

SNOWY'S FROSH AWE LOCAL FANS

The Nittany Narrator

By Dave Craley, Nittany Cub Sports Editor

The Old Coaching Great from Pennsylvania State, colorful Snowy Simpson, brought his Nittany Lion basketball freshmen into the Erie Hall Fieldhouse Saturday afternoon and then proceeded to direct them in a performance that left most of the fans shaking their heads in awe. The gnarled old codger made his second appearance on the Behrend Court an even more spectacular display than was his first. Last year a tall, lanky State contingent humbled the locals by forty points but appeared a bit awkward in the process. This trip, however, the polished Blue and White skipped to a demoralizing fifty-six point victory, 111 to 55.

Although the Freshmen put six men into double figures for the glory of old State, it was an Alabama boy who occasioned most of the head shaking. Tall, lithe Carver Clinton from Selma, Alabama, led all scorers with twenty-four points. But his biggest burst of glory came when, shortly after being called for a technical for what the officials later explained as "popping off," he romped toward the Behrend goal, leaped into the air, and dunked the ball with both hands. Clinton, Ray Saunders, and Jack Reed led the University with twenty-plus points apiece. Jim Golembeski topped Behrend with eighteen and Big Walt Pierce added another twelve.

Once More With Feeling

Wednesday night at Ash-ta-bula's Kent State Center the Nittanians dropped a close game to the Ohioians, 74-67. Trailing by ten points throughout most of the game, Behrend rallied in the final two minutes to pull to within three with seconds remaining. But then 'Bula cashed in on two one-and-one chances and iced the game.

"The Hands" Golembeski scored thirty-five points that night, twenty-three of them from the foul line. Time and again he was fouled under the basket as he tried to put his celebrated hands to use. The Kent State battle cry seemed to be "once more with feeling!" Sam Heller's fourteen and Bob Vicander's eight added to the Nittany attack.

ANTICLIMAX

In reality the game Saturday was an anticlimax to the Nittany Cubs' big weekend. Friday night in Erie Hall a team from Pittsburgh's new junior college, Point Park, trampled the locals, 71-43, and all but eliminated Behrend's dream of a championship finish in the Penn Junior College league, western section. The loss dropped Coach Gallagher's crew out of first place and made Point Park the team to beat. Altoona holds down second and Behrend is



The Cub's essential number two man, 'Smilin' Sam Heller, uncorks a jumper against the polished Penn State Frosh. Smilin' Sam's disposition fluctuated a bit Saturday afternoon, however, when the Downstaters romped to a 111 to 55 mastery of our Nittany Cubs. But despite Saturday's unfortunate but wholly anticipated defeat, Sam has been one of the instigators of the fine league showing of Behrend's best basketball squad ever. Sam is second only to 'Big Jim' in total points scored as the Cubs near the half-way point of the season. His best night to date was against Johnstown when he pumped in nineteen points. Four games later at Ash-ta-bula he added fourteen. Sam's as accomplished a ball player on the court as he is good-natured off. Next year's team will miss his consistency and leadership.

third. For Behrend to make the playoffs this year, she would have to upset Pittsburgh on the Pioneer's court February second or, at the very least, defeat an up and down Altoona team on the local hardwoods the next Saturday.

Although Sam Heller's goal started the Cubs to a 5-0 lead at the outset of the Point Park game, the Pioneers recovered quickly, raced to a 30-17 half-time lead, then coasted to the win. After a slow start, Jim Golembeski netted twenty-four points to top all scorers and settle his per-game average at 23.6, the second highest of all north-eastern United States junior college scorers. Bob Vicander totaled seven for Behrend.

Regroup Forces

Friday night Jamestown Community College visits Erie Hall to be followed by DuBois Campus the next day. The Cubs, now 3-5 overall, will try to regroup forces and start another win skein. But Saturday's rout was demoralizing enough to ruin anyone's season. Even Snowy Simpson had to admit the shooting of perhaps the best Penn State Frosh squad of all time was fantastic. "I've never seen them like this—not even in practice," he chuckled. And as the ball swished through the nets time and again without even touching the rim, the Penn State cry arose: "If you hit the rim, you lose your scholarship!"

