

## NITTANY CUB

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

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



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### Why the Long Face?

"Why the long face?" remarked a fellow to one of the girls the other day. "Lose your last friend?"

"I'm just disgusted, that's all — just plain bored stiff," she replied.

The girl's answer kept bothering me. Well, if she's so bored, why doesn't she do something about it? I consoled myself. After all, she undoubtedly has a stack of studies she should do. Or if she hasn't any studying, why doesn't she go down and bowl or play some ping-pong? But what if she isn't athletic or the least bit interested in sports? Then what is there for her to do? The answer loomed blackly before me—nothing.

This problem concerns not only the dormitory girls who live here all the time, but also the students who commute. There is a certain something lacking which could unite the students and bring a little sparkle and vitality into their daily routine. Call it spontaneity, naturalness, or what you wish. For, although the prime reason that we are here in college is education, you cannot study all the time. Furthermore a well-rounded education does not consist merely of classes and studying. Usually a student who participates in extra-curricular activities is the one who not only keeps his grades up to par, but is the one who can be found on the honor roll, and quite frequently on the Dean's list.

But what if there aren't any activities in which to participate? Then you begin making your own fun. And often that fun is not too constructive. Is that what will happen here at Behrend Center?

At the first of the year the enthusiasm was running at a high level. Various clubs and activities were in full swing. Anytime there was a small dance, students showed up. They usually had a good time too. What slackened that enthusiasm? Part of it we can blame on the students. After all, if no one turns up at a performance which a club worked hard to produce, the club and advisor are bound to be discouraged.

But only part of the blame lies with us. The rest lies elsewhere. It rests upon the shoulders of those whose job it is to see that we lead a healthy, happy life. There are always a few who are interested. Aren't those interests worth cultivating? Perhaps the bored ones who at the beginning were "just too busy to belong," are longing for another opportunity.

So, Behrend Center "powers that be," how about giving us that opportunity? Provide us with a few more activities, clubs, and wholesome, entertaining assemblies. Maybe then we won't hear the comment — "Just plain bored stiff."

### Real George

Just mention Washington, an axe, and a cherry tree, and nearly everybody thinks, "Honest George." However, there are kinds and degrees of honesty and truthfulness.

Behrend students are really a conscientious lot. Try leaving something, a book or coat, in Erie Hall, or the Classroom Building; and, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, unless it got in the way of the cleaning, it will still be there when you race back for it the next hour, afternoon, or day, when you miss it.

Then there is the "gentlemanly" brand of honesty. This often creeps into play during ping-pong games. The young gentleman liberally pads his weaker female opponent's score, swearing up and down that it's accurate. If he really gets caught, he alibis that a "close" game is more fun.

Of course there is a great deal of inverted honesty. Professors are often guilty of saying, "This really isn't a hard test," or, "There isn't much to memorize here," but actually meaning that somebody had better settle down to work.

(Next Column)

### Around The Campus

By Anne Blackman

What's new? Exams and vacation have rather occupied our lives in these past few weeks. Reflecting on exam week, the dorm seemed quieter than usual, and, in Erie Hall, ping pong paddles were substituted by Chem. I books. Even P. J. and JANIE laid aside the pursuit of men for the pursuit of knowledge. (Or was it merely cramming?) (After the long, hard struggle against the superior brains of professors, many fortunate, blithe spirits migrated southwards—SUSIE and SANDY off to sunny Florida and Cuban beaches searching for life-guards, JANE paying a mysterious visit to Orlando, MR. VAN DORT just soaking up the sun, and MIKE and HERMAN falling into the clutches of the law. (What are you philanthropists trying to do? Support the entire state of Virginia? \$85 is outrageous.) Even the "Mc's" incorporated looked healthier than usual (JIM and JIM managed a rare, but welcome smile on Monday).

Romance seems to be doing well for some, however. MARLENE tore herself away from the darkened car long enough to announce that she and "her BILL" have set the date for this summer. EVA has left the ivy covered walls to find matrimonial bliss, at long last, with Jack, and BETSY is still receiving letters postmarked State College.

The faculty's matrimonial status has improved considerably. MR. and MRS. THURBON, plus dog, returned from an exciting honeymoon in N.Y.C. and have established residence in Wesleyville. MR. BURNS and MR. BAIR have finally gotten hooked by two other young members of the teaching profession, and MR. G. BAKER is paying unexpected visits to the dorm. Elsewhere among the staff, DR. SMITH has been busily unpacking skeletons and scaring poor GILL with FRISKY. DR. SMITH has also found a new remedy for constipation. You merely disconnect the intestines and boil them. Oh, beware all Englishmen, GALLAGHER is in due need of fuel for his smudge pots, and by the way, MR. BURNS, the milk company does not offer a free taxi service.

There is still question in some minds as to what were the real circumstances behind HUGH M's hand injury. Big RED and his boys are now on a socialize movement with the aid of DAVE, MIKE, GILL, JACKIE, MR. BEAL, a few from the Dorm and TUDY, who has offered to have many parties at her home. Let's all co-operate! (and have a ball!) One parting shot: Who is the mysterious MISS NIXON?

