

NITTANY CUB

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Farewell....

It is time now as the end of the spring semester draws nearer, to say, "Farewell." It means not only bidding the college itself "good-bye", but also signifies the farewells to the faculty and our friends. Like most partings it won't be the easiest task we could have.

Taking stock of the year, most of us will find that no matter how glad we are that school's out, we will miss something about the place — be it that chatter in the cafeteria over early morning coffee, or discussing a problem with a favorite professor, or just enjoying the rustic beauty of the campus.

Naturally Behrend has its disadvantages. We're the first to admit it. However, outweighing the inconveniences you've suffered will be the pleasant memories the year has held. The freshmen won't ever forget orientation week, and everyone will recall the general confusion at registration. Then too, we'll remember Homecoming, all of the dorm girl's parties, the Sno-Ball with its shimmering evergreen revolving in the center of the dance floor, semester exams and those surprise quizzes, the booths and colorful costumes of the Mardi Gras, the general "let your hair down" atmosphere of Sadie Hawkins Day, and now with the Spring Prom, will be another memory to tuck somewhere in that memory cell and bring out to examine later. Of course these aren't the only things we'll want to store away for future reference — just a few of the highlights. We might add to the list the drama, "Angel Street", "Hearts In Harmony" — the Valentine dance sponsored by the Speech Clinic, the touching Christmas and Easter plays, the sore muscles from Ph. Ed. classes, and finally Clean-up Day, which proved that we aren't just "pencil pushers."

Yes, reviewing some of the events, we can gather that the year has been full to overflowing, as a poet might say it.

For the majority of us, our good-byes will be almost final. The Associate Degree graduates will be taking their places in industry, and many of the four year students will transfer to main campus or to other colleges. But wherever we go, it will be impossible to forget this year at Behrend. For quite a few, this was the first year of college or away from home. At least, it was a new pattern of life for all of us.

Some of the friendships that sprang up will be lasting; others will be remembered as only casual acquaintances.

We have had the advantage of a close student-teacher relationship which we'll miss sorely if we go to a larger school. And although complaints were loud and long about going to a "country school", most of us feel that the year was profitable and wouldn't change matters if we were given the chance.

It's been a wonderful year! Ups and downs? Yes, but that's life, isn't it?

So we'll not say farewell to Behrend Center as we see it garbed now in the blossoms, flowers, and greenness of spring, but just "au revoir", as the French would put it. Till we meet again... Auf Wiedersehen... Arriveveri... Adiois... So-long, Behrend.

Dear Editor,

After seven months and twenty-six days that comprise first hand experience, I have come to the firm conclusion that life in the Behrend Center dormitory is comparable to survival of the fittest. To survive, an individual must be either in excellent health, be extremely lucky, or be a patron saint. As there are very few completely healthy individuals remaining, and even fewer patron saints in the B.C. Dorm, this lim-

its the situation to luck. As we all know, there are two kinds of luck, good and bad; and it is most assuredly unfortunate for any individual who carries longer than ten o'clock to take her evening shower. For nine times out of ten there is no hot water after nine o'clock; nor warm water after 9:30, or luke warm water after 9:45. Of course, if the individual is extremely warm blooded, or a member in good standing of the Polar Bear Club, this constitutes no dif-

We Salute...

"Here comes Mrs. L!"

This is a familiar cry as the dorm girls scurry in all directions. Some of them are beginning to wonder how one person can be in so many places at one time, but even this has its advantages. If you are looking for advice, special dispensary service, a late snack, a late permission for a "special" reason, or a ride to town, she is always willing to help.

Helen Longnecker was born in Shenango, Pa., but she has spent most of her life in Erie. She lived at 926 East 30th Street until the sudden death of her husband. During this time she raised four active children. At the present time they are in various parts of the country.



Of her three sons, the eldest, Walter, is now district manager of the Cleveland American Steel and Wire Plants, Kenneth is a Lt. Commander in the Philippines, and the youngest, Jack... a Penn State music graduate... is working in Hollywood. Her daughter is married and lives in Franklin, Pa.

Mrs. L. was very active in the P.T.A. and was president of one group for a year. She has been at Behrend Center for eight years, loves young people, and is very fond of her work. Most of her days are active, busy ones, of course, with twenty-five "daughters" to look after. She usually spends her time off in Cleveland or Franklin visiting her grandchildren, or sometimes shopping in Erie.

It isn't often said, but everyone at Behrend, especially the girls in the dorm, appreciate the many things Mrs. L. does for them.