Get Me To The Church

By Clyde

James Gallagher Doolittle got married the other day. The location of the rehabilitation was in Endicottshire in the southern section of York County.

But the hours before that hallowed event witnessed one of the most fantastic escapades recorded since Lowell Thomas returned from the Black Sands of Karakorum. And only through outstanding perseverance was this phenomenon chronicled at all. But in the news writing business one acquires a sixth sense for this sort of thing and many clues of the preceding fortnight indicated that something irrational was about to take place.

Mr. James G., therefore, was observed: unwaveringly and suspiciously by a reporter frequently and properly instructed in the delicate art of espionage.

"Not too long ago it was seventy days and now it's only seven!" was an incriminating declaration of the defendant just a short while before this bizarre affair took place. And a bit of a while later, a personage was overheard to ask him: "Just about four days now, isn't it?" Immediately and forebodingly the reply shot back: "Three days, two hours, fifteen minutes . . . and twenty-five seconds!"

At that time the patient's condition was diagnosed as 'critical' and a bit of morphine would have assisted immeasurably. His eyes were quite obviously glassy and a slight twitch of the cheek served as a major danger sign. The fingers of the right hand continued to drum on a basketball under the left arm while his teeth worked away at the lower lip.

For the next two days he became progressively worse. He rarely appeared in public but kept himself locked in his little office most of the time. On the one chance we did get to peek through a crack in the door, the sight I saw was truly pitiful. He was hunched up in the chair in front of his desk. His eyes had huge red circles around them and his teeth were chattering. In front of him on the desk were several volumes of books in which he was intensely engrossed. Peering harder, I managed to read the titles of some of them: *Discourse on the Freedom of Man; How Properly to Wear An Apron; Hen-pecked Husbands; Lux Lovely Hands; and Clythemnestra Strikes Again!* It was a pitiful sight.

That evening this reporter followed the poor chap as he left for home—and his last night of freedom. Actually, it was a question for a while whether or not he would get that last free night: he drove on the wrong side of the road for three miles!

As we neared Perry Plaza, from the distance came the familiar chimes of Big Ben. But strangely this night the Old Clock sounded nostalgically like one of those tunes from a musical play I once saw. And the effect on "Coach" (heretofore he shall be referred to as such, a tag placed on the fellow by his cronies), was astonishing! He stopped his vehicle and jumped out. A complete transformation had taken hold of him. All the signs of battle fatigue had completely disappeared, and he seemed to be a chap resigned to his lot—but zestfully so! A pretty young damsel was walking down the street—attending to her own affairs, mind you—when the Coach addressed her with a leer—yes, I believe a leer it 'twas: "There's drinks and girls all over London—and I've got to track them down in just a few more hours!"

Well, mind you chap, did that young lady let out a shriek! And off down the street she went with the Coach on her heels and singing at the top of his voice:

I'm gettin' married in the morning!
Ding, dong the bells are gonna' chime!
Girls come and kiss me,
Show how'll you'll miss me,
But get me to the church on time!

A short while later I chanced upon this possessed fellow again. He was in . . . well, to tell the truth . . . he was in a pub. And mind you was he having a blarney of a time!

I've got to be there in the morning!
Spruced up and looking in me prime!
Pull out the stopper,
Let's 'ave a whopper,
But get me to the church on time!

This went on long into the night, it did! And about two o'clock in the morning the Coach, having already mutually possessed everybody with his zesty charm and terribly witty verses, led—of all things—a conga line up and down Picadilly Square.

