

CENTER CORNER

THE LAST RUN

I snapped the left clamp in place and straightened up, eager and ready for my last run. The hill stretched down and away; its snow-covered slopes lay one upon another until the last leveled off to meet the first of the scattered houses of the city below. Four times I had made the swift descent to the edge of the city; each time, with skis slung over my shoulder, I had laboriously trudged and slipped my way through the snow to the top of the hill. Dusk would soon be night. Far below, the street lights of the city snapped on, silhouetting the blackness of the houses into neat squares. I shook the snow off each ski and headed them downhill. With a quick push of the ski poles against the snow, I jerked over and down the first slope. I crouched lower and lower, leaning my body into

the wind, as I silently gathered speed; the skis cut through the powdery snow as the bow of a ship sprays aside the waves of the sea. The first tree loomed black against the snow, then suddenly was behind me in a blur of trunk and branches. Out on to the first level I sped, momentarily coming out of the crouch I had assumed only to squat back into position as I hurtled over the bank onto the next slope. The buffeting of the wind forced tears to my eyes. Each snowdrift swirled into a misty mound of white, jerking me forward as I plowed through it. Then, in a flash, I was down, plunging headlong into the snow. In a flurry of arms and legs I tumbled and slid, toboggan fashion, cutting a sweeping path through the snow as I struggled to cuss and couldn't with my mouth full of snow.

By Ed Kittka

OLD GRANDAD

White foam boiled in the wake of our sturdy little fishing craft as it roared noisily out of Aransas Bay and headed for the tarpon fishing grounds off Port Aransas, Texas. It was early in the season and the region had not yet had the "weather" necessary for the best fishing results; therefore we had resigned ourselves to a day of lackluster fishing and a restful cruise. After an hour of trolling, with negative results. I suddenly noticed a huge shadow rising to the surface about twenty feet off the port bow.

"What the devil is that?" I shouted, frantically waving my arm in the general direction of the shadow. The rest of the party gasped in amazement as the skipper yelled, "It's 'Old Grandad' himself! I'll try to hook him!" 'Old Grandad,' clearly revealed in the glancing rays of the morning sun, was a giant turtle with a body larger than a dining room table and a head the size of a medicine ball. He puffed lazily on the surface, his massive, bony shell bobbing up and down with each swell, while the skipper expertly cast a line within inches of his nose. On

the third cast the monster lifted his bulbous head, snatched the hook in his mouth and with a defiant flick snapped the strong line like a piece of yarn. Then, with a final snort the denizen of the deep sea, said to weigh between seven hundred and a thousand pounds, sank slowly beneath the surface. The spectacle left us tense with excitement and tarpon fishing the remainder of the day held little thrill.

By Don Blair

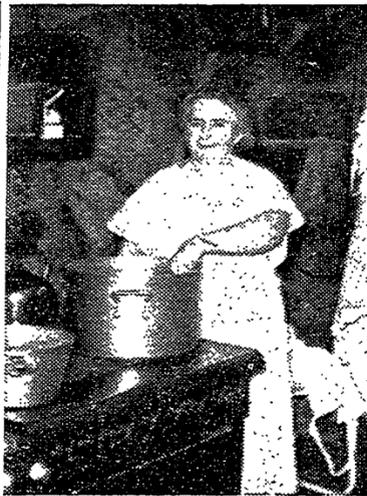
GIRLS' FORUM NEWS

The Girls' forum was originated at the beginning of the spring semester by Mrs. T. Reed Ferguson and Mrs. Platon Gottlund. Betty Lou Volk is acting secretary. The Forum was started for the benefit of the girls, to give them a new interest. The meetings are discussions of things in which the girls are interested. They have had two forums thus far which were open to the student body, and more are scheduled. The girls are taking turns in going to the Erie Infants Home every Saturday and Sunday morning and afternoon. The girls stay there for two hours at a time, feeding and entertaining the children. The girls find this service far from being work, and usually leave the Home anticipating their next visit with interest.

The forum is also planning a tea early in April, possibly with Mrs. Behrend as the guest of honor.

Behrend's Backstage

By Carol McKrell



Mrs. Shuttle.

Erie, Pa. is the home of Mrs. Izero Shuttle, Behrend Center's "dinner cook." Mrs. Shuttle attended St. Peter's Cathedral Primary School, and Central High School in Erie. Before coming to Behrend Center, she was employed as "dinner chef" in Erie at Kreske's five and ten cent store.

