

NITTANY CUB

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Put Your Guns Away 'Cause...

"Nobody shoots at Santa Claus..." No, nobody shoots at Santa Claus. He's famous: the finest and most unselfish individual the world over. Everybody works for him: the United Nations (when they utilize his natural friendliness for "Peace on earth, Good will to men"); the Salvation Army; the police force in our home town; the fire department, G.I. Joe, the soldier, sailor, or marine; Mother and Dad; little Susie and Johnny; Mr. Schultz, the butcher; Mr. Johnson, the baker; Mr. Smith, the insurance salesman; Colonel Brown, the army chaplain, and many others. Yes, we all work for him.

Sometimes, though, we believe he is mythical and non-existent, but sooner or later we discover that he lives in the hearts of all who have love and faith; for love and faith are the most precious things on earth. Without love and faith most of everything we know is mythical and non-existent. It is then that we live in a world of our own imagery where we receive all the benefits of our own generous ego; and since our values have become self-centered, gifts and give become mythical and non-existent, too. Yes, the lack of love and faith is a tragedy, and battlefields are painted with it; so are broken homes, orphanages, and mental hospitals.

But when we believe, we convert the bitter side of life into a happy, well-balanced way of living. We create Santa Claus not for Christmas only, but for other times of the year. He may be the careful driver; the person who sits beside us in church every Sunday; the friend we haven't seen for a long time; the teacher who understands our problems; the guy who gives us a job when we need one; the neighbor who lends us a hand when we want help; the younger sister who does the after-dinner dishes so we can get ready for a date; the older brother who lets us borrow his ties and shirts; the father who gives good advice when we ask him for it; the mother who loves us when no one else cares; so you see, really Santa Claus is around us all the time, and with us everywhere we go.

He is impartial and just, cheerful and generous, and has love and faith in all of us. No, nobody shoots at Santa Claus. He has one of the hardest jobs in the world—believing in us, the people who need him all the time.

Unsung Heroes

It is seldom that the people behind the scenes get much credit for things that are done. This particular situation is true everywhere, and Behrend Center is no exception.

Our school is fortunate in having a very excellent Dramatics Club. Some of the students, in plays produced, have proved to be very apt and capable actors, but it is not these people with whom we are concerned. We are concerned with the students who worked long and tiresome hours to ready the props and sets, and making arrangements for the production of such fine plays. These are the people who deserve a word of praise, however small it may be.

There are others on our campus equally deserving of praise.

To our outstanding custodian staff, Hugh Gallagher, Joe Wardell, and Ed Petrusch, should go praise for keeping our buildings and grounds in condition and making Behrend Center one of the most beautiful campuses in this section of the country.

No article of this type could be complete without mentioning the clerical staff, which puts up with all manner of requests. No matter how busy they may be, each one is smiling and cooperative.

It would be impossible, in such a limited space to name each "unsung hero" on our campus, but what can be said, and appropriately enough at this time, "Thank you, one and all, for helping to make Behrend Center the wonderful place that it is."

AROUND THE FIREPLUG....

By Chenne

This is your life!

Yes, Behrend Centerites, this is your life as seen through the eyes of a dog. And what a dog, eh?

I was sitting in my ranch-style coop the other night when the call came in by way of Dagnet Jack Murray that some of the students (Yipe!) had stolen the school's skis and toboggans. My job—find them. I guess they figure I can sniff out most things.

I started by asking Fran Vidil if she knew anything of the robbery, but she was too busy admiring her new haircut in the mirror to answer. Next I asked Joyce Gouger if she knew anything—just anything. But she merely kept mumbling something about Frank, Frank, Frank. (She was frank about it anyhow.)

Disgusted with these two incompetent females, I decided to do a little scrutinizing of my own. In the cafeteria I found Jody (Bohemian) Borkowski with that dreadful hat on industriously reading a book entitled "How To Be Happy After 15."

Leaving the cafeteria as I saw chow hounds (not Chenne's breed) Carlton Bates, Jason Eades, Dave Hawkins, Dom Cipriani, and Tom Hagen approaching, I journeyed to Erie Hall in search of the missing winter sports equipment. But I only found Bob Brandt, Marge Elliot, Joe Schmitt and Nancy (You too can be on the Dean's List) Johnston in "evening" music class. Such scholars, Mr. Hoover!

Feeling the need of fresh air, I had just stepped out of Erie Hall when I heard shrieks coming from behind the dorm. Sure enough, there were the missing items plus the culprits, Val Meals, Bob Heater, and Peggy Duff. This was their first job since "Murder, Incorporated," if you know what I mean. I finally dragged them before Chief Justice B. E. Agle, who sentenced them to six months of hard work in Mr. Balmer's lab period.

