

## 'On The Ball'

By RAY KOEHLER  
Sports Editor

### Memoirs Of A Lost Weekend



A pre-game dope story on the anticipated Pitt-Penn State football encounter stated last week that this 50th meeting would be like none other in the history of the classic rivalry. Little did the author of that piece realize how prophetic his words would be.

While a holiday trek to Pittsburgh may have looked like an adventurous and quite enjoyable undertaking to stay-at-home students, those who ventured the trip now have their own picturesque description for what was turned into a weekend nightmare.

Let's take the example of one party—that including the writer. Normally the trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh should not take longer than seven hours. Together with the Collegian's football writer, Marv Krasnansky, football feature writer George "I Love Freshmen" Glazer (whose Frazer we started out in), and John Schulte, our group hit the road about 2 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Sixteen hours later an ice-covered Pontiac Catalina poked its streamlined hood onto Pittsburgh's Penn avenue. Within huddled five bleary-eyed voyagers.

What, you may ask, had happened to the Glazer Frazer? And how come there are now five in the safari? Well, dear reader, the remainder of the story now takes on a slightly confused blur. Stick with us and we'll attempt to baffle you completely.

Progressing some 50 miles from Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania Turnpike our Frazer developed a mysterious knock which we passed off with a shrug of the shoulders. Before we had added two more miles to the speedometer the mysterious knock had turned into a musical bo-i-n-g. We came to a dead halt some 270 miles from our destination.

Leaving us to guard the car, Glazer—in his shirtsleeves—hailed a passing motorist, spat disdainfully upon the deceased engine, and sped off toward the nearest service station. "Be back in 15 minutes," he called.

An hour and one-half later we decided to take out after our missing companion. Piling luggage, and ourselves, into the back of a greasy repair truck we started off on a breezy ride down ten miles of open highway.

In the meantime, Glazer had returned—but now he could not locate his car. Later he related how he ran wildly up and down three miles of the Turnpike before being picked up by two State Policemen. Coming upon the car standing dark and deserted the policemen immediately spread an order to all prowling cars in the immediate vicinity to pick up three youths carrying luggage.

Meanwhile, upon reaching the selfsame gas station, we were informed that Glazer had just departed. Overhearing our plight, a saintly gentleman offered us a ride in his 1950 Pontiac. That's how come our entrance into Pittsburgh in a strange car.

Now appeared the fifth voyager on the scene, a quaint character claiming to be an Amherst man hitch-hiking to St. Louis. During the remainder of the trip the guy assumed a Hindu-like pose in the rear of the car. We knew he had a vocabulary because he uttered about three words—one of them being "ouch!" when I slammed the door on his head as he attempted to extricate himself from his luggage at one of our frequent stops.

Matters progressed smoothly until we hit the Somerset portion of the Turnpike where a blinding combination of snow, hail, and rain greeted us like long-lost brothers. Every few miles we were forced to literally "get out and get under" as the ice formations on the wind-shield made it an impossibility to see more than twenty feet ahead.

The crowning blow came when we approached a sign which read, "Careful! This road may be slippery when wet."

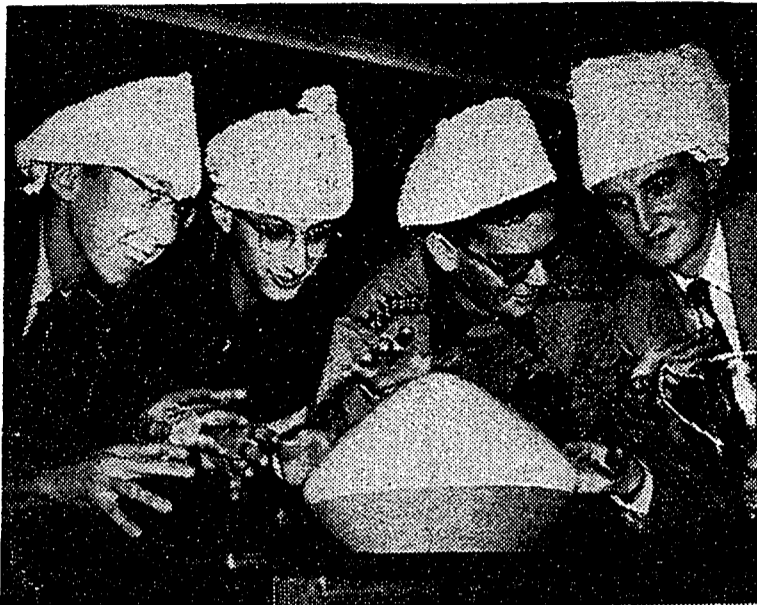
Our driver, a bronco-buster from way back, was a darling sort of a chap with a "damn the consequences—full speed ahead" attitude. Threading his way through the maze of stalled cars, buses, and giant trailer trucks he finally brought us through.

Dripping water like a shaggy dog coming in out of a rain shower, we found our reservations at a Pittsburgh hotel cancelled. We finally wound up at a hostelry where for the nominal sum of \$10 we were allowed to repose for the remaining hours before gametime.

One can imagine the vague annoyance we felt when informed later that the football game had been postponed. Krasnansky and I looked at each other, and what followed could not have been printed even in Froth. Marzaglia la futball!

But what of Glazer? Was his scrawny body lying lifeless somewhere beneath a snow-covered pier? Uh-uh. Entering a local beanery that afternoon we were startled to see George come stumbling toward us while uttering hoarse cries. As it turned out, he had taken a train from Ephrata and arrived hours before we had.

