

NITTANY CUB

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Only You Can Answer...

The printed word reflects the thoughts of a group of individuals say, like the students of Behrend Center; and pictures tell the story of an activity that interested the girls or of an event that the boys participated in with pride. The printed word and the pictures are incorporated into a campus newspaper that serves these purposes, or else it just isn't a newspaper worth reading (for that matter, isn't worth printing either.)

That's why it's worth the time for students to inquire further into the aims of the campus newspaper. Does it bring you the news of coming events? Does it keep you well informed of all campus activities? These questions and many others will be asked during the semester, and, as usual, there will be many answers pro and con. However, the most challenging question that can be asked of a student is: Do you want a campus newspaper?

The Nittany Cub is Behrend Center's newspaper. It is organized by the students. The news in it is collected by the students, and the whole set-up from business manager to editor is a student inspiration and creation.

Many of your friends may be on the staff of the Cub, and they may consider it a necessary part of their campus life. For this reason, it is important to gather all the facts and decide for yourself whether it is a waste of time and effort for your friends to put out the paper, or whether students enjoy reading and seeing scenes from their everyday campus life.

The Cub is always open to suggestions for improvement of the material and news that goes into its making. You present your views to us, and we'll do our best to keep the items you like and try to correct those that meet with your disapproval.

It's Yours. Enjoy It!

A couple of weeks ago, there was a dance down at Erie Hall. The crowd at this dance was a good crowd, which should have been better. This dance was not brought about through the funds supplied by the activities fee paid by you, the students. However, during the year, there are dances and other activities made possible by this fund. The only trouble is, that if attendance at these dances is not so hot, there won't be as many activities later on. Then you know what you'll do—you'll gripe. The loudest gripes will come from those who never set foot inside Erie Hall except for classes.

For instance, the chairman of a dance committee may place his budget before student council, only to have another rebuff, and thus another dance or activity bites the dust, based on poor past attendance. The only thing to do is to get behind these record dances and get in there and enjoy yourself—after all, you're the ones who are paying for them.

Editorial Shorts

Do you like the Student Lounge? I'm sure you would like it much better in an uncluttered state. Empty pop bottles and full ash trays do not enhance the beauty of any room, especially one that is used by others besides yourself. Just a passing note: put back the pop bottles, and empty the ash trays.

A cafeteria offers self service. This means selecting the food you wish for the specific meal you are eating. Your responsibility does not stop there. The burden of removing dirty dishes and trash from the dinner table also falls on your back. Trays are provided for a dual purpose, so utilize them both ways.

In all institutions of higher education, there is usually provided, in an appropriate place, a board for the posting of administrative and student announcements. When childish minds clutter the bulletin boards with their pranks, it leaves no room for official business. Remember, nonsense usually makes no sense!

AROUND THE FIREPLUG

By Chenne

Another year has finally rolled around, and here I am again. I know that you're all thrilled beyond words. Before I start tearing you to shreds, though, I think that a brief resume of my activities during the summer is apropos.

I spent most of my vacation traveling about the country. I stayed several weeks in Maine where I attended three conventions concerning the conservation of America's trees. After leaving Maine, I embarked on an expedition to the West Coast during which time I was able to take in countless dog shows. The final two weeks of my vacation were spent in California. Good Lord! You should see the size of those trees.

Returning to Behrend Center, however, I bought myself a few articles that I thought might be necessary for the forthcoming year—a gross of new pens, one pair of high powered binoculars, and a Sherlock Holmes disguise kit. Well, this is enough about me; now it's time that you heard something about yourself.

First of all there are a few interrogations on my mind that I can hardly wait to be answered.

Editor's Note:

To those of you who do not know who "Chenne" is, let me enlighten you. Chenne was once the dog of one of the assistant administrative heads of Behrend Center. Although the original "Chenne" is no longer among us, the tradition of some student assuming the identity of the dog is still in existence.

"Chenne is an extremely nosey pooch, who is in the habit of snooping around campus and catching unsuspecting victims unawares. The real identity of Chenne is never known to anyone until his period of authorship has terminated. So, be careful what you do, and how you do it, because even the walls have ears.

