

Garrett Praised By Lion Coach

By HERM WEISKOPF

Nittany cross-country Coach Chick Werner had nothing but praise for Ted Garrett after the Lions defeated Michigan State on Saturday.

Garrett, who was Captain for the meet with the Spartans, came through with his finest performance since coming to the Nittany Valley. His fourth place finish played a vital role in the Lions' first victory of the season.

"Much of the credit for our win," Werner said, "must go to Garrett. He did a fine job of leading and inspiring the team."

At Ambridge High School Garrett established a reputation as one of the top hill-and-dalers in the state. During his junior year he won all but one meet and finished the campaign by placing second in the PIAA run. Garrett won the PIAA, AMA, and WPIAL titles in his senior year.

In both his junior and senior years Red Hollen, former Nittany cross-country and track star, finished one place behind Garrett. However, when the two ran side by side for the Lions last year Hollen placed ahead of Garrett. Why? Garrett pointed out that Hollen kept on running from the time he graduated from high school until he got his diploma from the University this spring. This gave Hollen the advantage, since Garrett spent two seasons on the sidelines because he transferred from one college to another.

Went to Pitt, So. Cal.

Garrett started out at Pitt, began anew at Southern California, and then, entered the University. During this period of moving about Garrett lost some of his athletic eligibility.

Last season Garrett placed sixth against Cornell, 14th in a triangular meet with Navy and Georgetown, 11th against Michigan State, and fifth in the Manhattan meet.

This year he started out with an eighth place finish in a triangular battle with Navy and Villanova. At Ithaca, N.Y., Garrett became ill and was unable to compete against Cornell. Then came Saturday. The responsibility of being captain for a day worked wonders with Garrett, and his position in the No. 4 slot set a fire under the rest of the team. Michigan State's Big Ten and IC4A titlists got nothing but smoke from the fire and fell before the Nittany harriers, 23-36.

First Meet

Before his first cross-country meet in high school Garrett was told by his coach to "follow that guy and you'll finish near the top." Garrett followed the orders and soon found that he was in second place.

However, when the two runners came to a tunnel the harrier in the lead stopped. "I figured he was going to wait until the others had passed and then he would take a short cut around the tunnel," the little speedster said.

As it turned out, the other runner didn't take a short cut. When Garrett asked him why he had paused, he replied that he was "tired and just resting." Garrett started running again, winding up in second place. The other runner? Well, it's a good thing Garrett didn't follow him all the way. He came in about eighth.

"I really felt good on Saturday," Garrett said. "It was just the way it was in high school—whenever I needed a little extra energy it just seemed to be there."

Garrett is an industrial psy-

IM Tennis Progresses To Final Round

The intramural tennis tournament has advanced to its final stages. In the fraternity men's division, contestants have moved to the third round. Still eligible after the first two rounds of play are Lou Adler-Beta Sigma Rho; Jim Machlin-Theta Xi; John Cleary-Phi Kappa Tau; George Bairey-Delta Upsilon.

Joe Cutler-Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Harry McChesney-Phi Kappa Sigma; Bill Suro-Alpha Zeta; Joe Myers-Triple; Geo. Crouse-Phi Kappa Sigma; Fred Thompson-Lambda Chi Alpha; Chris Christiansen-Alpha Sigma Phi; Otto Hetzel-Phi Gamma Delta; Dan Gray-Beta Theta Pi; John Rautine-Theta Xi; and Frank Bouscher-Sigma Chi.

In the independent men's division, 14 have fought their way up through the ranks to become eligible for the fourth round. They are George Walker, Larry Samuels, Stan Jacobs, Joe Galiardi, Don Jones, Dave Bronstein, Al Lucien, Dick Worley, Andy Buerk, Erith Ray, Andy Knezhich, Pete Donovan, and Dale Graff.

The fourth round matches will pair Walker-Samuels, Jacobs-Galiardi, Jones-Bronstein, Lucien-Worley, Buerk-Ray, Knezhich-Donovan, and Graff, winner of another third round match.

Final matches will begin today.

chology major and a member of Pi Kappa Phi. He seems to finally have come into his own for the Lions. The Nittany harrier has passed through the "tunnel," or as the song goes, "over the bridge." Any way it is phrased, Garrett has regained his victory stride. So have the Lions.

Unsung Manager's Work Pays Off

By FRAN FANUCCI

You can find one on any athletic team—he is a person with infinite responsibilities and one who receives few praises. He is the student manager. And Jack Greiner is one of these unheralded persons.

Jack is head manager of Penn State's football team, a position he has held since the spring of this year. He began as a freshman candidate and worked his way up through the years until he finally reached his goal.

As head manager, Jack assumes many responsibilities. Seeing that all trips are carried out in order, paying the transportation and hotel bills, and caring for the teams' valuables are a few of his duties.

He has three assistants, who accompany him on all trips. It is their job to see that everything

on the playing field and in the dressing rooms are in order. Jack sees that this work is accomplished.

Jack, or "Chicken," as friends call him, is a modest, 160 pound lad, who hails from Jeannette, Pa.



Jack Greiner

In high school he did everything but teach. He was manager of football for three years and also played this sport in his senior year, starting at fullback. Jack was also manager of basketball

and a member of the varsity track squad, in which he ran the mile and 880. He was president of his class for four years, president of Alpha Hi Y, a sportswriter for the school paper and the year book, vice president of the student council, and last but not least he imitated Jimmy Durante in shows put on by the Drex Club, of which he was a member.

Spending over 30 hours a week on the football field, Jack has little time for himself. He is social chairman of Delta Sigma Phi and this alone is a burdensome task. He studies whenever he has free hours and surprisingly enough, he has attained a good average over the past years.

