

Sport Front

By June Bierbower



Once more that amazing brain child of Arch Ward is with us—namely the college all star-pro football champs' game. Said is usually pretty interesting over the radio—in fact, it's about as interesting, and a lot more comfortable to hear than to watch.

Basis for the above, lies in good old experience. Before last year's game I was told by a Chicago citizen, who had seen the previous contest, that once was enough—that he preferred the radio and a "nice cool drink," not enlarging further on the latter. Upon attending the 37 to 16 lesson the Chi Bears gave the college boys, I learned why.

Another Bumpkin.

Like some 100,000 other bumpkins who stormed the Windy City to see their favorites play (everybody in Chicago proper except Arch Ward and some of those who have passes seems to stay home), I arrived at Soldiers Field bright and early—7:30 p. m., daylight saving, in order to see all of what is called the "opening ceremonies," as well as the pre-game

warmup. The latter, incidentally, was the only opportunity to see some of the "all-stars" in anything like action.

Said game, I believe was to begin at 8 o'clock but by the time the brass hats had been shooed off, and after a quite pointless introduction of each starting player by means of a spotlight on the darkened field, it was about 8:30. The game wasn't any faster—George Halas used one team on offense, another on defense, and toward the end, the college coaches began running in enough substitutes to choke the legendary bovine.

Gruesome Halftime.

For brevity, we'll omit the gruesome highpoints of the half-time ceremonies, which took a good half hour instead of the usual 15 or 20 minutes. Anyway, it was nearly midnight when the game was over, and it hadn't been very interesting at that, after Harmon and Franck had tired from some mauling—that would make some of the rassles at ye ol' state fairgrounds look like a kindergarten recess.

Since some 99,444 of the faithful 100,000 were from such places as Lincoln, Neb., Minneapolis, Minn., and Davenport, Ia., sentiment was decidedly pro-all star, therefore anti-Bear. But when the Bears started to roll in the last quarter there was neither sentiment nor spirit left. But maybe there wasn't much spirit in the first place—at least there wasn't enough to make the crowd stand up at the opening kickoff, and that, dears, is my idea of the height in gridiron tan treason.

But—stop! There was spirit—yes, from a small delegation of La Grange, Ill., fans, close to my

Senior Recital Given in Union

Elaine Weiland, clarinetist and Janice Babcock, pianist, presented their senior recital in the Student Union ballroom Tuesday. About 50 heard the program.

The program follows: Sonata No. 2, Op. 120, by Brahms, Miss Weiland and Miss Babcock; Sonata in G Major, last movement, by Mozart, Geraldine Kelley, piano; Dawn, by Curran, Beatrice Prince, voice; Starlight by MacDowell, Lela Lyne, piano; Allegretto in the style of Porpora by Kreisler, Ted Brunson, violin; The Little Star, by La Forge, Barbara Mack, voice; Sonata in D Major, by Handel, John Dunkelberger, violin.

seat on the 138-yard line. La Grange, you know, is the Chicago suburb, which landed George Paskvan—as a starter on the team. Paskvan was no punk, tho; he was an all Big Ten man at Wisconsin.

Yes, this year it's going to be nice and soft to relax at the radio, with above mentioned "nice, cool drink" in hand. It's lots easier to turn a dial than to walk out of a crowded stadium. And you don't have to take the trouble to watch a little guy like Charlie O'Rourke being chased down by two or three 270 pound "Gargantua's", then sling a 40 yard pass to Black Boy Jack Robinson who runs away from three more "Gargantua's" for a touchdown. You can have your own iced tea—instead of watching Sid Luckman pour the Bear variety in a way that made Stanford's Rose Bowl exhibition look pretty pale. And it doesn't cost anything to stay at home. But, darnit, just let me get my hands on trainfare to Chicago and \$2.20 (tax included), and I'll see you on the 140-yard line this time.

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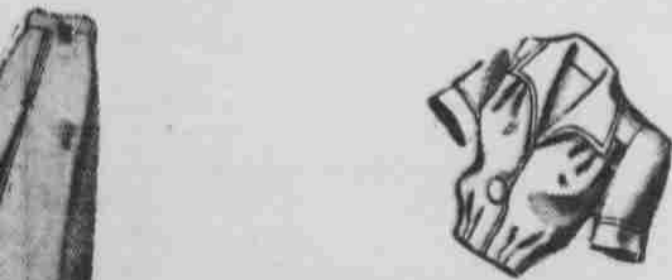
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