

NITTANY CUB

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Vive La Difference

The time is 1:20; the day, Thursday. A very embarrassed young man is seen running from the locker room. What has caused his humiliation? He forgot that this is the hour that the girls use the room. Although he only got as far as the "Women Only" sign which Compy erects when her girls are using the room, what he saw would cause the embarrassment of any clean-cut American boy.

Things like this happen almost daily. It is really unfair to blame anyone for entering at the wrong time, for it is difficult to determine who is in the room. For instance, on Monday afternoon, there is a men's class, immediately followed by a girls' class. No one knows who is in the locker room between these classes, and it is not at all uncommon for some unsuspecting girls to enter, only to find that there are two or three boys in the shower room. The reverse of this is also true.

Everyone recognizes the need for a girls' locker room. Last fall, the administration promised the locker room by April of this year. It is a known fact that the money and space are available, but where is the locker room?

Aside from the fact that the girls deserve such a room, there are many other practical uses of a new locker room. With the addition of another locker room, the basketball players wouldn't have to share their facilities with the opposition. More Behrendites could enjoy various sports because there would always be a place for them to change from their school clothes.

A new girls' locker room would make for a healthier environment for students of both sexes.

Hi-Ho, Hi-Ho, It's Off to Work We Go

For ten years running now, one of the better traditions of Behrend Center has been the annual clean-up day sometime during the spring semester. Recently, the faculty organization expressed its disapproval of clean-up day. However, student council asked them to reconsider and the vote was practically unanimous in favor of it. In the past, clean-up day has been a very big success. Not only has the campus gained a much-needed, thorough cleaning, but it gives both the faculty and student body an opportunity to enjoy both one of the early days of spring and the budding of our wooded campus. The swimming pool gets cleaned out ahead of schedule, enabling us to enjoy a refreshing swim just that much sooner; the picnic area gets raked and cleaned; the windows of the classrooms get a welcome shine; — in general, the whole campus is made cleaner and brighter.

This year the organizer of the affair will be Mr. Warner. He will delegate specific projects to the advisors, and all students will work with their respective advisors. Then too, everyone will receive a free lunch, served in the cafeteria. The day's work will begin at 9 o'clock in the morning and terminate sometime in the afternoon. It is suggested that those students who have access to shovels, rakes, and other equipment that may be useful should please bring them, and have them well marked. Everything considered, it should be a very delightful day. This is one of the most enjoyable traditions on campus and should be continued as long as it remains such. Many other colleges throughout the country set aside a day for the same purpose. So let's all do our part to make Behrend Center a campus we can be proud of.

Around The Campus

True courage—Behrend Thespians try again! . . . New words heard on campus—TWEED, meaning Dorm Boys, Ivy League, nice, empty tennis court, etc., etc. . . . Doofangie—an apparatus used in physics . . . Chippie—a lousy ping-pong player . . . Why isn't Sara cutting analyst anymore? Mr. Pat didn't hear you, Sara . . . Happy bunch, Raymond, Monaco, & Lord who entertain physics and calc. classes with their brilliant whistling exhibitions . . . Pablo is on the wagon until he gets invited to a party at someone else's house . . . New look on campus—bermudas and hairy legs . . . Is it true that Mr. (Buttonnose) Bair has glass eyes and is really blind? That the dorm boys are afraid of the dark? That Doris Miesel is a prize fighter in disguise? That Nick Smolakov is Chinese? That Ollie finally remembered where the Blockhouse is located? . . . The wedding bug seems to have hit the campus, first Kathy Steele, and now Chuck Simons have left the ranks. We wish both of these newlyweds the very best of luck and happiness in their marriages . . . Dave Lord said, while commenting about one of his many loves, "She's just another pebble on my beach." One more? . . . Jack Donovan is right in style with his new Chevy convertible . . . So Dave Rundquist has his own way of thanking girls who do favors for him, huh? . . . Jim Rasmussen saves green stamps . . . Sid Wallace walks down stairs on his hands . . . Spring has strange effects on Jan MacIver who can't seem to stay on her feet on the tennis courts or while jaunting around Turnbull Hall for Dr. Smith . . . Chuck Bail enjoys stepping on girls' white tennis shoes — What a strange passtime! . . . Pete Hovis and Harv Bain tried to race an airplane the other day. We may find out who won if they ever land . . . Quotes around campus—Mr. Lane, "Where did you come from?" John Beatty, "Love comes cheaper than marriage." John Cipriani "The dorm boys are afraid to play softball since they were beaten so badly in basketball." . . . The man with the vegetables this year is Allen W. Burns . . . Dave Brooks new economic philosophy —"Keep the women chained and barefoot." Bob Loesh and Marsh Fisk spent their free hours basking on the roof of the dorm so they can tell everyone that they just returned from Florida . . . Does Bernie Rusiewicz really have a cast iron stomach? . . . Ron and Fred are our champion tennis players . . . Jim Turner was complaining that he doesn't like to go to parties at which no one shows up . . . Noel Ripley is taking dancing lessons at Arthur Murray . . . Chuck Bail says he's in love; but he refuses to say with what . . . Sara Lewis is just as mixed up now as she was at the last edition of the Cub. When she comes to a definite decision, she'll let the Cub have the news . . . Ed Roberts lives from one week-end to the next just for the parties . . . Burt Hackenburg has set up his own still in the Chem lab . . . Gary Rupert came sneaking into the dorm the other day with hunger pangs and a health book . . . Best tans on campus belong to Ruthie and Lea . . . Judy Theobald brought the ice to Pablo's party . . . Some Behrend co-eds think that Dick

