

Off and On the Campus

By Mary Ann Jackson

Here we are back to the old grind after a peaceful(?) Thanksgiving vacation. Mr. Lane returned more confused than ever, walking around with his coat on inside out, collar turned up, and his glasses on upside down. He even walked into Mr. Thurbon's E. Comp. 1 class on Monday to teach German. The snow came too, and drove Al Brooks and Noreen Knoll into a library----they can't walk the nature trail anymore. Barb Edelman arrived and brought with her the "Froth." Even John McGraw is back.

Noticed a few changes on the campus since we got back. Joe Schmitt has changed his curriculum; he is no longer taking up space, he switched to seamanship. You can see him steering his craft in the southwest corner of the first floor in the classroom building. Eleanore Bitzer is now going steady and has the best wishes of Jack Ubbersack, Hans Honowinkle, Fritz Fon Robensnitch, Otto Keib, and Willis Gill. Also noticed the "iron curtain" on the second floor of the classroom building. Ray Metz received, in the mail, two good seats for the

Rose Bowl game, but can't go. Anyone interested in going, please get in touch with Ray. In the dorm, short-sheeting has gone out; now it's pie-bedding and substituting shampoo for toothpaste. Jack Rimp looks real collegiate in his new hair cut. Dottie Parks has a new addition to her hope chest. She is now the happy owners of three plastic bowl covers discarded by the astronomy club because they are too small to cover the telescope.

But basically, everything is still the same. Harlean Benec still walks pigeon-toed; Lou Laube has trouble keeping track of her clothes; Jan Jackson uses the "hunt and peck" system, on the typewriter. That is; Nancy Elms is spoiling the punch lines for everybody's "knock - knock" jokes; Whitey wants to know just what Lynn accounts for in accounting class; Joe Benacci is trying to sell his 1952 Plymouth Belvedere for \$1795. Poor kid, never will learn, Anne Walsh is still knitting her argyles; Sue Williams receives numerous long distance telephone calls. And most of all, we are still receiving loads of homework everyday.

Sportscope

By Dick Moore

November 28 ended the football season with Maryland and Notre Dame, the top two teams for the second year. This winter may see the unlimited substitution rule revised. Several coaches have already spoken in favor of this, mentioning that costs were not noticeably less under the single platoon system.

Saturday, November 21, found the Lions ending their second at the Smokey City, against the Pitt Panthers. A 17-0 win gave State a 6-3 record, losing to Wisconsin, Penn and West Virginia.

As the basketball season swings into action the Behrend Center combine, after winning a preliminary game against the Alumni 27-22 at homecoming, prepares, as we go to press, to meet a highly rated Altoona five at Erie Hall Saturday night, Dec. 5. Coach Miller is hoping his balanced squad can pace the down staters. For board work he's depending on Benacci, Nagel, Moore, Brandt, and Seyboldt. At the guard positions, showing speed and deception, are Haney, Yochim, Mattson and Vieira. Almost any combination is equal to any other, making substitutions no problem. While prac-

tices haven't been too frequent, improvement is being shown. The season's schedule is as follows:

Dec. 8—Edinboro, Away—7 p. m.
Dec. 12 — Allegheny, Away—4 p. m.
Jan. 12—Slippery Rock—Away, 8 p. m.
Jan. 16—Altoona Center—Away, 8 p. m.
Jan. 30—Edinboro—Away, 7:00 p. m.

In the world of ping-pong, Jake Gehrlein rules supreme. For the second year running, Jake has copped the men's singles tournament. The semi-final play-offs were among Bud Schultz, Jack Geiger, Tom Vieira and Jake Gehrlein. Schultz, considered to be the favorite, lost by decisive scores of 21-15 and 21-10.

Because of the strenuous walk to Erie Hall, the girl's tournament faded away.

Also in the ping-pong world, the doubles tournament is about to get under way. Already for the fight are Reid Yapple, Jim Lay, Dennis Driscoll, Bud Schultz, Jack Geiger, Emmett Miller, Jim Seyboldt, Glenn Raymer, Bob Brandt, Jim Yochim, Skip Mattson, Tom Vieira, Al Fine, and "Doc" Miller and "Uncle Dave" Thurbon.

Chenne (Cont'd)

Continued from Page 2

I can tell he's not strictly from hunger because I can see it spilled all over that brown rag he laughingly calls a suit, that he eats well. I'll bet that rag stands alone in the corner, if he takes it off before going to bed that is.

Wac-ky "Coffee in her veins" Borkowski seems to have a great fascination for all the would be cats on campus. I say would be, because they try but sure louse it up good. Willis Pretty Boy Gill, Jerry No Other Could Be So Repugnant Sandstein and Ed There Just Aren't Words In The Webster to Describe It Grossman are a few of the little ones she mothers. Maybe it's her very strong desire to write science fiction that draws her to them. They sure look like fugitives from War of the Worlds anyway.

These dorm girls are really gone this year, or should be anyhow. I was out taking my midnight stroll the other night. (I have to every night, master's orders you know?) and I happened to see chubby (that's the polite word for that tank that rolls around the B. C. campus) Jackson prowling around in the catacombs of the dorm to secretly unlatch a window to let the curfew crasher kids in after one of the many disgusting "revival" meetings.

Larry Markham and Anne Walsh take top honors this term for the gooiest make-outs around. In every class they hold hands and roll their eyes at each other. Sick calves I call it. Anne's being so true to Jimmy — in her fashion.

I guess it's time to wander back to DuBois where I live, but I'll be seeing you Around the Fireplug again next issue. And remember, though away, I still can get all the dirt, you just can't keep a good news hound down. Arf arf yip yip, that's really the last, except for a word to Reggie: You had better stay in that hole where you belong and let a good reporter take over. (You know, I used to be very conceited, but I'm not anymore. I'm real nice now!)

