

True Champ

This morning, in a Lancaster cemetery, the final lines of an era, long-to-be-remembered, will be written.

Leo Houck, the much admired "doctor" of the boxing ring, for the first time took the full count.

In more than 200 professional fights he was never knocked out, and he used to proclaim, "They'll never knock me out." But this time he met an opponent who has yet to be beaten.

His last few rounds were hard ones. He fought back with everything he had. And . . . for a while it seemed that his road to recovery would take an upswing.

BUT AROUND Christmas the gong sounded for the final round.

His thousands of friends and followers watched intently.

Houck, only a skeleton of the old-time fighter, kept fighting. Everyone was amazed at his bulldogishness.

They knew no medical wizardry could help him. They gave up all hope. Leo didn't.

Then suddenly, at 2:45 last Saturday afternoon, the referee counted ten. Leo was down and out.

He didn't go disgracefully, he went down like the true champion he was.

THE ATHLETIC REALM, as well as the College, lost a great friend and fighter.

One thing is certain, Penn State suffered a severe blow, it lost one of its greatest coaches and leaders.

Penn State will never forget . . .
—George Vadasz

Little Man On Campus by Bible



"Are you all ready to start makin' out finals, Professor Snarf, or should I run out for another package of marijuana?"

Safety Valve . . .

Mature Level

TO THE EDITOR: ". . . it seems a lot of fun to reminisce about the time customs were a serious thing that struck fear into the heart of every bewildered frosh." This was written by a college student. Bless his pointed little head. The type of individual who derives the obviously sadistic pleasure of making it rough on freshmen should have a size twelve ski boot applied to his derriere.

Most of the prospective freshmen crop will be away from home for the first time when they hit Penn State. Instead of a welcome, and a helping hand in their problem of adjustment to a new environment, this scholar, for want of a better word, suggests ridicule and punishment to fit the "crimes."

The "Hello Spirit" movement of last year with small name tags for new students was, in my opinion, a much greater stride toward freshman integration than the dinks, bows, and other playthings of a small group of frustrated upperclassmen. It took a war and more mature students returning to college to do away with customs; let's keep college on this mature level.

—Lee Rubin

Why Not Willard?

TO THE EDITOR: Why might it not be a good solution to the problem of registration for next semester to have the registration in Willard Hall instead of Rec Hall? You could have two single lines entering the building by the two side doors on the south.

They would go up the stairs to the first floor where they would fill out their registration blanks (instead of the classrooms (instead of the main floor of Rec Hall), pass the checkers in the main lobby and then go right down to the Bursars Office to pay their bills. The Bursar wouldn't even have to move. If the first floor alone would not provide room, why not add the second floor, too? It would fit the same pattern.

—William T. Thom. 3rd.

Ed. Note: No bills are paid at the time of registration but we think the suggestion is worth consideration.

Exchange News

THE DAILY CARDINAL, University of Wisconsin: A university administration committee has asked the faculty to keep a closer watch on cheating in final exams.

The committee on student personnel passed on to the faculty five suggestions: Have enough proctors, and have them vigilant.

If objective examinations are used, make more than one form of the examination.

Require students to sit a good distance apart.

Prepare examinations that depend more upon independent thinking synthesis and less rote memory and reproduction.

Apprehend and penalize offenders.

'Disgusties Present'

Our favorite and only radio station in State College and Bellefonte has the debatable good fortune to be tied up with a network whose vast fortune is built on a sky-high pile of corn-flake box-tops. Having a sort of corner on the kiddie market between 5 and 6 o'clock, Mutual floods the ether with thundering hoofbeats, twanging arrows, singing six-guns, and baddies slinging such vile oaths as "Cuss you," "Dang yore hide," and, in especially tense situations, "Dag-gone the luck!"

NOW, IT IS AN old principle in advertising that you can't make a kid eat cereal because it tastes good, mainly because cereal doesn't taste good. For years, announcers oooed and aaahhhed, and yummmmd and sluuuurrrped and suffered generally from gastric delight—all in vain, because the heartless little monsters refused point blank to "Mosey on daown to the cookshack and tell yore maw to mosey on daown to the gin'ul store and git a carton of scrumptious, luscious, Disgusties!" The kids listened to the programs—pretty generous of them, considering the programs—but did little or no moseying.

Thus originated radio's first giveaway show. Some smart sponsor coughed up half a dollar for fifty thousand pocket spectroscopes and offered them to the ornery audience at two box-tops per. He struck oil. Overnight kids all over the civilized world realized that without a pocket spectroscope life was a mere existence. Since "You can't buy these keen spectroscopes in stores anywhere," the box-top purchase was the only way, and Disgusties was back on its feet.

Well, like the fellow's hopes in "Seeing Nellie Home," these programs have lived and grown. They have become in effect concentrated half-hour efforts to sell keen wrist radios, and keen jewelry to the kids. Nowadays, the detective's life is saved not by a faithful police dog, but by a little gadget that you wind toothpaste tubes on so as to get more tooth-paste out of them, and you too can have one just like Dick Fosdick's, in pink, white, or chartreuse, for a dime and two box-tops.

SO HELP US, a cowboy recently went over a square mile of rangeland, inch by inch, with a keen bullet telescope clamped to his keen eye and thus discovered a trapdoor in seemingly solid prairie down which the rustlers had been driving tens of thousands of stolen cows—opps, dogies. The keen telescope is, as you might imagine, available for the usual extortionate lid-and-dime ransom.

Chubby little fingers across the country are turning gangrenous, their blood supply choked by adjustable rings bearing such diverse objects as indian heads, secret decoders, flashlights, and pornographic viewers that mother thinks are just glass stones. Blood is flowing copiously from nicks in little hides, the nicks traceable to small, efficient pocket knives bearing autographs of various cowboy heroes. The youth of America is threatened as never before with a horrible doom.

And at the last, if they have avoided all the dangers of these gifts, they die horribly of overconsumption of Disgusties. Obviously, something will have to be done. But don't ask this child to do it; we've got to go listen to Straight Arrow.

—RON BONN

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Gazette

Wednesday, January 25

- BARBELL CLUB, Rec Hall, 7 p.m.
- CHESS CLUB, 3 Sparks, 7 p.m.
- NEWMAN CLUB Discussion Group, church basement, 7 p.m.
- PSCA ROUNDTABLE, 304 Old Main, 7:30 p.m.
- WRA BADMINTON CLUB, WH, 8:30 p.m.
- WRA BOWLING CLUB, (advanced), WH, 7 p.m.
- WRA CONCERT GROUP, WH, 8 p.m.
- WRA DANCE CLUB, WH, 7 p.m.
- WRA OUTING CLUB, WH, 7 p.m.
- WRA SWIMMING CLUB (beginners and intermediates), WH, 7:30 p.m.

COLLEGE PLACEMENT

Further information concerning interviews and job placements can be obtained in 112 Old Main.

Mergenthaler Linotype Co., Jan. 26. February grads in ME for sales positions.

General Electric Co., Jan. 31. PhD candidates in Metal, Cer, and Solid State Phys.

COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Admitted Monday: Michael Perta, Madeline Gardner.

Admitted Tuesday: Abraham Katowitz, Roger Colborn.

Discharged Tuesday: John O'Donnell, Francis Angeloni.

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