

# Thumbs Down

On Nov. 8 Pennsylvania voters will be asked to approve an appropriation to finance a bonus for World War II veterans.

Although this measure has been endorsed by some members of both major political parties, it is being subjected to sharp criticism. In Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, for instance, a group which calls itself "The Citizen-Veterans" has organized specifically to fight this appropriation.

We think the voters in deciding this issue ought to consider two questions: one—is the bonus really necessary, and two—how will it be financed?

Proponents of the bonus say that it is not an attempt to repay the veteran for his patriotism since patriotism has no price-tag. It is, they say, an attempt in some small way to make up for wartime inconveniences and to help in peacetime readjustments.

WE WONDER if the highest planned bonus of \$500 could do that. We wonder if any amount could do that.

Money obviously cannot restore three or four or five years. And with due respect for the normal problems of readjustment, we think the five-year gap between the end of the war and the proposed bonus payment has nullified its effect. In other words if the veteran has not readjusted by now, \$500 more won't help.

EVEN IF WE were of the opinion that \$500 will help, we could not agree to the bonus because of its financial implications.

Most authorities agree that some new tax will be necessary to finance a bonus. It will probably be a sales tax if we care to draw from the experience of other states which have distributed bonuses. This means that for the next 30 years or more Pennsylvanians, including the veterans themselves, will be paying additional taxes for a readjustment fund whose effectiveness is certainly open to question.

In this age when educators are begging for adequate facilities for their school and reasonable pay for their teachers, we think the veterans and all other voters would be doing their children a favor by rejecting a bonus that will use up funds vitally needed on more important projects.

—Herb Stein

# Gazette

Tuesday, October 18  
COLLEGIAN SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR BOARDS, advertising meeting; 417 Old Main, 7 p.m.  
PENN STATE CLUB, 405 Old Main, 7 p.m.  
COLLEGIAN JUNIOR Editorial Board, 9CH, 7 p.m.  
COLLEGIAN BUSINESS STAFF CANDIDATES, advertising meeting, 1 Carnegie Hall, 7 p.m.  
COLLEGIAN EDITORIAL CANDIDATES, 8 Carnegie Hall, 7 p.m.  
A.I.E.E.-I.R.E. Subsection meeting, 219 E.E., 7:30 p.m.

# The Daily Collegian

Successor to THE FREE LANCE, est. 1887.  
Published Tuesday through Saturday mornings inclusive during the College year by the staff of the Pennsylvania State College.  
Represented for national advertising by National Advertising Service, Madison Ave., New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.  
Entered as second-class matter July 5, 1934, at the State College, Pa., Post Office under the act of March 3, 1879.  
Editor Tom Morgan Business Manager Marlin A. Weaver  
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"Just Some Little Memento, Perhaps?"



# Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

On the way home from school the other night a group of grade school boys, about six or seven years old, were earnestly discussing an important matter. One scholarly youth had carefully tucked under his arm a book entitled, "You and Atomic Energy." Perhaps he should be enrolled in the Chem-Phys school working on his doctorate!

At the Nebraska game: A pictorial salesman making the rounds of the crowd during the early part of the game called out, "Buy a program here," and "Get your souvenir program."

Later, when the sun came out and spectators were reaching for hats and sun glasses, the same salesman this time made the rounds, barking, "Get your souvenir sun shade here!"

For sale downtown. Post cards of scenic views of State College which looked as though they were pictures of the countryside as it appeared in the "year one." One view of Schwab shows only woods in the background; another card pictures Mac Hall as taken from the "old" Old Main.

Tales from the Frosh in Ath. . . somehow a bat got into the halls of Atherton Hall the other night, and swooped through the dorm. Typical female excitement reigned for a time, until a coed, April Heinsohn, with broom in hand ended the winged creature's activities for that night, and permanently.

Maurice J. Gjesdahl, mechanical engineer professor, in a talk delivered at the annual LSA student-faculty tea, Sunday night said that on the night of his marriage, he instructed his wife that she would have to become acquainted with his definitions of work and energy. We wonder how many couples embark on the stormy marital sea with such a degree of human understanding.

