

Worth Trying

Worthwhile opportunities to buy necessary items at low prices come increasingly seldom in these days of inflated dollars. Still, many students on campus are passing up a fine thing when they fail to patronize the co-op store and book exchange located in the TUB.

REAL BARGAINS—sales on school supplies and used textbooks at low prices are available. Supply items are sold at ordinary market prices now, to be sure, but the golden harvest comes in the spring when rebates approaching 20 percent are made.

Used textbooks are sold at prices set by the people selling them, the book exchange taking only ten cents to handle the transaction for the benefit of both buyer and seller. Five cents is deducted from the set price given to the seller, and the other five added onto the set price paid by the buyer. Getting your textbooks at savings of 40 or 50 percent certainly warrants paying a nickel commission on each book.

Robert Gabriel and Richard Schweiker have been appointed managers of the co-op store, while Richard Evans has been handling the book store. Both the co-op store and the book exchange are student-operated enterprises, managed by and employing only students appointed by All-College Cabinet. It's a student venture. Students should give them a try.

—Jack Senior

Impressions

Penn State presents the entering outlander with a great variety of new impressions. Most of these inspire emotional reactions running all the way from sheer boredom to absolute indifference.

ONE IMPRESSION and one impression alone receives major attention from the cultured intellect of the healthy young American boy. It is, of course, the disgusting and even horrifying shortage of healthy young American girls, or any other kind, either. Let me elucidate, citing my own piteous case as a sort of reference point for all.

All of us sophomore men arrived here last week, entitled to one quarter of a woman, sound in wind and limb, and educated in the way she should go.

I got a lucky break at the start. My roommate arrived with a freshly broken heart, and ceremoniously donated to me his fractional holdings in the fickle ones. I was then sitting pretty with a full half of a woman, and I had just about decided which half I was interested in, when that low-life in the upper berth went out and met himself a blonde. He immediately reclaimed his stock in sex, and I was again back to fragments, a victim of the deadly ratio.

VENTURING FROTH to the local stockyards—I think you call it the TUB—I prepared to claim my due. Well, I must have led a good life, because, after lying quietly in wait before a certain secluded door, I actually managed to latch on to a big, beautiful, blond babe. What followed was sheer nightmare.

Two of my best and oldest friends oozed up with hungry expressions, and asked the BBBB what she was doing that evening. Figuring that was pretty obvious, I cried laughingly, "Down, Rover," and gave each a playful shove through a closed window. They are really swell fellows, and no one is happier than I to learn that the scars are healing nicely.

Later, having battled with my prize through hordes of similarly sex-starved old buddies, I strolled with her across the campus to the Lion Shrine.

Speaking of that remarkable animal, I noted with interest one young idealist from one of the less sophisticated centers, watching the girls pass the beast, waiting hopefully for a roar.

WHEN THIS BLONDE and I strolled past the prophet, no vocal activity beyond a debatable meow was to be noticed, but the cat's eyes lit up and his tail twitched three times. Now, I wonder . . . ?

Anyway, as I dragged my captive back to Atherton by the hair, I heard ten strokes from the local Tower of London, and noticed an odd flickering of lights in the dorm. When I attempted to board, a sweet old lady took me gently by both hands, murmured, "Ten o'clock, you know," and threw me down the stairs.

So, once again, I walk in solitary desperation. Considering such variables as the infamous Freshman Incarceration, the phases of the moon, and the family's stubborn attitude about buying me a Caddy convertible, I calculate that my next date should come sometime during the third year of my graduate studies.

My impressions, then, of Penn State? Nicest monastery a guy could ask for. Anybody for chess?

—Ronda Bonn

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Libby



"—And this is my youngest, who said the cutest thing last night, Boss—he said: 'Dadda, baby needs shoes!'—"

Traditionally Speaking The Obelisk

(This is the first in a series of columns explaining the history of various Penn State traditions, and structures on campus.)

WITH THE EXCEPTION of Old Main perhaps the first spot on campus that attracts the attention of the neophyte is the Mall.

When one walks up the Mall, past Main Engineering, he sees another structure with a legend, the obelisk or polyolith as it is often called.

To those who know the story behind the polyolith, it is an interesting legend and tradition.

THE MONUMENT was begun in 1898 by Thomas C. Hopkins, assistant professor of economic geology at the College. This geological obelisk contains 281 Pennsylvania commercial building stones from 139 localities. These stones are arranged in geologic order.

Built on a base six feet by six feet by two and one half feet thick, the obelisk weighed 53.4 tons and stood 32.7 feet high when erected.

This half-century old Penn State tradition was built for the purpose of studying the weathering qualities of the stones for the benefit of architects and builders.

