

# Temple Tramples Cagers As Gordon Tallies 27

By JIM KARL  
Sports Editor

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 28—Temple ripped apart Penn State's zone defense with some accurate shooting in the first half and went on to defeat the Lions, 75-60, before 2,017 in the Palestra tonight.

The Owls hit on 17 of 31 attempts in the first 20 minutes for a hot 54.8 per cent to lead 43-21 at the half.

Meanwhile, the Lions continued to have a rough time from the field, hitting only nine of 38 shots for 23.7 per cent in the first half.

If it weren't for some good shooting from Earl Hoffman and Ulo Kart, State might have come close to being shut out by the tight Temple defense.

Hoffman scored two-thirds of State's points in the first half—14—and Kart hit on three hook shots for six points. Gene Harris got the other point on a foul shot.

John Mitchell, Bobby Donato, John Phillips and Harris just couldn't find the basket in the first half. Mitchell was 0-2, Donato 0-6; Phillips 0-3 and Harris 0-4.

Russ Gordon, Temple's 6-4 jumping-jack, led the Owl surge, getting 14 points in the first half and 27 overall.

The Lions led at the outset of the game, 4-0 and 6-5, but that was the last time they were out



JOHN MITCHELL



BRUCE DRYSDALE

in front. Gordon put in a two-pointer from underneath with three minutes gone to put Temple out in front for good, 7-6.

In the next five minutes the Owls increased that margin to 19-7, State's only point coming on a foul shot by Harris.

Kart hit on a hook and Hoffman made two foul shots, but by that time, Temple led 26-11.

Hoffman scored State's final eight points in the half, while Gordon scored all but two of Temple's final nine points and the Owls went to the dressing room with a 43-21 lead.

Mitchell found his shooting eye in the second half, getting seven field goals, mostly on long jumpers. But State couldn't keep up with the fast-breaking Owls and the closest they could get was 15 points.

The loss was State's 10th against 12 wins. The Lions have a game remaining against Rutgers Saturday.

Temple is now 16-7, with a chance for a tourney bid. If the Owls win the Middle Atlantic Conference, they will automatically go to the NCAA. If they lose the MAC race they will still be in contention for an at-large berth in the National Invitational Tournament.

Box Score		TEMPLE 75		PENN STATE 60	
	FG F TP	FG F TP	FG F TP	FG F TP	FG F TP
Drysdale	6 0-2 12	Harris	3 4-6	10	
Gordon	11 5-7 27	Mitchell	7 0-0	14	
Dewery	2 2-2 6	Phillips	0 0-1	0	
Proctor	4 3-4 11	Hoffman	8 2-2	18	
Koakinen	4 1-1 9	Kart	4 1-1	9	
Sneath	1 1-3 3	Donato	1 3-4	5	
Kaaser	0 0-0 0	Marin	0 0-0	0	
Bishop	0 2-2 2	Hutchison	1 0-0	2	
Kramer	0 1-2 1	Nae	0 0-0	0	
Fleming	1 0-0 2	Staub	1 0-0	2	
Lodge	0 0-0 0				
Kricunas	1 0-0 2				
Gold	0 0-0 0				
Totals	30 15-23 75	Totals	25 10-14	60	

**Fresh Baseball Team**  
All candidates for the freshman baseball team should report to frosh coach Bill Speith in 241 Rec Hall Monday at 5:15 p.m.

New College Diner

## SABOTAGE

WAS MY BUSINESS

His alias: "Dr. Moriarty." His job: dreaming up fiendish plots for U.S. spies. After 20 years of silence, Stanley Lovell reveals the true story of his adventures in the O.S.S. In this week's Post, he tells about the "Hedy Lamarr"—a device that panicked a roomful of generals. About a devilish weapon for wrecking Nazi supply trains. And about a "mistake" that might have blown up the White House.

The Saturday Evening POST

### Helmet for Mays

CASA GRANDE, Ariz. (AP)—Willie Mays must wear a hard hat at the plate this season just like every other member of the San Francisco Giants.

Willie, who has never worn a protective helmet while at bat, was ordered to do so by manager Al Dark Tuesday.

Mays, reputed to be baseball's highest paid performer at about \$90,000 a year, is a regular brush-back victim of opposition pitchers.

