

Hang Together

While they are "dying for dear ol' State" on the bench or in the game, football players generally pay little attention to actual words uttered by students as they cheer. The players' preoccupation with the game does not allow them to pay attention to specific mass thoughts of the crowd—such as "NI... Double T... AN... Y," but they say they are extremely conscious of the volume, the clamor of the cheering.

To the player, the noise is the thing. Increase the noise and you increase, in the player's mind, student support for his efforts in the game.

That's why it's a tradition at many schools to have at least a good representation of the student body sitting closest to the team bench at home games. When a player comes off the field, it's common sense to have the students, his most vociferous backers, there—behind the bench—to cheer him.

PLACE THE STUDENTS as near as possible to the team and you increase the clamor and team support to the highest possible point. This was evident this year, for example, in the seating of the Cadets at Michie Stadium and Michigan State students at Macklin Stadium.

In the present Beaver Field seating arrangement at Penn State, students are located mainly on the opposite side of the field from the team. Few arrangements could be worse if school spirit is to be maintained at its highest pitch.

It behooves those who decide on next year's Beaver Field seating chart to heed this point: Don't separate the students from their team. They should hang together, like bees or Scotchmen.

Ring Design

Promoted by student advocates of a change in ring design, All-College Cabinet, student government organ on campus, has created a committee to study—among other things—possibility of changing the design of the Penn State class ring.

Some maintain that the ring does not represent Penn State, that it contains a seal that is not that of the College but is a cross between the seal of the state and the seal of the College. They also point out that the word "The" is omitted from the official name of the College on the ring.

These arguments appear to hold water, on the surface. Further thought, however, tends to question whether they are not for the most part sieve-like.

SUBSTITUTING THE correct College seal (which appears at the top of page one of the Daily Collegian) for the seal now on the ring actually would mean little more than replacing two palm fronds with a double circle enclosing the name of the College and the date of founding. From an esthetic point of view, the circles would not enhance the beauty of the sides of the ring, as the two palms now do.

And if the seal on the present ring is now a "cross between that of the state and that of the College," perhaps it should remain as such, since Penn State is the state university of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and is associated in countless ways with the state as a whole.

Including the word "The" in the official name of the College is the lone point that bears much consideration in the design of the Penn State ring.

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The Clenched Fist Salute



The Gripes of Roth

By RED ROTH

Science, turning its attention from the atom bomb for just a few moments, fixed its intensive gaze on sex. Having looked once, it got interested.

Now the boys with retorts and beakers have trained their microscopes on love and subjected it to the same searching analysis they earlier gave E—mc2.

THE RESULTS, while probably not as earthshaking as the end results of atomic research, are undoubtedly of more interest to the average student. Some of the facts released by the university professors who did the hormone-studying lead to the conclusion that love, besides being a wonderful thing, is an intricate phenomenon about which we have much to learn.

"Live to learn," says the motto above the door to 121 Sparks. So it looks as if you want to learn about romance you'll have to sample same.

Here are a few facts the observers discovered, however, and which readers may either take at face value or put to the test in practical work.

According to Dr. Earnest A. Hooton, Harvard anthropologist, you can tell about a man's qualities as a future husband by merely looking at his shape. This should cause a real furor about campus with coeds whistling at manly chests instead of vice versa.

THE TALL, STRING-BEAN type will porve self-conscious, introspective, secretive, and oversensitive. Although Dr. Hooton doesn't say so, after all that he probably won't have much time to devote to being a husband.

The "stylishly-slout" male, on the other hand, is a good mixer, relaxed, tolerant, and affectionate. The third type, the bone-and muscle man of the Phys Ed school, is callous, loud, and aggressive, especially when intoxicated. With a mouth-sized piece of tape and a pledge of temperance, the average coed could probably make this he-man into some sort of tolerable spouse.

A second deduction, based on studies carried out at the University of Wisconsin, should prove no eye-opener to men at Penn State. The Badger scientists are adamant in declaring that women's moral standards are higher than men's. No indication is given as to how the Wisconsin researchers obtained the facts they based this decision on. 'Nuff said.

JUST AS A WOMAN can tell what sort of a husband a man will make by his body build, so can a man determine what sort of wife a girl will make by studying her hair coloring.

With qualifications, authorities found that blondes tended to be less stable in their affections, more aggressive, changeable, and quick-acting than brunettes. No mention whatsoever is made of red-heads. Could it be that strawberry-blondes are either doomed to an old-maid's existence or a life of immorality? That's what the findings seem to indicate.

Lastly, and this too should cause no raised eyebrows in the shadow of Mt. Nittany, observers found that of the two sexes (are there more?), man is by far the more trusting. Which proves once again the weaker sex can pull the wool over her beau's eyes and the poor sucker will be gullible enough to believe she's going to use it to knit him a pair of argyles.

