

The NITTANY CUB

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Personality
Of
Week

By Dunk Zimmerman



This week's honored personality is the pride of "Alcohol Gulch", Joan Baudino. "Ginger," as all good "Gulchers" know her resides at 5206 Gerry Drive in suburban Pittsburgh with her congenial family and lovable mutt, "Bonnie." Joan is enrolled in the school of Liberal Arts and entered Behrend with last fall's class. She hopes to attend State next September but plans from there are still uncertain. "Papa" Baudino, who is manager of K. D. K. A. in Pittsburgh has hopes of seeing Joan graduate from Penn State some day but as Joan says, "Who knows?"

Before coming to Behrend, Joan attended several schools throughout the East inasmuch as her family moved about considerably between Boston, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh. She graduated however, from Baldwin Township High School in June with the class of '48. While in school, Joan was an ardent football fan and followed the Baldwins team's blazing trail faithfully. By some horrible twist of fate, she doesn't care two snaps for baseball and even less for the Pirates.

When it comes to relaxation, Joan prefers horse-back riding every time, and is always set to go when the idea is brought up around the dorm. to "force the trend" to Algeria or Townline Stables. The perfect topoff for a

Korny Korner

This is a new column. It is new to the paper; new to the faculty; new to the old students. As a matter of fact it's what I said in the beginning, a new column. It's supposed to be funny (and if I keep this up, nothing will be funny and this new column will be an old, old column). And now for the jokes.

Comments on ping-pong at B. C.: Remark of an industrious student; "Who wants to play ping-pong?"

Famous first words of a male student entering Rec Hall: "Winners!"

Riding along the main thoroughfare one afternoon a young man chanced to see a blind man on the corner. Tossing a coin from the car, he missed the cup and the coin rolled onto the curb. Without a moment's hesitation, the blind man ran toward the curb, scooped up the dime and started on his merry way.

Young man: "Pardon me, sir, but didn't I see you pick up that coin and place it in the cup?"

Blind man: "Why, yes, sir."

Young man: "Well! Your sign indicates that you are blind!"

Blind man: "Oh, no, sir. This isn't my steady job. I'm just filling in for the regular man. He took the afternoon off to see a movie."

Remarks from the Dorm girls: "Who wants to get in a game of strip poker?"

Dunk Zimmerman's compliments

day of riding for her would be a big plate of spare ribs and sauerkraut with an ice cream chaser. (She claims she'd rather sleep than either ride or eat).

Around Behrend, Joan can always be found where Don is and her 5'4" 108 pound frame is chucked full of laughs and good times. In the lounge she kibitzes on all Pinochle games and knits with amazing dexterity at the same time.

She is active on the Cub Staff and does a good deal of editing for our publication.

A better gal is hard to find than Behrend's one and only Ginger Baudino

Meet Your Faculty



Mr. Turnbull

One of the most well liked instructors on this campus is our own Thomas Turnbull, history instructor. Mr. Turnbull was born in April of 1916 and he spent the first few years of his childhood in Sagamore, Penna. He then moved to Punxsutawney where he started and completed his first twelve years of education. At this time Mr. Turnbull left his home to attend Indiana State Teachers College where he received his B. S. degree. Immediately following his college education he taught for a year and a half in a high school in Ridgeway, Pa.

In 1941 Mr. Turnbull, like so very many of our American men went into the Army. The first four months of his army career were spent in the states. At the end of this time he was shipped to Iceland for 30 months. Then he made the rounds to Scotland, England, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. Mr. Turnbull was in the fifth Infantry Division and the 52nd Aukoine. The sum total of his overseas duty amounted to 4 years. He ended up at the rank of a Major. He was then discharged.

Upon being separated from the Army, Mr. Turnbull went to the University of Pittsburgh to procure his Masters degree and kept right on going for his PhD degree, but at the time he had the position as a History instructor at the University of Pittsburgh.

Mr. Turnbull came to Behrend Center in September of 1948 and is the instructor of History and Political Science.

Mr. Turnbull has been very happily married since March of 1947. Disregarding his infamous surprise tests, we the students of Behrend Center consider him a "good Joe."

on a new suit: "Too bad they didn't have it in your size," and "I'll bet it looked good on your father," and "It'll sure look good when the style comes back in five years."

Moral: Don't be caught dead in a new suit when Dunk is near.

