

Center Corner

MY TRIP TO OBLIVION

Just a little past midnight, January 16, 1948, the nice old man in the white clad outfit arrived and put me on his little cart; it seemed that the trip to the operating room would never end. As he wheeled me through the solemn halls of the fourth floor, a small procession of nurses formed in back of me. My mind was going wild with thoughts of what was about to happen, but it soon started to get black and hazy as the gas took effect. A nurse held my hand and I knew my nails were digging harder and harder into the palm of her hand, but I was scared and I couldn't help it. Then a parrot began yelping, "Careful of the hole, it's so dark, so dark, so dark, so dark, so dark." I was looking into the hole; the parrot seemed to be screeching louder. A nurse with a soft voice was comforting me, saying that everything was going to be all right. But that parrot kept screaming, my feet wouldn't stay still. My feet were moving back and forth, slowly at first and then very swiftly. A nurse held them, but they still kept kicking. I had to get away from there! What was happening to me? I thought my problem could be solved by dying, but I was afraid to die. Why didn't something happen? That parrot! If it would only stop yelling! Then I was falling into the dark hole and the parrot's voice kept getting dimmer and dimmer. The next thing I knew, I awoke in a hospital bed, and my mother, so sweet, so tender, and so beautiful, was watching over me. I knew then I was safe. I knew then, too, that I hoped as never before, that that would be my last trip to the operating room.

By Cynthia Loesel

BLACKOUT

A siren wailed in the distance; shop whistles blew discordantly; traffic drew to a standstill; the glow of the city left the sky as lights were snapped off and blackout curtains were hastily drawn in preparation for the mock air raid. In the darkened stadium eight thousand spectators waited impatiently for the "nonsense" to cease so that play could be resumed in the game which was now in its third quarter. The players sprawled wearily on the grass, thankful for the rest, while a galaxy of policemen and air raid wardens, carrying red-masked flashlights, filtered through the stands in a vain attempt to stop the sporadic match lighting by a few mischievous patrons. Indeed the crowd seemed annoyed at the interruption instead of thankful that there were no enemy planes overhead raining explosives on them and their homes. The band struck up a march in feeble attempt to entertain the restless throng, but without music and with no director they soon became hopelessly jumbled and finally quit altogether. After a few minutes of uneasy silence the sound of sirens and shop whistles again rent the still night air, this time giving the "all clear" signal. The stadium lights blazed on bringing a cheer from the audience and a sigh of relief from the harried policemen and air raid wardens. The players jumped to their feet, rubbed their eyes, did a few "warm-up" exercises, and took their positions on the field. The lights of the city began to flicker on in rapidly increasing numbers until the sky was once again illuminated. Horns sounded, motors purred, and the streets became alive with traffic. The blackout was over.

By Don Blair

"DEATH WHERE IS THY STING"

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be buried alive? Well, you don't have to be six feet under to find out. An experience like the one I had can give you a fairly good idea. It happened late one gray spring afternoon, during one of my frequent visits to my Aunt Ellie's crypt in Pine Grove Cemetery. The huge mausoleum where Auntie rested was shaded by two overgrown spruce trees, which gave the doorway a rather bleak appearance. I slowly pushed open the full length glass door and entered the dark, cheerless building very quietly, for no matter how often I went there, it never failed to bring out goose pimples on my flesh. I tiptoed down the dim passageway to that familiar spot where Auntie's remains were entombed, left the flowers Mother had picked for her, then made straight for the exit and fresh air. I clutched the knob with both hands in a quick attempt to open the door, for by now I was more than anxious to leave this morose edifice. Then suddenly I gasped as I saw the handle on the outside of the door tumbling down the steps and realized that I held the other half of the broken handle. Terrified, I could not move; my heart was pounding so heavily that I fairly shook. Outside, the caretaker's daughter skipped rope. I began frantically to beat the door with both hands. The rattling of the glass immediately attracted attention. Off she dashed in the direction of her home. Dusk was beginning to fall, and I shivered at the thought of the oncoming darkness. Shakily I leaned against the door and waited. Then suddenly I saw a hazy figure emerge out of the darkness. With a grin the caretaker carefully replaced the knob and opened the door. In a moment I stepped quickly from the tomb and breathed deeply of the fresh night air.

By Rita Jackson

Winter Ski Run

Continued from Page 1. instructional area will constitute the actual skiing grounds. "Whether the main run will have a tow is not definitely decided as yet," Ferguson said today. "But if we don't get a standard one such as the Sweden Ski-Tow, we hope to possibly set up some kind of tractor tow which might be a little less expensive." Part of the land may be used for the installation of a toboggan chute, also. And it is hoped, in time, that a touring or walking trail can be laid down to skirt the entire southern and southwestern fringes of the campus. There should be plenty of room on the 400 acre estate. All in all, the potential skiing and toboggan areas will probably take up most of the acres to the south of the Center's administration building and provide the students with excellent facilities for this favorite winter pastime.

