

DORM CHATTER

By Ruth Jones

Sue Tully and Anne have been getting letters from Bermuda. Explain, girls!

For some reason Helene has taken a sudden interest in ping-pong.

Amy and Harriet will not explain their arrival at the dorm the other night in a police squad car.

Mr. Burns! Who is succeeding in making the Political Science discussions interesting? How is Mary for a candidate?

Judy is getting to be quite a little mother. Thirty-three is quite a brood to care for.

It seems Janice, Dee and Myrna were campused for a few days. Too bad they remembered at 12:30 that the deadline was 10:30.

Sue Ross is changing her curriculum to interior decorating. Aided by Tully, she led a group of able-bodied dorm girls in accomplishing her first masterpiece . . . the redecorating of the reception room. And incidentally, what is Rossie's sudden passion for prunes?

A certain housemother is curious where Marlene spends every Sunday. How about it Marlene?

Hey, Carol! How do you like those rides in green Buicks?

Jane McClain's hair is now long enough to get a Tony. (Whoops—I mean Toni.) He is the phantom who makes those mysterious

phone calls.

I see "P.J." and Janie have found their Tarzan.

Now that basketball season is coming to a close, Marion has found a new sport.

What is the idea of taking a swing at one of your professors, Ruth?

"Changing Partners" is tops on Betsy's song hit list.

Why has Janet taken such an avid interest in knitting?

Paint-splattered Renita, Anne, and Marge, among others, were live evidence of the work that was put into the Mardi Gras to make it a success.

We all wondered why Ina had a desire for so much jewelry. Glad that mystery's cleared up.

Jo is a pretty fine fudge-maker, isn't she girls?

What does Rose think of as she gazes at her teddy bear?

And did Anastasia have anything to do with the disappearance of the demerit chart?

MARDI GRAS

(Continued from Page 1)

orchestra played on the stage which was decorated to represent a New Orleans wharf. The backdrop was a river scene, complete with steamboat, distant sunset, and old southern plantations.

Those who worked so diligently on the Mardi Gras were the advisees of Mr. W. L. Richards, professor of engineering, and Mr. William A. Hover, romance language and music professor. The representatives chosen from each group to serve as general co-chairmen were Judy Trench and James McCarthy. The committee chairmen were: Jerry Buzza and Dick Mytinger, Finance; Anne Blackman, Decorations; Leah Wade and John Rutkoski, Publicity; Helene Longo, Refreshments; Jack Reed, Music; and Jim Benson, Booths.

OFFICE NEWS

Our "busy beaver" office force is really a quite versatile group of girls. They are not only skilled at zipping through the mounds of paperwork required to run a college; they are active in other fields too.

Dorothy Krantz is a pastime painter. She enjoys doing landscapes in oils, but complains that she usually is paint from neck to elbow when she finishes. A correspondence course in dress designing fills in any spare time Peggy Forbes may have. She sews most of her own clothes, and bakes delicious cakes.

Helen Adam also enjoys sewing, and likes the new Vogue patterns, from which she is working on a beige sheath dress.

Dolores Davies is a more athletic type who takes to bowling, and with a 197 high, it seems that she's found her sport.

Mrs. Tuttle of the kitchen staff is in St. Vincent's hospital and is reportedly doing well. We hope she'll be back soon.

Irvin Kochel has been following spring thoughts of travel. He spent a weekend at State, and he drove to Pittsburgh for a meeting with University officials on March 6. Also on March 6, the Erie County Principals had their dinner meeting at Behrend.

The next meeting of the Faculty Wives will be on April 1, when they will hold election of officers, and make plans for their Mother's Day tea in May.

Lea Moses - - - Sports-Minded

What Behrend coed has sparkling brown eyes, a ready smile, and is crazy about spaghetti? That's easy—Lea Moses!

A graduate of Harborcreek High School, Lea moved to Erie only two years ago from Beverly, Mass., where she swam in the ocean and made lots of noise as a cheerleader for Beverly High.

Sports rate high on the list of



her leisure time activities. She likes tennis, swimming, football, and ice skating, but basketball is tops, and nothing could suit Lea better than a snappy game. Playing forward on the girls' team, she has consistently been high scorer, 20 points being her highest thus far. On Monday nights you can find this lively miss swimming in the Y. W. C. A. pool where she is working toward her A. R. C. Instructor's certificate.