Also note the exchanges of compliments between girls, or fellows; between "steadies" or sweethearts; and between teacher and students. In this type of verbal encounter, honesty reaches its peak of perfection. It is entirely a matter of degree. One tiny detail can be amplified to make a king out of a pauper.

Congratulations to the Behrendites, for in meeting these varied qualifications, they are the most "honest" people we know.

### MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Renita Zonarich

Have you seen the man in the silver Austin Healey zooming around campus lately? He isn't a hot-rod from Oxford, but the new engineering professor Herbert F. Bair, who is a sports car enthusiast.

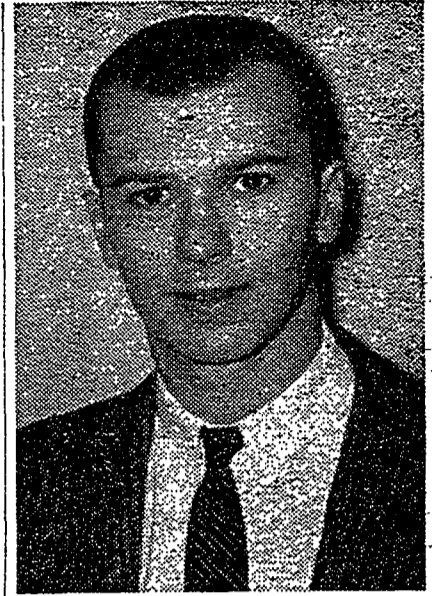
Mr. Bair's avid interest in sports cars started about two years ago when he bought his first sports car, a Jaguar. He later invested in a Thunderbird and then the Austin Healey which he raced at Reading, Penna.

A graduate of the John Harris High School in Harrisburg, and the Pennsylvania State University, Mr. Bair majored in Electrical Engineering which he is now teaching at Behrend Center.

While attending college, Mr. Bair lived in the house of the Delta Chi Fraternity of which he is a member.

Discussing his life in the fraternity, Mr. Bair told of his experiences when he raised tropical fish. The fish never lasted too long due to several of his fraternity brothers who when inebriated had the habit of pouring beer into the fish tanks. Mr. Bair finally solved his problem by filling the tanks with Paranha. When his brothers reached in to pour beer the next time, they came out with bloody hands. This is just a fish story, of course.

Among his many interests, Mr. Bair played the piano for fifteen years. At nine, he appeared as guest soloist with the Harrisburg Symphony Orchestra. He also played pipe organ for eight years in church. However, ping-



pong and soft-ball have now replaced Mr. Bair's musical talents.

A few interesting facts about Mr. Bair are that he was a glass-blower and a steeplejack for four years. His most thrilling experience as a steeplejack came while he was painting a sign on the roof of a hotel in Harrisburg. From this point, he could see the girls at the Y.W.C.A. sun-bathing.

During the summer months Mr. Bair spends his time fishing and swimming at his summer home in Harrisburg.

Previous to his work at Behrend Center, Mr. Bair was employed by the Bendix Aviation Corporation in New York where he worked on research and development of defense projects for the government.

Mr. Bair is engaged and is planning a late summer wedding. He likes Behrend Center and Erie very much and plans to make this location his permanent home after he is married.

### Behrend Center Presents . . .

By Sandy David

One of the complexities that we come across at Behrend is a freshman lass named Suzanne Russell. A product of Strong Vincent High School in Erie, where she excelled in math, green-eyed Tudy is pursuing her liberal arts courses here at Behrend, because, as she emphatically put it, "Well, my brother liked it."

So far Tudy likes it, too—enough that she plans to come back next year. "Because of the smallness of the school, the all-around friendliness of the students at Behrend gives the chance for you to know everyone, and everyone to know you." This just about sums up her main reason for liking school.

Tudy is a highly imaginative sprite, and it is this imagination that over-shadows her not-too-often-seen serious nature. Along with this imagination she has two other distinguishing features—an emotionally blunt "Good grief!" and a subdued, ocean-roar like chuckle.

Tudy is partial to many things and among them are people that are natural, able to enjoy themselves, and have an interest in other people; talking about, and to her brother; hot dogs and baked beans; Chopin's Polonaise; bowling without falling down the alley more than twice in a game; and Cempy's gym classes.

She detests bugs, orientation week; driving down Cooper Hill; huge purses; of which she has



"Tudy" Russell

only one; dull people; and writing themes.

Her ambitions include: having a good time; a visit to Alaska; and passing a summer without having to be saved from drowning. Years ago when she was a youngster, Tudy wanted to be a veterinarian.

In addition to her school life, Tudy teaches Sunday School to pre-school and kindergarten children at the Cascade Methodist Church in Erie and works part time in Loufer's Food Market to help finance her way through school.

If you're looking for this happy-go-lucky girl with her cute white angora cap, you can usually find her almost anywhere on the campus at almost anytime, and even once in awhile in the library.