

NITTANY CUB

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Effects of Spring

Spring! What a variety of thoughts, images, and emotions this one syllable word brings to mind! To some, spring means a reawakening of life; to others, the advent of spring sports such as baseball, tennis, and golf; to a few, the stirring of young love in the hearts of a boy and girl, or to others just the beginning of another season of the year. Although everyone has his own impression of spring, what does it mean to typical Behrend students like Susie Sophomore and Freddie Freshman, or to an average university professor, like Mr. I. M. Boring?

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of — baseball, and Freddie Freshman is no exception to the rule. Before the last trace of snow has melted from the back yard, baseball bats have been taped, catchers' masks have been unearthed, and teams have been assembled. Soon the air is shattered by a resounding "crack" as Freddie smashes the ball over the right field fence. For his efforts he receives a gracious smile from Susie Sophomore, who has an avid interest in baseball, and an equally avid interest in Freddie.

While Freddie's interest is on the baseball diamond, Susie has been smitten by the incurable disease of "spring fever". She contacted the bug from the first, fresh breeze of spring. As she casually greeted one of the young eligibles about campus with a cordial "Hi," it suddenly dawned on her what a cute smile, deep blue eyes, and dark, wavy hair he had. Why, she must have been blind not to have noticed him before! Now, all thoughts of zoology, English, and history homework are gone, and she walks around in a mental haze, waiting for the day when he'll wake up to the fact that she's alive.

Professor I. M. Boring, at the first signs of spring, shoves his bowling ball into the darkest corner of the hall closet and dusts off his golf clubs. He is one of the thousands who hangs up dish cloths and neglects cutting the grass in order to answer the call of the "greens." When, during the winter, his wife pleaded with him to clean out the cellar, walk to the corner store for the groceries, or to do any one of a number of tasks requiring a limited amount of energy, he flatly refused to budge from his easy chair. He is now more than willing to trudge miles up hill and down dale in pursuit of a small, white ball just so that he'll be able to boast that he scored in the high "70's" or low "80's." He can blame spring for his aching arms and legs the next day.

You may be impressed by the Behrend campus, itself, during the early spring as nature outdoes herself to dress her plants and small creatures in costumes befitting the birth of a new season. On the brown, rail fence a robin, resplendent in his burnt-orange vest, warbles his throaty song in an attempt to impress a prospective mate. The small, bubbling spring, skipping over the small pebbles and sparkling in the sunlight, murmurs the promise of an early summer. In the woods, green shoots are springing up through the carpet of decaying, brown leaves, and the buds on the trees are already bursting from their tight scales, clothing the bare branches with fresh, green foliage.

Now you have heard some impressions of spring. Into which category do you fall?

To The Student

Since this is your paper, we feel that you should be given the chance to offer any ideas that you might have which would improve the Cub. If you have any suggestions, complaints, or items that you would like to see in print, here is the opportunity.

Just drop a line in care of the editor, expressing your views.

It's your publication and it's our sincere desire to please you.

Around The Campus

By Anne and Lewis

Dawson is being quite gay, dating "many" women and taking long walks in the gorge (in daylight no less) . . . Tudy's parties were a great success . . . "bird-legged Tarzan" Thomas carries a clipping of his hero, Elvis, close to his heart . . . "Gazelle" Minhinick shouldn't wear his heart on his sleeve . . . Jerry poked a few more holes in his nose and went to the Mardi Gras as a saxophone . . . "Wilt" and McGoo" love their "Sugar Daddies" . . . The fickle finger of fate points again at Tony Krainski . . . Dave Barnett and Bob Metzgar don't seem to be members of the pacifist movement . . . "Rocky" and Schutte . . . "Mutt and Jeff" . . . Bob Makufka spends most of his time practicing the accordion and combing his curly locks . . . Dick Janvleski's attitude towards life—"Last year I was conceited, but this year I'm perfect" . . . Congratulations to the winners of the Interpretive Reading Contest. Karole, Sandy, Evelyn, and particularly Betsy are looking forward to their trip to campus . . . Beth Margolis is now working at Bell Telephone. Why doesn't she follow Summerville's precedent and visit us once in a while . . . everyone misses her smiling face . . . Say now, did you see Mique dressed like a professional businessman each time he returns to Behrend? . . . Our Miss Tully is on the warpath again. One arm made no difference in her new pursuit—interior decorating . . . Attempts to arouse Mrs. L. with a fire alarm failed, but whispers have her running . . . Judy has been playing midwife to Renita's fish . . . Dee, Myrna, and Jan Hack, arrived "home" late one eve . . . How did Marge contact "Mono", the kissing disease? . . . and what's this sudden profusion of broken arms . . . Bill, Janie, and Sus? . . .

