

Lightfoot Runs 4-Minute Mile!

Great Star Smashes All Existing Records; Boy, Is He Neat!

Penn State zoomed to the top of the world sport scene yesterday afternoon when freshman Harry "Hurry-up" Lightfoot burned up the cinders on New Beaver Field by turning in an astonishing 4:00.0 minute mile performance in a practice work-out. Remarkable!

This smashing time is made more amazing by the fact that "Hurry-up" was wearing G. I. shoes and long underwear during the feat and had just returned to school after five months in the hospital with a broken back. In addition, he was bucking a fierce 40 mile an hour gale which swept the stadium.

Interviewed at the 'Skellar last evening, Lightfoot expressed surprise that his deed had aroused so much enthusiasm, saying, "Shucks." Meanwhile, telephones at Rec Hall were ringing and calls were being received from all over the world and Texas.

Offers thus far include a \$5000 scholarship at Pittsburgh (which Penn State officials have countered by offering Lightfoot a position as waiter in Atherton Hall), a contract from Garcia to carry messages, \$1000 from a rabbit concern for naming a breed of rabbits after him.

In addition, Metrogole Winmayer Studios have asked to use his name in coming the phrase "fast like Lightfoot" to compete with a rival studio "in like Flynn." Vassar College has sent a wire stating that they have chosen Lightfoot as "The man we'd most like to run around with 'cause he's fast." Still Unsatisfied

Big Scoop

Sports Scoop

A roar today is as good as a roar tomorrow, but when the roar today is the greatest sports scoop that has come out of the College since it was the Farmer's High School back around the Civil War era it may be too late to roar tomorrow.

From information received in secret by this column, Penn State will suddenly catapult into worldwide prominence in football circles when the next grid season rolls around.

Our exclusive interview with the College's athletic board Saturday afternoon revealed a signed pact with ten of the country's league-less "big name" schools forming the Nation's All-American Conference.

Included in the newly-formed league besides the Nittany Lions are Pittsburgh, Notre Dame, Army, Navy, St. Mary's of California, Michigan State, Southern California, (which jumped the Pacific Coast League), Ohio State (which skipped its Big 10 brothers for greater glory), and the University of Pennsylvania (which just skipped).

While final signatures were being affixed, plans were underway to begin construction of the ultra-modern stadium on the present site of the golf course. The project, which an athletic official claims will cost the College about \$2,000,000, should be ready for use about the fall of 1949.

"It should exceed any of its kind in the country," said a College spokesman. "Made of pure concrete (99.44% pure), there will be red plush, cushioned chairs for upwards of 60,000 people, plus many other minor aids including ash trays, foot stools, and red-marbled drinking fountains.

College Gets Plane

With the new-found glory came the recent addition to Penn State's "treasures." The giant transport plane which will be used to run the gridmen on their pleasure jaunts arrived yesterday and may be currently viewed to the east of the seventh hole on the golf course.

That is why the student body was suddenly taken aback in Rec Hall Friday when instead of the usual \$50 incidental fee every last one was tapped for an additional five simoleons.

But who cares? Our Penn State is getting out in the world.

Lightfoot announced early this morning that he would report to Coach Chick Werner and ask for track shoes and a sweat suit. He is also considering resigning his position as operator of the stop-light at the Atherton Street-College Avenue intersection to devote more time to track.

Meanwhile, the Penn State ROTC has been mobilized and provided dirty looks and long fingernails. They will guard the Nittany stronghold and stare and scratch to death any person resembling a Pitt Student. The Naval ROTC has also been alerted and will guard all gutter drains, manholes, drinking fountains and other marine points of entrance.

Big Rally

Penn State track prospects are looking up and in celebration of the beginning of a new era, a bonfire and pep rally will be held on the street outside the "Corner" at midnight tonight. All-night permissions for coeds has been arranged for through the efforts of the ex-servicemen on campus.

Matwoman



The Russian Girl wrestler who has just reported to Charlie Speidel for the team. 2000 boys volunteered yesterday for workouts. Practice sessions are rumored to be rough and heated.

Riding Club lecture, regularly held in

Correction

the College Stock Judging Pavilion on Wednesdays, will meet in 206 Agriculture tomorrow. Thereafter these meetings will be held in the Pavilion.

Riding Club

Personnel Office Asks Dean's list correction Jean M. LaBar, freshman in the Lower Division, whose average was listed as 3.0, had a 2.8 average for the past semester's work.

STUDENTS PAY Spring Nocturne

Lion Roars

Dear Mother:

What a glorious night this is—the moonlight showering gently over the mountains and cool breezes flowing across the fields. It is Spring here, mother. Spring! Every muscle in my body seems to quicken at the thought of it. Each day I swim in the ocean and the thrill of those weekend trips to the shore comes back to me again.