Willis Gill Uncovers Relics

By Ed Grossman

Some of the students have heard about Willis Gill's Indian relic collection and found it very interesting. Not only has he uncovered relics in other parts of the country, but also right here in our own territory. Willis has been digging in a gravel pit by Wintergreen Gorge, only a few miles from Behrend. So far he has found an arrowhead, two beads, and a piece of pottery at the gravel pit, about four feet from the surface. He took the arrowhead to the museum and was informed that it had been made by the Iroquois.

Willis finds that digging, for the most part, in gravel and loam is the most favorable.

Although he has ceased his searching for the duration of the winter season, he plans to attempt to uncover the old burial mound of the Iroquois in this territory.

Willis wishes to inform our readers that anyone wishing to sponsor an expedition should please see him, and a safari will be arranged as soon as possible.

Dorm Dragnet

By Lynn Montague

Friday, 9:45 a. m.—I am working out of the Nittany Cub office. Chief hands me the Dorm Detail. Some eccentric girls, who inhabit the dorm, are rumored to be harboring a few strong medium-sized horses. My job—track down their hobbies. I begin investigating the situation armed with a sawed-off pencil.

First suspect questioned is Lou Laube who answers, "Collecting beer signs."

I stealthily sneak into a suite and observe Anne Walsh, perched atop her bunk, writing furiously, a secret code undoubtedly. When asked what she is doing, she counters with, "Writing to Jimmie."

Thinking that sufficient, I attempt to trap Sue Gill and Sue Williams, executing a real crazy getaway. "Jitterbugging must be their racket," I decided.

Crouching behind a "One Mint Julep" record, Jan Jackson waves her white flag and surrenders with these words, "Okay, okay, my line is sabotaging the campus with records by the Clovers."

She leads me to the head of the ring. Along the dark hallway, we pass a figure. "Dottie Parks," says Jan, and to my inquiry as to the girl's activities, continues, "What more do you want!"

From the center of the main suite, the hide-out, Eileen Lardo, head of the espionage ring, "Lardo Enterprises," formerly known as Murder Incorporated, hands out the assignment sheets for collecting more strong, medium-sized horses. With my trusty telescope, a relic of Mr. Baker's, I survey the situation.

Nancy Elms immediately proceeds to her point of demolition, the music appreciation class, to annoy "Freddie." Carrying out their orders, I see Harlean Benec commencing to knit with her "telephone poles". Ruth Myers chiming in with some fiendish ideas contributed by her "hubby", and Kay Powell continuing to type out assignments for further destruction of the botany, English, and history classes.

Ruth Hovis applies her talents in the direction of bowling when she captures a traitor, Barb Edelman, who has been receiving strange packages from a reactionary town called Ellwood City. This is an unpardonable sin and therefore she must serve as a bowling pin for one month.

After searching for the strong middle-sized horses without success, I eye these scheming females and defeatedly slump out of the dorm.

Friday, 1:00 p. m.: I report back to the chief who asks, "Did you get the facts?" I answer, "Yes, but I didn't play the right hunch."

Convention Held At Ogontz Center

The Pennsylvania Association of Junior Colleges held its annual convention October 31 at the Ogontz Center of Penn State, which is located near Philadelphia. Three members of the Behrend Center Student Council, Jake Gehrlein, Nancy Elms, and Larry Markham, attended, accompanied by their advisor, Mr. Balmer.

The schedule, though crowded, was very worthwhile and consisted of the following:

Saturday morning the delegates



Everyone is invited to guess whose silhouette appears above. The head may be that of anyone seen around the Behrend campus—student, secretary, teacher, cook, administrator, caretaker, etc. The first person to hand in on a slip of paper to the faculty advisor of the Nittany Cub the correct name of the individual above will win an award.

Stop the Presses!

By Anne Walsh

Stop the presses! Syb Shay, girl editor, sits at her table. Just as she is about to give up and drown the Nittany Cub in Murine (used to lubricate tight eye balls at 3:00 in the morning) Dot Kelly, assistant editor, reporter, and typist, falls into the room gasping, "Scoop! scoop! Anne Walsh just dropped 75 stitches and is heading toward Whitey Moore brandishing a loaded knitting needle."

Lead: Boy found dead in swimming pool, argyles in hand, knitting needle in back.

Tears of joy come to Syb's eyes. "Good old Anne (copy boy and general nuisance): out making news again."

"All right, Dot," Syb barked, "call her in."
"Right, chief! Say, chief, I got the word that they're going to break the dorm girls goodies ring. They'll never get them with old Lump Lardo driving the get-away car (?)."

"Well, if it isn't Dangerous Dave, the smiling Englishman, our spy into the underworld."

"Got a hot tip. Hot checker game raided down at Erie Hall. How about the payoff?"

"All right, but keep this quiet," the boss snarls, handing him 20 cents for cokes.

So, for the next 20 or 30 hours, Anne, Syb, and Dot compose story after story, writing at a mad pace all the time (what else could you expect of three mad editors?) until they get near the end. About this time, they're crawling over stacks of paper seven or eight feet high, knocking over coke bottles that mysteriously found their way into the room, and plowing through all kinds of pictures. Every now and then, editor Shay will take time out to look at a snapshot of Lew for an hour or so, and then she's inspired to go back to work.

Finally, the last headline is written, and the paper is put to bed, but in the still droning metropolis of the dorm, Jan Jackson is busy making copy for the next issue, Headline: Case of the Chinese Noodles.

divided into four groups to discuss the general topic selected at the organizational meeting, which had been held Friday evening. These topics were: social activities, student publications, the relationship between administration, student government, and student body, and sports activities.

An afternoon meeting attended by all delegates reviewed the re-

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