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MEET YOUR FACULTY

by Ron Raymond

"I'm not a very interesting person," stoutly asserted Gordon Baker, assistant professor of physics, when interviewed for this column. However, anyone who chats with our Mr. Baker would soon discover that beneath the striking bow tie and solemn countenance lies a very friendly and humorous gentleman who enjoys "interesting conversation."



Gordon Baker

A Master of Arts degree from the University of Washington and service abroad (Hawaii, Japan, Iwo Jima) as a meteorologist for the U. S. Army provided this native of South Dakota and a former graduate instructor at the University of St. Louis with an extensive background in many subjects. For the past six years he has taught physics and mathematics at Behrend and deserves credit for the gray observatory which projects above the pines beyond the library.

Astronomy, photography, and bridge find an avid and skilled follower in this "scholar," and although not especially sports-minded, he can be found frequently in Erie Hall defeating Nick Smolakov in a game of pool. Also, enjoying classical music, particularly Berlioz, Mr. Baker

strongly believes that "Rock-and-Roll is for the birds!"

Looking optimistically ahead, Mr. Baker hopes that Behrend Center will incorporate a four-year educational program providing the Erie area with a four-year non-sectarian university which, he feels, is badly needed. When confronted with the pet "problem" of disposing of the financial grant given Behrend, he gazed thoughtfully upward and visualized a "new, five-story physics building with an observatory on the roof!"

Behrend Center Presents . . .

By Jack Randinelli

Forrest Campbell, known to everyone around campus as "Forrie," has probably seen more of the world than most of us will ever gaze upon. "Forrie" entered this world on September 19, 1935, in the "ice box" of Pennsylvania, Kane. At an early age he moved from the hilltop of Kane to Binghamton, New York, but it wasn't long until he changed homes again. This time it was to "the city of brotherly love," Philadelphia. Finally, in 1944, he arrived in Warren, Pennsylvania. Warren then became his stamping grounds until his graduation from Warren High School in 1953.



Forrest Campbell

In October of the same year Forrest enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He was on the move again. After completing his basic training and attending aviation electronics technician school for seven months in Memphis, he was sent to Japan for overseas duty. Having learned Morse Code in electronics school he became an airborne radio operator with his normal flights carrying him from Japan to Korea and Okinawa. He also flew seven missions to Hong Kong and was sent on a special mission to Bangkok via the Philippine Islands. During his seventeen and one half months in the Far East "Forrie" saw firsthand many of the amazing wonders of the Orient which most of us dream of someday seeing. In July of 1956 Forrest returned to the United States, where he received his discharge. November 17, 1956, became a big day in the life of Forrest Campbell for it was then that he gave up his happy career as a bachelor and married his high

school sweetheart. Now he is the proud father of a six month old daughter and would not go back to a life in bachelorhood for the world.

Forrie's number one hobby is Al Jolson. He owns a large collection of Al Jolson records and he would like to write a book on this famous singer when he has some spare time. Forrest recently gave a very informative speech on his singing idol to Mrs. Falkenhagen's speech class.

When "Forrie" was questioned about his curriculum he replied, "Just in liberal arts now because I'm still trying to find something I like." Forrest's love for travel is with him yet, for someday, he related, he would like to obtain a job with a foreign office, preferably in Mexico, where he could again be united with his life long friend and former Behrend student, Louis Hartweg. I guess we could say Forrest was just born to travel.