### Crusaders in NIT Field

NEW YORK (AP)—Holy Cross accepted a bid to compete in the National Invitation Basketball Tournament yesterday. The Crusaders are the ninth team named to the March 15-24 meet. They have a record of 18-4 following their 86-75 conquest of Boston College Tuesday night.

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# WEST HALLS' RECORD HOP

FRIDAY NIGHT 8-12:30 Waring Lounge

# Schmidt, Weiss Cop IM Wins

Diving, the prettiest but probably the most difficult event to execute, captured the applause of an enthusiastic IM swimming audience last evening at Glenside Pool.

turned in a 1:09.4 time in the relay enroute to it's 26-14 win. Sigma Chi's George Sayre won the freestyle in 33.8 and the breaststroke in 36.1, but his teammates scored only two other points and lost to Beta Theta Pi, 29-12. In the other meet, defending IM champion Sigma Pi swamped Sigma Phi Epsilon 34-7. Sigma Pi's relay team was clocked in the fast time of 1:00.6.

ATO also took firsts in the backstroke, breaststroke, and

### BASKETBALL SCORES

WPAL TOURNEY  
Class A, First Round  
Farrell 48, North Union 22

On Campus with Max Shulman  
(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Dwarf", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

### THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GOLDFER

The academic world, as we all know, is loaded with dignity and ethics, with lofty means and exalted ends, with truth and beauty. In such a world a heinous thing like faculty raiding—colleges enticing teachers away from other colleges—is not even thinkable.

However, if the dean of one college happens—purely by chance, mind you—to run into a professor from another college, and the professor happens to remark—just in passing, mind you—that he is discontented with his present position, why, what's wrong with the dean making the professor an offer? Like the other afternoon, for instance, Dean Sigafos of Gransmire Polytech, finding himself in need of a refreshing cup of oolong, dropped in quite by chance at the Discontented Professors Exchange where he discovered Professor Stuneros from the English Department of Kroveny A and M sitting over a pot of lapsang soochong and shrieking "I Hate Kroveny A and M!" Surely there was nothing improper in the dean saying to the professor, "Leander, perhaps you'd like to come over to us. I think you'll find our shop A-OK."

(It should be noted here that all English professors are named Leander, just as all psychics professors are named Fred. All sociology professors are, of course, named Myron, all veterinary medicine professors are named Rover, and all German professors are named Hansel and Gretel. All deans, are, of course, named Attila.)

But I digress. Leander, the professor, has just been offered a job by Attila, the dean, and he replies, "Thank you, but I don't think so."

"And I don't blame you," says Attila, stoutly. "I understand Kroveny has a fine little library."

"Well, it's not too bad," says Leander. "We have 28 volumes in all, including a mint copy of Nancy Drew, Girl Detective."

"Very impressive," says Attila. "Us now, we have 36 million volumes, including all of Shakespeare's first folios and the Dead Sea Scrolls."

"Golly whiskers," says Leander.

"But of course," says Attila; "you don't want to leave Kroveny where, I am told, working conditions are tickety-boo."

"Oh, they're not too bad," says Leander. "I teach 18 hours of English, 11 hours of optometry, 6 hours of forestry, coach the fencing team, and walk Prexy's cat twice a day."

"A full, rich life," says Attila. "At our school you'd be somewhat less active. You'd teach one class a week, limited to four A students. As to salary, you'd start at \$50,000 a year, with retirement at full pay upon reaching age 29."



"I walk Prexy's cat twice a day!"

"Sir," says Leander, "your offer is most fair but you must understand that I owe a certain loyalty to Kroveny."

"I not only understand, I applaud," says Attila. "But before you make a final decision, let me tell you one thing more. We supply Marlboro cigarettes to our faculty—all you want at all times."

"Gloryosky!" cries Leander, bounding to his feet. "You mean Marlboro, the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste—Marlboro, the cigarette with better makin's—Marlboro that comes to you in pack or box—Marlboro that gives you such a lot to like?"

"Yep," says Attila, "that's the Marlboro I mean."

"I am yours," cries Leander, wringing the Dean's hand. "Where do I sign?"

"At the quarry," replies Attila. "Frankly, we don't trust paper contracts any more. We chisel them in marble."

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Stonemasons cut it in stone, woodcutters cut it in wood, seamstresses embroider it in dollies: you get a lot to like in a Marlboro—filter, flavor, pack or box.