

Speech Discussion Group



Left to right are Chuck Simon, Ina Colvin, Joan Hedglin, Rose Dobbs, George Dworshak, Jim Kuhn, and speech instructor, Ernest Fryer.

Compy's Cuties

By Kay Spanbauer

Gym class in the Memorial Room! Heels instead of sneakers! Tea, coffee, and goodies to eat, and entertainment besides! Good grief! Say, wait a minute . . . are you sure this is a Ph. Ed. class?

Why, of course it is. Compy's two "sophisticated" gym classes held a tea as a windup to the weeks spent in body mechanics. Furnishing the entertainment were Evelyn Bernhard and Lucille Gardner who read amusing stories. Carol McMichael played the piano for group singing, and the girls also participated in a game of charades. Anne Blackman and Marlene Steffanos poured tea in their respective sections. We like these strenuous affairs.

Lea Moses, lover of spaghetti, had a spaghetti dinner at her home April 9 for Jane McClain, Karole Panameroff, Carole Lazarus, "P. J." Gordon, Dee Rankin, Myrna Morton, Sandy David, Elaine Hilbert, Marion Rynd, Evelyn Bernhard, and "your truly", all members of Behrend girls basketball team.

This team would like to express its gratitude to "Compy", the Student Council, and the City of Erie, Bureau of Recreation for giving them the opportunity to compete against the other teams in the city league.

Still looking for that summer job? The listing of summer camps for boys, girls, co-ed, and family groups is still on the bulletin board in Erie Hall. But you'd better send in your applications soon, because the best positions are taken early; there's only a month and a half before vacation begins. Besides camps, summer resorts and national park areas are always in need of summer help. For information, write to the State Department of Commerce, or to the Bureau of National Parks, Washington, D. C.

Of the three Cuties taking the swimming instruction's course at the YWCA in Erie, Sandy David is showing the greatest improvement. The first time Sandy tried a cross chest carry, she managed to keep her victim's head submerged the whole length of the pool. Now she lets her victim up

for air about every fifteen seconds. With such an achievement backing her, we know Sandy is destined to become a famous and successful swimming instructress. (Glub, glub) By the way, Sandy, have they revived Paul yet?

Say there, all you girls who like to play softball (and I hope there's at least nine of you)! A few of St. Vincent's Nursing students have challenged us to a game. They beat us in three games of basketball, and now it's our turn to win. So if you're interested, let me know about it.

Spring has sprung! The tennis court is waiting for you to start serving, the hills are waiting to be trodden by hiker's feet, and soon the swimming pool (Watch out for Sandy) will be waiting for your splashes. So leave your books in a corner (just like you always do), and come out and join in these new sports that spring has provided.

Finally, why are the giggles still coming from the A. V. room?

University Head

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Master of Ceremonies for the evening, John Hamilton, President of the Alumni Association, introduced the several speakers who preceded the president. Director of the Alumni Fund, Bernard P. Taylor, talked about the purpose and need of the Fund, and used slides to aid in describing the program.

Ridge Riley, a graduate of the class of '32, and an ex-secretary of the Alumni Association, told briefly how the fund has provided scholarships for students who otherwise couldn't have gone to college, naming specifically several of the students.

Slides entitled "For The Glory Of Old State", which is the College's Alma Mater, were shown by Mike Lynch, assistant professor of Agriculture Engineering or Main Campus. Mr. Lynch also paid tribute to Fred Pattee, the author of the song's words and a key figure in University history.

Steady Eddy and Clomp

By Sandy David

Once upon a basketball game in the court of "Always Win," lived Steady Eddy and his hypnotized basketball, Clomp. Now Steady Eddy was a college boy in almost every respect of the word, overlooking the fact that he was a freshman. But Eddy lived basketball summer, winter, fall, spring, breakfast, dinner, and supper. Eddy had few friends at college and the best of his few friends was the loyal hypnotized Clomp. Wherever Eddy went, Clomp bounced after him around the campus—to all basketball games, home to dinner, and even once in awhile to class. One misty day when Eddy and Clomp were cutting up beneath the baskets, Eddy spied something down at the other end of the court near the foul line. At first he paid little attention to it and Clomp nudged him a bit and yelled to start with his hooks. Soon it began to wiggle up the boundary line and finally "she" stopped in front of Eddy. She was dressed in black—midnight black at that, and breathed rather heavily, or so Eddy thought. Poor boy, he didn't know that it was the latest perfume by Mme. Chanell, and not her breath. He'd had so little experience with women. Well, otherhow, Eddy flipped. Really flipped. And when she pulled out her Queen Size Winston and blew three interlocked triangles through her bamboo cigarette holder, that was the finishing blow. Slowly, she drew out a, "Hellooo, I'm Viola, who are you." But Eddy was tongue-tied and said nothing. He just gawked and looked rather stupid. As she overlooked the novice rejection and made up her mind to vamp him. She must be careful, though, he was so inexperienced, and she wouldn't want to frighten him away. Then Eddy heard thump, thump, thump. He really thought it was his heart taking off for a high jump shot. However, on second look he discovered that it was Clomp who was sadly thumping down the court. Poor Clomp! He never was thrown over before for anything or anyone, least of all a girl. And so he left Eddy to his fate while he pushed away a leather tear from his McGregor side and dribbled out of the gym.

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SPORTS REVIEW

By Marion and Ray

Well, sportsters, something new has been added. Yes, sir, Mr. Goodwin informs us of the arrival of the four brand new mats. Have you seen them yet? They are blue plastic on the top of a white canvas bottom. While he was unpacking them I had a chance to latch on to a few words about them. "Oh, Boy, they're nice, my gosh!" These are Mr. Goodwin's words, so you can easily see that he is pleased. He also informed me that he is waiting 'patiently' for the arrival of the new "tramp". It should be here early this week. Then watch out boys! cause first hand information leads me to believe you will really get a workout.

In the recently finished basketball tournament the Sparks beat the Beginners, last year's champions. They played two games, with the final score in the final game being 32-31. Really a hot game! The members of the winning team are: John Semple, Alan Renkis, Burt Smith, Ron Nutter, Alan Foster, Dave Suttlemyre, and Dennis Luce.

The Beginners team consisted of: Jerry Buzza, Jim McKensie, Jim McCarter, Bill Hodges, Dick Gaz, Chuck Dangelo, Sylvester Simchick.

Then too, the faculty played the losing teams (The Bengal Lancers and The Stoops) in the league competition. They—Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Thurbon, and Mr. Kochel, borrowed Dave Shutte and Bill Ames to play on their team and won their game by a score of 44-32. A real good game!

The bowling season is going into its eighth week. It now appears as though either team one or team two will be at the top at the end of the season.

The team standings are:

Team	W	L
2	15	3
1	12	6
4	8	10
6	8	10
5	8	13
3	6	15

The leading scorers in the last two weeks have been Sy Simchick (190), Jim McCarter (184), Burl Henry (182), and Tom Gregeroff (210).

For the girls, Mrs. Balmer (145), Helene Longo (143), and Delores Davies (198) were the top scorers.

The highest season average for the men belongs to Mr. Beal and Chuck Dangelo, both having 153 points.

We'd like to thank John Adams for letting the lights burn a little past the 10 o'clock curfew so that those last frames could be completed.



Lucky girl!

Next time one of her dates bring up the Schleswig-Holstein question, she'll really be ready for him.

Ready for that test tomorrow, too . . . if that bottle of Coke keeps her as alert tonight as it does other people.



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