—PAULY MOSS

Gleaned From Prints

By AL RYAN

40 YEARS AGO

Society and class banquets were a specialty at McAllister Dining Hall, which was advertised as "right on campus" and offering students of 40 years ago regular board at \$3 per week, with extras at cost.

"We keep the quality up because the quality keeps us up" and "try McAllister grub and be convinced" were the dining hall slogans.

—And in town the same students could buy a copy of the 1910 La Vie for \$2. The yearbook was heralded by both students and alumni as "absolutely the best and most original ever issued here."

MASS MEETINGS, "for the purpose of rousing that old time Penn State spirit," were scheduled for every night of that last week in Sept., 40 years ago, as the Nittany Lion sharpened its claws for the first tough gridiron tilt of the season.

Grove City's eleven was scheduled as a "warmer-upper," and bowed to State's men by exactly the same score as it had done the previous year—31-0.

Now the past-proved tough Carlisle Indians were next on the agenda, the game to be played at Wilkes-Barre. Statistics from five previous games with the Indians showed four decisive defeats for State with the Lions owning only one win—4-0.

Then game time, and a train load of Nittany fans on hand to watch what was predicted to be a slaughter.

The wooden stands rocked when State, trailing by 6-0 at the half, rallied and took the lead at 8-6 towards the final gun. But a late two points were tallied by the opposition on what a partisan writer called a poor referee decision and the game ended in an 8-8 tie.

Both jubilant and downcast the State rooters returned to the Nittany Valley that night. Those who went by rail arrived at Lemont and were later admonished for taking all the seats on the wagons and letting some of the football players be herded together in one small hack "in so small a place that some preferred walking up from Lemont carrying suit cases."

John C. Cook, research assistant in geophysics at the College, is looking for a pair of balloons he unwittingly set free in the Mauch Chunk-Allentown area. More valuable than the balloons is the small electric device which the balloons carried away with them when Cook's search for radio-active ore in exposed rock was interrupted by the accident.

Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

RUMORS REACH the Daily Collegian office that at the University of California, students may take out flunk insurance. The maximum, paid in case the insured becomes eligible to collect is \$100. Sounds like an easy way to make some much needed cash!

COULD BE THE Phi Kappa Tau house had to wrestle with the "state of the union" during rush week. With two rushees at the house named Barclay and Truman, it seemed more like a political caucus than rushing.

OVERHEARD IN REC HALL during orientation week: A frosh in Ath Hall seems to have the jump on the rest of us. Anita Tyler, from New Milford, flew down to the Nittany Vale to begin her studies here. Her father is president of the Flying Farmers of Pennsylvania. Hence the plane ride.

BILL DICKSON, junior journalism major, missed his journ class yesterday. Turns out that the "upperclaman" was attempting to go to his classes scheduled for Monday instead of Wednesday. And we think the frosh are the ones who are confused!

COINCIDENTAL? Sue Stern, senior, who was on an European tour for the summer, was walking down the street in a small Italian town and met a fellow who sat next to her in an English class here at State. Wonder if they broke into a "short yell State?"

And that's not all . . . Elliot Krane, sports editor of Collegian, bumming around Mexico this summer, ran smack into Jack Senior, of the same rag, on the main street of Mexico City. Had quite a reunion, we're told.

ANOTHER ITEM from the college exchange must have brought red faces to the members of seven University of California sororities who invited Mary Lou Ullrich to visit them. "Mary Lou" was Walter Robert Ullrich who, with the help of French heels, new look dress and strategically placed padding entered for a few days the "women's world."

Ullrich benefitted from his escapade by collecting 14 cups of tea, a dozen tiny sandwiches, 27 coeds' phone numbers and one from a house-mother.

Maybe Ullrich could give Penn State's "big sister" Carroll Howes, a few hints.

A FRESHMAN at Miami University may face expulsion for throwing a card from the flash card section during that school's game with Georgia.

The student is charged with committing an action that is a menace to the welfare and good name of the Miami University's Student Association.

The Safety Valve

Letters to the editor must be signed for inclusion in the Safety Valve, although names will be withheld on request. Telephone numbers and addresses must be included to facilitate verification of authenticity of signatures. Letters exceeding 200 words in length may be cut when required by space limitations.

Guilty Conscience

TO THE EDITOR: Thanks for the editorial on the "Mass Mishap" at the football game. I feel thoroughly chastised.

Although I was one of the last to "sail" my card, I very much wish I hadn't been such a stupid sheep, and the sting is still there.

I hope we can try the flash cards again, now that we know what it's all about.

—Atherton Coed

Gazette

Thursday, September 29

ALL-COLLEGE CABINET, 201 Old Main, 8 p. m.

CHAPEL CHOIR, Schwab Aud., 7 p. m.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Organization, 207-CH 6:45 p. m.

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB Mixer, 405 Old Main, 7 p. m.

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