

Mass Mishap

Morton Snitzer's request for imposition of class customs on sophomores is a natural outgrowth of a disheartening mass act on the part of some 700 soph card-flashers at Saturday's football game.

Perhaps the return of soph customs is not the answer, but Snitzer's blast at least points up a general discontent with the sophs' impulse to fling hundreds of flash cards onto the field and into other sections of the stands. Many cards were damaged and will cost the Athletic Association, financial sponsor of the flash-card venture, money to replace.

The cards are of such weight and size that they constitute a real threat to anybody safety when thrust into a capricious wind.

As Snitzer pointed out, the act was a "wanton waste of man-hours." About 15 campus hatmen acting as row captains and eight cheerleaders spent a week prior to the game in preparing flash-card directions and planning the system.

Carl Liachowitz, who incidentally cavorted as Frothy at the game, spent much time in the past summer arranging mass patterns for the card-flashing system. All this previous toil fell into a welter of confusion with the swirl of flash cards in the Beaver breeze.

Outside of the act in question, sophies must be commended for their cheering tactics and spirit during the game. As some remarked, it was "surprising for a group of students new to the campus."

But flying cards are not part of the picture of Penn State football spirit. If Student Tribunal decides to take no action now as a result of the flash-card mishap, soph card-flashers should at least glean the hint that some "corrective" action was suggested.

Ivory Tower

Mount Nittany's Vale too easily becomes an ivory tower to many Penn Staters. Shut up in this beautiful valley, many students soon forget there is a world stretching beyond those green hills.

At the beginning of the semester you'll probably read the newspapers — even glancing at the front page before turning to the sports section.

EVEN THIS MINIMUM readership soon seems to wear away. Studies will take up more of your time. That extra five minutes of sleep, that you need so desperately, will deprive you of your usual chance to grab a paper on your way to class.

Little by little the hills close in on you. Before you know it you're locked in your ivory tower.

Perhaps the World Series will penetrate to the tower — if there's no important football game at the same time. And perhaps you'll even know how close you are to being drafted. But for the most part your horizons will be bounded by Boalsburg and New Beaver Field.

It's not entirely your fault, either. The Daily Collegian must take some of the blame. As a newspaper it should keep you informed on national and international news.

The Collegian tries: In the regular editions, starting today, you'll find a column devoted to late news. Limitations of various kinds, however, make it impossible to make this column as extensive and complete as it should be.

YOU CAN USE this column, though, as a stepladder to climb down from your ivory tower. Read this column and then follow up its hints on the radio and in the city newspapers.

The next few months have been called one of the most decisive periods in the history of the world. To get out of touch with the news now should be unthinkable.

Take a look at some of the things that the next few months may decide. Can you afford to get out of touch with them?

Stay out of that ivory tower!

by Elliot Shapiro
Managing Editor, '48

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"... Or Do You Want Me To Do The Talking?"



Tete-a-Tete

BERTRAM—My seats were just about as good as the game. You know, after two years of looking into the sun's glare in hopes of seeing a little of what went on down below. I had hoped to sit where all the seniors before me sat, in the west-side stands. But then comes along this guy Ike Gilbert (Graduate Manager of Athletics) and puts me right back where I sat two years ago. There just ain't no justice.

CLARENCE—You know, I can't quite look at it the same way you do. This so-called Collegiate sport of football is a big-time business now-a-days and you get just what you pay for. Good teams bear big pricetags, Oshkosh State Normal comes gratis.

BERTRAM—But I pay for my seat, I can't see why I can't have a good seat. I went to the Penn game last year and had to sit so far away from midfield that I had to use binoculars to see the opening kickoff and, again for this Saturday, I understand that of the 10,000 tickets allocated to State for the Army game, more than 8,000 are behind the endzone. Why then do our alums and any other visiting team that comes to State College receive the choice seats from the 50-yard line on down?

CLARENCE—Somebody has to get priority. The alums must come first. You see we're only undergraduates for four years, but alums for the rest of our lives, so it's only proper and fitting that they get the best there is. As I said before, to receive any financial gains, the choice seats in the house must be sold and cannot go to the students.

BERTRAM—I can't see that. What about the old college try and spirit? How can we cheer and back the team when we don't even sit behind them. Who ever heard of partison fans sitting behind the visiting team . . . that's absolutely absurd.

CLARENCE—We could argue all day but it all boils down to this, if we want name teams to come and play at Beaver Field, we must pay for them, and if we want to toy around with Class "Z" college teams then we can all sit around the 50-yard line because no one will be there to watch the game. You can't kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Gleaned From Prints

By AL RYAN

15 YEARS AGO

MANY CHANGES AND additions were being made to the equipment of the School of Physical Education and Athletics this month in 1938. The old wooden football stands were being replaced by modern steel stands; a new track, and four new tennis courts were being built.

