

Lion Cagers Open Season With Ithaca Five

Gross Starts 4 Veterans In 8 O'clock Rec Hall Tilt

By ERNIE MOORE

Elmer Gross will draw open the curtain on the Penn State winter sport season tonight when his Nittany Lion basketball team plays host to Ithaca college.

An enthusiastic opening night crowd is expected to fill Rec hall at 8 o'clock to watch the Lion cagers break the seal on their 1950-51 campaign.

Just what kind of a team Gross has this year is still a question. The loss of Marty Costa and Lee Schisler, both scal-

ing well over the 6 foot mark, is evident in the lack of height on this year's squad. The graduation of Joe Tocci along with Costa will probably be felt in the scoring column.

But as Gross says, "The team is more aggressive and faster than last year." Whether the lack of height and potential scoring power can be made up in speed and aggressiveness is still in doubt.

Foe's Height Advantage

The Ithacans come to the Nittany lair with two advantages. They already have one game under their belts and, in addition, hold a first-team average height of 6 feet 2 inches compared to State's average of a little over 6 feet.

Last Friday, Coach Ben Light's team opened its season with a 73-54 triumph over little Wilkes college.

With only four men returning from last year's squad that won 13 and lost 7, Light was forced to look to sophomores for help. He seems to have been pretty successful as only one letterman, Lew Bennett, 6 foot 5 inch center, has been able to break into the starting lineup.

Four Sophomores

The other four positions on the first team are filled by sophomores Greg Cordones, 6-2, Al Gilberti, 6-even, Don Howard, 6-2, and Rog Moore, 6-1.

Reports from Ithaca hint that Light may employ a two platoon system. If so, the second five will be composed of Ray Kirkgasser, another veteran of last year's squad, and Burton Maskin, a diminutive sophomore, at the guard positions; Dick Osmer, the only other returning letterman, at center.

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'On The Ball'



BY RAY KOEHLER
Sports Editor

For years Mr. Jones followed a strict Saturday regimen consisting of his collapsing on a davenport, snapping on the radio, and then settling down to enjoy an afternoon of football. Never, in that time had his wife shown the slightest interest in the game. Now Junior, her son, is the star of the local team and so she at last persuades Dad to take her out to the grid game.

Harry, I can't see why anyone would want to come to a game on a day like this. I'm sure we'll all catch our death of cold. And those shameless girls down on the field there. The ones in the short dresses, I mean. If I had legs like her I'd wear slacks.



Oh! Look at that girl down there. She's wearing a hat just like mine. And I wish you'd look at whom she's with. I just can't wait to tell Dot about this.

What's this, a menu? Oh, Junior's picture is in it. Yes, there he is. And I'm sure I've seen that boy before. He must be an Anderson—he has the Anderson nose.

Here comes the other team, dear. Tsk, tsk, look how well built they are in their blue and white union suits. They aren't union suits? You could have fooled me.

Run, Junior, run, that's... ooh, did you see what that big ruffian on the other team did? He knocked Junior down—Hit 'im back, Junior. Oh, I see. He doesn't have the ball. The one who had the ball is being stomped on over there.

Isn't that boy good-looking? Who is he? The right end? He looks all right to me, too. But why is he knocking everybody down? You can tell what sort of a home he comes from.

Look at that boy throw the ball! You mean that's called 'making a pass'? That isn't what I remember of making a pass. No wonder that other boy dropped it. You say the ball is called a pigskin and everybody knows pigs are such horribly, greasy things.

There goes that little man in the loud black and white striped shirt again. He must be for our side—every time our team does anything, he blows his whistle and waves his red handkerchief around. Must be from the country. But that's real school spirit.