## Wait 'Till Next Year



— Collegian Photo by Stone

THE DAILY COLLEGIAN swamis peer fearlessly into their crystal ball which has become misshapen from constant polishing. Champ Ray Koehler clutches the winner's cup as runnerup Marv Krasnansky eyes it enviously. Continuing from right to left, George Glazer and Art Benning leer at the goddess of luck who kept them from matching the champ's .645 average.

## Swamis' Sour Year Ends On Sad Note

The Daily Collegian swamis wound up a dismal season on an even more dismal football day Saturday. With the elements playing havoc with statistics and pre-game ratings, the four swamis each pulled only six wins out of the thirteen tries.

As a result, Sports editor Ray Koehler moved into the lead by a mere four ten-thousandths of a point, to capture the swami championship for the second consecutive year.

On the basis of picking more games throughout the year, Koehler's average dropped only 20 points to .6456, while Marvin Krasnansky's rating dropped off sharply 30 points to .6452.

### Swamis Protest

Reminiscent of the 1949 finish in the American League batting championship when George Kell, Detroit third baseman, outhit Ted Williams, of the Boston Red Sox, in a similar close finish, the final tabulations brought numerous squawks from the prognosticators.

The loudest one came from Krasnansky, who immediately proclaimed, "I demand a recount!" George Glazer, who finished in third place with a .594 average, and Art Benning, who faded badly since losing his wisdom teeth, took the boobie prize with .588. Both Glazer and Benning demanded an additional week to pick more games to enable them to climb out of the "500 club," so they hoped.

This year's swami group added a little spice to the proceedings by inviting famous sports editors and other guests to pick winners along with them. The guests were Chet Smith, Pittsburgh Press; Al Abrams, Pittsburgh Post Gazette; Gordon Williams, Reading Times; Art Daley, New York Times; Ed Watson, Centre Daily Times; Bob Kotzbauer, Lock Haven Express; and ye gads, Miss Grace Henderson, Dean of the School of Home Economics. A letter to Hollywood's Jane Russell failed to bring a reply, much to the swamis' regret.

In a season full of upsets and constant setbacks, our swamis are keeping their heads high, and hoping for better luck next time. Koehler and Benning have picked their last games for Collegian. Glazer and Krasnansky are eligible to give it another try next year.

## Maurauders Win; Renick Tallies 20

A high-scoring outfit named the Marauders vaulted into contention in the intramural independent basketball league by stopping the Rockets Wednesday by the unusually high score of 38-12. Keith Renick led the winners to their initial triumph by combining nine field goals and two fouls for twenty points.

For the opposite extreme in scoring in the same league (I), the Pre-Vets nosed out the Blackfeet, 8-6. Also in league I, the Bees downed the Coal Crackers, 21-16, and the Knights, led by Schaeffer's 10 markers, topped the Barons, 18-15, in spite of the fact that Snyder garnered all of the Baron's 15 points.

In league H, the Happy Loser's Gene Fink bucketed 8 points to lead his squad to a 27-23 victory over the Keys. The Happy Losers rallied from a 14-12 half-time deficit.

Another contest in league H saw the Rustlers edge the New-manites, 14-12, as Bud Rine- (Continued on page eight)

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## WHAT MAKES TEDDY'S TICK

CHAPTER II

By  
Short Handled Spade

Yes, I had been foiled before, but this time it was going to be different. I'd uncover the fascination of this restaurant. I'd solve this mystery. All this I thought to myself as I once again entered the place called "TEDDY'S" at the corner of Beaver and Pugh.

It was dinner time and there was a crowd. Nevertheless I found a seat along the long counter. I sat down. I was handed a remarkable menu. It listed dinners for 65! Skeptically I ordered liver and onions. In a moment I had warm food; I had tantalizing food; I had delicious food, and I had lots of it. I ate. I ordered another cup of coffee and asked for my check.

It totaled 70!

Liver, onions, potatoes, peas, corn, bread, butter, and two cups of coffee, all for 70!

Later that night a beautiful blond I know asked me how I was making out on my latest case. I told her that she was my only love and then realized that she had meant this Teddy's tickler. I replied, "I haven't made any progress, baby, but I sure am enjoying my work!"

To Be Continued

## Gridders Face Bestwick—

(Continued from page four) this year to bring his three season total to 650 yards.

At the same time, however, Nitany pass defenders have held the opposition to 571 yards in 8 games, for an average of 71 yards per contest. The Panthers have totaled 965 yards in the same number of outings.

That the Panthers have relied heavily on their passing game is indicated by the statistics which show them to have thrown 155 passes while rushing the ball 332 times. They have gained but 725 yards on the ground.

While the Panthers have developed a powerful passing game, their own pass defense could stand improvement. Opposition aerialists have connected on 82 of 164 attempts for 1090 yards.

The comparative figures are, of course, tempered by the difference in schedules. The Panthers, winning but one of their first eight engagements, have played one of the toughest schedules in the East.

The Lions themselves, have a potent pass-catch duo in quarterback Vince O'Bara and end John

Smidansky. After a slow start, O'Bara has come along fast in the past few weeks. His passing has sparked State to three straight victories.

O'Bara has completed 35 passes in 97 attempts for 594 yards, while Smidansky has caught 24 passes for 337 yards.

Both teams are expected to be at full strength for the skirmish. End Art Betts, injured against Rutgers, will probably be ready for action. He is the only Lion still doubtful.

Casanova expects to have his first string backfield intact for the first time within a month. The starting backfield of Bestwick, halfbacks Bill Sichko and Bill Reynolds, and fullback Joe Capp has had one or more of its members missing most of the year.

Tackle Charley Yost, sidelined since the opening play of the season, is also expected back in action.

The Lions arrived in Pittsburgh early today. Weather conditions permitting, the team will work out in Forbes field this afternoon. The squad will be quartered in the Hotel Schenley.

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