

Center Corner

Blowing Bubbles

Short, fat, and innocent looking, I, at the age of six, thought myself the most important person in the world. To prove this importance to my timid little sister, Roseanne, I started one day to teach her all the profane language I had learned in my daily tours of the neighborhood. Some I pronounced most accurately; others I distorted; to Rose they were new, interesting words. Rattling them off at a great rate, I did not notice my mother standing behind me. Finally discovering her, I recognized the disapproving gleam in her eyes. This called for action. I scrambled to my feet and made my exit. Mother followed at my heels. Round and

round the house we ran, and after several laps she caught me, then marched me directly into the bathroom. I had a sketchy idea of the coming event, but had no chance to make any good excuses. With one hand holding me, mother grabbed the big green box of soap suds that gets clothes whiter--Rinso--and poured them down my throat. First thing I knew, I had become a human bubble pipe. The harder I sobbed, the more bubbles I blew. Looking like "Old Faithful," I dejectedly walked from the room, broken in spirit but clean in mouth and mind.

by Elizabeth Dunlap

Before the Battle

A feeling of tension spread over the crew of the "Messy Bessie" as we prepared to go into our first mock battle with another company of tanks. The sergeant calmly watched the rest of us nervously smoking cigarettes and wandering around aimlessly. Suddenly the order, "Mount tanks!" startled us out of our reveries. For a moment no one moved. Then, as in a delayed line buck, everyone rushed to his hatch. I squeezed through mine and slid into the hard seat below. I heard Bonace, the big shouldered fullback from Ohio, grunt disgustingly as he wormed through the drivers hatch. "They don't make these damn holes big enough for woodchucks!" he grated out as he dropped into his seat. I grunted confirmation and nervously fed a belt of tracer ammunition into my bow gun. The sharp metallic clicks

from my left rear told me Simmons, the gunner, was ready also. The sergeant's voice crackled over the interphone, "Start motors." Bonace pressed the starter and then, one by one, the dead tanks rumbled to life, each growling like a dog whose bone had just been snatched. "How many of you guys are scared?" snapped the sergeant. A sharp intake of breath slipped over the interphone. Beads of nervous perspiration slipped down my face, but I couldn't force myself to be the first to admit I was scared. "If you jokers lie like that the rest of your lives, you'll all end up in hell!" asserted the sergeant. With that remark, everyone felt better as we threw silent curses at the sergeant. Bonace savagely ground the tank into gear, and we rolled off into battle.

by Ray Reed

A Dog Fight

An aerial fight which I shall never forget had its setting high over the wide, muddy Yangtze River in central China. Three of us, Ira Binkley, Joe Ehrle, and myself, flying silver P51 Mustangs, were on a normal mission of searching for and finding trouble. Our trouble dropped out of the sky in the form of three little planes, brightly marked with red balls. Buzzing along, our motors hummed their song of contentment when the warning shout from Joe, "Zero!" snapped us out of our complacent attitude. Darting a glance to the rear, I saw the enemy pursuits, in a bank, bearing down on Joe in the tail position. Almost blacking out in the turn I swung around and brought the pipe of my sight onto the lead plane. The wing edge of the enemy plane blinked and the tracers curved behind Joe. I throttled the little, black firing button viciously and the lead plane rolled over, flame streaming from its wing roots. Joe pulled into a steep chandelle and proceeded, as if he had been doing it all his life, to

tack himself onto the tail of the last plane of the three plane formation. The second "rat" after passing overhead, was jumped by Ira, my wing man, who had wheeled around with me. Rolling over in an attempt to follow the flamer, I watched as the plane, looking like a child's toy on fire, erupted in a ball of orange and black smoke. The pieces made scattered splashes in the muddy river below. Brushing away the perspiration with my forearm, I took a quick look around. Joe was climbing toward me; and Ira, over near the river bank, was putting the finishing touches on what he had started to do. The last Jap flamed, hit a wing tip, and spread itself in a fury red ball along a row of trees. We three buddies, climbed together, joked and talked between ourselves, victors but still glad the fight was over. I looked back and all that marked the graves of the enemy were the three plumes of black smoke etching the setting sun.

by Edwin Beethoven

The Notorious Doctor

There it stood in bold, black print, "Painter to assist Doctor Penrod," the most dreaded of all student assignments. While I scrubbed, the grotesque tales of Doctor Penrod continued to rush through my memory. Then suddenly the notorious, little doctor strode into the room, cast a withering glance in my direction, as if I were a germ that had dared to invade his room, and roared for the sponge count. Trouble began. The clamp on the instrument table had not been fastened; and, in the next moment the instruments were over the floor. In the confusion and chaos which followed, the

doctor, his eyes bulging, stomped momentarily from the room muttering profanely. The second tray was set up and we started again. With all the excitement and strain, I felt the room becoming hot and stuffy. Little streams of perspiration started to run down my back; my nose itched; and, temptation kept nagging at me to reach up and scratch it for just an instant. The irritating desire left when the sudden roar, "Mosquitoe" rang in my ears. Frantically I searched the tray for the tiny instrument, realizing too late, that it had been forgotten on the second tray. His outburst left me panicky for a mo-