Compliments of

Erie YMCA

10th and Peach Sts.

ERIE, PA.

"Flying Dean" Visits Behrend Center Campus

Snapped at Erie Airport by photographers last week just after landing after a trip from the main campus was Pennsylvania State College's "Flying Dean," George L. Haller, dean of the school of chemistry and physics, here to inspect the new chemistry laboratory at Erie Behrend Center. Accompanying him was Dean Edward Steidle of the school of mineral industries.

Haller, who has used his Stinson Voyager to coordinate more successfully his activities for several years now, also has an experimental plane which he uses for government radar tests. Greeting the deans was T. Reed Ferguson, administrative head of the new campus here.

Speaking Just For the Record

"Here I'll Stay" (Columbia) Buddy Clark sings a pleasant listening, slow and dreamy dancing tune. The flip over is a bouncy cont. ast by Mitchell Ayres. "Bab, Won't You Please Come Home" (Capitol) One of the top tunes by Jo Stafford. Another is on the flip over side, "Trouble In Mind." "Cherokee" (Capitol) A real hep tune by Benny Goodman. You'll love the flip over, "Love Is Just Around The Corner." "I'm In Love" (Columbia) A bright conversational style of singing by two of our favorites, Doris Day and Buddy Clark. Doris sings "It's You Or No One" all by her lonesome on the reverse side. "What Did I Do" (Columbia) Favorite Dinah Shore sings this, a slightly syncopated tune. She sings "The Matador" with The Brazilians on the flip over side.

Dean of Women

Continued from Page Two through college and become worthwhile individuals. Teaching the boys, who went off to war, and having them return gave her a feeling which almost seemed miraculous. Teaching the veterans that have come back from the war, seeing them taking advantage of the G. I. Bill, and their earnestness and sincerity with which they attack their work has given Miss Davis a completely satisfied feeling. Her two great loves are music and English. Being quite accomplished in music, Miss Davis plays the piano, viola, and has had voice

Christmas Dance Will End Year

Our Christmas dance on December 16th, will be the last social event of the year, and the Class Officers, who are heading the committee, promise it will be a very special one. They are trying to get Neil Charles and his very fine orchestra to play for the dance, and are also making arrangements to have it in town somewhere. Now don't forget to keep December 16 open in your date books for a swell time at Behrend's first Christmas dance!

Beware of Dog

The command might not mean much to us, but it means so much to poor "Chen." "Chen is the little black cocker spaniel who is always dodging in and out, or under somebody's feet. He loves to chase arrows on the archery court and a basketball to him is "jolly" fun. He has taken a great interest in music class and finds Doddy Fisher's lap the most comfortable after trying everybody else out.

If she doesn't kill herself with her ambunctious actions, she more than likely will make many of us a "dog"-goned good pal.

experience.

As Dean of Women, Miss Davis takes a personal interest in every one of her charges. Her understanding of their problems and her genial, warm personality has captivated the entire student body. The wonderful sense of humor, which she possesses, has established her in the heart of every Behrend student. Her friendly and cheerful outlook on life can be attributed to her philosophy in life: the good, the true, and the beautiful—Three words which she dearly loves.

Frank Gatto

Best in Shoe Repair
WESLEYVILLE, PA.

Partial Shots at Parts of Speech

Noun—What you call your girl. There are proper nouns and common nouns. A proper noun is what you introduce her to other folks by. The common noun is "Dear."

Verb—What freshmen and vers librists try to write sentences without.

Adjective—A word of richness and vigor which must not be used in polite society.

Conjunction—What you stall around with when you don't know what to say.

Preposition—Favorite word for ending a sentence with. Very poor grammar. Use a period instead.

Adverb—What you use to split an infinitive.

Article—Word of indefinite value, depending on whether you are writing a telegram or a thousand word theme.

Pulakos ...

926

Dorothy Harvey

REAL ESTATE - MORTGAGES

32 E. 9th St. Phone 2-3681

GOOD LUCK
BEHREND CENTER ...

Business Opportunities
Apartment Buildings
Residences



TONIGHT



PRE-VACATION

THANKSGIVING DANCE

TURKEY HOP

8:30 to 11:30 P. M.

STUDENT LOUNGE

COME ONE ... COME ALL!

BAND MUSIC