

## NITTANY CUB

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### Straight From Cupid's Bow

Have you noticed how scented and balmy the air is today? Do your heartstrings quiver when you approach a member of the opposite sex? Do you suddenly want to become a cupid? If you answer "yes" to these questions, don't worry. Tomorrow is February 14, St. Valentine's Day when every boy's and girl's thoughts turn to cupids, hearts, and flowers.

Tomorrow is named in honor of Valentine, an early Christian who was later canonized for his life of goodness. In the year 270, according to church history, Valentine was found preaching about the importance of honor in marriage when he was seized by the guards of Emperor Claudius II. His teachings infuriated the emperor, who enjoyed his paganistic entertainment. To him, Valentine was an annoyance, so he was beheaded on February 14.

It is probable that early Christians upheld Valentine as an example of the Christian way of life. During February and March when the gods, Pan and Juno, were honored by the Romans, the young men gathered at the temples where each received a scroll with the name of a maiden written on it. This girl then be-

came the young man's favorite for the year.

A similar situation existed in England and Scotland, but with interesting variation. Each young bachelor and unmarried girl received a member of the opposite sex, or "valentine" by drawing lots. The proceeding was gaily referred to as a betrothal.

Valentines were exchanged as early as the middle of the fifteenth century. Cards were decorated with lace and pictures of flowers and engraved with such sweet endearments as:

"Mine has been a life of love,  
 Thinking now and then of you.  
 Cupids watch, dear, from above  
 Shooting arrows to keep you true."

As times change, so do valentines. The picture material for valentines includes not only the "hearts and flowers" of yesterday, but such objects of interest and romance as barnyard animals, jalopies, and jitterbug adolescents. Expressions such as "You're a real cool cat" have taken the place of "To my own sweet Valentine". Although the words are different, the thoughts are the same and a valentine still remains an expression of friendship and affection.

### Back To The Old Grind

Well fellows (and girls—few and far between) we're back at it again after two glorious weeks of doing nothing and doing it slowly. Many of us after receiving a letter from Mr. Koche last week were undecided whether the Navy or the Army would make the better career. With a little bit of thought though, most of us decided that college was quite a bit easier than the tasks the armed forces would have for us. Most of the veterans who are with us will agree with this I think.

By now Mr. Lane has been driven into a state of mental collapse by the students who can't quite arrange their schedules the way they would like to, and at the bookstore, which was once in a state of chaos, silence now prevails.

In Erie Hall the ping pong majors are now trying to get on the dean's list by winning ten games in a row from Mr. Thurbon, and at the pool table Arnie and Nick are still chalking up. Elsewhere in

the lounge Tudy is dealing a fast game of pinochle between classes and Judy is wistfully looking through the large piece of glass which forms a window on the front on the jukebox. Upstairs in the gym the "coach" is taking on all comers in badminton and most of the challengers after a couple of games decide to play checkers and leave badminton to someone else.

The front hall in Turnbull is once again filled with students hurrying from class to class or having a smoke between classes. At the library a few more of us have become serious minded (because of our grades) and have begun cracking the books at the beginning of the semester rather than at the end when it is too late to study. With each one of us sweating one class or getting snowed in another class, I guess things are back to normal at Behrend Center, and we're all "back at the old grind."

### Around The Campus

By SWOrd

The weather has Lit. Class walking about repeating "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" and the same sentiments apply to JILL FRITZ and her party friends. JOHN CIPRIANI and his "grey ghost" plowed up to the Fritz farmhold only to remain overnight in snow drifts . . . TOM sort of went in for snow drifts, too, after being dragged (?) from a much needed room . . . DORIS MIESEL'S mysterious phone calls from a stranger have finally ended up at the Juvenile Dept. of the police station . . . TERRY HER-RICK'S extra-curricular activities included re-writing bulletin board notices . . . New course offered at Behrend this semester—MARSH 2 . . . FRED MONACO is handing out much delayed cigars . . . KATHY and LEA will be February's head-spinners . . . Things we will try to comprehend more fully as time goes by—Why VER-BANIC has been taking extra gym classes to avoid some of COMPHY'S CUTIES . . . Why BEN RUSIE-WICZ has moved his belongings, airplane and all, to the dorm and closer to the pool table . . . We know a man who knows a girl who is quite certain that MELVIN ZARLETTA is planning a series of lectures in the Memorial Room on "How to Win Friends and Influence Teachers" . . . Congrats to JIM CAMPBELL, LEROY STEINER, and SID BENSON for being the proud owners of the only A's in Chem I last semester . . . JOHN BEATTY was looking for an afternoon job during the week after he received his schedule . . . FRED FAULK is happy to be out of the zoo—seems that monkeys were bothering him . . . LUCILLE GARDNER is one of the winners of Cook's Market lucky key holders; she came out with a portable T. V. . . MR. LANE has given up re-scheduling German classes and has joined the Foreign Legion . . . MR. PAT and his sneaky camera caught JILL at an undesirable moment—Did someone say Hit Parade, JILL? . . . Memo to the ex-engineering students who switched curriculums—Notes are also taken in L. A. and Bus. Ad. courses . . . COMPHY is seen sporting a new coiffeur . . . FLASH! TUDY actually missed a party! . . . COACH GOODWIN writes an advice-to-the-lovelorn-column . . . BOB SCOTT couldn't be responsible for the stalagmite growing from the waste basket in the library? . . . BILL LEONARD'S bird cages are on display in the library, too . . . Sorry to see JAN WARREN leave us . . . Mystery department—What happened to the DO-EE, DO-EE Club? . . . What's so funny about mailboxes? . . . Nice of JACK to send TED LARSEN that Valentine . . . The clicking sound now heard in OLLIE'S car means that he has officially become the Behrend Center Taxi Service Co., Inc . . . MISS FILER announces that no card playing, dice rolling, ping-pong, or marshmallow roasts are permitted in the library . . . Predictions — FRANK HURSEN'S next book will be called "Behrend Place" in which he reveals the secret lives of his Stull Hall col-

