

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN

"For A Better Penn State"

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Thursday Morning, March 27, 1941

Fifty per cent of the senior class wants Henry Varnum Poor placed on the College faculty until he can complete his Old Main Mural.

Nationals Turn Spotlight On Collegiate Boxing's Future

With the greatest show in collegiate boxing being staged in Rec Hall this weekend, it seems to be the proper moment to raise pertinent questions about the future of collegiate fisticuffs.

Certain disturbing rumblings have been heard in the past year, which on the surface raise the query, "Is college boxing on the way out?"

When we check up on the record, we find that last year seven colleges, including the University of Mississippi, Yale, Mississippi State, Tulane, Duke, and North Carolina State, dropped boxing as an intercollegiate sport, followed this year by Cornell's announcement that it would confine itself to intramural boxing and Rutgers' "investigation" of the sport.

All of which seems to answer a loud "Yes." to the question posed above. But this is not the whole story. Perhaps the question would be better phrased if we asked "Is college boxing knocking itself out?"

In our search for evidence, we find that collegiate boxing eligibility rules apparently put a premium on inexperience. For they state that "Anyone who has ever participated in a public boxing contest after reaching his sixteenth birthday . . . except one carried on between colleges, preparatory schools, or high schools, shall be ineligible to participate in college boxing."

The catch in this is the fact that comparatively few high schools or preparatory schools have adequate facilities or proper supervision for training boxers. The majority of college boxers have had little opportunity to get ring experience outside of amateur bouts, as a result, and such amateur experience is enough to outlaw the boxer from college competition as we at Penn State have learned.

So we see college coaches faced with an almost unsurmountable task—that of training green men to collegiate standards. Unfortunately, the rules are not consistent. This weekend, for instance, we will be treated to the spectacle of a former amateur boxer and Olympic titlist entering a ring from which, under the rules, other boxers with comparatively meager amateur experience are barred.

A solution to boxing's woes may be presented in the high school clinic, held for both boxers and coaches, which Coach Johnny Walsh of Wisconsin has inaugurated at Madison, Wis.

With proper coaching and protective equipment, the greatest threat to the high school boxer—injuries—can be reduced to a minimum where boxing is no more dangerous than any other sport.

We can point, for example, to Uncle Sam's Army, where physical fitness is of utmost importance. Boxing, taught the Army way, and with the Army's safety equipment, apparently constitutes no physical danger to Uncle Sam's protectors.

Collegiate boxing, then, is not without hope. We believe that with a proper education system by which high school and preparatory school coaches learn correct boxing and coaching techniques, by which the need for using protective equipment is demonstrated, and by which the importance of the physical condition of boxers is stressed, will return collegiate boxing to its former pinnacle.

Coach Walsh's clinic is a step in the right direction. Plans are being prepared for a similar clinic under Penn State's Leo Houck here next year. With the spread of similar clinics for high school participants, the tide, especially evident in the East, may be turned. That collegiate boxing should decline while other boxing circles prosper indicates that it is time for the colleges to stop knocking themselves out in the ring world. —S.J.P.

THE CAMPUSEER



(The opinions expressed in this column do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of The Daily Collegian.)

Telling Them

It was Saturday night in central Pennsylvania's favorite Entertainment Palace, the Cathaum. President Roosevelt was speaking from the screen amid hearty catcalls, boos, hisses, and assorted shrieks from disapproving collegiate spectators.

Suddenly a terrific booming shout shook the building: "SHUT UP YOU MORONS!"

Leslie Lewis had spoken.

Shafted By A Siren

"Hello—is this Miss L-I-lamarr? I'm calling from Pennsylvania State College in Pennsylvania. Could you come up for Junior Prom? Paul White-man is playing."

"I'm sorry—I'd like to but I really couldn't on account of previous engagements."

Shaking like a leaf, Buzz Litman laid down the phone. His person-to-person call to the glamorous Hedy had yielded no Junior Prom date—only a bill for \$3.90.