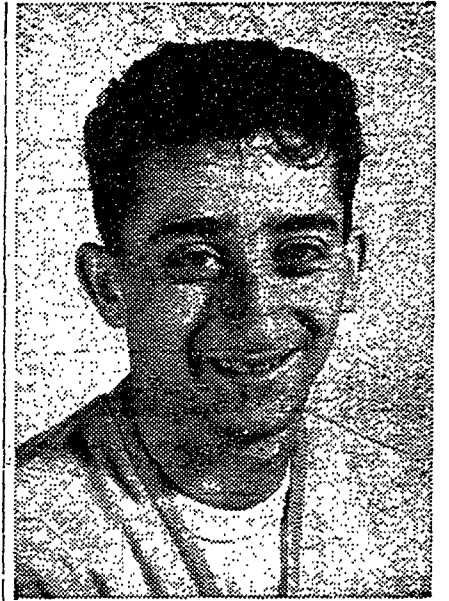
And there are other little nuisances in dormitory life. Just think, we have to be in when the administration and house mother crack the whip at night. Here I thought we were to be considered mature individuals once we go to college, and would have sense enough to know when to come in during the evening hours. But no, we still have to be wet-nursed along, according to college standards of behavior.

To continue with the advantages and joys of dorm life. We have all learned to fully appreciate Thomas Edison's invention... the electric light. The modern electric light. But until you've tried to do your midnight cramming by candlelight, you don't appreciate Behrend's "modern" electrical system.

However, when I mention these

Behrend Center Presents...

By Sandy David



Interviewing Norm Thomas Kuda over the phone is quite an experience, especially if he has just come from out of the Behrend swimming pool and has dripped a stream of chlorinated water through the cafeteria to answer the call. Giving him just five seconds to catch his breath, I started with some usual questions of an interview, but hardly received conventional answers. Believe me, Yogi Berra has nothing over this boy for making with the remarks.

Some bits of information were dropped in with his cute comments though, including that he lives in Erie, attended East High School, and is a D.D.T. student. (As if we already didn't know). When I asked why he chose Behrend, Norm answered, "I'm wondering too." But seriously, "Kuda" really does like the school a great deal and plans to come back next semester. He did say that he'd offer a 1000 words on improvements, but unfortunately we don't have enough room in this column for the 1000 words.

Among the other things that we talked about was Kuda's car. If you don't know it by now, it is the '49 black Ford with a green front door and a left-handed gear shift. He is quite proud of his left-handed gear shift. And using his car, one of his present am-

bitions, excluding his yearning to be six feet tall, he wants to break the speed limit without being caught.

Also thrown into our conversation with the facts that Kuda likes oranges, softball, milk (his favorite drink), and Frank Sinatra records, I learned that he has a little sister with red hair and that he once rode a horse.

When we reached this point Kuda said that he'd better hang up because he was dripping wet and it just occurred to him that he might get a shock from holding the phone. And that concluded our conversation.

MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Judith Trench



Can you imagine Marilyn Monroe scaring a man, and that man admitting he couldn't live up to her? Well, we have that truthful person at Behrend, W. Lester Richards, professor of industrial engineering, hydraulics, mechanics, and industrial management. Born in the mountain town of Hancock, Maryland, on November 27, 1901, our Mr. Richards went barefoot until he was fifteen years old. After attending Baltimore Polytechnic Institute in Baltimore, Maryland, he entered Annapolis Naval Academy, and

things to some of our GI's at Behrend, veterans from days in the armed forces of our country, I get no sympathy. They really mock me, perhaps even consider me a spoiled youngster. "Hot water!" they say. "Who ever heard of hot water in the service, especially in combat?" And then they go on to point out their most pungent manner that they were lucky to see fresh water for days, let alone have warm water for cooking and bathing purposes. And Polar Bear Club... well, from the way they talk, I wouldn't have lasted a minute in those chilling blasts during training days in Alaska or even on the cold plains of Texas at reveille.

And as to administration and house mother, "Good lord," they shout, "be glad you only had to top the mark for Mrs. Longnecker (our dorm mother) and Mr. Koehel (our administrative dean) instead of for a rugged sergeant. So, although I feel that my 240 days in Behrend's dormitory have been hardship days, possibly I am wrong. I never could figure out why the alumnae dorm girls at Homecoming hastened back here. But maybe they had something at that!

Sincerely,
Dorm Dora

graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in 1924. Upon his graduation, the navy sent him to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where in 1928 he obtained his Civil and Master Degrees in Engineering.

The day after graduation from the Academy he married his wife, Edna. Mr. Richards served thirty years in the navy. He and his family lived in the Virgin Islands, Hawaii, Islands in the Pacific, Samoa, and New Caledonia, in addition to several parts of the United States. At the outbreak of World War II in 1941, he was stationed at Pearl Harbor.

Retiring as captain of the Civil Engineering Corps in November, 1954, he then came to Behrend Center. Their three sons, the eldest, an aviator, the second, a doctor, and the youngest, a Lt. J. G. in the Navy, are all married and live in various parts of the country.

Mr. Richards is the proud grandfather of five grandchildren. The expressions, "Frankly" and "It's automatic" are often used in his classes. If you would ask any of his students, you would discover that he is one of their favorite and most respected professors.