

★ SPORTSCOPE ★

By Jerry Sedney

There seems to be some talk that a couple of athletically inclined males have been beaten in various sports by the fairer sex. Just ask Sid Wallace and Mike Maetz. Let's go, boys; you can't let down the supposedly stronger, masculine gender.

Let me remind you not to forget your ski togs when you get back from Easter vacation. The ski tow will finally be ready in May. The Engineers Club promises four inches of powdered snow. Excellent conditions!

Harry Witt claims to be a one

time Yo-Yo champ. How about a little exhibition, Witt!

Say, "Jonesy," why don't wear sneakers for gym class?

Christensen Hall challenges anyone to play that great indoor sport of pin-ball machines. I'll let you in on a little secret; our high scorer is Dan McLaughlin.

Prediction:

P. A. "Dynamite" Williams will do all of the required ten stunts on the high-bar.

A little note of thanks to Coach Goodwin, whose efforts made our sports life more enjoyable last semester.

Pine to Person

By Edward R. Sterrett

Having patiently remained silent for several years (the length of time I will modestly refrain from mentioning), I have finally decided to speak up. My existence has been a complicated one filled with wierd, humorous, and sometimes depressing incidents which have left me, to say the least, slightly maladjusted.

During the autumn I am proud and stand as straight and stiff as I possibly can. This is the season when I am in my glory. Sophomores reverently point me out to new students who gaze at me with awe. Freshmen respectfully "doff their dinks" when passing me, and the town crier paces around my circle shouting out the time. I enjoy these ceremonies immensely, and chuckle with the sophomores as they put the frosh through their paces.

I know the fun is over when the botany classes begin their jaunts around the campus. For eleven months of the year I happily think of myself as being a pine. However, when Doctor Smith passes by, I always cringe and lower my branches. She is leading a campaign to make me into a blue spruce.

As classes start and the stu-

dents buckle down, I am temporarily forgotten. I enjoy watching the dorm girls walking in a poised manner as they leave the dorm on Friday night with their date but the rude awakening I receive at 12:00 A. M. as they jump out of cars and race up the walk is enough to make any "pine" disturbed.

At Halloween time I was surprised to awaken one morning and see a man hanging from a tree across the Circle. I have yet to discover why he was hung, but he was soon taken away along with a truckload of pumpkins.

At Christmas time I enjoyed immensely the carols played for me, and I stayed up half the night watching the happy couples go to the Sno Ball.

In January I noticed that my friends passing by weren't wearing their usual smiles, preferring to bury their heads in their books and frown "quizzingly". A few were smiling and enjoying themselves as usual, but I haven't seen them since the semester exams.

Because of the inclement weather, and the lack of attention given me, I am now in my annual state of depression, so I would appreciate a friendly smile, or even a wink when you are passing.

MUSIC

By Jill Nardi

Music: Our Alma Mater's somber notes played by the Blue Band on Beaver Field; the staccato tap of raindrops on your bedroom window at midnight; haunting strains of the flute played by the Piep Piper as he leads the little children of Hamlet away; Peter Gunn's theme blaring from the juke box in Erie Hall; strained screeches emanating from your kid brother's violin while he's practicing; tones of Jerry Mulligan's "Utter Chaos" from the hi-

fi set during a study break; bel-lowing trumpets from the brass band as it marches down Main Street of your hometown during the Fourth of July celebrations; a sultry song by Julie London slipping softly into the night air from the car radio while driving home from a special date; full skirts swirling, bobby soxed boppers jitterbugging to "House of Bamboo" in Pop's Malt Shoppe; Lili Pons sweetly singing an aria from "Madame Butterfly"; the swinging rhythm of "Dave Bruggan's (See Page 4)

PLACE PATER

By George Place

Coach Goodwin has managed to sign up six intramural teams. They are:

1. Flying Dragons
2. D.D.T.'s
3. Guriel's Gangsters
4. Hahn's Hotsy Totsy's
5. Mike's Marauders
6. Onorato's Opulent Organization

Dick Chase recently starred in the table tennis Tournament of Tournaments benefit for the Heart Fund. Playing at the Erie Playdium, Dick annexed one title outright and shared another.

Behrend Campus grapplers have a tentative date to wrestle a team in Buffalo. Lots of luck to the team.

Speaking of wrestling, did you know that Ed Onorato was a

Pennsylvania State Champion last year?

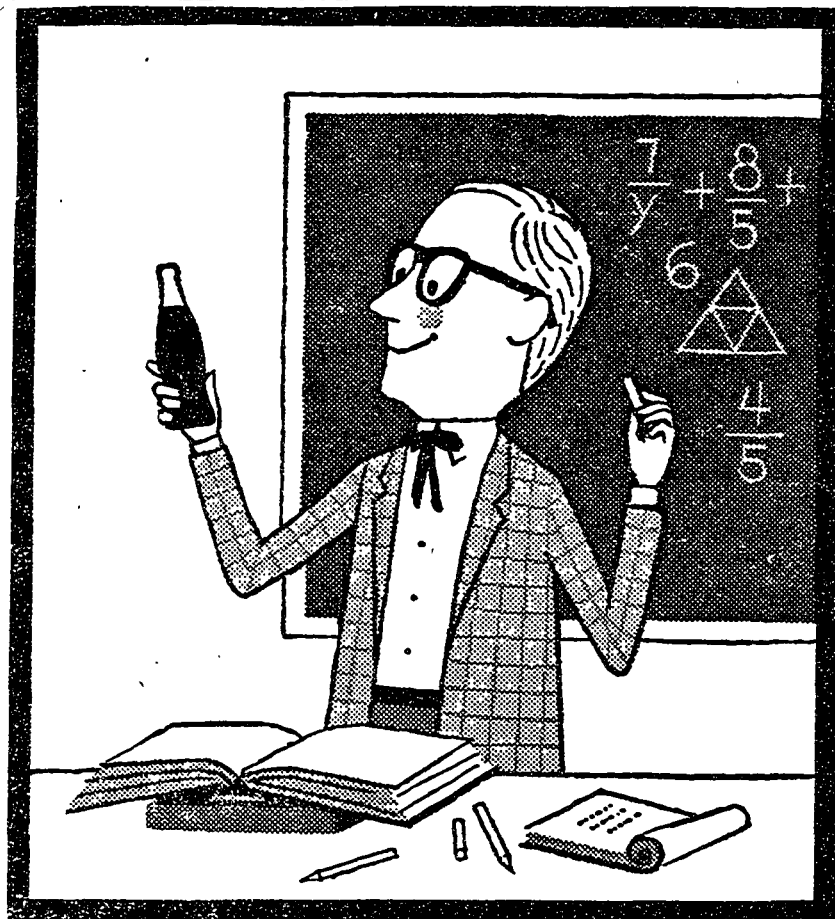
Student Council has purchased a new scoreboard which will be installed in the gym sometime this semester. It is to be dedicated to Behrend by the Class of '59.

The second semester bowling season has started. There are seven teams entered in the league. Anyone who still might be interested in bowling should see the respective team captains.

Compliments of

RUSS' DINOR

2902 Buffalo Rd.



"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK. COPYRIGHT © 1959 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

Q.E.D.

Yes, it's been demonstrated time and time again, that for real refreshment it's Coke every time! Add up that cold crisp taste, that lively lift and you really have a drink worth going after. So whenever the crowd has a multiple thirst, make the high sign of good taste . . . pass around the Coca-Cola! Quod Erat Demonstrandum!



BE REALLY REFRESHED...HAVE A COKE!

Bottled under authority of The Coca-Cola Company by
ERIE COCA-COLA BOTTLING COMPANY