

Dormitory Students Vote For Officers

Last week, the dormitory girls, thirty-three in number, elected their dorm council. Since the dorm is now almost three times as large as last year's, the council is composed of eight members instead of four.

The duties of the members of this group are to aid in the enforcement of study hours, curfew hours, and other rules that relate directly to the dormitory students.

The council members themselves selected their own officers. Carolyn Lucas, a speech clinic student, took the duties of president; Jan Jackson, returning sophomore, assumed the role of vice-president; Sue Lockley and Jane Kennedy were chosen as the secretary and treasurer, respectively.

The other four members include Nancy Johnston, Nat Kobasa, Joyce Gouger, and Donna Cramer.

The dorm met with Mr. Kochel, administrative head, to discuss regulations and activities for the remainder of the year shortly after the council elections.

OFFICE CHATTER

By Sonya Weidner

Just a minute, young man and young lady, all those forms that you signed, tests that you took, and fees that you paid were activities handled by an integrated office organization which deserves more than honorable mention for its efficiency and understanding. Now that the thundering echoes of footsteps have dwindled down to an occasional stomp of a freshman's boot, there's no reason why we shouldn't get to know the office staff, is there?

First, there's Mrs. Adam, secretary to Mr. Kochel, Administrative head of Behrend Center. Mrs. Adam has been with Behrend Center since the doors of education first swung open to admit students in 1948. Right now, Mrs. Adam has broken her fine three year record of health that she was proud of and is nursing a cold.

And then, there is Mrs. Frank Lepkowski, who is better known to some of us as Joanne Rys, is still charming and quiet as the secretary to Mr. Hughes, District Representative for the Pennsylvania State University and Behrend Center. Joanne is also in charge of the book store.

The friendliness of Mrs. Stewart, Behrend Center receptionist may always remind us that those Britishers can be wonderful. Incidentally, we shall lose Mrs. Stewart to the stork one of these days. We hope it's a boy, Mrs. Stewart.

A new member of the office staff, Mrs. Barbara Dopierala, bookkeeper, tells me that her favorite interest is her four year old son, Billy. Welcome, to Behrend Center, Barbara.

Mr. Thomas Campbell, Assistant Administrative Head of Behrend Center can be seen busily carrying on his duties around the campus.

One face which is missing this year is Miss Joyce Herbstritt, who left us to be secretary to the President of the Uniflow Manufacturing Company. Good luck, Joyce.

Well, that's the office staff and we've just introduced them to you in this issue. Now that you know who they are, we'll give you more news on them next time.

Sophomores Are In Sad Shape

By Pat Ingersoll

Sophomores are stuck-up! So says a petulant Frosh Miss. Now Miss X, I would like to refute that statement. Sophomores are the highest level of mankind. (At least at Behrend Center.)

For instance, that tall, fair haired, Adonis who's stalking toward us with thunder clouded countenance. Naturally he won't speak. Why? Well, because he has just cut two classes to stand in the Bookstore line to obtain the books he needed for the two classes he cut. So! What do you mean so? Wouldn't you be storm-ridden if you stood there for two hours, to have the door slammed in your face with a very cheerful, "Sorry, come back at 1:30." Ah! I see you're slowly understanding.

Another example! That shapely creature floating across the campus. She's another Sophomore. Notice her misty eyes and tear streaked powder. She won't speak either. No, little one, she's not in love. She had Chem. lab this afternoon. Sulphur experiments. Nasty smell you know.

So, you see Miss X, Sophomores are decidedly not stuck-up. They never speak simply because they can't. It's caused by the complexity of their college "daze."

Chenne

Continued from Page 2

Take Harvey Mac Ivor (the Sally Stauffer of the male sex) for example. I've seen better footwork during a cattle stampede.

Then some girl they called Frenchy got up on the stage and started to scream (I guess they call it singing). I never did find out what she was hollering about, but if she was campaigning for council, I don't think she knew quite how to "stage" her campaign.

As I was standing there howling at these crazy mixed-up kids, Ray Metz, with that idiotic hat of his on, started to walk over to where I was hiding, so I had to make a hasty retreat.

Then a few nights later, as I was on my way over to Balmer's to borrow some milk bones, I noticed one of the Rembrandts of the campus busy at work on the light by the door to the dorm. I didn't know they were having night classes in art, Bob?

Now that school has begun again, I hardly get a chance to sleep anymore. One night, after I had just curled up on my favorite rug and was about to call it a day, the needle on my seismograph started to fluctuate with great fury. I checked my different maps and scales and found that the clamor seemed to be coming from the dorm. I put on my disguise and journeyed over to investigate. My calculation proved to be faultless—there was a riot in cell block 11. Patty Metzger was being ushered into the showers by a few of her cell mates, namely Donna Cramer, Nancy Johnston, Val Meals, and a couple of the others who I couldn't get a look at. I still can't figure out why they wanted her to take a shower at that time of the night.

I notice that Max Peoples is playing the Rudolph Valentino of the school this year. Oh, those poor girls!

