

In and Out

By Bob Pierce

"Stern discipline, you understand, stern discipline is what we're going to have in this class; and the worst thing you can do is run around the pool. Okay, now jump in . . ." Those "stern" words were spoken by a short, stocky coach of the high school swimming team. He had a round, full face with lots of black, curly hair piled in one neat lump on his head. His dark, piercing eyes supported long, bushy eyebrows which shaded his frequent "why you little punk" glare. I hesitated just long enough to take one big gulp of air and close my eyes, for I dared not oppose this commander. I was too scared to notice if anyone else in the class had jumped or not; and what's more, I didn't care. As I came slowly from the bottom, which was only three feet down. I suddenly realized that someone must have been playing games; for I was the only one in the pool. The gallery of gaping mouths and restraining laughs was indeed a most deplorable sight. From the far side of the pool came the ear-splitting bellow of "the coach." "You damn fool, get out of that pool." It didn't take me long to do just that. "Did you hear me say that you were to jump when I blew the whistle?" he yelled. "Well, you'll learn to follow instructions in this class if I have to drown you to do it," he interrupted as I was about to answer. "Now fall in!" he spat. "Where, the pool?" I asked. "No, in line," he screamed. He again called the class to attention; and as he paced back and forth in front of us, apparently hunting for something bad enough to say or for someone to crack a smile, the fire drill siren moaned its warning signal in the empty hall upstairs. As the others rushed out of the door into the locker room, he pulled me aside. He told me that I was to jump into the pool when the whistle was blown, and get out as quickly as I knew how. Then, I was to remain in a crouched position waiting for the next signal. Above the excitement of hurried people leaving the theoretically fire-trapped building, sounded the successive shrieks of a "stern" coach's whistle and the repeated, echoed splashes of an undisciplined non-conformist.

Mrs. Behrend

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sidered one of the finest in the nation.

It was also decided on the last visit by Mrs. Behrend that the swimming pool should be heated, and she sponsored this work.

In the near future Mrs. Behrend will again make her visit to the university center, speak to an assembly, and meet many of the students, especially through the tea held by Mrs. Kochel for the women students.

Contagious!

By Laurie Brutout

Spring fever, I believe, is the most delightful illness there is. Like any other malady, it is a hindrance to efficient functioning of the mind and body, but unlike any other, it does something wonderful for a person. The best part about it is that no one ever acquires an immunity to it.

Take me, for instance. I've been its victim every year since I can remember, and every year it's the same: all organized mental functioning ceases, and coordinated bodily movement is greatly decreased. Mostly, I just sit, gnawing on the eraser of my pencil and gazing out the window, trying to ignore the glint of sunlight reflected from the paper on my desk. The instructor's voice becomes a far-away drone, the blackboard fades into obscurity, and my mind is engulfed by warm, pink, cottony clouds. Shaded swimming pools and cool, dark forests take form in my imagination, and I see myself with not a thing to do but drink in the beauty of nature—the nature of spring—so different from winter's crisp whiteness. Is this the ill effect of the disease?

Whether one considers the disadvantages or advantages of this affliction, the result is the same. Even while the rapid-working sickness is deteriorating the capacity of the mind and rendering useless the otherwise healthy anatomy of a person, it is curing him of winter's trivial sniffles and depressed moods. Music has a new meaning; it can lift spirits to the sky. The world has donned its Easter outfit, and there is a feeling of anticipation as the patient's symptoms grow more acute.

My wandering, "feverish" mind is jolted back to reality by the click and squeak of a door opening and the shuffle, creak, and bang of desks as students arise from them. Class is dismissed, and thirty cases of spring fever, like myself, waste no time in getting outdoors to try to contract a little more of the fatal illness.

Science Workshop

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chemistry, and general science being handled by these respective discussion leaders: H. J. Poorbaugh, Erie county agricultural agent; Dr. Kenneth Manning, dept. of physics; Dr. Norman De-no, dept. of chemistry and Dr. B. F. Howell, Jr., head of the dept. of geophysics and geochemistry . . . the latter three all from Penn State.

Following a 6:30 dinner, E. S. Kenny, radiation health physicist from State's nuclear reactor laboratory, talked on "Radiation and Metabolism" and was succeeded at 8:15 by Dr. George R. Seidel

'Round the Town

By Phyllis Stadler

On Saturday, April 7, Pat Locke took a trip to Slippery Rock State Teachers College. Pat is seriously planning to attend Slippery Rock next year. We, who have known Pat for the past year, will certainly miss her.