Oh we're watched by prison guards and have to work a little, but it isn't so bad. I'm well. Tell Dad to take care of himself, and Mary—gee, I bet she has dates now. Gosh, it seems so many years since I left you. I wrote to Irene months ago, but I never received a reply. I love her, mother, you understand. When this mess is over I'm coming back to Sharesdale and settle down at last.

Mother, there is something I must tell you. Tomorrow we're going to be sent far away from here. Oh, don't be alarmed! It will be to a remote outpost, and I may never be able to receive or send any mail. I must close my letter now. If you don't hear from me, never fear, for God knows I love all of you.

Love, Roger.

The pen fell to the floor. Silence rushed across the damp cell. A shaggy head started through the barred window. Wet breezes sprang from the fog clad marsh land. Sadly the eyes of the young captured soldier perceived the white wall of the prison yard. Slowly he looked at the letter which he had completed; he brushed a tear from his rough face.

When dawn arrived the guards found Roger Dumont waiting. In his hand he grasped an envelope and a small piece of paper. On the paper was scrawled the words—"My Last Letter."

Jack Weber was on the mound and he set the other team down so fast they thought we were fooling.

It was our turn at bat then, and a series of the cutest men followed one another into a little box at which the pitcher aims his ball. Those balls lead a miserable life. Each time someone swung his bat the ball went soaring past the outfield, knocking down petunias all the way for a homer.

When I decided to leave the score was 1 to 8. I just couldn't sit there any longer and watch man after man hit the ball out of the reach of the men out there for the purpose of catching those balls. It was mean of them, and anyhow I was getting bored. A few hours at the Corner Room would relax my nerves.

By the time I walked off the field it was 14 to 8. Am I kidding? Of course not. We were actually winners—or were the boys playing an April Fool joke on me?

Oh, Those Big Lacrossemen!

"We've got a well dressed lacrosse team this year, with shoulder pads to make the boys look big and strong," says head lacrosse coach Nick Thiel.

The squad practices on the golf course field attired in bright red, yellow, and green jerseys. The padding is worn to protect themselves from the golf balls.

In their playful scrimmages the players take their sticks, which look like flabby tennis rackets, and try to cripple each other. The first player crippled doesn't have to play lacrosse anymore.

The husky brutes on the inside defense wear bright yellow jerseys, a color which makes them appear larger than they really are. The "yellows" may be seen running around trying to defend themselves from the "reds" who make up the inside attack.

The four goalies are the smart ones and wear green to blend in with the grass making them hard to find. Anything that suits their personality is worn by the centerfielders.

As for the managers. They just loll around the field for the first few minutes to see that everyone is hitting each other and then settle down to enjoy the sun and a smoke. That is, all except Terry Jumper who may be seen running around with a typewriter balanced on his head.

After a little practice or a few hours, the squad is a little tired so they swat the managers gently over the head to wake them up and they all retire to the locker room. There the coaches tell them there isn't much hope for a good start this year because Army's team is made up of giants. He doesn't want to discourage them but he says that they have enough clutches for everyone.

The coaches chase the players and managers home by demonstrating on them the proper use of lacrosse sticks. When all is still, Thiel whistles for the other

is to fool the other person. Jolly the object of April Fools' Day April Fooling you. Going into the ninth inning it was eight to nothing and I'm not the only host we are at Penn State. We are enjoying themselves which wild pitches and errors. They homers, scored a few runs on the opposing team hit a few and three down each time, while innings were perfect, three up Nittany fans are concerned. Our ing much, at least as far as the seven or eighth innings. Nothing much happened in the as I did.

did. You might miss something, even a leeny-waeny spoon, as I take your eyes for the field for that just goes to prove; never der type is the most wonderful. The black, wavy hair-broad shout whether the blond, blue-eyed or the field. Now I'll never know everyone else and skipping off one was throwing this glove at looked at the field again every- dered uniforms. By the time I bench in their crisp, freshly laundered to all the boys sitting on the I turned a moment to the der.

the wavy black hair and shout—the blond, blue-eyed or the one of the favorite type of man. Why, this pitch would de- the diamond. Not a crowd no- their and spiders, the width of of man with coal black wavy hair, blue-eyed Apollo was turning to an almost as tall hum- How could they say that—a tall, this wasn't a crucial moment. Some people argue that included and watched.

my list of players and numbers dropped everything, hipbick and field. What a crucial moment! I you reported arrived on the eyes, in the sixth inning when Adam Swain with the winking and two strikes on the man at bat, it was two out, none on base.

BARBALT.

game of craps. for the handball court for a thing players, and they all make a dash techniques to get rid of their coaches, who have used the same

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