Several carloads of steel girders had already arrived for the construction of the new stands, which when completed would seat 20,000. Director Hugo Bezdek was quoted as saying he "hoped to have the work completed before the first football game on the 6th of October."

Among letters pertaining to the early history of the College uncovered 15 years ago was one written by a student from Columbia who enrolled on February 24, 1859.

HE WROTE: "We are required to perform three hours of active labor every day, at whatever work they see fit to put us at—such as loading manure, cleaning stables, chopping wood . . . loading and hauling stones, carrying water, waiting on tables . . . sweeping out the College, emptying the chamber buckets, etc., which goes against some of the fellows' grain, but all kinds of work is equally honored and so we don't care."

Optimism ran high with the appointment of a senior to attend borough council meetings, starting that day in Sept. 1934, with a closer harmony between town and gown interests expected to result.

"If the student point of view is occasionally presented and considered," it was noted in The Penn State Collegian, "some glaring unpleasantnesses of the past year should be eliminated."

"Yeah, that was certainly some football game Saturday afternoon," a staff member of The Penn State Collegian wrote 15 years ago this week.

"The team that is going to Smear Syracuse, Crush Columbia, and Pile into Penn didn't look so hot. We got bored. Everybody got bored."

Tracking Down Tales



With the Staff

We hear from the grapevine that burly Chuck Drazenovich, Nittany Lion quarterback and Eastern Intercollegiate heavyweight boxing titleholder, and his roommate, Pete Borlo, have just redecorated the walls of their room in sage green and pink tones.

Chuck and Pete disagreed over the color for the wood work — the younger Drazenovich holding out for purple, while Borlo insisted that the wood, at least, be done in some "sane color."

Could have been an interesting experience . . . When Vivian Hartenbach, a McElwain sophomore, was assigned her big sister at the College.

The card she received from her big "sister" read as follows: "Miss Hartenbach, I was informed that I was to be a big sister to you at State this fall. I don't know if you were informed of this or not. Just in case you were, I thought that I had better let you know that I can't do this job because of a little misunderstanding. I have a name that can be male or female and it happens to be MALE. So I'm afraid that I can't be your big sister."

If I can be of any help, let me know. I live at Delta Theta Sigma.

Carroll L. Howes

TURNABOUT

Dean Haller of the Chem-Phys School reportedly answered a phone call to his office this week only to learn the caller wished to speak to his (the dean's) secretary.

"She's busy," he replied, "but could I take a message."

and the irony of it all. At Saturday's Villanova game a lady spectator fainted. When Linc Van Sickle, a campus law officer, helped carry the victim to the ambulance some "innocent" bystander proceeded to lift Van's Beaver Field pictorial out of his pocket.

At least one fraternity rushee was surprised to learn from his "brotherized" roommate that paddling an dhard hazing of pledges is frowned on at Penn State.

His worried look melted while he blurted out: "But dad told me that when he was in college they . . ."

Everything goes wrong. Two weary coeds, having suffered through registration and a losing battle with one of the local book stores, fought their way back to campus and the haven of McEl Hall. In the lobby, their hearts were momentarily gladdened by the sight of the letters in their mail boxes. Unable to work the combinations, they headed in silence for their rooms.

After a few futile attempts at unlocking the door, one of the coeds looked at it and muttered:

"Alpha Xi Delta? But I'm a Phi Mu."

The night dawned. "Good heavens, we're in Simmons."

In silence and embarrassment they turned and headed for McElwain.

You can't tell the use of all campus buildings by their name! An obviously new coed, who, having inquired about the Sparks Building, thought she was being ribbed when told the structure is dedicated to the liberal arts and not electrical engineering.

In case anyone else is confused, Burrowes has nothing to do with animal husbandry or mules and scheduling classes in Watts Hall won't teach anyone to manufacture light bulbs.

Last year a Penn State alumnus complained something like this via the mails to Ike Gilbert, grad manager of athletics:

"Why, at the Penn game, in Philly, I sat so far behind the goal posts I was one-half hour from State College."

Gazette

Tuesday, September 27

COLLEGE GLEE CLUB, 200, CH, 7 p.m.
PAN-HELL, meeting, 316 Sparks, 7 p.m.
BUSINESS STAFF, COLLEGIAN, 3 CH, 7 p.m.

PENN STATE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, 405 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.
WRA EXECUTIVE BOARD, White Hall, 7 p.m.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Monday: Jean Dupstadt, Shirley Keller, Willbur Diefenderfer, Joseph Kachan, Mary Romash.

Discharged Monday: Arthur Riitts.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Students interested in part-time employment with student agencies should apply at the Student Employment Office in the TUB, after semester schedules have been completed.

AT THE MOVIES

CATHAUM—Mr. Soft Touch.
STATE—Slattery's Hurricane.
NEWMARK—Lost One.