

**THE NITTANY CUB**

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**Friends Are Your Success**

Mr. Webster defines a friend as one attached to another by esteem, respect, and affection; an intimate." To me friends are one of the most important assets in my life. With them the world is ours; without them we have no significance. They are necessary in work, play, religious activities, or anything requiring harmony or teamwork. Many times throughout our lives new friendships will be formed and later dissolved, but their impressions will always remain vivid in our minds. Having lost my best friend two years ago, I realize the emptiness of one who has lost something of value. It may be an act of selfishness to want to retain one from a life as wonderful as she is experiencing now, but this is one of the aspects of friendship. Her last gifts of loneliness and sorrow are eased by the memories of her happiness and the kind personality displayed through her life.

For many college freshmen the severing of friendships will be another first in their lives; yet, are they really losing these friends? The many new acquaintances who will later go their separate ways will never be forgotten; for they are important factors in the molding of our lives. All through our lives, friends will come and go, but we must take this in our stride for there is always the hope that someday our paths will again cross. If not, the imprint left by them will stand out in our later lives as we reminisce. Sorrow, pain, love, and happiness are all shared with those who are near to us. We are not successful alone; for we will always need friends. Friends are our success.

**Field Trips**

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this area migrate every winter. Hardly commercial and located in out-of-the-way places, one cave actually has a ten foot waterfall guarding the entrance. "It's a bit chilling in the winter," was Doctor Smith's only comment.

Between semesters Doctor Smith trekked to caverns near Reelfoot, Tennessee, only to be delayed in her objective by the only too familiar floods which had invaded these outdoor laboratories, rendering it impossible. The

first week the waters recede, Doctor Smith intends to visit the caves again.

However, on this particular journey, she enjoyed a genuine mountain wedding, "unlike any Methodist service I had ever seen." The following reception could have matched any other gala affair, with guitar entertainment for four hundred celebrators.

Doctor Smith's experiments are basically focused on the peculiarity of bats having only one offspring a year, a condition like that in man. By the study of twinning in bats, Doctor Smith hopes "to

**Man of the Hour**

By John Lloyd

The Man of The Hour is the always smiling and friendly second-semester freshman, John Thomas Suppa. Jack comes to Behrend Campus from Warren, Pennsylvania, where he made a famous name for himself in sports at Warren High School. The specialty of the 100 yd. dash in track and the position of halfback in football qualified Jack for membership in his school's Lettermen's Association. A natural leader, Jack extended his talents over such other school activities and organizations as the Senior Class Play, German Club, Student Council representative, and Treasurer of the Class in both his Junior and Senior year.

The Business Administration major rooms with his long-time friend from Warren, Fuzzy Bevevino. They live at the Humes household on Jordan Road. Jack licked his lips and got that far away look in his brown eyes as he admitted that steak headed the long list of his favorite foods. This reporter suspects from the look in Jack's eyes that he misses his mother's good home-cooked food.

Jack can usually be found in the Lounge in Erie Hall playing bridge or at Sammy's sitting with his "frat brothers" discussing everything in general and girls in particular.

This brown-haired Behrendite says that the only plan he has for the future is to transfer to Pennsylvania State's main campus next semester.

When asked his opinion of the coeds on campus, Jack exclaimed and without realizing it, expressed the public opinion of himself to all those who know him—Fabulous!

**Administration News**

Mr. Kochel's secretary, Mr. Adam, reports that admissions for Fall 1959 term total 10-15 percent over last year's enrollment.

Most of these future students which fill about 1/3 of the quota are from the upper 2/5 of the respective classes. Mr. Kochel stated that in a few years no one will even be considered for Pennsylvania State unless they are in the upper 2/5 of their classes.

**If You Ask My Opinion . . .**

By Jerry Sedney

In regards to the article, "If You Ask My Opinion," which appeared in the last issue of the Nittany Cub, I feel a poll from the other side of the fence would be appropriate. The following feel that certain people, not mentioning any names, have abused their privilege of being called females.

Sid Wallace—95% of the girls in the United States are nice. The other 5% are at Behrend Center.

C. K.—I would like to know

where the zoo keeper has been? "Fuzz" Bevevino—The boys like the girls outnumbered by so much that the girls think they can't play the role.

Jack Randinelli—Girls?

Jack Suppa—I can take them, leave them. Mostly leave them.

Bill Roberge—From the appearance of some of the females around here I thought there was a third sex.

Bob Verbanic—Those who they are being treated as sisters should go out with men.

Male Anonymous—9:15 at the dorm—When the cows come from pasture.

Ed Roberts—If it wasn't for the "Snake Pit" I'd consider moving in an all boys school.

"Vlyde" Beatty—I'm glad you're studying this semester.

Walt Parker—Blessed are those who are MIXED UP, for they will be called CONFUSED!

Anonymous to Anonymous—Does it feel to be pinned to a board of the third sex?

The joint opinion of all who contributed to this column: "Pound for pound, we have more co-eds than Vassar. So eat your salad and SHUT-UP!"