Seems there was a gentleman who wanted to buy a horse and so visited the local horse farm whereupon he was shown a likely mare in a nearby pasture. After discussing the animal for several minutes the farmer slapping the beast across the rump, proclaimed: "He can run, too!" True enough the horse trotted briskly across the field only to run smack into a tree, quite alarmed, the potential purchaser shouted: "Why, man, that horse is blind!" "No!" the farmer blandly replied, "He just doesn't give a damn."

SCHOOL ROAD IN POOR SHAPE

Attention has been drawn to the Cub staff of a problem pertinent to practically all Behrend students; this is the condition of the road from the highway to the parking lot.

The road, needless to say, is now in bad condition, complete with ruts, holes, bumps, ditches, etc. but bear in mind spring has not yet come with its thawing, raining and general softening up of an already extremely soft road.

This condition is not only terrifically hard on vehicles which pound over it day after day, but it is no fun to walk through either! Any student who does much bus riding will cough for that! A third and possibly even more damaging factor of the road is a psychological one. It presents a very poor first impression to visitors and guests of our center to have to drive that obstacle course to get to the buildings!

Several diligent attempts have been made by our custodial staff to grade and fill in high and low spots in the road and worked out fine for a certain time. An already overburdened staff can put too little time on it to really keep it in A-1 shape.

Of the many suggestions submitted to the Cub, the best seems to be: (1) to stone the entire surface just as the circle and inner drive now are (2) to macadamize it as city streets in Erie are or (3) to cover it with a substance known as "shingle shavings." These shavings are actually odds and ends of roofing, siding, etc. trimmed off during construction work. These can be obtained quite reasonably and have proved an excellent surface in at least a dozen places in and around the area. This surface, under a summer sun, soon bakes to solid maze similar to "Blacktop." The road would naturally have to be thoroughly graded before hand and properly ditched all along to assure good drainage.

The first two are admittedly quite costly and doubtless beyond the means available for such a project. The third, is however, not only reasonable but quite feasible for the project.

It seems a problem as widely felt as this one, our own driveway, is worthy of attention of all Behrend Students. Helpful hints, comments, and suggestions will be appreciated and heeded. Let's all pull together and see if we can't remedy this eye sore on one of Southwestern Pennsylvania's most beautiful campuses.

Dunk Zimmerman

EXTRA CLASSES - PRO AND CON

Much is said for and against extra classes. As a general rule these classes are the result of the instructor's patient interest, and the forfeiting of his own time. They are supposed to be for the benefit of those students who are balanced precariously between a passing grade and a "bar-one." We, the students, are always eager to improve our grades. This has been illustrated by the voluminous attendance at such extra classes as Chemistry, Mathematics and some of the other fast-moving courses, which are typical of the "solid" material thrown at us upon College entrance.

But, these classes are specifically for the benefit of those students who are endangered by a failing grade. These classes are specifically intended to prevent boring brighter students with review of basic fundamentals during regular class periods. These classes are specifically voluntary and attendance at such classes is not necessary.

When any instructor, or instructors infer that all students attend an extra or "help" class, it can mean one of two things. Either the entire class is unable to grasp the teaching prescribed by the Pennsylvania State College, or the teacher is, unknowingly and unconsciously, filling his lecture periods with irrelevant or basic information. Any one person with a normal degree of intelligence will falter once in awhile but every one does not falter all of the time, therefore everyone should not be obliged to attend, unless everyone is threatened by a failing grade.

It is not the intention of the Nittany Cub, nor of this writer to insult or "slam" any faculty member of Behrend Center. The beliefs presented here express the attitude of the students currently involved. This article was a compilation of these beliefs with the intent to define the term "help class." It was also written with the intent to prevent any mis-interpretation, whether such a mistake be made now or in the future.

By Bill Klaban

Why is it that every morning when one arises, Lee and Rita and Mary are commenting on the weather? As yet, none of them has agreed. Mary insists that it's nice out, while Lee and Rita think that it is raining out.

The main topic of conversation in one of Mr. Turnbull's recent political science classes was; What should the United States do with the Communists who are now on trial here? One of Mr. Turnbull's

more brilliant students, Ray Sturge-Jewski bellowed, "They were happy in Vienna, weren't they?"

Mr. Shields: "Describe an octopus."

Judy Thomas: "Oh, that's a person with eight faces."

"Peanut" was sitting on a railroad track,

His heart was all a flutter,
Along came a great big Choo-choo train,

Toot! toot!
Peanut Butter