

School Spirit

"School Spirit", is a topic about which many students speak but which none of them can clearly define. About the most outspoken manner in which to express this so-called spirit, the backbone which harbors Penn State traditions, is by cheering and yelling at pep rallies and at football games.

THE LIONS HAVE gathered great following during the past few years by virtue of their outstanding gridiron record. In the past, pep rallies and football encounters were well attended with the student body backing the "big white team" to the last second.

Gratitude for the team was especially evident on a dreary Sunday afternoon last November.

The Nittany gridders had just returned from a stunning upset at Pittsburgh. Few can remember a day when a State football team received a greater ovation and a heartier welcome than did the boys who stepped off the buses by Rec Hall.

Penn State once again proved to their team that they are not fair-weather fans.

No Gallup poll is necessary to recognize the fact that the future doesn't seem too rosy for Coach Joe Bedenk and his charges.

TONIGHT, ON THE eve of the Boston College tussle, dark clouds once again line the Nittany skies. Gone are the Suheys and Tamburos, gone are suitable replacements and for the first time since 1936 have the Lions dropped two contests in succession.

Right now is the time for the students to show the team that they haven't lost faith. Tonight the cheerleaders, the Blue Band and members of the Lion coaching staff and team will be at the pep rally.

Why don't you plan to be there too? Don't be a fair weather fan.

George Vadasz

The credit line for George Vadasz' editorial, "Overdue," in yesterday's Daily Collegian, was inadvertently omitted.

A Reality

Now that a non-discriminatory barber shop has been established in State College, the problem of patronage to keep the barber shop functioning arises.

Without patronage, the barber shop, an experiment in applied democracy, will fail.

ACTION TO establish this barber shop has been in the news for more than a year. State College went through a boycott of downtown barbers last year in an abortive effort to force a change in their policy of refusing to cut the hair of Negroes. To illustrate their belief in democracy, a few students even let their hair grow long.

Now the barber shop is a reality. It came about quietly—practically no one knew about it until the shop actually was in operation. The question is whether the students, who were so fervent for this democratic principle last year, will support the shop.

It's easy to get people whipped up into a white heat over an issue, but once something has been done about it, they so often forget about all their eloquent pronouncements.

If you believe in the non-discriminatory shop, patronize it and show that you are firm in your democratic convictions.

L. D. Gladfelter

Gazette

Friday, October 7

FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA, Summer and Fall officers 102 Ag. Ed. 7:00 p.m.
ALPHA NU, 105 Osmond 7:00 p.m.
CHURCH RECEPTION FOR STUDENTS, Methodist Church Gym 7:30 p.m.

"Hey—I Vote Too, You Know"



The Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

For most loyal Penn Staters, last Saturday's track meet with Army will bring back nothing but memories that shouldn't happen to a Quaker for years to come.

But it provided me with one pleasant reminiscence that occurred more than three years ago and involved an athletic contest.

THE TIE-BACK to this relic of the past came in the form of Mutual's crack announcer "Shaginaw crashes to the 33 for a first down. Galiffa fades to pass . . .", describing the antics of one Charles Shira, a yearling defensive tackle for Coach Earl Blaik's future "gentlemen by act of Congress."

It all happened back in the spring of 1946 in the quaint hamlet of Bad Nauheim, Germany. At the time I was a second lieutenant assigned to G-1, Headquarters Continental Base Section. Shira was then on duty with a headquarters MP company in the same town.

THUS IT WAS only natural that those of us who could boast of but a single gold bar tended to form into a protective clique against the slings and arrows of ex-sergeants turned chicken colonels.

At first meeting, Chuck Shira impressed me as nothing but a huge mass of homely muscle with a decided talent for saying "you-all." But as time went on this ungainly Texan and I became rather close friends.

One afternoon he came rushing into the club in an excitable manner unbecoming to taciturn Texans and began raving about charms of an American girl he had seen working at the PX the previous day. Knowing Chuck's taste in women, however, I merely downed another bourbon and soda and fervently hoped he'd get it all out of his system before I was scheduled for redeployment.

WHEN I MET the doll at a formal dinner a few nights later, however, my opinion of Mr. Shira, and Texans in general, increased a thousandfold. She was all he had described—and more.

Being normal, healthy American boys it was not unusual that both of us wanted to date what was then equivalent to a carton of American cigarettes. But when a southern gentleman's honor was at stake, it couldn't be any normal competition.

Shira the gallant, Shira the huge, insisted we settle the affair in a sporting manner. We would engage in an athletic contest, he said, the winner to have a clear field with the dark-haired beauty.

After much disagreement we settled on an archery match. True, I had never been any closer to a bow and arrow than one of Errol Flynn's movie epics, but Chuck generously offered to teach me the fundamentals.

I RECEIVED thirty minutes of intensive instruction in the art of "arching" and then we laid our future sex life on the block in what must have been one of the strangest archery matches of all time.

That afternoon I learned the return of the statement that the gods watch over sinners and fools. At least fools. Because strangely enough I won the match, and later, the girl.

As her dowry, and because she had influence in the PX lotteries, three wrist watches also accrued to the Robin Hood of Occupied Germany—me.

A few months later I was sent home, and Chuck's parting words were, "some day I'll settle that old score."

I often wondered how he intended to satisfy his ruffled ego. After Saturday's game, I know.

Safety Valve...

TO THE EDITOR: Here I am-back at State. And many things are unchanged. But someone is missing. Something is gone. Did you know this?

He was a profound scholar, a great teacher and a true friend. A quiet unassuming man who lived his Quaker faith. The kind of teacher that kindles inspiration. Inspiration so great that it does not lead to mere imitation but instead channels other careers, different futures. A teacher of life. One who knew how to derive great pleasures from simple things.

His name is Gerhardt G. Friedrich and his field was English. His many books, poems and articles proclaim his skill. Recognition from the Saturday Review of Literature and other distinguished men in his field speak for themselves.

What injustice has driven him from our campus? It's a crime that future Penn Staters shall not have the chance to study under or just to meet this man.

—An Education Major

Ed. Note—According to Dr. Brice Harris, head of the department of English Literature, Prof. Friedrich came here in 1947 after finishing his master's degree at Haverford College, taught two years at Penn State, and has now gone to the University of Minnesota to study for his PhD.



With The Staff

Frosh stuff . . . a blonde with a large green bow in her hair walked into the BX the other day and asked, "Do you have a psych book?" When the attendant inquired, "Psych what?" she answered with a tolerant smile, "Psychology."

Last Saturday's Collegian masthead includes an assistant on issue named Mary Krasnansky. Wonder what the Dean's office would think if they knew "Mary" has been living in Nittany Dorms. Her full name is Marvin Lawrence Krasnansky, but the printer insisted on an abbreviation!

Two Pollock Circle boys were strolling toward home when they noticed the large silver cup standing in a window of the Kappa Delta suite in McElwain.

"Gee," said the first, "look at that loving cup. What do you suppose they got that for?"

His friend answered with a note of exasperation—"What do you think?"

Although he had been sending letters home every single night, a certain soph had yet to receive any return mail. A buddy solved the mystery. He observed where the "troubled one" posted his letter, then pointed silently to the swinging lid on the corner "mail box" which bore the legend, "Trash."

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