These are:

1. How many tests will Mary Ann Jackson walk out on this year? In fact, a better question might be, how many tests will she not walk out of this year?
2. Will Joe Schmitt be allowed to date the dorm girls now or will he have to get permission from a certain "you know who" first?
3. How long will it be before Jane Eisenberg realizes that the teachers are a little smarter than she is?
4. Will Jan Jackson spill banana oil on the dorm floor again this year?
5. How many hearts will Reid Yaple try to break this semester?

Now that the question and answer period is over, it is time to turn to the "factum" (that's Latin for facts).

During Orientation Week I took a few strolls around campus and boy, did I get some good laughs. I took a peek into the gym the night of the dance and almost swallowed my piece of dog candy. Some of the frosh are really hilar-

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MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Charlotte Flack

"You-all know that I'll Mr. Hover has spent the past seven years in North and South Carolina?" Mr. Hover began his teaching career at the University of North Carolina, followed by two years of instructing at Furman University in South Carolina. To do all this teaching, he received his education at the University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati College of Music, Amherst, and the University of North Carolina. From all of this education, he has secured his Master's Degree, and is currently working on his Doctor's thesis.

He is very much interested in music, photography, and sports. In the field of sports, swimming, tennis, fencing, and archery especially appeal to him.

In the Armed Forces, he served in the Civil Affairs Corps for three years. Two of these years he spent in Europe.

For likes, he says he has no particular favorite of food; he likes all food!

His pet peeve is that he can't find enough time to do everything that he'd like to do.



Mr. Hover

Mr. Hover says that all he wants to do in the future is to stay at Behrend Center. He thinks the campus here is very unique, and is just wonderful.

Girls—dig this! Our country gentleman thinks that the girls here are, "A wonderful group of young ladies, very well behaved, and so friendly!" P. S.—He is not married—not even engaged.

BEHREND CENTER PRESENTS . . .

By Diane Fagan

Five feet two, eyes of blue—that's Sue Ellen Lockley, better known as Susie. Susie is a petite blonde with a cheerful smile and a dynamic personality. She hails from New Castle where she was born on New Year's Eve, 1936. At New Castle High, she was class treasurer and a member of the choir.

Susie spends her spare time singing and playing the piano. She's wild about the blues, especially "Mood Indigo" by the Norman Petty Trio. Her favorite vocalist is Kitty Kallen. After classes Susie can be seen with Bobbie playing ping pong. She likes all sports, and especially likes to attend football games.

Pink and blue are the favorite colors of this well-dressed Miss. Chocolate milk shakes really rate with her. Her pet peeve is algebra, while her favorite expression is "Honestly!" She is always very friendly and has an especially pleasant smile for an Irishman.

Sue was recently elected to the Dorm Council and voted Secretary



Miss Lockley

of council by the other seven members.

Right now Susie is a speech major and is interested in dramatics. On the main campus she will take advertising in which she hopes to major after graduation. With her determination, Sue Lockley is bound to get ahead.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME

(with apologies to Richard Connell)

The sky to the north was an ebony cast. Through the dense ceiling of leaves, the first spatter of rain fell on an anxious face. In the background, the distant baying of the hounds split the still air of the forest like a thunder clap. Hastily the hunted tried to cover his tracks and confuse his hunters. Blindly, aimlessly, he sped on, knowing what his capture would mean. Suddenly, before him flowed a narrow stream. Reason flooded back into his troubled mind. At last an avenue of escape lay like a golden stairway. He splashed into the icy current hoping to elude his pursuers. His clothes clung to him like a second skin. Twice he stumbled and came up spluttering. His tee shirt was ragged and torn, but he did not feel the biting wind that swept down the gorge that rose suddenly around him like a gigantic wall. A wide path swept from

the water's edge, straight up the steep bluffs. Madly he scrambled out, and began the perilous ascent. At the top, utterly spent, he lay collecting his scattered thoughts. "Mustn't stop, keep going!"

On and on he raced, gasping to recover his fleeting breath. Suddenly he burst upon a clearing, where just as suddenly the sun unexpectedly shone. He saw a group of buildings, seemingly deserted. Relief sprang to his heart as he plodded onward toward this haven. Why, oh why, had he forgotten? Rules were made to be followed. As he paced up the gravel path, a voice pushed its way into his fogged mind. He knew then, that his dangerous game was over, for the voice was an older and wiser one than his, and its words foreshadowed his fate. He knew what lay before him—if only he'd remembered the rules—

"HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH, FROSH?"