

NITTANY CUB

Established October 26, 1948, as the official publication for the student body of Pennsylvania State College, Behrend Center, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Published bi-weekly by the Breeze Publishing Co., North East, Pennsylvania.



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Let Us Pause

Thanksgiving is one of the few times in our lives, perhaps, that we become sentimental and really think of all the things for which we can be thankful. Even to eat turkey on Thanksgiving day, with all the trimmings, is a luxury.

Have you ever thought of how much food one dollar can buy in India, and how we spend our dollars, and have a sickening feeling creep over you? The United Nations is campaigning now for their children's fund, whereby fifteen cents would buy enough penicillin to cure a child of the horrible, disfiguring disease, yaws. Yet, we go about our individual ways of life, not thinking of giving, just getting; material gains are uppermost in our minds. If

we would spend a little time evaluating our lives, we would see it is not what we have that counts; it is what we do with it.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to be together with our families for Thanksgiving have something for which we should be thankful. Before we left our families to go to college, we may not have appreciated them; now since we stand alone, we realize how much we depended on them.

Many go to church on this sacred day for perhaps the only time in the year. We become so concerned with ourselves we forget our purpose here on earth. Let us all not forget, when we walk around the campus or into a classroom, that we have a responsibility to our families, friends, and to our God.

Why Am I Here?

Someone approached me lately with the conventional problem crowding every student's mind at a crucial point during his hectic term in our institution. "Why am I here?" he asked. He expected me to give a logical, soul-satisfying answer. Life invites the same quest at its every critical point, whether it be an institution of learning or any other institution. Illogical cliches ran through my mind, none of which would satisfy his serious problem; none of which would satisfy me. How could I answer him when I knew so well his confused thoughts. I thought it best to console him by my own rationalizations. So I said, "Every person has some goal which he sets up consciously or in the back of his mind. He should work here"

toward this goal, each success bringing him a little closer, each mistake not pushing him back, but reassuring him that next time he will not get caught in the same situation challenging him to apply that situation to his goal"—there is his answer. The satisfaction of a job well done will crowd out the confusions and doubts resulting from his mistakes. After all, what would life be without its ups and downs, sudden stops, and conflicting crosswords? Even a Sunday afternoon drive is boring in the Sahara Desert. Well, that was my answer. If I helped, I'm satisfied; if not, I at least righted my own philosophy. In my position, what would you have said? Do you know why you're

Friendship

Friendship is a treasured thing, and true friends, priceless. Making new friends is a vital part of a student's adjustment to college life. Talking, laughing, walking to class, and doing homework with another student creates a bond, not only of friendship, but of strength. Of how much value is a friend to you? As much homework as you can secure from him perhaps. If this is your answer, let us hope you will modify it in the forthcoming days, for a friendship is only as good as the two people who compose it. It is a mutual effort, a joint giving and receiving, and it stands as a symbol of faith.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread" draws attention to the fact that many times we have a tendency to act impulsively. Proceeding with care also applies to choosing our companions — Companions who will undoubtedly influence us by their words and actions. Now in the first days

AROUND THE FIREPLUG

By Chenne

Thanksgiving vacation is here, and all you humans probably need a rest from the hectic life of school—especially those students who continue to pull the wool over authoritative eyes on Thursday nights. Well, to paraphrase an old adage, "When housemothers are away, the rats will play."

And speaking of administrative policies, is that really a Dorm Council that permits its buddies to run roughshod over it? Oh well, I suppose the Dorm Council feels this is a bone of contention for Student Council to handle, and vice versa. Shall we pass the buck? Dog-gone it, Puff and Fluff and Chico (that's Mr. Hover's pedigreed pooch, of course) and I could run things better than that!

Also speaking of the complaint department, some of the dorm girls have been whispering into my fuzzy ears about a bone they have to pick with Miss Dorothy Blazer. They tell me that Dot has been "birddogging" all the other girls' men and her "ace buddies" don't like it one bit. Isn't that revolting?

Of course, lots of changes are taking place in the dorm. If my canine eyes didn't deceive me, I noticed the light in Barbara (she's going steady?) Bell's flickers when J. M. walked by recently. And that quiet Laurie Brutout seems to be finally coming out of her shell. First to greet her was Hubert Taylor—arf! arf! Watch out for these quiet ones, boys. Say, is that Judy Young following Clark Jamison around? Does she hope to succeed with the strong, silent type?

