

NITTANY CUB

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and Joe Schmitt.

Friendship Pays Off

Congratulations to both the students and the faculty for the wonderful job they did on Duffy's Tavern. Even under the strain of polishing up those last minute acts, everyone kept frayed tempers under control and turned out a great show. One of the nicest comments heard Friday night came from a girl who is planning to attend Behrend in the future. She said, "How friendly everyone is at Behrend." Not only are the students friendly to each other, but they make their visitors feel at home, too. So, in addition to all the work done for Duffy's, we feel that the friendly atmosphere added to the show's success.

The ribbing that the faculty and the students took from each other is typical of the informality (between class hours, of course!) that shows itself at the Center. A smile, a friendly "hello," and a spirit of working together have achieved success for not only Duffy's, but for other events that are as much a part of school life as are the actual studies and classes. We think that this spirit is one of the main things that our campus can be proud of.

"And He Rose from the Dead"

Spring! The time of year when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of pennant winners, and a young girl's fancy turns to thoughts of choosing a new Easter outfit, is here again. Spring is the time when everything seems to blossom forth with a new richness that only a kind mother nature can provide.

And spring, as we can tell from the thoughts of a young girl, brings the season of Easter with it. Mothers are busy buying candy, stuffed rabbits, and Easter Baskets for their families, while Dads are busy worrying about all the money that is being spent. Florists are happy because the corsage trade picks up, and students are happy because the vacation promises a few days of good times, of sleeping late, and of freedom from books and tests.

But, each of us knows that Easter has a deeper meaning, a spiritual meaning that sends most people in the direction of the nearest church on Easter morning. Spring is a rebirth of nature, but Easter is a rebirth of goodness and happiness for all of us. "For on that day Christ rose from the dead to save all of his people."

Do Your Duty!

It has come to the attention of the exponents of the beauties of nature around the campus, that the foliage in the Gorge has begun to look a little more like spring. Everyone is happy to hear this, because nothing is more enjoyable than a walk through the cool paths of the woods after a hard day of classes. However, as with all good things, there are a few bad points.

A person or persons unknown, has been taking delight in stripping the young branches from dormant trees, and pulling up the new shoots of the wild flowers and bushes that grow in the recesses of the Gorge. The suspects, we are happy to say, are not Behrend Center students. Other people, probably children, are responsible for this gross destruction of the flora of Wintergreen. We know that no B. C. student would purposely ruin the source of so much pleasure to so many people, so we are safe in saying that you, the students, are not the wrongdoers.

However, your responsibility does not stop with just not destroying any of the wildlife, it goes much deeper. If by chance you should see anyone in the Gorge who might be breaking off a branch to use as a whip for a game of cowboys and Indians, be democratic and not autocratic, and use a little diplomacy in explaining the hurt he is doing to the greenery that gives Wintergreen its scenic splendor. A little care goes a long way.

AROUND THE FIREPLUG

By Chenne

And there you are! And here I am! I am a dog, and you don't hardly find dogs like me no more. I am intelligent, handsome, and kind, far above the level of most human beings, especially those at Behrend Center.

Diane Fagan, when told she was going to be taking zoology this semester exclaimed, "Oh, good! I've always wanted to learn about zoos."

And then we have Ronnie Thomas. I wish we didn't have him. In high school he stood in the corner so much he has a triangular forehead.

And this tops them all. When Mr. Hover asked Bob (Pancho) McLean what syntax was, he calmly replied, "Isn't that something like an income tax?"

I must say we certainly have some brilliant ones at this school. A couple of weekends ago, having nothing to do, I got a date with a beagle friend of Gallagher's dog, and the two of us wagged our way over to Erie Hall and took in Duffy's Tavern. I laughed so hard, I thought I'd choke on my bone.

Whoever told Bill (that's an emcee?) Loell that he was funny must have an odd sense of humor. His wit was as dry as an Arizona desert.

And then, I almost split my tibia when Nancy (pinky) Johnston and Jack (dig that Palmolive smile) Rimp tried to do the "Richmond" or "Charleston" or something. They looked just like Mutt and Jeff.

Joe (Mr. parking lot) Schmidt didn't put up any resistance when Donna Cramer sat on his lap. I guess maybe he's finally wised up.

And I hear that all the money that Mr. Kochel collected is going towards a six foot mirror for Willy (Hercules) Storer so he can admire his beautiful (?) build more often.

I think that Dot Kaliszewski ought to stick to trying to edit a paper and give up singing. I've heard tea kettles sing better than that.

And Don (I still haven't found my car) Catlin would have looked pretty foolish if that one cotton ball he kept hidden in his hand would have dropped.

