

Center Corner

Old Range

Without a doubt Old Range could in his prime, point more grouse than any other dog my friend Ed had ever owned. Unfortunately in Range's latest years has failing sight led to a number of odd if not ridiculous situations. On one occasion Ed and I hunted a thick growth of small hemlocks and saplings which was made extremely difficult to penetrate by a scattering of brush piles throughout. With us we had Range, Spot, and Blackie, who owed his "off" color to his Irish setter mother's accidental meeting with a romantic English setter. That morning Range found that keeping up with the younger, more energetic black pup took more vitality than he possessed; consequently he fell behind. While following Black-

ie's course he suddenly encountered a charred, blackened stump and immediately fell into a crouch, honoring what his age-dimmed eyes told him was the pup on a point. Spot, who was working a few feet behind Range, stiffened to an abrupt halt as he saw the old dog freeze.

Blackie meanwhile had decided to swing around to his rear again and come upon the other two dogs from behind. Seeing them on point, he honored. Ed and I hurried to the spot where they stood, finding not an opportunity to best our wing-shooting abilities on a swift-flying grouse but three of the best sellers in the county holding steady on a piece of wood.

by Dick Gordman

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.

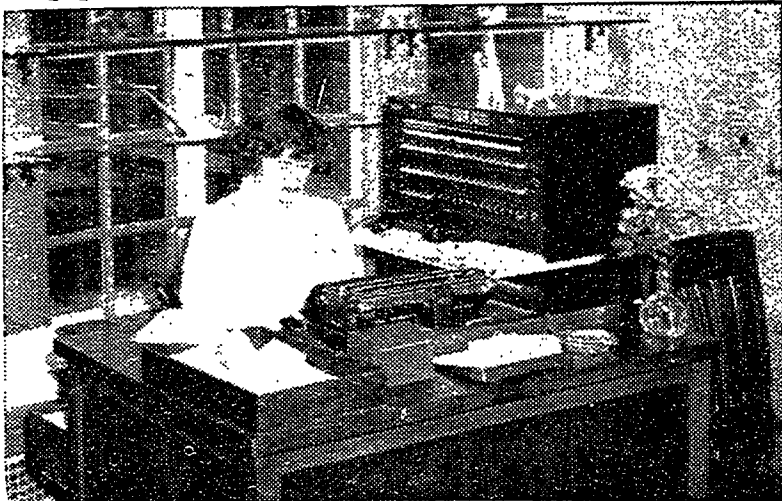
By Cynthia Loesel

"Death Where Is Thy Sting?"

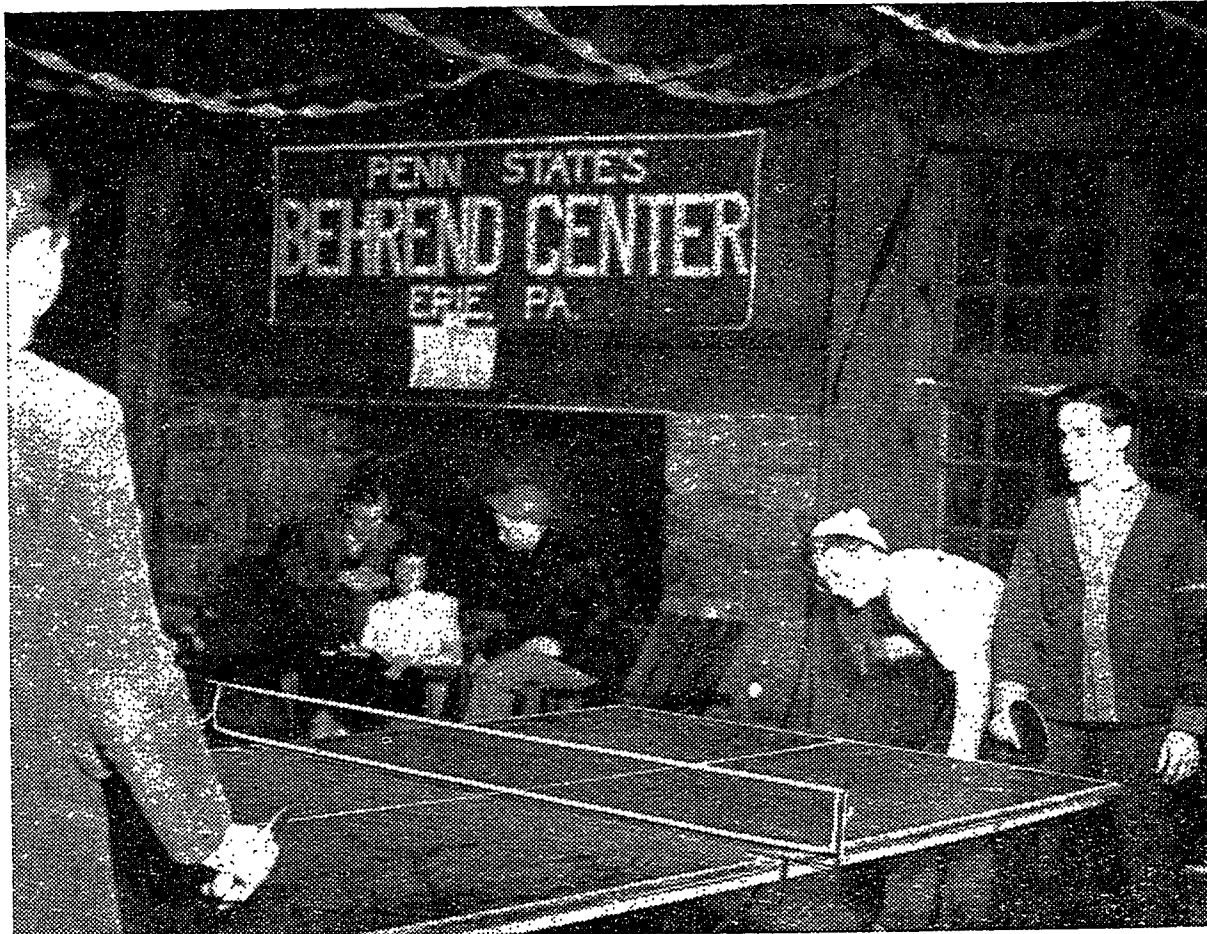
Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be buried alive? Well, you don't have to be six feet under to find out. An experience like the one I had can give you a fairly good idea. It happened late one gray spring afternoon, during one of my frequent visits to my Aunt Ellie's crypt in Pine Grove 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

"Kipp" George Is Busy Receptionist



Students at Play in Lounge



Howie Starks, Gibb Brownlie, and John Spierling were glimpsed the other day while sharpening their shots for the coming Behrend Center doubles table tennis tournament.

Lining up for Chow



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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

New Gymnasium

Continued from page One
being formed to go ahead with the new recreation building idea. Although no definite location has been settled upon, chances are that the area just west of the driveway below the barn would serve the best. It is fairly level, close to the main parking lot and bus turn, and would be ideal for the handling of large numbers of people for any event.

Frank Gatto

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