First Jump

It was the opportunity I had longed for the chance to jump a horse. Zip, a massive beast, was the unlucky steed chosen for the occasion. Zip shifted uneasily, sensing my nervousness. I gathered in the reins, partly to steady the horse and partly to steady myself. I thought doubtfully of his bulk and tried to picture him soaring gracefully over a jump as I had seen trimmer animals do. "It's impossible," I murmured to myself. Even though Dale had reassured me that Zip was capable of taking four rails, I could not imagine him clearing two with those great hoofs. He showed every drop of the plow-horse blood in him, and I was convinced that his master must be prejudiced. Dale finished adjusting the rail and called out a few instructions. I walked Zip away from the jump for

about thirty yards, turned, and coaxed him into a lumbering canter. Panic gripped me as the jump approached, and I missed the rhythm of the horse's long strides. But old Kip, a veteran hunter, knew just what to do. We took off, and I felt the thrill I had dreamed of as the twelve-hundred pounds of horse flesh beneath me hurled himself into the air. I rose tensely in the saddle and leaned forward-tot far forward. A sudden, heavy jolt jarred me loose, and I clutched desperately at leather, hide, and mane as I slipped over the withers to hard, unyielding earth. More surprised than hurt, I looked up at Kip, who stood where I had fallen, gazed down upon me a scornful expression in his eyes. He knew as well as I that my first jump was not a success.

by Lois Braden

Just a Letter To Santa Claus

Dear Santa,

We here at Behrend Center realize that the mails to the north pole are always over crowded at Christmas time, so we decided to ease this situation by sending you a joint letter telling you what we want for the holiday.

From my questionnaire, I see that Shirley Linder wants a private bowling alley. Nancy Merrick wants only a little snow for Christmas. Bob Gallagher would be pleased with a '49 Olds. Bob Cross is hoping to see a grand piano in his living room on Christmas morning. Bob Butsch would like to have a new suit, while John Bifulco wants a fur lined ink well. Don Bekko wants Jean for Christmas, or for any other holiday of the year. Jim Taylor wants someone to do his chem for him. Vinnie Mayo wants a new Buick. A winning ping pong bat is all that Wes Pfirman wants for Christmas. Jim Mullard wants an electric train and Al Leibau wants some tinker toys--well well! Marvin Marcus isn't particular; he wants 2 or 3 beautiful girls. Mr. Belferman wants a pair of the most vizarre sox in town. Miss Ficker will take all the pretty blue eyes available. Gene Chesley thinks that this Christmas would be a merry one if everyone would remember his meal ticket. It seems as though the work in the kitchen is getting to be too much for Joe Rynewicz; he wants a dishwasher. John Pagonis always has his mind on school. He thinks nothing could be nicer than having a 3 in everything. Ed Beethoven is getting ready for winter. He wants a pair of skis. Jerry Musser wants a beautiful blond sitting under his Christmas tree, while his shadow, Dick Dunn wants a beautiful brunnet. Bill Keough is still trying to decide between a blonde or a red-head. Mary Hough and Betty Lou Volk want a man. On second thought, better make it two men. Mr. Gallagher wants

to be surprised, Santa, so just fill his stockings full of everything good. Dick Collman has his eye on a chem answer book. What for, I wonder. Don Blair wants a small brunnet. Cythimic Loesel would be very happy if she had a Town and Country convertible. Frances Finesod merely wants to pass history. Carol McKrell wants to pass Spanish. Janet Brown wants a small item--a '49 Buick. Judy Thomas wants her hair to be eleven forty-seconds inch longer. Meida Moskowitz wants the U. S. Navy, while Sally Dickson wants the Marines. Ray Sturgulewski is being very practical this year. He wants a new clutch plate for his car. Gib Brownlie says that "All I want for christmuth is my two front teeth" John Falcone wants a million dollars and Ken McDonell wants a car load of money to pay all his bills. Margie Fleming wants a special somebody sitting under his Christmas tree on Christmas morning. Nan Weston wants a little coal to keep the home fires burning. No shes please, Santa. Ruth Gross still can't make up her mind. We'll come back to her next year. Jo Anne George wants a hair brush to paddle the kids in the library, Benny Beniard also wants a hair

Frank Gatto

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Dmitri Erdely Gives Concert

The sonorous, golden tone of the cello still lingers in the Behrend Concert Hall (Student Lounge,) where Mr. Dimitri Erdely, versatile cellist with the Erie Philharmonic Orchestra, played a charming program for us on Sunday evening. Accompanied by Mrs. Mara Reed at the piano, Mr. Erdely chose for the evening a sonata, a fantasie and asscherzo, and among the program music selected were "Lol Nidre" and "The Swan." We wish to thank Mr. Erdely and Mrs. Reed for relinquishing some of their valuable time for our enjoyment.

brush. Maybe he and Kip want to have a battle, huh? Don Scalise just says ah-h-h-h when any one asks imh what he wants for Christmas. Jack Spacht wants 3 in chem. Bill Richards already has a new car so now, all he wants is a machine to do his Spanish. Ray Metz wants someone to give him a diamond. Bill Klaban wants a red suit just like yours, Santa. Ray Reed wants a beautiful blonde. Looks like his Christmas came early! Miss Davis wants a new outfit, all in brilliant red. Won't that be nice? Mr. Turnbull thinks that he would like to be on a peaceful south sea island with all the best history books in the world. Mr. Gottlund needs a new ski cap and Mrs. Gottlund already has Chen so she is satisfied.

I guess that completes the list, Santa, except for my request, black cat with green eyes?

Thank you from all of us,
Merry Christmas!
Marilyn Garden

Pulakos . . .

926

Dorothy Harvey

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ment; but, slowly my fear was replaced with the ridiculous desire to fasten this boisterous, little creature to the chandelier with one of his droll mosquitoes. He must have sensed that I was so frightened by his raving, and the rest of the day went along smoothly for both of us. When we had finished the last case, he rumbled, "Elmer Sex Appeal!" In some way, this Blue Beard of student nurses, had heard the nick-name I had dubbed him.

by Janice Painter