Mrs. Shuttle enjoys her work very much here at the center because of the friendly attitude of the students.

Mr. Shuttle has two daughters, and a son. Pearl, her first daughter, is married, and is employed as "head chef" at Clark's Restaurant in Erie. Cynthia, was a fingerprint technician, and formerly worked with the F. B. I. in Washington, D. C. Roy, her son, is an employee of Erie's General Electric Corporation.

We the students of Behrend Center, would like to thank you, Mrs. Shuttle, for the fine effort you have put forth in the kitchen.

Easter Dance

Continued from Page 1

ment; Howard Heskith, publicity; Don Blair, decorations; Joan Baudino, table decorations; and Nan Weston, refreshments.

The two following week-ends in April will be reserved for general date nights. In May, the annual "Bowling Banquet" will be the topic of conversation among the athletic bowlers.

To top off the semester successfully, the big gala event in May will be our Spring dance scheduled for the thirteenth of May. Preparations by the Activities Board have already begun to make this dance the best that Behrend Center has ever seen.

Science Club

Continued from Page 1)

ing in Chemical Engineering and Janet Brown, who is studying to be a medical technician.

Richard Shaffner and Charles Amend comprise the committee whose purpose is to plan for the tours through the industrial plants and arrange for the movies on atomic energy under the direction of Louis Balmer, chemistry instructor, and faculty advisor to the Science Club.

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CENTER CHATTER

By Sal Dickson

While sitting at my typewriter, my mind goes almost blank as to the events around the B. C. campus lately, but a few outstanding instances remain such as:

Last week Marilyn Garden had a very welcome visit from her brother Jimmy, who is a student at the University of Chicago. Jimmy liked the college very much, but couldn't understand why the students insisted on going to classes!

Frank Thompson has finally started to notice the female population at Behrend Center, and Anne Titmus is the cause of it all. Better watch that, Jerry!

We were all glad to see so many students attending the St. Pat's dance Friday night. The talk of the evening was Mrs. John Korn. "Pretty nice stuff" was the general trend of thought on the subject.

Tommy Tucker, George Hamilton, and Bob Schultz all seem to have one thing in common. Namely, Betty Lou Dollinger.

In case any of you haven't noticed, Benny Beniard is starting to get that "going steady" gleam in his eye. Welllll maybe...

We are all glad to see Betty Lou Volk and Al Leibeau keeping company again. It was also good to see Jeannine again, Jim.

Dick Shaw seems to be spending more and more of his time around campus now...days. Wonder why?

A great tragedy took place in Beth Dunlap's life last week! She missed two of Mr. Turnbull's classes. That will never do!

Anyone who would like a few polka lessons should see our "king of polkas", Gene Chesley. He gives free lessons in the Rec Hall between 7 and 9 every nite.

Jean Kimble is recovering very nicely from her "little accident" the other night. Of course it was all a plot to get Mr. Shields in the dorm so the girls would be SURE of the zoology assignment! Jean isn't quite sure that it was worth it.

Our campus character, Dunk Zimmerman is becoming quite skilled at writing English themes an hour before class. He is seriously thinking of going into business!

There is quite a complaint being raised against students such as Alexander, Bob Rathbone and Edwin Beethoven who insist on having their work in on time. Just think of how hard you fellows make it for students like Sturge and Ray Metz. You ought to be ashamed!!

Jim Mullard is still brushing tears from his eyes because of the death of one of his best friends, "the crow."

Question of the week: Do you have the "urge to regurge?"

Quotation of the week: Spring is sprung!

Prediction of the week: The carnival will be one of the biggest social successes of the year.

Couple of the week: Chen and Chok (and Bob Gallagher).

BEHREND CENTER BAND

Continued from Page 1

joined the Marines in 1945; and while there formed an acquaintance with Howie Starke, another Behrend band member.

After receiving his discharge, he enrolled in the School of Business at Cincinnati College, but left after finishing one semester, and entered the School of Education at our own Behrend Center. He plans to enter Oberlin College of Music and continue in his field of Music Education.

Mickey Monahan, also a native of Erie, is a graduate of Erie's Strong Vincent High School and also of the Erie Conservatory of Music. He studied at the Erie Conservatory for a period of seven years under the noted Erie musician, Tony Luciano, and graduated in June of 1948.

Aside from his activities with the Behrend Center Band, he participated in the orchestra of Matt Pommer which is one of the four top dance bands in Erie at this time. He is enrolled in the School of Commerce and Finance, and plans to become an accountant.

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