

NITTANY CUB

Established October 26, 1942, as the official publication for the student body of Pennsylvania State University, Behrend Center, Berks, Pennsylvania.
Published by the Breeze Publishing Co., North East, Pennsylvania.



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Customs - - Must We?

Why do we have to go through customs? I imagine this question was foremost in the minds of the freshmen as they selected their signs, memorized the information on the plaques in Erie Hall and Turnbull Hall, and shopped for black bow ties and green hair ribbons. Some might consider the rules and regulations ridiculous and thoroughly resent them; but most of the freshmen will take it in a joking way and make part of their orientation into college life.

Customs is an essential part of college life. Through it everyone initially begins their "pursuit for higher education" on the same level. The person who was an outstanding athlete, the social light of the senior class, or the president or leader of various organizations is subjected to the same treatment as the quiet, studious individual who contributed his part to the group in an unpretentious way, sometimes gaining little recognition for his services. If a freshman should rebel in conforming to this tradition, he is soon reigned into line by the Kangaroo Court which is efficient and more than anxious to aid his adjustment through administering an egg shampoo or concocting a marshmallow-whipped cream sunade on the young rebel's head.

When a student argues that his school football team is superior to another; when a person's eyes grow misty while singing the alma mater, a sense of loyalty for his school has developed that will remain with him for the rest of his life. You may think that learning the university fighting songs and alma mater is just another chore; but this helps develop the sense of nationalism toward Penn State.

Then, of course, there is the very obvious reason for wearing the identification signs and saying "hello" as you pass a fellow classmate. In this way the freshmen become acquainted with one another and with the upperclassmen and professors; while good will and a friendly atmosphere are sure to develop from a good natured "hi."

Now you know the way and wherefore of customs. All of you freshmen have passed with flying colors and are now part of us — of Behrend Center, of the Pennsylvania State University. You have the pleasant experience of looking forward to orienting the freshmen next year; but for now, from the sophomores and myself — welcome!

Here's the Spirit

The students this year certainly show a great deal more "school spirit" than several previous groups. However, the results of activities pushed by that spirit are the things that really count.

Dancing is a popular campus pastime, and putting dances on can be enjoyable; as much fun as the enthusiastic planners and decorators paint into it. "Where are the girls?" Since a large turnout is desirable, "What are our enterprising fellows doing?"

If bowling, ping pong or pool is more in line with your talents, don't be shy. You'll find plenty of others who aren't! And as for "rank beginners," now is the time for you, too, to join the "sporty" ones. Exuberance often makes up for lack of skill.

Several clubs are going strong and, once again, the student body will determine the full scope of their activities. A good play requires hard work on the part of the directors, the actors, and the stage crew. But the best of plays can fail if there is no audience. And, to the astronomy club, we would really like to see some stars this year!

Your newspaper, and your yearbook, also represent the entire student body; not only to the Center, but also to those outside the school who read these publications. Remember, that for interest's sake, the staffs need the full cooperation of the planning committees.

In short, Behrend Center will be just as good as you, the students make it; so, this year, let's make it a school of which we can be proud.

Around The Campus

By Terry Herrick

Now that freshmen customs are over, most of us have come out of hiding and started talking to the sophomores. Cipriani, Thomas, Hannah, and Rote never thought there were so many freshmen.

Recently, the Stull Hall boys defeated a dorm team in a practice football game. How about that, Wes?

The library is a popular hang-out for the smart set. Saw Burt Hackenburg, Sara Lewis, Ruth Angelotti, and Dick Fenstermaker there the other day.

Herb Durkee probably has the strongest lift on campus now. Who wouldn't after carrying a bowling ball around for two weeks?

The frosh-engineering students are thinking about changing their curriculum to dancing or ping pong after several sessions of "analyt. Just think, Lugo, next semester we get calculus!

What's this about Paulak playing dumb about the library so Miss Filer would show him a few things?

Fred Manaco, Ron Raymond, and Clyde Beatty hitch hiked to Meadville, Pa., several weeks ago to get Clyde's Packard. Sure is fun standing on a deserted road not knowing where your next ride is coming from. What say, Fred?

Sockie is still taking on all sophomores in a ping pong match. How about that, Mr. Thomas?

The latest thing in music may be heard soon on campus. That's Ollie, Sexton's combo. Wanted: one good bass fiddleman. A new quartet may be around soon if Clyde Beatty finds a 1st tenor and a bass.

The party at Murray Hill was a big success. Maybe that's because the age limit in New York is eighteen.

If you have any information for this column, please give it to one of the reporters for the Cub.

+ Dorm Chatter +

By Fred Faulk

The dorm life is quite an experience for all the 24 students staying here this year.

The biggest change is the masculine voices coming from the upstairs of the administration building which serves as the dormitory.

A midnight swim is always good for you, wouldn't you agree, Marsh, Dave, and Herb? It's so refreshing after an evening of nothing but studying; after all, it is a convenient time for those without bathing suits, right, George?