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### MEET YOUR FACULTY

By Bill Curtis

Tim — berrr . . . this is the sound heard every year around "Sno-Ball" time at Robert Baker's miniature Cooks Forest. At this time, all of the amateur Paul Bunyons of Mr. Baker's engineering class take on the delightful chore of giving the axe to a number of evergreens that are used for this annual affair.

Mr. Baker, who has taught here for the last four years, is admired very much by the students on the Behrend campus. He received his formal education at Cornell University and was graduated from there in 1947 with a Bachelor's degree in Engineering. Upon graduation he did his part in the service of his country. He served as radio operator with the rank of sergeant in the Army-Air Force, operating in Italy. During the war his plane was downed in Austria and he received various awards and medals, which such a person so richly deserved.

When asked about his interests, he said, "I have a million of them," and that he surely does. His interests are varied; among them are electronics, hunting, fishing, camping, boating model railroad-ing and racing, the latter of which occupies most of his time. He had this to say about racing, "I have won every race I ever entered" but he adds jokingly, "I have only entered one." When asked whether he had ever attained any prize hunting specimens, he very proudly answered, "Nothing extraordinary, I just get a deer every year." Along with his hunting and fishing, he loves that adventure of camping and he is looking forward to a camping and fishing expedi-



Robert C. Baker

tion in Canada with Herb Bair, instructor of engineering, this summer.

He is married and the father of two fine young boys, Stephen, nine, and Bruce, eight. His wife shares most of his interests which provides for a very happy home.

Mr. Baker's pet peeve is lack of space and facilities. This immediately prompted me to ask him if he had any plans for the funds recently granted to the center. He said, "I had plans for spending that money before it was ever granted to us."

His future plans are to do graduate work in electronics, but he hasn't yet decided where he will further his studies. He enjoys teaching here and has plans of continuing, as long as Penn. State remains "progressive minded." We all hope that he stays for a long time. He has been a definite service and an inspiration to all the Behrend students working with him. If at any time you have a spare moment, drop into his office and have a talk with him; I am sure your efforts will be richly rewarded.

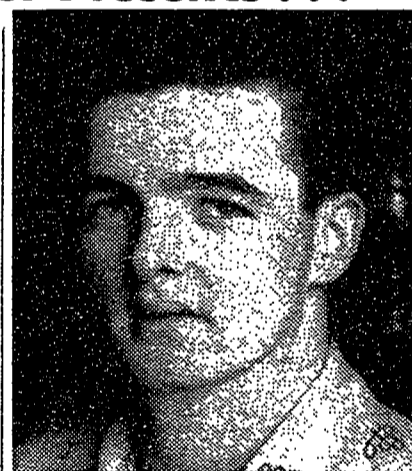
### Behrend Center Presents . . .

By Evelyn Bernhard

If you happen to be in the vicinity of Miss Filer's office one of these days, just step inside and you will most probably find a heated discussion taking place on any subject from the Jupiter-2 "Explorer" to the merits of the comic strip, "Peanuts." Taking a leading part in the discussion will be 6' 3", brown haired, blue eyed, broad shouldered, typically Irish, Frank Hursten.

Frank can discuss any subject with ease, but is particularly at home when telling of his army experiences. Even though he joined the army on a Friday 13 in 1954, Frank's army career seems to have turned out to be quite successful. He worked as a radar repairman on certain guided missiles and, on the side, conducted several "research experiments" in other fields. Also during his three years of service he toured many of the European countries including Germany, Italy, Austria, Denmark and Switzerland, thus partially satisfying one of his major interests, which is traveling. When asked which of the countries he preferred, he replied, "Switzerland, because of its friendly people and high standard of living." He said that the European city in which he'd most like to live would be Heidelberg. Perhaps the pretty "frauleins" have something to do with his decision.

Frank, whose major is electrical engineering, made his debut performance on the stage in the play, "A Christmas Carol" here at Behrend, and he was also seen on the television of the play where he



Frank Hursten

played the party of the "headless" young Sroogee.

Although some people may consider Frank to be quiet and reserved just ask the boys in his phys. ed. class and they'll tell you that not many of them will risk life and limb trying to stop this Stull Hall man when he begins his famous "Hursten drive" to sink a basket.

There are others who are baffled by Frank's peculiar type of humor as demonstrated by one of his favorite stories when he went to his psychiatrist because he felt that he had an inferiority complex. After the psychiatrist examined him, he said, "Frank, you don't have an inferiority complex, you're really inferior."

You could sum Frank up by saying that he is a pleasant mixture of a good deal of intelligence, exasperating sarcasm, a shot of humor, and, the most important ingredient—a sometimes provoking unpredictableness.