

BETWEEN THE LINES

By ICKEY SLATZ,
From Winter Headquarters

All is peaceful and chummy around the big red barn with only a few casualties reported lately—mostly among the assistant managers who are trying like mad to make out. What we can't figure out, though, is why they're trying so hard to get up in the big leagues. After all, a couple of more months and they'll all be making a fuss—nothing drastic, understand—but they won't be trying so hard to see who can do the most sweeping up around the barracks.

There are rumors afoot, nothing really definite, but some of the big boys have been figuring out who the most likely prospects are for the Fall pigskin session. The Hig has been having a few night-mares about it all, but with games scheduled with Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, and Skidmore State Teachers' College, he should have no trouble finding a winning combination. Practice will start in a few weeks in preparation for the grueling season.

You're wondering who's going to be left for the team? Don't worry about it. The men may all be gone, but there will still be plenty of rugged coeds left. Already the Codets, who have been in training all Winter in the Armory, are getting in condition out on the drill field. With a few Cadettes, phys edders, and home eccers thrown in, the team ought to be in pretty good shape. That's what the spectators around the drill field have been saying, anyhow. And they should know.

With Spring sports getting underway in great style, fraternity and independent men alike are keyed to a high pitch over the prospects of intra-murals. From the grueling workouts some of the boys have been giving their elbows during the last few months, there ought to be some really sharp competition in the IM marble league. Grouped in clusters around the campus, they can be heard bickering vociferously trading aggies. There seems to be a trend this season toward the pink and baby blue shades. With the first games scheduled for next week, the Campus Cops are already getting in condition to quiet the mobs who, as in former years, are sure to flock to the games.

Your reporter hasn't been to many of the workouts yet, and it's a little too early to give many predictions, but if some of the big shots are as good at shooting them as they are at some things, IM marbles this year ought to be really peachy.

People have been wondering what'll happen to the tennis team this Summer. As if anything really magnanimous ever happened to it. Why worry, though? It's been done before, and it can happen again—back in the dim past, there was once a coed on the men's tennis team. So why not get back in the groove with an all-coed outfit. They'd probably still make out better than some of the former records show.

Now that the phys. ed. school has gotten straightened out about a few things like ROTC and stuff, there's another matter that could stand a little working on. Besides it, other movements have been silly and uncalled for. This is what is really lacking around this campus, what has kept men and women alike from being physically perfect, and what has reduced morale to a mere shadow of its former self. What we're talking about is having an outdoor swimming pool located on the campus.

According to authoritative figures from the FHA, if every student would donate one tile for the pool, there'd be an awful lot of tiles lying around, and there still wouldn't be anything to swim in. Get some of the phys. ed. students to dig a hole, though, and it wouldn't be long before, with a few typical Nittany Valley drizzles, we'd have a place to dabble our tootsie in the Summer days.

Having spoken to the guys in charge of grounds and buildings, there seem to be lots of places that they're just dying to have a swimming pool put. Three suggestions seemed practical to your reporter—the middle of Beaver Field (with a movable cover for football season), Holmes Field, and Old Main front lawn. The last seems best, for during sandwich hours hotdogs can grab a coke, jump in the pool, and slowly settle to the bottom. They can get a legitimate excuse for cutting the following class.

If it seems a bit impractical to have every student donate a tile to the cause, why not make a swimming pool the class gift. It certainly would be more appreciated, more used, and more fun than the other prosaic suggestions which have emitted from the gray matter of the big shots.

To some of the more conservative people around here, this plan may sound drastic, but we believe in it, and we'll fight for it.

'Ya Just Gotta Go'— Davis

Shame on you bad boys. Look how often the good Dr. Art Davis has asked you de-housed frat fellows to register at SU office so that the college can send your parents all your below grades and stuff. You just haven't paid a bit of attention to him, and he's mad.

If you go and register right now, he'll let you swing three times instead of four on the parallel bars. Be good children and get the . . . up there and register.

Have You Seen . . .



PLINK



PLANK



PLUNK?

Lacrosse, Baseball Men Look Prim

Lacrosse Prospects Seem Warm for April

By FLO LEVINSON

You didn't really think that this was going to be the usual type of Lacrosse story, did you? How could the feeble attempts of the weaker sex to write sports copy bear any resemblance, however faint, to the type of stuff knocked off by our illustrious sports reporters? No, little Lacrosse fans, this is strictly from the woman's point of view—or from hunger, depending on the mood you're in.

What really interests us, isn't the trials and tribulations of the stickmen as they try in vain to keep from being harmed—even permanently put out of the picture. No, we of the fatalistic school believe that if death is inevitable, why not face it looking fashionable. It's ridiculous to ward it off with unappealing-looking nose guards, masks, and other articles guaranteed to make even the prettiest look like men from Mars—or worse.

This season, according to report issued by the smartly gowned Lacrosse manager, will be noted for fashionable attire—rather than crooked playing.

Tom Mitchell, usually rather conservative, is planning to knock all spectators dead with—no, not a Lacrosse stick—a new outfit that he's been dreaming up all Winter. It's a smooth, off-the-shoulder, clear-out-of-this-world costume. To add to his sex appeal, his leather padding will be slightly torn—allowing a little of his shoulder to peep through.

Gutt Wals is planning to model a smart pink affair, bottomed off with pasty white shorts—short enough to make even the most hardened coeds whistle with approval. Why shouldn't he show his pretty legs?