Asked about this year's football team, Jack said, "there is a lot more spirit in this year's team than in any other since I have been manager." He has great respect for the administration, the coaches, and especially Oscar, the equipment manager.

Williams Holds Lead in Grid Prediction Race

Sports writer Roy Williams continued to dominate the Daily Collegian's weekly football grid poll, by posting a 12-3 mark.

The Lions coaching staff, represented last week by Earl Bruce, failed once again in an effort to lose their deed to last place. Bruce came out on top in nine games, a far better performance than the mentors' previous two (7-8, 8-7) but was still unable to clear the cellar.

Assistant Sports Editor, Herm Weiskopf, duplicated Bruce's 9-6 performance, to move into second place. He was tied with head scribe Dick McDowell last week for number two honors.

McDowell had his worst day to date, flipping the coin accurately on only eight contests.

Williams' over-all record stands at a fine 44-16, for an average of .733. Weiskopf's 40-20 accounts for an even two-thirds average of .666, and McDowell owns a .650 mark on 39 correct choices and 21 miscues.

Joe Paterno, backfield coach, still owns the best single day performance. He opened the selections four weeks ago by hitting on 13 of the 15 games.

Each of the quartet of swamies has been top man one of the four weeks, and Williams has been the only selector to hold first place two weeks in a row.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Cheek," etc.)

WHAT EVERY YOUNG COED SHOULD WEAR

Gather round, girls. Snap open a pack of Philip Morris, light up, relax and enjoy that mild fragrant vintage tobacco while Old Dad tells you about the latest campus fashions.

The key word this year is *casual*. Be casual. Be slapdash. Be rakish. Improvise. Invent your own ensembles—like ski pants with a peek-a-boo blouse, like pajama bottoms with an ermine stole, like a hockey sweater with a dirndl.

(Dirndl, incidentally, is one of the truly fascinating words in the English language. Etymologists have quarreled over its origin for years. Some hold with Professor Manley Ek that Dirndl is a corruption of Dardanelle and is so named because it resembles the skirts worn by the women of that region. This theory is at first glance plausible, but begins to fall apart when you consider that there are no women in the Dardanelle region because of the loathsome local custom of female infanticide.)

(Another theory is advanced by Dr. Clyde Feh. Dirndl, says he, is a contraction of "dairy in the dell" and refers to the milkmaidish appearance of the skirt. But again close examination causes one to abandon a plausible hypothesis. As every child knows, it is not "dairy in the dell" but "farmer in the dell", in which case the skirt should be called not dirndl but *firndl*.)

(There are some who contend we will never know the true origins of dirndl. To those faint hearted Cassandras I say, remember how everyone laughed at Edison and Franklin and Fulton and Marconi and Sigafoos. [Sigafoos, in case you have forgotten, invented the nostril, without which breathing, as we know it today, would not be possible.] The origins of dirndl will be found, say I, and anyone who believes the contrary is a lily-livered churl and if he'll step outside for a minute, I'll give him a thrashing he won't soon forget.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and talking about the latest campus styles. Casual, we agree, is the key word. But casual need not mean drab. Liven up your outfits with a touch of glamor. Even the lowly dungaree and man-shirt combination can be made exciting if you'll adorn it with a simple necklace of 120 matched diamonds. With Bermuda shorts, wear gold knee-cymbals. Be guided by the famous poet Cosmo Sigafoos (whose brother Sam it was who invented the nostril) who wrote:

Sparkle, my beauty,
Shimmer and shine,
The night is young,
The air's like wine,
Cling to a leaf,
Hang on a vine,
Crawl on your belly,
It's time to dine.

(Mr. Sigafoos, it should be explained, was writing about a glow-worm. Insects, as everyone knows, are among Mr. Sigafoos' favorite subjects for poems. Who can ever forget his immortal *Ode to a Boll Weevil*? Or his *Tumbling Along With the Tumbling Tumblebug*? Or his *Fly Gently, Sweet Aphid*? Mr. Sigafoos has been inactive since the invention of DDT.)

But I digress. We were smoking a Philip Morris and discussing fashions. Let us turn now to headwear. The motif in hats this year will be familiar American scenes. There will be models to fit every head—for example, the "Empire State Building" for tall thin heads; the "Jefferson Memorial" for squatty ones; "Niagara Falls" for dry scalps. Feature of the collection is the "Statue of Liberty," complete with a torch that actually burns. This is very handy for lighting your Philip Morris, which is very important because no matter how good Philip Morris are, they're nowhere unless you light them.

We come now to the highlight of this year's fashion parade—a mad fad that's sweeping the chic set at high tone campuses all over the country. All the gals who are in the van, in the swim, and in the know are doing it. Doing what, you ask? Getting tattooed, of course! You just don't rate these days unless you've got at least an anchor on your biceps. If you really want to be the envy of the campus, get yourself a four masted schooner, or a heart with FATHER printed inside of it, or a—

I interrupt this column to bring you a special announcement. A runner has just handed me the following bulletin:

"The origin of the word dirndl has at long last been discovered. On June 27, 1846, Dusty Schwartz, the famous scout and Indian fighter, went into the Golden Nugget Saloon in Cheyenne, Wyoming. The Golden Nugget had just imported a new entertainer from the East. She came out and did her dance in pink tights. Dusty Schwartz had never seen anything like that in his life, and he was much impressed. He watched with keen interest as she did her numbers, and he thought about her all the way home. When he got home, his wife Feldspar was waiting to show him a new skirt she had made for herself. 'How do you like my new skirt, Dusty?' said Feldspar. He looked at the large voluminous garment, then thought of the pink tights on the dancing girl. 'Your skirt is darn dull,' said Dusty. 'Darn dull' was later shortened to 'dirndl' which is how dirndls got their name."

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