And all because he went to see "Algiers."

"Glee!" Club

Wrecking crews were busy this week repairing the Hotel New Yorker after the high-note boys went in for a little high-life in the big town last weekend.

Notable among the merry-makers was one Les Hetenyi, who invested approximately \$37 in champagne. Also enjoying himself was one Bill Lundelius, who found himself a super-super date for the dance in the New Yorker. But let Bill tell the story in his own words:

"We were dancing—then the lights went out . . . so I asked her to Junior Prom."

Booster Colyum

This week we should like to help along with an enthusiastic hand . . .

Winnie Bischoff, darling of KKG and columnist's dream, who, after a few tense moments, succeeded in attaching to her person jewelry of one Bill Christman last Monday night.

Lieutenant Gilliard of the local military moguls, who has found the perfect remedy for the somnambulant tendencies of ROTC students. He appoints certain fellows to whistle at regular intervals during class.

Miss Charlotte Ray, who finally discovered that the word "mixed" may apply to other things besides the ingredients of certain beverages.

The boys of Kappa Sigma and their dates, who indulged in all modern trends in collegiate amusements a la Penn State last weekend. Their diversions included roller-skating, jumping rope, "Farmer-in-the-dell" and a good swift game of "Coffee pot and Charades."

Last year's BMOC boys who are planning an OLD HOME WEEK here this weekend—Bus Anderson, Dave Pergrin, Bill Engel, George Schless, Wacky Newberry, Bill Stohldrier, etc. etc. etc. Hold onto your dates, boys—here they come!

"There are in the United States far more universities, colleges and other operating institutions, and far more voluntary organizations for worthy purposes than the nation can possibly afford. In the years to come many of these are bound to disappear." Dr. Frederick P. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, predicts a weeding out of universities and philanthropies.

Leo Houck, boxing coach, was middleweight division in the the uncrowned champion of the 1910's.

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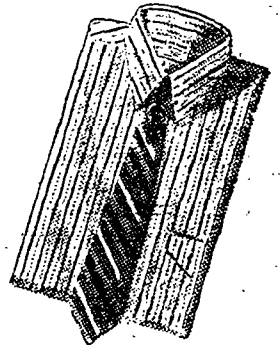
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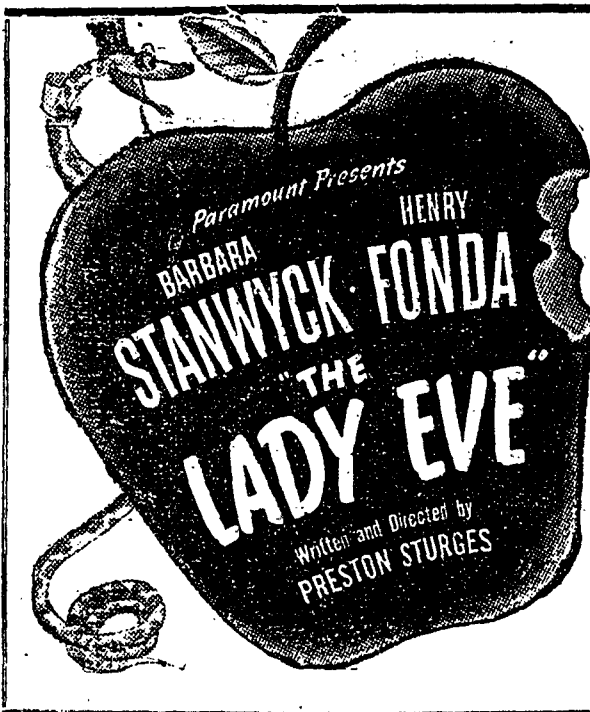
Paul A. Mitter

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THESE ARE LADY EVE'S

LEGS . . .

. . . that tripped him and turned him from a mouse to a man!

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Today, Friday or Saturday