"I've got a secret!" So say some of the gang at B. C. However, everyone knows that:

Don Krista has one eye out for his mother-in-law.

The only reason Pat Metzger would consider transfer to State is because Herb Hanson must go as a fourth-semester engineer.

Denny Polatas is chasing Nat Kobasa around, or is it vice-versa?

Diane Fagan hasn't gotten over those tender embraces Jack Rimp gave her during the play and er... uh... during the play. Poor Lil boomde-a-da!

Question of the issue: What will Ellie say when she finds out that her doll, Ron (Receding) Cionco has a secret crush on Jet Turner?

With New Year's right around the corner, I predict the following resolutions. Esther Olgin is going to start studying psychology. Wally O'Neal is going to join the Alcanon Club. Ron Thomas and Dick Russell are still going to smile at the girls. Bonnie Champney and Diane Harris are still not going to smile at the boys. Ray Metz will at least give one dorm girl a break, eh, Roberta?

And I resolve to stop being so dog-gone soft on you children. It's time you ate your Ken-I-ration and grew up, you know.

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MEET YOUR FACULTY



Mrs. Nyla Falkenhagen

As the faculty personality of the Christmas issue, the Nittany Cub chose Mrs. Nyla Falkenhagen of 3914 East Lake Road, Lawrence Park, Pa. Mrs. Falkenhagen, who is a part-time instructor at Behrend Center, teaches public speaking and English Composition O. Besides this, she has time to fulfill her duties as a housewife.

This year marks the first semester since she came to the Center in 1951 that she is holding classes during the fall term. Previously, she only taught spring semester courses. She enjoys the type of work that she is doing very much, which is the first step toward success in any undertaking.

Mrs. Falkenhagen obtained both her bachelor's and her master's degree in speech and dramatics at the Pennsylvania State University. A native of Westford, Pa., she came to Lawrence Park in 1943. While teaching at the North East High School, she was introduced to her husband, Arthur, by one of her students. The student had been going with Mr. Falkenhagen's younger brother when the introductions were made. Her husband is working at the Erie Meter Systems, and has built the home that they now live in. Just a few finishing touches have to be made before their dwelling is completed.

A pleasant and friendly woman, Mrs. Falkenhagen could think of nothing that she considers a pet peeve. She is fond of steaks and loves to cook. Sewing is another pastime that pleases her, although she has little time to de-

vote to it because of her busy schedule. She likes to read and gives book reviews to many organizations around Erie. Presently, she is reviewing "Love Is Eternal," a book written by Irving Stone, which centers about the lives of Mary and Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. Falkenhagen has had charge of the program for the Easter service each year since she has been at Behrend Center. This year she arranged for some of the students from her speech classes to handle the Christmas program for the tea given by the faculty wives for the women students of the Center.

She rarely misses saying "hello" to anyone that she passes on the campus, and this friendliness on the part of Mrs. Falkenhagen, faculty personality of the issue, has made her well liked by everyone.

BEHREND CENTER PRESENTS...



Sam Wallwork

Curly black hair, a cute dimple in his chin, and big brown eyes with the longest eyelashes you ever saw; that's our own Sam Wallwork of Falls Creek, Pa., Sam, a two-year drafting tech, manages to keep up with his studies, and still have time for sports, his hobby, by the way. His record in high school shows his sportsman's ability; football for three years, and basketball for four years, for which he managed to gain a berth on the All State Team. Since he was contacted by two major league ball clubs, it comes as no surprise that baseball is his favorite sport.

After graduating from Falls Creek High School, Sam entered the U. S. Army, serving in the Second Armored Division. His overseas duty consisted of eighteen months in Germany. The fall of '53 saw Sam entering Behrend Center. Asked for an opinion of B. C. recently, he smiled and in a deep voice said, "I like it, good school!" A pleasing personality himself, his pet peeve is the grownups who act like adolescents!

In his free moments, he can be seen in the cafeteria with other ex-service personnel, enjoying his usual cup of coffee, and shooting the breeze. His extra-curricular activities include technical work for the dramatics club, and serving on the committee for the forthcoming Sno-Ball.

Hunting, one of the main topics

of conversation at this time, holds its thrills for Sam. He managed to be one of the select few to bag a deer this season.

A happily married man for one and one half years, he manages to drive home each weekend to see his pretty wife, Joyce. He has a varied preference in the food line, but his favorite seems to be shrimp, which his wife cooks to perfection. Sam came up with a husband's typical remark when he said, "Joyce is the best cook ever!"

A much heard statement around the campus, "Sam says - -" brings to mind that it isn't Uncle Sam we're speaking of, but our own Sam Wallwork, the guy with the dreamy voice.