As usual, the faculty arouses many interesting questions . . . We congratulate Mr. G. Baker . . . Miss Baer is entertaining some mysterious man . . . Mr. Bair is having Austin-Healy blues. Tickets for speeding and grease in the hair are not relished by the avid sportsman . . . Mr. Hover had a near flood at his cottage when both of his tropical fish aquariums sprang a leak at the same time . . . Rumors have it that Mr. Lane would like to produce a Greek play around the pool. Sounds great! . . . Mrs. Falkenhagen is pleased about all the new books the library is receiving this semester . . . How did the empty bottles get into the Memorial Room?? . . . Poor Jay must be dreadfully busy this semester as his personage is rarely seen around campus. Mr. Patt, you're cruel! . . . Good heavens! What's all this co-ed popularity, Curly? All the girls want a date with you, and either Perry, McKenzie, and McCarter are scared of girls or tight-wads . . . Jim, how about giving dancing lessons to a few of us around here . . . Then there's Chop and his harem . . . What's Dusty's attraction in Erie and his decline in popularity with the dorm girls? . . . by the way, what happened to Willy? . . . Jim McAdoo's wife is expecting . . . Coates and Mytinger are giving free matrimonial advice. Shall we all enroll in the course? . . . Congratulations to Ange. He and Ann plan an October wedding . . . The mysterious Miss Nixon is not a Miss, but a Mrs. How about that? . . . Campbell's dishes are delicious—ground meat!

Behrend Center Presents . . .

by Betsy Seanor

Interview James McCarthy. Well it sounded like a simple enough task. Little did I dream how wrong I could be.

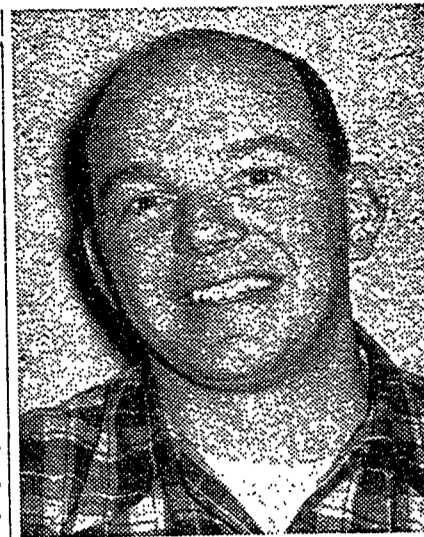
First of all, it appeared I would never be able to catch him with any free time. When I finally did corner him, it was on his lunch hour. But before I got a chance to say, "Tell me about yourself, 'Curly', (as his friends call him), he was off to answer a question about the Mardi Gras. Co-chairman of the Mardi Gras, "Curly" was also in charge of several social events last year. Returning to the table, which was cluttered with wax paper, lunch bags, coffee cups, and cigarette butts, he informed me that we'd have to hurry as he had a class the next period.

So amidst the clamor of dishes and interjections from his fellow Tech students, this is what I uncovered about Jim McCarthy.

Born October 7, 1930, in Erie, Pa., Jim is of Irish stock as his name indicates. And he admits that he also has the temper associated with the Emerald Isle. Standing six feet without shoes, and weighing approximately 200 pounds, he has blue eyes. Much to his anguish his hair is—well, almost all gone.

Attending the Sacred Heart, Roosevelt, and Academy Schools, and graduating from the latter in 1949, he recalls clearly that at the age of fourteen he ran away from home. Naturally he returned, and since he is still single, lives with his parents today. The youngest of three boys, one who is a forest ranger, and the other a jet pilot, "Curly" hopes someday to marry. ("At least before I'm sixty," he confides.)

Employed at the Kerner Tool & Die Co. for the past four years, "Mac" (another of his nicknames)



"Curly"

plans to continue there after graduation this spring.

Stationed in Alaska for eighteen months out of his two-year hitch in the Army, he served as a fire control specialist. His hobby is sports — basketball, bowling, and hot-rods. During the summer he cruises on a yacht—belonging to his boss. Suddenly one of the D. D. T. guys whispered in my ear, "Get him to tell you about the time he was charged with vagrancy because he slept on the beach." So I listened as he narrated the episode which also entailed a burning bread truck. As fast as the truck driver was throwing out rolls and pastry, Curly and his buddies were pitching them into his car.

His tastes in music run along the popular vein, while Glenn Ford and Ann Blyth are his favorite movie stars. He likes his women "cool, calm, and collected." As far as food is concerned, "Curly" is a meat-and-potatoes man.

Always having some kind of a "deal" brewing, he can be heard shouting, "Lots of Luck."

To use your three favorite words, we say, "Lots of Luck", "Curly."

MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Rita Anderson

Laughter reached my ears as I sauntered past the classroom. "What in the world," I thought, "is going on?" Glancing into the room I saw the instructor chuckling along with the students. Allen W. Burns had just told another of his numerous anecdotes to his history class. In addition to history, Mr. Burns also teaches political science and is presently working toward his doctorate. For this degree he is writing a book on Lester F. Ward which, he confides, is going at an aggravatingly slow pace since teaching to him is not a part-time job.

Born and educated in Colorado Springs, Colorado, he was graduated from Colorado College (an honor student) with a B. A. degree. The following four years were spent in the Army where he attained the rank of captain. While serving in Europe, he taught illiterate soldiers to read and write.

Returning to the states, he obtained his Master's at Columbia University.

This is Mr. Burns' first year at Behrend, having previously taught for one and a half years at Oberlin and for four years at Wooster, both colleges located in Ohio. His students here can well appreciate his conception of the "ideal" lecture, i.e. "one in very short blocks broken by well-placed quotes and quips."



Allen W. Burns

Engaged to Nancy Thomas, a speech teacher at Wooster College in Ohio, Mr. Burns considers his betrothal in 1956 one of the dates that history scholars should remember.

He makes his home here on campus. He is a staunch Democrat—one need only ask, to learn the "awful truth" about past Republican administrations.

Because of his sense of humor, and his knowledge in the field of history, Allen Burns is one of Behrend's favorite instructors.