



AL LAMEY, Phi Kappa Sigma end, left, breaks up pass intended for Inebriates' Pete Searer. The pass was thrown by quarterback Bob Knepp. Phi Kappa Sigma won, 14-0. —Collegian photo by Marty Scherr

Fraternity Champ, Phi Kappa Sig, Blanks Indie Gridders, 14-0

By JOHN BLACK

The superior passing of Gip Bonar led Phi Kappa Sigma, intramural fraternity grid champs, to a 14-0 win over the Inebriates, indie titleholders, in a penalty-ridden contest on the IM field last night. It was the first time the IM office officially sanctioned an indie-fraternity playoff.

Mike Beattie and Larry DiGiacinto were on the receiving end of the touchdown aeriols from the accurate right arm of Bonar,

Sykes Calls Bonar 'One Of the Best'

By DAVE HLADICK

"Gip Bonar is one of the best quarterbacks to ever perform on the IM gridiron, bar none," IM co-ordinator Dutch Sykes said last night.

He had just watched Phi Kappa Sigma's proficient field-general complete 21 of 35 passes in the IM championship game with the Inebriates.

Sykes, commenting further, said "I compare Bonar with some of the past greats like Sandy Freedson of Phi Epsilon Pi and Sy Troyan of the Coal Crackers, who performed so adeptly during the post-war years. Bonar is one of the best quarterbacks I have ever seen in IMs and is worthy of being rated with these fellows."

Bob Knepp, the Inebriates quarterback, was held to 6 complete passes because of PKS's consistent ball control. Until this evening the Inebriates had held their opponents to 19 points, while scoring 143 points themselves.

Ralph Bitsko, the Inebriates glue-fingered end experienced a hectic game, dropping a Knepp pass on the goal-line and fumbling

the Phi Kappa Sig quarterback and captain John Righi converted twice to account for the game's scoring.

The fraternity men's first scoring drive started midway through the first half when Bonar intercepted a pass by the Inebriates' Bob Knepp. Turning to the offense, Bonar tossed a 35-yarder to Beattie and a subsequent 15-yard roughness penalty against the Inebriates placed the pigskin on the defenders 17-yard line.

On the next play Bonar hit DiGiacinto on the one, but there the Inebriates' defense stiffened and held for two plays to take possession of the ball.

But two plays later Phil Hodges intercepted a flat pass intended for Pete Searer on the 4-yard line, and the Phi Kappa Sig had their second crack at paydirt. This time they made good as Beattie latched on to a deflected pass over the middle for the 6-pointer. Righi kicked his first of two strikes and the score stood 7-0 at halftime.

The vaunted Inebriates offense, which was bottled up

the entire first half by a Phi Kappa Sig defense that covered potential pass receivers like a blanket, showed a momentary spark at the start of the second half. Bob Knepp received the kickoff and heaved a soaring aerial in the direction of the Phi Kappa Sig goal. But the elusive pigskin (and a probable tying touchdown) slipped through the fingers of Ralph Bitsko on the 2-yard line.

Again an interception proved disastrous to the Indie gridders as Jack LoBue picked off a Knepp toss at midfield. Two successive 15-yard charging penalties against the Inebriates gave the Greeks possession on the 8-yard stripe.

Bonar fired twice to DiGiacinto and Phi Kappa Sigma had another score. Righi kicked the PAT to put the game on ice.

The Inebriates fought back gamely and put together their most concentrated drive in the waning minutes of the game as Knepp connected on passes to Dick Hambright, Ralph Volpe and Dean Rossi. But their last hope faded when Bitsko dropped a desperation heave on the goal line.

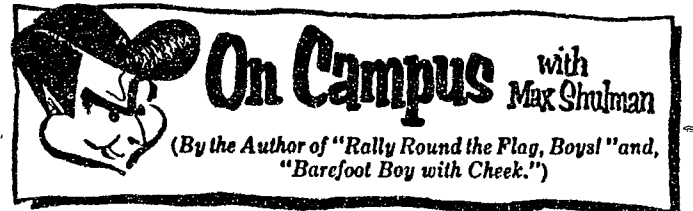
Lucky Lou Picks 10 Right But Genial George Leads

"Lucky Lou" Prato led the four, State - Purdue and Vanderbilt-fearless forecasters of the Daily Kentucky.

