

## NITTANY CUB

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### Goof - Offs -- Ugh!

It has come to my attention, and to the attention of the faculty that any notices placed on bulletin boards around the campus are continually being mutilated. These pranks are disgusting, messy, childish, and give a bad impression to campus visitors of the calibre of our students, and the kind of education that they are supposed to be receiving. It would be profitable to all concerned if college students could begin to act as such, and stop this annoying practice.

### Why?

Among the ping-pong tables, various machines, round study tables, and busy chess boards, the juke box remains silent. Why? Who knows. Maybe there are no records, maybe the music-maker is broken, or more to the point, maybe it is because some people don't believe it is needed. If this is true, then why are some students asking the question, "Why don't they get some new records or fix that machine? We would like to use it."

### T. V. Is Back!

Recently Behrend Center had the privilege of having a television set among its recreational facilities. The students enjoyed watching the World Series and many other entertaining events.

Television today is a growing interest to everyone. It not only brings us music and drama, but educational programs as well. In the evenings many of the dormitory girls found that a free hour could be spent watching a favorite program.

We are glad to see this piece of recreational equipment with us again. Many other improvements have been made to the Behrend Center, which we all appreciate, and we thank the administration for the most enjoyable one, T. V.

## Autobiography of a Chrysler

By Jan Jackson

I, born in or about the year of 1929, dedicated myself to a life of service for the benefit of mankind. After many years of experiences in all kinds of weather, snow, sleet, rain, and hail, I never turned back. Then, by way of South Carolina, I found my way into an Erie used car garage, and into the used car ad section of the Erie newspapers. The sealed my fate. From my corner of the garage I heard the distant ring of the telephone, then the owner said a few indistinct words, something about closing at seven o'clock and then that he would wait.

Later in the evening, when I began to think about settling down for the night, I saw a strange and odd sight. A troop of girls swooped down upon the peace and quiet of my resting place, and began to question my former record of duty. They kicked my tires, sat on my rather well worn upholstery, conferred among themselves and with the two confused cats, that seemed to be the last word on purchasing me or not. Finally, the grand sum of thirty dollars was collected and one of them climbed into my right door, two scrambled in beside her, and the last of the load clambered into the rumble

seat, and with a shout and a mighty roar we set out for unknown destinations. After an almost eternal ride we turned from the main road onto a winding drive, and with my horn blowing full blast, we approached a gathering of students at what I thought to be the main building, and a bevy of shouts and laughter greeted our appearance. People gathered around me and questioned, "Where did you get THAT?" Some even went so far as to ask if I was worth money and if the owner of the car lot paid the girls to take me off their hands. After some trial rides around the countryside, I was bedded down for the night in the parking spaces at the rear of the dorm. But later the sound of stealthy footsteps aroused me from my deep sleep and before I realized what came about, I was pushed, much against my will to the bottom of a long, deep hill. After a hard night in the woods at the bottom of the nature trail, I woke to the ringing of feminine voices calling, "We found it, we found it."

Now, after my trying times with eleven girls and their friends, I am sentenced to be resold to the bidder who comes through with my purchase price. On to new horizons!

## AROUND THE FIREPLUG . . . .

By Chenne

Ed's note: Chenne III, canine's gift to mankind, is the mascot and chief gossip columnist for the "Cub." Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hopkins, former administrative head at Behrend, now of Dubois, Chenne returns this week to "write" his column from the dog's point of view. Chenne's predecessor, Chenne, Sr., began the traditional column three years ago when editors of the paper realized a need for a column of inside information.

I happened to wander back to ole B. C. a couple of weeks ago, and I picked up a copy of the Nittany Cub. YIPES!! When I read that so-called column, "Reggie's Ramblings", did I ever put up a howl. I figured it was about time that I packed up my weary bones from in front of that cozy fire and packed away my diary with notes from Petsy (rrrrruff!) and take myself out and dug up some real dirt.

I went right away to do 50 laps around the "barn" and I noticed a tall, blonde, goof-off called Whitley leading Hot Stuff (she thinks) Lynn Montague through the halls and all around the campus as though the little spook couldn't make it alone. And she might as well be alone as with that. Oh well, such is human life, full of disillusionments and rude awakenings. I'm glad I lead a dog's life, especially with Petsy around. (That's Fergy's mut, just in case you're wondering.)

Another thing I noticed was slobber globber Eleanore Bitzer crawling out the girl's room window, followed closely by Jane Bastow. The excuse I heard is enough to make even old Reggie turn over in that hole 50 paces off Nature Trail. They were trying to get away from some over anxious suitors. Arf arf! It was probably some one of Eleanore's suffering victims waiting to strangle her with one of her own lines. But she's "Going Steady" now, you lucky guys, saved again.

Then there's Bill Christ always hanging around like some plague infested rat. He figured that anything in skirts would fall over in a complete swoon just for the exclusive privilege of being seen with him. Someone should give this egotistical oaf the word. . . . and you did too, didn't you, Kelly? But some people just never learn.