You know, up to now, I've always thought that Venice (gondola) Ceccacci, Bonnie Champney, and May Schnoch never got into any trouble, but, according to Bob Heater, who, by the way, is the only one who knows me, I am quite wrong. Girls, I'm surprised!

Question of the issue: Will Bob Brandt's Chevey win out over Joe Benacci's Oldsmobile in the fight over Pat Stocker?

Here's a hot news tip! Whitney (Oh, Jack, you're so cute!) White and Jack (I know I am!) Murray are secretly engaged. This bit of information was furnished by a good friend of mine, Rin Tin Can, who got it off the grapevine in North East.

This week, I am introducing something new—Chenne's personality of the issue. This personality can be seen at almost any time of the day in the cafeteria. She leads the school in cutting classes and forgetting to do her homework. She always has an unpleasant word about everybody except Mel. A girl with a heart of stone and a frown for everyone is our own, Jet Turner.

The battle for Bill (snoaky

MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Dot Maxwell

Our faculty personality, Mr. Max Kaplan, instructor in corrective speech and social skills, came to Pennsylvania from Portchester, New York. He came into this world at Portchester, the home of both the Lifesaver and the television personality, Ed Sullivan, on February 20, 1928.

Mr. Kaplan did his undergraduate study at Bloomsburg State Teachers College, and acquired his master's degree from the Pennsylvania State University. While working for his master's degree, Mr. Kaplan served as a graduate assistant in the Speech and Hearing clinic there. This ambitious instructor is also a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City.

During World War II, Mr. Kaplan served with the United States Army. He received his basic training in Alabama and from there went to California, Manila, and Okinawa. Under Uncle Sam's direction, he served with the Infantry in the Information Education Bureau in Manila and as a radio announcer with the Armed Forces Radio Service in Manila and Okinawa.

If you notice any stray copies of music lying around the campus with the title "Hey Maryutch" on the cover, you will have notice-



Mr. Kaplan

ed also the lower right hand corner of the copy bearing the name "Max Kaplan," in black caps. Mr. Kaplan's foremost hobby is writing popular music.

Mr. Kaplan has no special preferences for food, but "likes a good meal anytime." He's so pleasant and good-natured, that this reporter didn't even bother to ask about pet peeves.

Both Mr. Kaplan and his lovely wife, Mary, are well-liked, especially by the speech clinic students. And you should see how well they dance!

Behrend Center Presents . . .

By Jane Kennedy

A promising future lies ahead of the sparkling young personality of this issue, Venice Ceccacci, who began her life in Farrell, Pa. on April 28, 1936. Venice completed her "lower" education at Farrell High School, and is at present enrolled as an English Education major at Behrend.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," is Ven's motto, and a smile is her umbrella in any kind of weather. Although appearing shy, this wavy-haired blonde is really a joker at heart, and she always finds time to combine fun with her studies.

The dorm really jumps when Venice Ceccacci gets warmed up in the jitterbugging sessions held in the noisier hours of the day. Besides this interest, Ven also enjoys poetry, especially Lord Byron's works. Talking is another pastime of which "our" girl never tires.

A great believer of school spirit, Ven carries out this belief through her participation in the numerous college functions. Just recently elected as secretary-treasurer of the dorm council, Venice is also a member of the science club.

Her favorite crooner is Eddie Fisher, whom she calls a "real, livin' doll." Ice cream of any kind or flavor is rated highly on her list of best-liked foods. Although usually very tolerant, Venice con-



Miss Ceccacci

tinues to nurse one pet peeve. "Those surprise quizzes they keep popping on us are really for the birds," says Ven. Another declaration quite frequently expressed by Ven is, "Chalk one up!"

Next fall, Venice hopes to continue her college career as a sophomore at Penn State University. It's almost certain that life holds many possibilities for this ambitious lass, whose personality has already carried her well on the road to success and happiness.

wooksum) Maeder rages on. Before this paper went to press Jean Cio-cozzi had a slight edge on Pat.

Frank Schiller and Jim Gehrlein ought to spend a little more time on their studies and not so much on cards.

Well, I guess I'll have to bring this to a close. My favorite television program, "Mark the Bark," is coming on in five minutes, and I don't want to miss it.

Before I go, however, I would like to make a few predictions. I predict that:

1. Jane Eisenberg will give up

chasing J. R. and will pursue Gordon McMichael.

2. In the next issue, I will try to get some dope about Raleigh Chesley, Gary Dunsmore, Dave Bernella, Janet Evans, Sonya Weidner, Gerry Guzik, Phil Hazen, John Thomas, Al Kaufman, and Dick Webster.

3. Carl Bretz will have to stop wearing those open necked shirts. We know by now that Carl has hair on his chest, but if Gallagher doesn't stop pulling it out by the handful, he'll have a bare spot there instead.