understand the joke. Gradually, like an orchestra leader building up to a crescendo, he unfolded the joke before me. Finally he leaned back and said, "One just went by."

At this point I was supposed to break into hearty guffaws. Maybe my sense of humor was a little dull, but somehow the joke didn't quite register. My friend, the editor, decided to try it again. We went through the whole procedure once more and again he said, "One just went by." It was an exact repetition of the first, only with the punch line delivery he cuffed me across the back and hawked, "Get it. Get it."

For his sake, I laughed and commented "Good joke." Satisfied with his success, my friend, the editor, got up and left. But I sat there and thought and thought, and the more I thought, the more convinced I became that it might be a good idea for some one to publish a pamphlet, "How To Understand a Froth Joke."