Bob Brandt and Joe Schmitt, two clowns around the campus

Hobby Creates Opportunity To Teach Riding

By Rodney Beals

Behrend Center has this semester, as a part of its Freshman class, an accomplished sports-woman in the person of Jo Ann Haumesser. Jo Ann, a graduate of Academy High School and an education student at Behrend Center, grounded her hobby of horses and work with horses with a deep, childhood love for these animals. Her uncommon interest found fulfillment when she studied at the Sturgis School of Horse Mastership, Wilton, Connecticut, under Fritz Stecken who has been the trainer for many Olympic riders.

This summer Jo Ann spent at Sunnyfield Farms (Bedford), N. Y. There she and two European instructors taught three hundred children the rudiments of horse-back riding.

Jo Ann's own horse is a product of New Canaan Mountain Troop in Connecticut, an establishment run by the noted author of stories and books about horses, Margaret Cable Self. (It was here at New Canaan that she did her practice teaching previously). Her Nibs, the name she has given this animal, is a ten year-old bay. The thoroughbred-Morgan received her training in hunting at the Melbrooke Stables, Connecticut.

Besides teaching the unadepth to become skilled in handling horses, Jo Ann also schools green (young) horses in jumping, show riding, and dressage. Very modest about her work, Jo Ann nevertheless, is very accomplished in this field which began as a hobby.

who haven't quite matured yet, tried to gain some attention by wearing two different shoes to school. Those guys don't even have banana appeal! And Al Benton with his home-knit knee socks and his dashing Bermuda shorts created a stir. Personally, I wish he'd dash about a hundred miles from here. Grifff!

And some of those freshmen penalties were a riot. Gary Schultz and Jim Gehrlein should try to make the modeling profession. They did quite well with the new flat shape. Whitney White looked especially good with that new type of make-up on. What is it called? Invisible?

One evening I sauntered through the cafeteria and noticed that all of the salt and pepper shakers were missing. I bet Mrs. L. would like to know how they disappeared?

College must really be getting soft nowadays. I saw one frosh, I think it was that Benton character again, carrying a pillow around with him. It's getting pretty bad when they can't fall asleep in class without having to resort to pillows.

Thes best hunk of gossip that I was able to root out this past month is the big secret about Marge Elliot. I didn't believe it at first; but after checking with Brenda Star, my doubts were erased. It seems that she... Oh! Here comes Mr. Shields. I promised him that I'd help him collect some dogwood branches tonight for his Botany classes. I guess I'll have to go now. I'll tell you about Marge next time. That will be all, thank you. Woof! Woof!

Samuel Colt invented the revolver in 1835.

Sophomores Hold Court



Pat Metzger, accused freshman, hopes to influence the judge of the Kangaroo Court with her winning smile, while Glenn Raynier, defense attorney, calls on his vast experience with court procedure to plead her case.

Rifle Range Is Sought By Club

On Tuesday, October 5, the initial meeting of the Behrend Center Gun Club was held. Mr. Patterson, instructor of Math, is the advisor of the club, and until officers are chosen, is acting as the president pro-tempore.

Members of the club are Jack Tupitza, John Churchill, Al Kaufman, Bill Maeder, and Bob Karney. Anyone else who has an interest in guns and wishes to learn more about them can join, as membership is not yet closed.

At the first meeting, the group discussed the most essential element that will contribute to its success—a rifle range. John Churchill is in charge of investigating the Keystone Gun Club as a possibility for a range, and Bill Maeder will survey the Gannon College Range for the same purpose. Reports are to be made at the next meeting, when a definite decision should be reached.

Prices of shells and other equipment are being estimated, so that a tentative budget can be submitted to student council for approval.

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Frosh Are Tried For Violations

On Monday, September 20, at 1:00 p. m. the sophomore reign of terror officially began. A list of do's and don'ts (mostly do's) had been handed out the Friday before and freshmen were making a last minute check to make sure they had followed every requirement to the letter.

At 10:45, the frosh could be seen glancing apprehensively at their watches and donning the paraphernalia. The sophomores, meanwhile, could be found near the Behrend Pine, eyeing the passing freshmen with joy.

The instant the clock read 1:00, the razzing began in earnest. Signs were measured and examined to make sure they were perfect, and the campus rang with, "Hi," "Button Frosh," and the four verses of the Alma Mater.

For any violation of the "rules," the offender's name was written down and if a name appeared too often, he was tried by a kangaroo court. The complete court staff, including the defense attorney was made up of sophomores.

The offenders were tried at the first court on September 22, and their penalties were: Fran Vidl must wear a cleaning bag over her clothes; Donna Cramer must carry a replica of a match, provided by the court; Marilyn Buerger must wear a cleaning bag, a peeled onion around her neck, and no make-up; Nancy Johnston and Pat Stocker must each scrub eight squares of the gym floor with tooth brushes; Whitney White must wear no make-up, and Victor David must wear his clothes backwards.

Take heart, frosh, the date set for the ending of the razzing is October 11. Just keep praying that the sophomores don't decide to extend it!