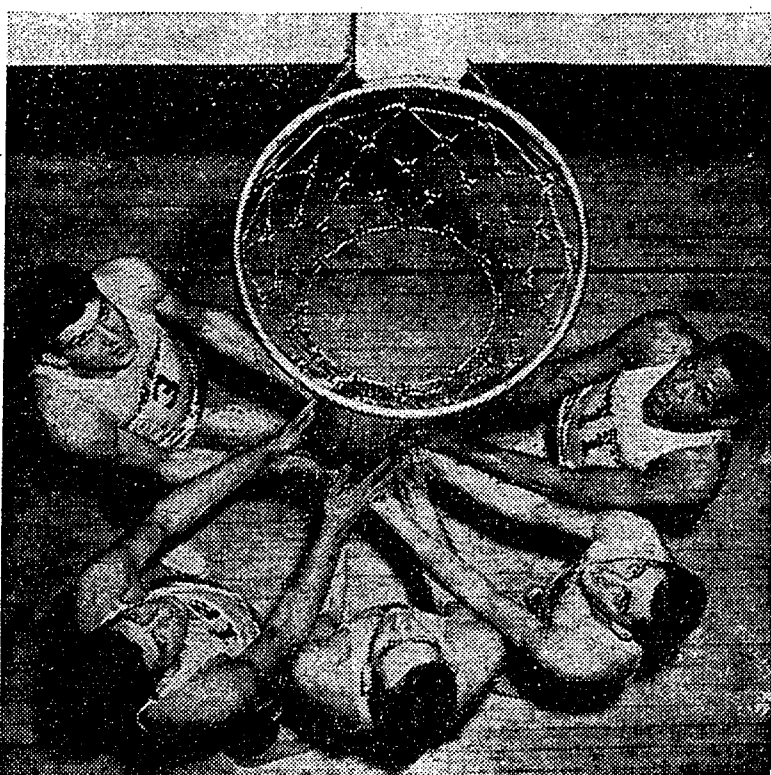
Is the game over? Everybody is running off the field. I told you to bring an umbrella along. Oh, it's the half. Look at her do there, again. How does she sit a front seat with all those boys?

The boys are back, and there's that right end again. He must see somebody in the stands he knows. Look how he keeps jumping up and down and waving his arms.

Look at our team go, Harry—watch your language. You might just as well have called it an unclothed reverse. What did you say? Running around his own right end? That sounds awfully complicated. He must be a contortionist.

Well, at last he went over the end line. See—see, I told you that man in the striped shirt is on our side. When the touchdown was made he jumped and threw his arms straight up in the air.

You mean the game's over? And our team won 7 to 0? Isn't that nice. Junior will be so happy. Now that I know all about football, I'm coming to all the games—Harry, don't look at me like that.



LOOKING UP at the basket through which they hope to pour enough points tonight to top Ithaca college are the five Lion basketball players who will start against the Bombers. There are (L-R) Captain Lou Lamie, Jay 'Tiny' McMahan, Frank Moore, Ted Panoles, and Hardy Williams.

Hell 'r High Water

Harriers Defeat Storm To Garner NCAA Title

By RAY GALANT

In referring to Penn State's cross country victory in the recent N.C.A.A. run many an unknowing fan regarded the victory as a close decision.

Actually the two point, 53-55, margin that enabled Coach Chick Werner's harriers to close out an undefeated season on the record book leaves half the story untold.



Chick Werner

It can best be related by the man who molded this year's championship team, Chick Werner. In telling the story Werner states that the Lions beat everything—including high water—to get to the N.C.A.A. run at East Lansing, Mich.

"The kids beat everything—the weather, loss of sleep, hunger, and the nation's top runners," says Werner.

A Fatigued Group

Encountering the paralyzing storm that engulfed Pennsylvania, the boys were on their feet most of the time from the time they left State College Saturday morning until they arrived at East Lansing late Sunday night.

According to Werner, "The hardest going was between State and Tyrone where we were to catch our train to Pittsburgh. We made it in less than two hours, but we had to ford streams, and finally, in Tyrone itself, we found ourselves in water that actually ran into the doors of our cars."

The worst was yet to come for the Nittany harriers. The 10:28 a.m. train out of Tyrone didn't leave until 1:30 p.m. The train

which was supposed to arrive in Pittsburgh at 1:45 made its way into the smoky city at 9:30. The train had no dining car and the Lion cross countrymen were without food until arriving at Pitt.

All-Night Vigil

Werner went on to say, "Pittsburgh was completely storm-bound. There was no transportation. Trains came straggling in throughout the night, and everybody had to stay in the station which had no heat. We were jam-packed. The boys just stood around killing their legs."

Bill Gordon, who spent a few days at home in Jeanette, Pa., joined the team in Pittsburgh. And the Gordon tale adds more woe to the story of the men who brought home the national crown. Gordon spent the night before he was to leave for the trip to Michigan with some friends in a town ten miles from his home. He awoke the next morning to find himself snowbound.

Bill walked ten miles to his home, packed his bag, and then walked another five miles to catch a train to Pittsburgh.

Tired And Sleepy

Werner continues with his story, "We boarded a train for Detroit at 6 a.m. Sunday morning. The train had no heat or dining car. We were so tired we just crawled in between the cold sheets and tried sleeping until

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