The faculty, not to be outdone by the students, have some characters in their ranks too. Mr. Frederick, that mad musician and scholarly linguist (?), sure keeps things in an uproar all the time, to say nothing of Kaz and Lay who keep sneaking out the doors when "Homer Pigeon" has his back turned. Tsk tsk boys. . . . you're being very "immature" We'll have to start dealing with you as high school students until you show us that you're mature enough to be treated as college men. Well, college anyway.

Strange things are happening everywhere these days. I, being very nosy as most reporters are, mosied over to the homecoming banquet to see what I could get in the way of a free meal, and lo and behold there was Mr. Baker, you won't believe this, with a different suit on. I nearly did a play dead act when I saw that. That man is really out of there.

Continued on Page 4

## MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Beverly Salchow

The greeting "advanced assignment," brings to mind one of Behrend Center's most respected professors, Mr. Thomas Turnbull. As an instructor of history, he is one of our most able and qualified professors.

Mr. Turnbull hails from none other than Punxsutawney, Penn. He entered Indiana State Teacher's College, where he majored in history and received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1938.

For several years he taught at Ridgway High School, and then Mr. Thomas H. Turnbull became Major Thomas H. Turnbull of the U. S. Army. After his five year hitch, Mr. Turnbull entered the University of Pittsburgh to acquire his Master's degree.

The past few summers have found Mr. Turnbull studying at the University of Pitt for his Ph.D. degree, which he will receive this June.

In his spare time, he can be found catching up on some reading, watching an exciting base-



Thomas Turnbull

ball demonstration, playing a few holes of golf, or teasing his thirteen-month old son.

Aside from all this activity, he offers helpful advice to students in need. An outstanding member of the faculty indeed, is Mr. Turnbull.

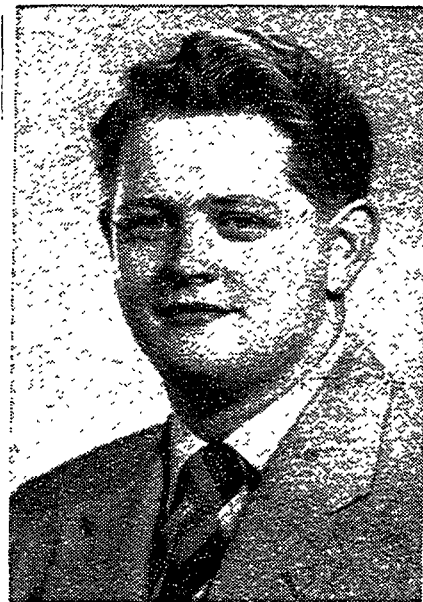
## BEHREND CENTER PRESENTS . . .

By Nan Nixon

On February 4, 1935, a little ray of sunshine, known as Jack Rimp, was born to Mr. and Mrs. John R. Rimp in Pittsburgh, Pa.

From Pittsburgh, Jack moved to Steubenville, Ohio; Wheeling, West Virginia; Butler, Penna.; and Youngstown, Ohio, where he remained seven years, attending Ursuline High School. He participated in many activities, such as: Dramatics Club, Science Club, Glee Club, Variety Show, and the Senior Class Play. Jack was also a member of the Student Council and the National Honor Society.

Jack and his parents moved to Erie on September 1, 1953. They reside at 404 Dunn Boulevard, and are members of St. Ann's Parish.



Jack Rimp

When asked his hobby, he promptly replied, "I collect anything and everything I see that is worth collecting." He likes to watch football, play tennis, and excels in roller skating and dancing.

While in college, he is majoring in Agriculture Education and would like to teach high school or take up extension work. His biggest ambition after college is to travel to South America and take up his work there.

The thing he likes most to see on a big platter before him is a nice, thick steak with all the trimmings.

We, at Behrend Center, are little by little becoming accustomed to his antics, knock-knock jokes, and the words that pop out of his mouth most, like, "Fie, fie, a plague upon your head, daughter of a nail file," and "Don't do it, don't hit me!"

He is a member of the Nittany Cub staff, Choir, and Dramatics Club. During Homecoming he participated in the plays, and everyone agreed that his performance was a good one. Jack also made a real swell Marryin' Sam at the Sadie Hawkins Day Dance.

No matter what he does or where he goes, we are sure that our personality, Jack Rimp, will succeed.

## Club Activities Are In Full Swing

The Cellar Dwellers is composed of members of the Speech Clinic classes. The function of the club is the planning of group activities in the speech courses. Officers for the present period are Sue Gill, president; Chuck Mettlach, vice-president; Sue Williams, secretary; Ruth Myers, treasurer.

The Chorus welcomes newcomers and is starting rehearsals for the Christmas program under the direction of Mr. Frederick.

The Debate and Dramatic Clubs sponsored by Mr. Lane, have tentative future activities scheduled.

The Photography Club has no plans for the near future.

## Moral

The bride, white of hair, stoops over her cane,

Her footsteps, uncertain, need guiding,

While down the church aisle, with a wan toothless smile,

The groom in a wheel chair comes riding.

And who is this elderly couple thus wed?

You'll find when you've closely explored it,

That there is that rare, most conservative pair

Who waited 'til they could afford it.

. . . Anonymus