If the boys are still in condition, after their usual Indian-style war-whooping, knocking each other about as if they were sorority sisters, and general rough-housing, they will be entertained at a tea to be given by the Lion's Paw Club.

Faloon Begs-

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ity. After hours of grilling, the Rube looked a bit embarrassed, then smiled the smile known to everyone on campus.

"Aw sheeks, I like the way the stamps taste," he whispered.

Further questioning revealed that the lad's favorite flavor is vanilla and that he saved the vanilla stamps till last.

"And now I'm afraid I won't get to lick them at all," Faloon said as his lower lip drooped toward his chin.

The National Red Cross Drive ends today, but Faloon said in his best never-say-die voice that the campus campaign will continue until Saturday, when Dry Dock announces its contribution, in the hope of reaching its five grand total and covering the Axis.

Big Handsome Bordo To Flip-Flop Into Snood

By LORETTE SCHWARTZ

The famous gymnastic team will put on the largest exhibition of their career tonight. The area from Old Main to Senior Walk will be roped off for the spectators.

Biggest feature of the evening will be the Gym Three, winners of the All-College Somersault League and Intercollegiate Body Roll. Beginning at 7 o'clock Rollo Small, Flippo Bordo, and Dippo Teti will be seen doing hand-springs, peanut rolling, and playing hopscotch.

The greatest stunt of the world, never witnessed before, is Flippo Bordo doing a swan dive from the tower into a snood (three-cornered shawl).

The team has been keeping in shape playing marbles to keep their fingers nimble and listening to Bach to soothe their nerves. The greatest help they have received so far is through the aid of WRA. The boys have been practicing their calisthenics with the girls of Mac Hall from 9 to 9:30 every evening.

Track Team Enjoys Sun; Practice Consists of Peculiar Gyration

By PEGGIE WEAVER

We read, in small print, that track was one of Penn State's major sports, so we took a little jaunt down to the track to look in on an afternoon's practice.

The potential track stars, dressed in a type of grey pajamas which they call sweat suits, were busy taking queer reducing exercises.

In the middle of the field we spied Coach Ray Conger, wearing white ducks and a grey sweat shirt. He was giving orders to assistant manager Charley Zinck, but we imagined that if Charley had been dressed as the rest he would not have had to run around waiting on everyone.

Gerry Karver, looking very cute with his brush haircut, kept trotting around the track endlessly, seeming to be going nowhere in particular. Johnny Diebler, Curt Stone, Cliff St. Clair, Don Harris, Candy Williams, and Jack Forman were also wearing out their track shoes.

In another corner of the field we saw Bob Booth and Dick Staffer trying very hard to jump over a bar which it would have been easier to walk under. Milt Stembler was attempting the same thing, but he had to have a pole to help him.

Saul Hanin seemed to be having a lot of trouble throwing a little

Bedenkees Too, Too Divine, Says Coed

By SY ROSENBERG
(feminine gender)

"We've got a great team," says Baseball Coach Bedenk. "We've got a great team," say all the players. "We've got a great team," says an innocent bystander. And, despite what will happen to future sports on this campus when distant bugles call our last 4-F, the group that was throwing balls around yesterday looked darn pretty nice.

There's Sigma Chi's man, Captain Thomas, affectionately dubbed "Whitey" by the fellows. Whitey's a swell guy, too, and if it can be done, you could almost say that he inherited his baseball technique. His mother, a ball-fan through and through, managed her own team for 25 years in Brooklyn. His dad is also a fan. Whitey's got five blond sisters, too, fellows. So get out to that field, and learn the score.

Whitey plays "papa" to a "neat" team, rooters. There's "Oggie" Martella, Oggie short for Oriental; "Jakie" Flowers, "Goatlegs" Sutherland, look at them yourself if you don't believe it; "Chuck" MacFarland, "Sluefoot" Bowers, 'cause he shuffles; "Stoneface" Stover, he never cracks a smile but oh they kids! he's pitcher No. 1 to all the "boys." Then there's Honus Yount, and that's Honus for that up and coming player, Honus Wagner. Yount, or Honus, says it's quite an honor to be named after such a promising boy, but Coach Joey Bedenk gave it all away, sorry Honus, when he explained that Honus was Honus, this is getting monotonous, only because he had gams similar to that of the novice (and in case you're mystified, chin up, his, both his, are bow legs).

And then there's the skeptical player, frosh by name of Hal Griffiths, who said he didn't care what we said about him, just so he got a writeup. You picked the wrong issue for it, Bud, but at least we know someone gets their paper every morning "before breakfast."

So as the strains of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" become dimmer and dimmer, we slowly remove this from the Remington third from the end and light out of town before people who were very helpful to a "green" sports writer come hunting her or worse harbor a growing dislike for all columnists in the future. "I surrender," with deepest apologies to a "thweet coach and kids," I remain a fugitive from White Hall.

round ball, about the same size as a tennis ball, a few feet. Saul, being very versatile, then began hurling a small plate resembling a phonograph record.

We understand that this procedure goes on every afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. Exercise and sun are good for anyone, but we are afraid they are a little off the track.

ENGINEERS . . .

Statistics show that one out of every three has writing ability. Here's a chance to display yours.

The Penn State Engineer now has openings on its editorial staff. Articles will be assigned in the Penn State Engineer editorial office, Room 1, Armory, on Monday, March 22, at 7 p. m. Opportunity for a \$10.00 prize will be explained.

Positions on the other staffs will also be filled at that time.