

# Pan-Am Ceremonies



—Dave Bavar photo

MEMBERS of Pershing Rifles, military honor society, raise flags of 21 nations who are members of the Organization of American States at Pan-American Day ceremonies Saturday. The flag raising followed a speech by Dr. Kenneth R. Erfft, associate comptroller of the University. Erfft read the speech prepared by President Milton S. Eisenhower who was unable to attend the ceremonies. Dr. Eisenhower spoke at the Pan-American Union in Washington. The Pan-American Day program is sponsored at the University by the Committee on International Understanding.

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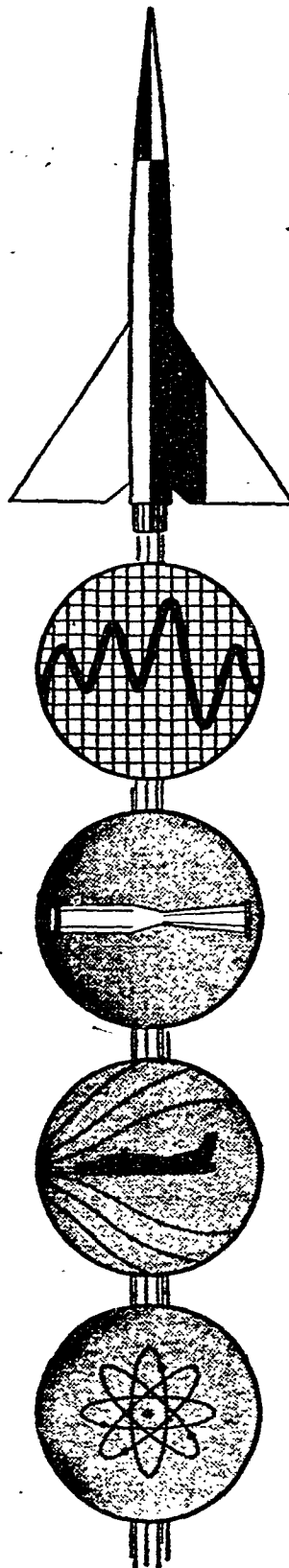
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## Employment Interviews

Representatives from the following companies will interview June and August graduates and undergraduates for summer work. Applicants for interviews may sign up in 112 Old Main within the next two weeks. This list will be carried only once by The Daily Collegian. Interviews will be held on dates mentioned.

- Container Corp. of America—May 1—M.E., I.E.
- Metropolitan Edison Co.—May 1—E.E., M.E., Home Ec.
- Otis Elevator Co.—May 1—M.E., I.E., E.E. (Yonkers & Phila. Works)
- Texas Company—May 1—Sales
- U.S. Dept. of Agriculture—May 1—E.F. Also Jrs. in E.E. for summer. (Rural Electrification Adm.)

## Posts Available For Junior Board

Sophomore registration for the Junior Class Advisory Board will start today, according to Harry Martini, junior class president.

Martini said the board will be established to help formulate policy for next year's junior class.

He said sophomores must list All-University average, curriculum, and interests. Martini said selection will be made on interests and not past activities.

Deadline for signing is Saturday.



## On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy with Cheek," etc.)

### PHI BETA KAPPA, I LOVE YOU!

Once there was a Chi Omega named Alfreda Pectate who was beautiful and well-formed and wore clothes of the most tasteful cut and smoked the gentlest of all cigarettes—Philip Morris, of corris!—and had, in addition to these admirable qualities, a brain so massive and retentive that she used to read the Britannica just for kicks.

Alfreda had one great ambition: to be elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Consequently she was all a-dither when she heard a rumor one night that a man from the Phi Beta Kappa selection board was coming over to the Chi Omega house to interview her. Being all a-dither, Alfreda sat down and lit a Philip Morris, as she always did when she was all a-dither, for gentle Philip Morris, as wise Alfreda knew, is comfort to the troubled, balm to the beset, and a haven to the vexed. But gentle Philip Morris, as Alfreda, with her mighty intellect, was well aware, is not only a cigarette for times of stress and strain, but also the perfect accompaniment to happiness and light. For gentle Philip Morris is sunny and cheery and jolly and merry and yummy! All this Alfreda, with her giant cerebellum, knew.

By and by there came a loud, masculine knock on the door, and Alfreda, composing herself, went to answer it. "Won't you come in?" she said to the man outside. "I am Alfreda Pectate."

"And I am Ed Fester," said the man, entering with a friendly smile. Ed had found that a friendly smile was a great asset in the Venetian blind game, which happened to be Ed's game. He had nothing to do with Phi Beta Kappa; he had come over to see about a new blind for the house mother's bedroom. But, of course, Alfreda knew nothing of this.

"Do sit down," said Alfreda.

"Thanks, hey," said Ed. "But I can't stay long."

"Of course," said Alfreda and proceeded without delay to demonstrate how wide and comprehensive was her learning. "Deer," she said, "have no gall bladders."



"Deer," she said, "have no Gall bladders."

"Is that so?" said Ed, who until this moment had believed deer had gall bladders.

"Ben Jonson," said Alfreda, "was buried in a sitting position."

"Hmm," said Ed.

"'Fortnight' is a contraction of 'fourteen nights,'" said Alfreda.

"What do you know!" said Ed.

"Many people think it is forbidden to wash an American flag," said Alfreda. "That is not true. It is perfectly proper to wash an American flag."

"Learn something every day," said Ed.

"The smallest fish in the world," said Alfreda, "is the Pandaka Pygmea, which is under a half inch when full grown."

"How come they buried that Jonson sitting up?" said Ed.

"It's terribly crowded in Westminster Abbey," said Alfreda.

"Oh," said Ed.

"Ann Boleyn had six fingers on her left hand," said Alfreda.

"Heavens to Betsy!" said Ed.

"Are there any questions you'd care to ask me?" said Alfreda. "Just one," said Ed. "How big is your house mother's window?"

A tear ran down Alfreda's cheek. "Well, that's the way it goes," she sighed. "You work and slave and study and then they catch you on a trick question! ... Oh, well, that's life, I guess."

Forlorn and bereft, she rose and shambled to her bed and fell upon it and wept for several days. But finally she pulled herself together, and today she is with Byrd in the Antarctic.

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You don't have to be a Phibate to know that Philip Morris, made by the sponsors of this column, is the gentlest, tastiest cigarette that money can buy.