All of us hope that you eat as well as we do here. I think I speak for all the fellows in saying that the food has been delicious. Even though we have to wear our sport jackets or suit coats, this is offset by having our evening meal served to us.

We have inquired as to who stayed here previously, the reason for this being that some of the objects found in secluded places around the rooms most certainly weren't used by dorm boys.

There are some boys who dare to disagree with the majority, for example, on such matters as clothing. The "Man from Turkey" staged a one man revolt against ivy league clothing; but after it appeared to be a losing battle, he finally conformed.

MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Evelyn Bernhard

If you ever need advice on your curriculum, individual courses of study, or personal problems, turn to Ernest Fryer, our psychology professor, guidance counselor, and all around helping hand.

Mr. Fryer is originally from Boyertown, Pa. and knew Mr. Kochel. In fact, they were childhood pals, and hadn't seen each other for years until they both met again at Behrend. Although Mr. Fryer attended the Pennsylvania State Teachers' College in Lockhaven, he was graduated from Penn State and received his masters degree there. He majored in clinical psychology and speech pathology, and, for the first six years at Behrend, he aided in the rehabilitation of students having speech difficulties through the Speech Clinic. This is his first year for teaching psychology exclusively, although Mr. Fryer has taught the subject from time to time.

At the present time, Mr. Fryer is hard at work on his doctorate which he is striving to obtain from Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

If you should see a blond cocker spaniel trotting around campus followed by two small children, you can be sure that all three belong to Mr. Fryer. The cocker answers to the name, Fluffy, and the children are six-year-old Linda and eight-year-old Allen. Mr. Fryer's demure wife, Bernice, hails from Oklahoma where she majored in home economics.



Ernest E. Fryer

During the war, Mr. Fryer served with the 5th Air Force Division and toured the Pacific area including Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines, Japan, and Okinawa. This flying experience came in handy when he worked his way through college ferrying planes.

Flying and golfing rate high with Mr. Fryer; although he has little time for these hobbies because of his full schedule of activities.

When asked what his pet peeve was, Mr. Fryer scowled and replied, "truck drivers that turn corners too sharply." Recently, while Mr. Hoyer was driving Mr. Fryer to the airport, a truck didn't cut the corner closely enough and both Mr. Hoyer and Mr. Fryer escaped serious injury.

As friend, advisor, and counselor, Mr. Fryer has won a warm place in the hearts of the Behrend student body.

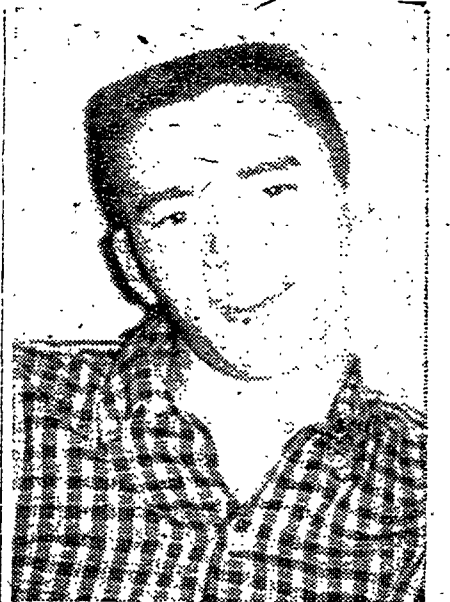
Behrend Center Presents . . .

By Lea Moses

Tall! Dark! Handsome! That is 5' 10" brown-eyed Chuck Simons. Chuck is a freshman, but he has seen much of the Behrend Campus as a student in the Speech Clinic last year. After being subjected to freshmen customs this year, Chuck had just one remark, "RIDICULOUS." Chuck is interested in sports and served as our bowling alley manager last year. He is interested in fishing, hunting, and tennis. This year he plans to participate in intramural football, soccer, and bowling.

Chuck is enrolled in business administration with a major in accounting. Chuck comes from Oil City to the Center and is staying in the dormitory. He says it is quite an experience after being accustomed to a private home.

This past summer Chuck worked as a sheet metal apprentice to earn the money to go to school. By the way, girls, as most of you have noticed, Chuck is wearing a class ring on his little finger. The girl is Marian Rynd who was a student on our campus last year and this year is at State College. Chuck is planning to go to main campus next year.



Chuck Simons

Chuck has found a new responsibility on campus, as his active campaigning found him a seat on student council. Good luck in your new job.

When asked what his pet peeves were, he said, "Burns's goofed-up tests!" Chuck's favorite food is breaded veal chops.

Chuck is friendly and easy to talk to and represents the Center as an outstanding student.

Then there are clothes to be washed. For this purpose we have the modern convenience of an automatic washer and dryer. Some day one of us "would be" engineers may design one of the ultra-modern washers or dryers, but to operate one is something altogether different. After all, you have to get that knob turned to the right place, insert the quart-

ter and that business of adding a box of soap—or was it half a box? Oh well, the more soap we use, the cleaner they should be. After a few months of practice we should get the hang of it. Maybe we should sponsor a class in this difficult operation. How about being our instructor, Mrs. L?