

Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

Last night I had a nightmare.

I dreamt I was in the parlor of Sigma Foo's luxurious fraternity house surrounded on one side by the Sigma Foo rushing chairman and on the other by the rushing chairman of their arch-rival, Phi Theta.

In my right hand was a quarter-keg of beer. In my left a gigantic twelve-foot pretzel. Simultaneously I was smoking three cigarettes, one with my mouth and one with each ear.

Then the conversation began:

SIGMA FOO—Why, did you know that last year we not only captured the IM parchesi championship for the second straight year, but we also missed by 1/10 of a point the IM pinchle title?

PHI THETA—Huh, you think that's something. We had two members of the varsity croquet team in our house. True, they didn't get into any matches, but they got their letters.

ME—But fellows—

SIGMA FOO—And activities men. The vice-president of the Louise Homer club and the chairman of the Wednesday night choral society were Sigma Foo's last year.

PHI THETA—Tosh! Surely you've heard of Franny Rogel, State's terrific fullback. Well, the second assistant manager who carried Punchy's helmet was a Theta.

ME—That's very interesting fellows, but—

SIGMA FOO—The contacts you could make through joining this house are tremendous. The father of one of our brothers owns the soft drink concession at Hecla Park. Our president's father is a big man in the financial world. I understand he books more than half of all the numbers handled in Snowshoe.

PHI THETA—But if it's beautiful women you want to get acquainted with, Phi Theta's the house for you. Last year one of our boys was going with Miss Lower Southeastern Centre County.

ME—Fine, but—

SIGMA FOO—We have the most complete bluebook files of any fraternity on campus. In fact one of our men even managed to pass Chem 30 last spring. There's files for you.

PHI THETA—I only wish I could show you our trophy case. Every Phi Theta who gets over .55 semester average gets a trophy all his own. Think how proud your mother would be.

ME—She certainly would, but—

SIGMA FOO—And we treat our pledges like men. None of this silly hazing or paddling or personal duties. Just simple house duties like building a game room or installing our new oil burner.

PHI THETA—What food! Believe me, it's better than eating at home. Shrimp cocktail, pheasant under glass, pickled pheasant's tongues, and franks and beans no more than four times a week.

ME—

SIGMA FOO—Surely by now I've convinced you that Sigma Foo is your logical home away from home. The place where you'll be happy living among exceptional men of sterling character, reveling in the physical delights unequalled by any other fraternity at Penn State, and making contacts that will serve you in good stead once you leave the campus.

PHI THETA—On the contrary. You must realize that Phi Theta is the fraternity of your choice if you want unexcelled social life, companionship in the finest of American traditions, and the best in fraternal traditions. What's your decision?

ME—I'm sure both of you men belong to the fraternities, but I'm afraid I can't join either one. I've been trying to tell you for the last half-hour that I'm the rushing chairman of Delta Tau and I just came in to look over your rushees.

"He Doth Bestride The Narrow World Like A Colossus"



Gleaned From Prints

By AL RYAN

20 YEARS AGO

FRESHMEN REJOICED that September day 20 years ago when Student Tribunal lifted the ban forbidding their presence in pool rooms. Further, they were from that date allowed to wear wooden caps while skating on the winter sports development pond. "Several years ago the rule was essential to give upperclassmen a chance at the tables," Tribunal's president explained. "Now that the indoor recreation rooms have become more plentiful and the sport less popular, the custom is obsolete."

When athletic cards replaced AA books in use at this time 20 years ago, Neil M. Fleming, then graduate manager of athletics, heralded the "new system" as a "progressive step and one which has been adopted by other colleges."

Upon presentation of his matric card, each student was issued a season ticket, on which was his photograph and spaces marked for five athletic contests for which reserved seats were required. Bucknell and Lafayette football games were two contests noted on the card, with the three remaining spaces possibly to be used for an additional football contest and two winter events.

5 YEARS AGO

Penn State's Russian Club took the initiative five years ago today and, working in conjunction with the Russian War Relief Kit program, sponsored the College's part in making the national drive a success.

"Help these people. They have justified their worth," a spokesman for the club, urged. "It need not be stressed that, whoever receives the package, wherever the person may be, sincere thanks and deep appreciation would burn in the heart of the recipient," he concluded.

IT WAS A SAD September day back in '44 for four frosh men cited by Tribunal found guilty and duly punished for such crimes as appearing on the street dinkless, failing to bow before the Old Willow and walking on the grass.

Most severe penalty of all was meted out to an unfortunate who was caught "red-handed" walking both dinkless and on the grass.

For indulging himself in these activities, Tribunal decreed that he would walk backwards to class with a mirror in his hand to guide him. Further, it was decreed that on his head he would wear a large straw hat with his dink on top, and on his back would be fastened a red lantern. In the meantime, he was to carry a bucket of grass in his hand.

In the Act

New sophomores and freshmen—as well as upperclassmen—on campus will indicate the quantity and quality of their Nittany spirit by their numbers and their noise at the pep rally—9 o'clock tonight at the Lion Shrine.

No better way exists, except at the game itself, to show Lion football players that students are supporting them. The team needs it. It's common fact that this year's Penn State gridiron schedule is perhaps the toughest yet undertaken in the College's history.

The Blue Band, campus leaders, hatmen, the Nittany Lion himself will be at the Shrine tonight. But they are not enough.

Give the team a boost. **GET IN THE ACT.**

Tracking Down Tales



With the Staff

There's a good chance the culprits who painted the Lion Shrine were ex-GI's. At least the paint job was a marvel of camouflage. The bluish-white shade used was of such a neutral shade that an observer almost had to touch the Lion before noticing it was marred. . . . But camouflage or no camouflage, Capt. Mark of the Campus Patrol didn't think it a bit funny. "If the Lion is painted again in the next few nights," he warned, "there will be dire consequences for the offenders when they're caught."

Some sophomores in journalism should be just about the best counseled of all new students being told the whys and wherefores of campus life by more than 70 upperclassmen selected by PSCA.

Here's the reason: At the first meeting of the group Wednesday, three counselors were on hand to take care of the woes of just about 50 young journalists. But only 17 showed up. . . and received extra-intensive advice.

And the explanation: We hear some one made a slip-up at Tuesday night's convocation and handed most of the jour'n students arts and letters schedules.

It's an old saw around these parts that the football team is composed of those who weren't fast enough to make the Blue Band. . . . The reason is: Prof. Dunlop's proteges have been clocked at 180 full strides per minute—that was at last year's Penn game. But their usual pace is a hardly less terrific 172 strides per minute once the season rolls on.

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