Lea, who is the recipient of an A. A. U. W. (American Association of University Women) scholarship, earned a spot on the Honor Roll last semester. Since she takes her studies seriously, one of her biggest problems is finding a quiet place, away from her three younger sisters, in which to study.

Her free time is occupied by cooking, sewing, and going to basketball games and dances with George.

She is still undecided about returning to Behrend in the fall, but, wherever she goes, we know folks will say, "Lea is a good gal to have around."

Clinically Speaking

by Rose M. Dobbs

A strange type of spring fever seems to have spread among clinical speech students. As the sky grows clearer, the sun brighter and the days a little longer, we see dust disappearing from tape recording machines and mirrors which have now become standard equipment, while decks of cards are strangely deserted. Behind all this is a haunting musical background—the strains of "September Song."

Erie, train, bus, and plane reservation officers have recently been bombarded with inquiries by students who are trying to overcome their fear of that mechanical monster—the telephone. Agents who are gracious enough to answer these inquiries may be heard around town mumbling, "Why do all people who stutter want to go to Detroit?" Perhaps it is fortunate that they haven't heard what happened to Jim's third grade teacher:

Jim still insists that because girls outnumber boys three to one he is justified in going steady with three of them at once. The secret formula, he claims, "is to be sure they are all from different towns."

And we wonder if this is the influence behind George's frequent visits to Erie?

Building and collecting model airplanes is the favorite hobby of our new student, Bob Bookwalter from Rockland, Pa. Bob also belongs to the Army Reserves.

The various pieces of unmatched jewelry that Ina is wearing could be blamed on the spin she's been in since that call from Fort Carson. (But of course we know better don't we, Ina?)

Joe and Betty Stephens are lost without "Fluffy" since they've taken an apartment where no pets are allowed.

For those who may have gathered a false impression: The chain of safety pins Joan is wearing is definitely not an advertisement for a local diaper service.

The Slippery, Slimy Noodle In the Sink

by Marge Heffner

A package of noodles was on the shelf; One fell off all by himself.

He lay in the sink for quite awhile, Tears in his eyes, no reason to smile.

The other noodles made the soup team, But he just wasn't on the beam. If he had behaved and not played his hunch, He'd be in the pot with the rest of the bunch.

The other noodles felt sorry for him, They knew his future was far too dim.

For he lay in the sink all alone Soft and sticky, just no backbone.

He tried his best to talk or scream

While all around was quite serene. If only he could raise his head Just do something, not lie like dead.

I felt sorry for the noodle; I knew he'd never make the strudel.

For he was wet, limp, and grimy. Now not proud, but soft and slimy.

This tale is really very sad; It proves that noodles should never be bad.

By mistake the water turned on; He's slipping, sliding, going, he's gone.

Beloved Frisky Dies

Behrend Center, Erie, Pa.—Frisky, the well-known pet rat of Dr. Elizabeth Smith, died March 6 in the Turnbull Hall laboratory at the age of 2.

An autopsy was performed by Dr. Smith and lung cancer was revealed as the cause of death.

Howard Roth
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TECH TALKS

By Jerry Mitchell

D.D.T. students managed to escape those BARREN classrooms for several hours already this semester—legally. These absences, however, were justified by field trips to Urick Foundry and Erie Forge and Steel Corporation, where they saw practical examples of sand casting and forging processes.

Mr. Hunter arrived from the main campus last week to check up on his boys and succeeded in confusing them quite well at times by talking over their heads. I'm not quite sure whether the instructors were "snowed" or perturbed.

A few simple bridge problems are being studied in mechanics and amazingly enough, not over 29 members of the class are in a fog. Norm is lucky though—he can see the answers just by looking at the problems.

Nick wasn't so lucky . . . just couldn't make head nor tail of determinants in math class. He was probably confused because the period was only 50 minutes long and Mr. Baker couldn't finish putting the example on the board.

For those of you who would like to know . . . the average of D.D.T. quiz grades thus far is 53% . . . better step on it if you are down around 5%.

If you wish to calculate your individual average you may do so by Mergot's theorem. It states that any given student's final grade is inversely proportional to the number of hours spent at Erie Hall and is directly proportional to the square of the number of hours spent on homework and girls; provided the entire quantity is integrated from zero to infinity and then subtracted from your I.Q. plus your age. To this total add any additional brownie points which you may have accumulated throughout the semester.