Collegian sports staff with ten right picks in Saturday's football games.

Prato, who has been fighting an up-hill battle (it had to be uphill, since he made such a miserable bunch of picks in the first place) picked his best selection of the eight-week-old season "Lucky Lou" was hampered by his selections by two ties, Ohio

and Vanderbilt. With just two weeks of picking left, our prophets' records look like this: First is "Genial George" French, with 68 correct picks for an average of .566. Second, only four games behind, is "Magnificent Matt" Mathews, with a .533. Tied for last place are "Lucky Lou" Prato and the coaches, with 59 right picks, or an average of .491.



ANYONE FOR FOOTBALL?

When Pancho Sigafoos, sophomore, pale and sensitive, first saw Willa Ludowic, freshman, lithe as a hazel wand and rosy as the dawn, he hemmed not; neither did he haw. "I adore you," he said without preliminary.

"Thanks, hey," said Willa, flinging her apron over her face modestly. "What position do you play?"

"Position?" said Pancho, looking at her askance. (The askance is a ligament just behind the ear.)

"On the football team," said Willa.

"Football!" sneered Pancho, his young lip curling. "Football is violence, and violence is the death of the mind. I am not a football player. I am a poet!"

"So long, buster," said Willa.

"Wait!" cried Pancho, clutching her damask forearm.

She placed a foot on his pelvis and wrenched herself free. "I only go with football players," she said, and walked, shimmering, into the gathering dusk.



Pancho went to his room and lit a cigarette and pondered his dread dilemma. What kind of cigarette did Pancho light? Why, Philip Morris, of corris!

Philip Morris is always welcome, but never more than when you are sore beset. When a fellow needs a friend, when the heart is dull and the blood runs like sorghum, then, then above all, is the time for the mildness, the serenity, that only Philip Morris can supply.

Pancho Sigafoos, his broken psyche welded, his fevered brow cooled, his synapses restored, after smoking a fine Philip Morris, came to a decision. Though he was a bit small for football (an even four feet) and somewhat overweight (427 pounds), he tried out for the team—and tried out with such grit and gumption that he made it.

Pancho's college opened the season against the Manhattan School of Mines, always a mettlesome foe, but strengthened this year by four exchange students from Gibraltar who had been suckled by she-apes. By the middle of the second quarter the Miners had wrought such havoc upon Pancho's team that there was nobody left on the bench but Pancho. And when the quarterback was sent to the infirmary with his head driven straight down into his esophagus, the coach had no choice but to put Pancho in.

Pancho's teammates were not conspicuously cheered as the little fellow took his place in the huddle.

"Gentleman," said Pancho, "some of you may regard poetry as sissy stuff, but now in our most trying hour, let us hark to these words from *Paradise Lost*: 'All is not lost; the unconquerable will and study of revenge, immortal hate, and courage never to submit or yield!'"

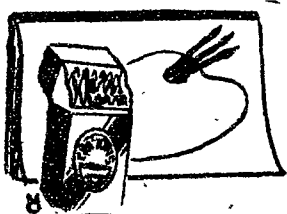
So stirred was Pancho's team by this fiery exhortation that they threw themselves into the fray with utter abandon. As a consequence, the entire squad was hospitalized before the half. The college was forced to drop football. Willa Ludowic, not having any football players to choose from, took up with Pancho and soon discovered the beauty of his soul. Today they are seen everywhere—dancing, holding hands, nuzzling, smoking.

Smoking what? Philip Morris, of corris!

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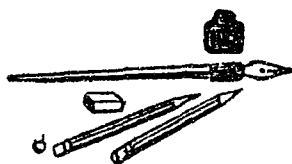
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