The hours stretched on and I must have dozed off momentarily because when I awoke, the Coach was gone. A few quick inquiries sent me off toward the middle of the city, however, and once again I found the Coach—still possessed and still, shall we say, carousing? To my astonishment, he was prancing around in a circle—right in the middle of the Perry Square water fountain!

Kick up a rumpus!
But don't lose the compass!
Get me to the church on time.

From here the Coach skipped across the Park to the huge flag-pole and began to climb it!

Feather and tar me!
Call out the army!
But get me to the church on time!

As you may well imagine, half of the village was by now congregating in the park. And soon the police arrived on the scene. But the Coach clung majestically to the top of the pole and continued with gusto:

If I am flying—then shoot me down!
If I am wooing—get on out of town!

Quite sensibly, the fire department came to the aid of the police and in a very short while, the Coach was being helped down a giant suspension ladder to where the more unostentatious members of society awaited his arrival. But the Coach didn't care:

Drug me or jail me!
Bond me and bail me!
But get me to the church on time!

Down the main thoroughfare raced the squad car with its siren screaming at a fearful pitch and the fire department's hook and ladder speeding along behind. But even above all the clamor and turmoil, one could hear a strong baritone whooping and bellowing:

(Continued on page 4)

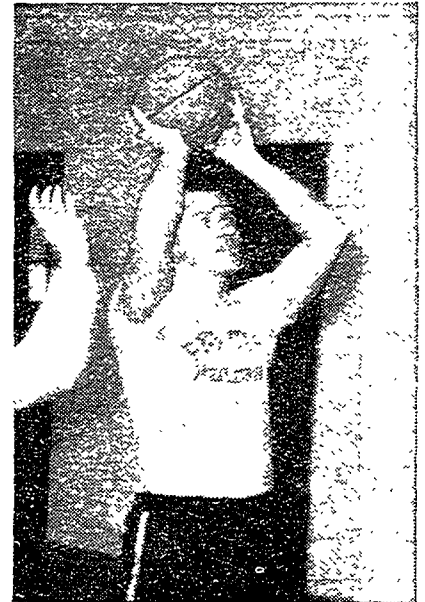
Big Brothers

(Continued from page 2)

no experience among our heavier weight's". In the Lion's two matches over the vacation, the lightweights won 7 of 8 bouts in which they competed. Leading the lightweights are Denny Slattery and Bob Haney wrestling at 123 and 130 pounds respectively. Latest returns showed the matmen's record at 1-2.

Another sport gaining momentum at this time of the year is track. Under the able leadership of Coach John Lucas the Nittanians have concluded part of their season with the completion of the cross country team finals. Distance runner Howie Deardoff continued for the fourth year in a row as the Lions top harrier. Deardoff finished third at the IC4A run while State finished ninth in the tournament. In the twenty-fourth annual NCAA finals Penn State finished twelfth as Deardoff carried the mail home in eighth position. Other State harriers include Lionel Bassett, Dick Lampman, and Ted Inswiller.

Perhaps the strongest of State's winter sports is gymnastics. Coach Gene Wettstone takes a prospect, blends together his athletic assets and inevitably seems



James Gallagher Doolittle. "There's drinks and girls all over London and I've got to track them down in just a few more hours."

to come up with a typical final product that helps to safeguard State's reputation as one of the top gymnastics squads in the nation", states The Daily Collegian. A nucleus of seven lettermen, along with a group of promising sophomores will provide Wettstone with a more than adequate reserve corps. The schedule begins on January 18 against Springfield and continues until March against such teams as Temple, Navy, Army and Pitt.

Last but not least among the winter sports is the rifle team. Last year in its third season in varsity competition, the team completed an excellent season with ten victories and three defeats. Head Coach Joe Watson looks forward to another season with twelve lettermen returning. The are headed by Charles Nagel who placed ninth nationally last year. Thus far they are 2-0, defeating Duquesne and Lehigh.

With such a plentiful amount of sports activities on tap, die hard football fans can only hope that one of these teams meet the Gators of Florida. How sweet it would be!!