Here's a puzzle, dog lovers. What do Tokar, Jordan Road, Schweitzer, parked car, moon add up to? Simply that Bill will probably switch brands to names like Greenlee, Thompson, and Locke soon—good old town brands, you see.

Talking of town students, that Bob O'Connor is a "patient" one isn't he? Who else would wait for his date's answer until just before the Turkey trot tickets went out of print? Golly, I hope the heating unit is working when I get tossed into the pool in the spring, don't you?

Is it true that (1) Laurie Hill is out in the cold with Dick Webster (2) John and friends went racing away from the dorm the other night with their arms loaded with "canned" goods (3) a certain closet near the Memorial Room was smelly after the hayride (4) Chief Thomas will never learn to keep quiet (witness the little deal in the swimming pool awhile back (5) I saw Bob go down the back way with one of our more vivacious coeds recently (6) Micque (check "the" spelling) Brown has replaced Jay Roling as campus romeo because he's good at washing certain people's clothes (7) it is really as dark in the photo lab as Queen Peck and Camera President Schiller

of college life we have met many people of various likes and dislikes. Let us not be impetuous, but learn to choose our friends cautiously, so that in future days it will enable us to deal wisely with the many people we shall encounter in our daily life.

STUDENT PERSONALITY

By Phyllis Stadler

By now all of you should know one of the most versatile girls on campus—Helen (Honey) Greenlee.

Honey is a second-semester sophomore who is going to transfer to main campus in February, where she says that she will feel like a little girl in a big place.

Honey was born in Erie, Pa. on September 28, 1936 and has lived in Lawrence Park all of her life.

During her years at Lawrence Park High School, Honey was active in many extra-curricular activities, among which she favored Future Teachers of America and Student Council.

In the summer of 1953 Honey was one of two hundred and fifty American students who traveled to Germany with an organization which was trying to promote brotherhood between nations. She stayed in Stuttgart, Germany, where she lived with a lawyer and his wife. Honey especially enjoyed Switzerland because of its high mountains. At the end of their stay all the students met in Paris, where it was just a regular homecoming.

Honey's first year of college was spent at Edinboro State Teacher's College in Edinboro, Pa. While at Edinboro her majors were Spanish and German, but when she



Helen Greenlee

transferred to Behrend she changed to English.

A few of her activities here at Behrend include the Cub, choir, bowling, and the yearbook.

The things she is most interested in are sports, music, and people, which is noticeable by the organizations in which she is participating.

Her two ambitions are to be an orphanage director or a successful English teacher in a small town.

Good luck to Honey in whatever field she chooses; we know she's got what it takes to make the grade.

MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Elaine Peplinski

"Don't worry about it." That's Mr. Donald Beal's philosophy, and one which his economics and accounting students are trying their best to adopt.

This is Mr. Beal's first year at Behrend as a faculty member. In 1948, however, he was attending classes here and taking lecture notes from Mr. Shields, Mr. Turnbull, and Mr. Thurbon. Besides being a full time professor, Mr. Beal works as an accountant, and has even found time to establish a 146 bowling average in the Behrend Bowling League. Being such a sociable fellow, Mr. Beal also enjoys a good game of golf.

Mr. Beal was born in Erlenton, Pennsylvania, and went to high school in Titusville at the same time that Mr. Shields was a student there. Before coming to Behrend for his first year of college, he lived in North East for six years and spent a total of six years in the navy. It was during this time that he married. (You might

ask him about his philosophy on marriage. We think it's an excellent one.)

claim it is (8) the Dorm feels that Fred "I've Been Had" Loell sounds like a sick moose with his noisy chatter (9) few of the 2 year "D. P.'s" are angels?

Time out while I look for a stray bone or chase a cat or two.

May I predict that John, General Chairman of the whole Mess, Mal-lory will never learn to act like an adult when decisions go against him? Which reminds me, I wonder if John remembers that he was not exactly the people's choice in the last election?

Well, kiddies and friends (ha!), be thankful it's Thanksgiving time when you can get a rest from your old buddy, Chenne. I'll be seeing you (whether you see me or not). Good-luck!



Donald Beal

Some day, Mr. Beal hopes to return to California, where he was stationed while in the service.

Although he dearly loves a good argument, Mr. Beal will find us in complete agreement on one subject: we're glad that he is here!

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