That's just about all there is to this business of love. With a few facts like these you know exactly how to go out and pick the perfect mate, and after picking either him or her, how to treat your catch.

Did I hear someone say, "who's he kidding?"

Gazette

Tuesday, October 25
COLLEGIAN BUSINESS staff candidates, 3 CH, 7 p.m.
COLLEGIAN ADVERTISING, soph, junior boards, 9 CH, 7 p.m.
DUPLICATE BRIDGE CLUB, TUB, 7 p.m.
COLLEGIAN EDIT, junior board, 100 CH, 7 p.m.
CIVIL LIBERTIES, committee, 5 Sparks, 7:30 p.m.
COLLEGE HOSPITAL
Admitted Sunday: Leonard Bartek, Sally Searight, Raymond Hederick, Fred Felbaum, Paul Kelly, Edward Hoover.
Admitted Monday: Martha Baltzell, Donald Crummy, Marie Card, Polly Heldenbrand, Glenn Haney.

Safety Valve . . .

Mouldy Men

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to the "boys of McAllister" who were confused about the Nittany Lion song.

The girls in McAllister have found a solution. Why not compromise on that chorus and sing "Mom of Moldy Men"? Just trying to be helpful! —The Girls of McAllister

Bonus Booster

TO THE EDITOR: I am not enrolled at Penn State. The fact is, I am not a graduate of any school, but rather, one of the hired help. In this event, you shall probably think I am prejudiced on the subject which I am about to bring forth, but actually I try to be impartial.

And the subject? Naturally, "The Soldiers Bonus." The recent discussion in your paper by Herb Stein was one of the things that prompted it. But in this case, I am not interested in discussing his mainpoints—In my case it is in relationship to the "G. I. Bill", an unstressed subject.

In my work, we come in contact with some part-time students, whom, incidentally are darned nice fellows. But they tell me there is a faction of the students who are against the bonus. Of course there are quite a few cases of this—but I find they are all persons have taken advantage in some way of the "G. I. Bill." And most of it has been to word education.

Now, I'm not against this at all, but I myself do not have a college inclination and therefore have not taken advantage of the "Bill". So my argument is that I have not received quite as much from the government and therefore, the bonus would be some compensation, for what very little we did.

Most of the "G. I.'s" in college, are like myself.—They can put the money in damned good use and not waste it foolishly. So, this letter is addressed only to that small group of plutocrats who consider themselves to good to accept this "unnecessary gift."

Bob Forsburg

Letter Cut Ordnance Research Lab.

Aid Appreciated

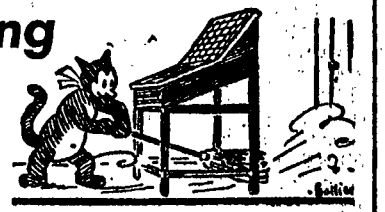
TO THE EDITOR: Recently it was necessary for me to secure a book reference from the College library in order to complete an important assignment.

After extensive research in both the Card Catalogues, I was still unable to locate the reference.

I then called on one of the circulation librarians for assistance. Although busy at the moment herself she took the time and trouble to locate the much needed reference for me. Her patience and helpfulness was much appreciated and I think that both she and all the other librarians should be commended for the splendid job they are doing.

—A Graduate Student

Tracking Down Tales



With The Staff

Four freshman women had their first dates last week with four BMOC's whom they won on the State party raffle. Winner in the drawing were Ray Williams, Joanne McNally, Barbara Baker and Ann Stuck. The four lucky prizes were State politicians Robert Keller, Joel Bachman, Richard Wertz and Joel Fleming.

The leisurely game of chess was turned into a speed marathon last week when the Chess Club held its annual rapid-transit tournament. Twelve entrants played a total of 121 games in three hours. The winner of the match was the club champion Durwood Hatch.

One Way to solve the baby-sitting problem: Two sophomores widely searching for a room finally found one on Atherton street in a house occupied by a graduate student. The only stipulation—baby-sitting for the grad student's three offspring.

An entire Geology 20 class was almost destroyed the other day by a Bellefonte Central handcar. Seems the schedule called for the group to admire an outcrop along the railroad tracks. The spot is on a curve and a handcar running without lights, flag, whistle or schedule came booming down the track at 10 miles per hour scattering the scientists in all directions. Only damage reported was to nerves.

Overheard in the diner . . . A group of students at the College were kidding one of their buddies about his adeptness at obtaining admission to football games gratis. To which the buddy made the quick retort that his next move would be to get Joe Bedenk to switch the mascot from a lion to a kangaroo so he could sneak in in the pouch.

On the Mall: Perhaps there is still hope for the recovery of the old Penn State "hello" spirit. A toddler of about two was observer running up and down the Mall greeting each person she meet with a smile and "hello." It's a cinch she didn't learn that from her elders at State.