That card shark, Jim Balog, who is also senior class president, showed his artistry in the homecoming display by indicating his own Dorm 13 with an Ace and a Trey peeping around the cornhuskers.

# Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

Probably the most popular professor at the College, and certainly the one least concerned with cuts and grades, is not to be found listed in the faculty section of the student directory.

HE'S TALL, lean, George Kahl, P. G., and D. D. Those impressive-sounding titles, standing for professor of groovology and doctor of discology, were conferred upon him not by a university in search of an "angel," but by his hundreds of loyal listeners.

The course he teaches, Groovology 54, is familiar to any student within listening range of a radio set.

Proof of the subject's popularity is evidenced by the amount of mailed requests the "old prof" receives every night. About mid-semester, after the guys and gals have warmed up their writing arms in more boring classes, the average number of recorded requests runs about 70 or 75 per night. Occasionally it will run as high as 90. Some of these requests are duplicate, dedications of the same popular musical hit. Kahl manages to play about 25 separate recordings each of the five nights per week his musical lectures are offered.

GEORGE WAS a pre-med major at the College, and Groovology was the frustrated medic's first venture into commercial radio. He dreamed up the idea for the show himself and presented it to Bob Wilson, then WMAJ station-manager. It was Wilson who gave the show its name.

If the records George has dropped on the turntables in six semesters were laid end to end they'd almost equal the number of times Molotov said "No" at UN Security Council meetings.

From all this endless whirling the disinterested observer might think disc-jockey Kahl would get a trifle bored—and he'd be right. He is a little tired of playing music and ad-libbing commercials. But the almost-endless rotating hasn't completely unnerved him.

Worried listeners last week thought the 6-foot, 1 inch, 155-pound needle-changer had at last blown his proverbial "stack" when he grabbed up Red Ingle's classic "Get up off the floor Hannah, the hogs has got to be fed" and obliterated the inhuman yowling by smashing the shellaced disc. It's all a trick of the trade, however. He merely drops an object on the floor to simulate the record dropping. Actually, Kahl, who likes almost any kind of music, has never intentionally broken a record.

IN ADDITION to being a disc-jockey, Kahl must occasionally turn diplomat. Although 95 per cent of his requests are legitimate, there are always a few jokers who use his program as the means of perpetrating a practical joke. Seldom a semester goes by that two or three infuriated students don't rush down to the studio swearing by all the formulas they've learned in organic chem they never requested any record by so-and-so for such-and-such.

Every radio announcer is noted for at least one memorable "flub" over the air. Kahl has made only one, and that one is unprintable. A less serious mistake, to everyone but Jack Harper, involved a commercial about a shirt sale Harper's was staging. For minutes on end the amiable Kahl raved and ranted about pastel shirts, of every color in the rainbow, in Harper's window. He made only two errors. The brand name he mentioned was not one Jack Harper carries. The second, the shirts he was praising so highly were in Kalin's window, not Jack's.

But as long as he plays their mushy requests, his listeners probably won't mind if one or two sponsors get a little mixed-up.

**DOES YOUR BIKE NEED REPAIRS?**  
IF SO, BRING IT TO THE BIKE SHOP  
**W. F. KRUMRINE**  
Rear 433 W. College Ave  
Phone 4723

**Save time!**  
Machines Wash Your Laundry in Less Than an Hour.  
**MARSHALL'S**  
Automatic Laundry  
454 E. College Avenue—Rear

**RELAX AND ENJOY YOUR HEINE'S BLEND . . .**  
**THE SMOKING TOBACCO WITH AN M.S.\* DEGREE.**  
Mighty Satisfying  
  
**HEINE'S BLEND**  
Fragrant PIPE TOBACCO  
SMITH TOBACCO CO., 48 Fremont St., S. F., Calif.

**20th Anniversary**  
**New College Diner**  
"Between The Movies"  
STATE COLLEGE

**Sleep LIKE A LOG** \$2.95 up  
Pleatway pajamas are scientifically constructed to allow complete freedom for all the twists and turns a relaxed body makes while asleep under arm pleat, side tabs and balloon seat.  
**YOUNG MEN'S SHOP**  
127 S. Allen St.