Mary Ann Wasilewski went to Chicago recently with her family. Anyone would enjoy a trip around this time of year, but only one person is ever lucky enough to take one.

One of our talented golf players, Bob Bainbridge, is planning to be in the Erie pen Golf Tournament at the Kahkwa Club this summer. This annual event is sponsored by the Erie Jaycees. Good luck to you, Bob.

Sonya Weidner and her family have moved to a brand new house at 337 East 37th St. Some day when you're out for a ride, drive by and see it.

Dick Rettman seems to be spending a lot of his spare time fishing lately. Have you caught any fish yet, Dick?

Frank Simon recently spent the weekend in Pittsburgh visiting Bob Jackson and Harry Courtney.

Beth Margolis has decided upon a new career. Now, she wants to be an air-line hostess. What made you decide this, Beth?

Ted Urban may be a great snake lover, but does he have to make everyone else suffer with them? The next time he finds a snake, it would be very nice if he'd take it home instead of giving it to Dr. Smith.

Have you seen the new Penn State jacket that Jim Goldsmith has been sporting around? Pretty sharp!

Chiefly CHATTER

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in the contest (what kind?) with Wally, Hap, Earl, and Russ. At last count it was Janie 17, Eileen 14, Hap 4, Earl 3, Wally and Russ were only able to do away with 1 apiece.

And don't you just adore Janie's and Eileen's new nicknames? But I don't understand why everyone calls them "Straight Pipe" and "Sticky Valves," do you? It sounds like an ad for a plumber's union.

Harriet: "Stop!"
Russell: "I won't!"
Harriet: "Well, at least I resisted."

And in closing, may I just repeat a little conversation overheard in the cafeteria last week:

Janie: "What're ya studyin'?"
Mallory: "Econ."
Janie: "Hard?"
Mallory: "Nope."
Janie: "Can ya cut often?"
Mallory: "Never calls the roll."
Janie: "Much outside reading?"
Mallory: "None."
Janie: "Many tests?"
Mallory: "No tests."
Janie: "Call on ya often?"
Mallory: "Once a week."
Janie: "Thought there was a catch to it!"

Abstraction

By Gary Stults

What is life's goal?

The Poet says, "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not the goal . . ."

The scientist says, "Relative".

Do we individually analyze our capabilities? Can we bring out our deepest desires? As one person, can we really benefit the world, our nation, our town, our school, our loved ones, or ourselves? Being humans, we know that we are not infallible, but are we able to cope with situations and make the correct decisions? Life is but a quiz book without answers. The road is ready to be paved, but in what direction it is to be built is what curbs our decision.

Time is the beginning, the governing factor, and the end. It is up to the individual how this precious factor is to be spent. Man has made night into day by artificial light and through this has doubled his day of work, but yet man has not acquired full capacity of the natural day. This is man, a constant grasper of the unknown factor in which he has no idea of what it is or if it exists. Will he ever attain his goal? How can he if he does not know what he seeks? A gambler gambles for the stakes he hopes will be in the pot and what the other man will be able to put in if he has such stakes to gamble with. Is life not the same way? A continual gamble for something that is not certain even to exist. Man, therefore, seeks his goal by trial and error, made by himself or by observing others.

The past is to be had by the turning of the pages of books, the present is but to observe and account for, but the future is to be made, and made it must be if we shall continue our search for the goal, whatever it may be. This is the burden that has been placed upon our shoulders. By sweat and blood we must and we will carry on this continual search for life's goal.

There's More to It Than You Think

Do you like to see a good play? I'm sure you do, but have you ever stopped to think how much work goes into its production? Once you have picked the right play you must choose the actors to fill the different roles. Since it takes more than actors to make a good play, you must pick stage hands, property men, someone to be in charge of wardrobe, tickets, and most important of all, publicity.

After all the people who are to have anything to do with the play have been chosen you must set deadlines for the various phases of the work to be done and set aside adequate time for rehearsals. This is the most important part of the play. The actors must give freely of their time to practice. In the professional theater actors are paid for their time, but in amateur productions the only pay they receive is the pleasure they get out of helping to make a play a success.

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