

What Makes George Run?

By Diane Janowski

Last night, I went Halloweening with George. I didn't really want to go Halloweening—I'm not a very good Halloweener when you come right down to it, but then it's not everyday that you get a chance to go Halloweening with George. So I told George that I'd be glad to go Halloweening with him—I promised George that I'd be at his house at 7:30.

I arrived at George's house at 7:20—I didn't want to offend George by being late. I had disguised myself as a devil—but then again, I'm not very novel. That's why I like George—George is very novel—about the most novel person I've ever met in my whole life. I wondered what George would disguise himself as.

When George came out of his house, I was sort of surprised because he looked like the plain ordinary George that I saw every day. There was one thing different—very different! Under his left arm, George carried a crowbar and in his right hand he held a shovel. This, to me, was funny. I didn't bother asking George any questions though—I didn't want to offend him—George, you see, is easily offended. Naturally, I figured George had a good reason for carrying a shovel and a crowbar—George always has a good reason for doing everything that he does.

We went down Eighth Street. I know Eighth Street pretty well. At the risk of offending George—easily offended George—I said, "George, what are we doing on Eighth Street?" He mumbled and pointed to the Sunny Acres Home for the Blind. I wondered again, as I always wonder when George mumbles something, and readily apologized to George, as I always apologize when he mumbles, because when George mumbles it usually means he's mad.

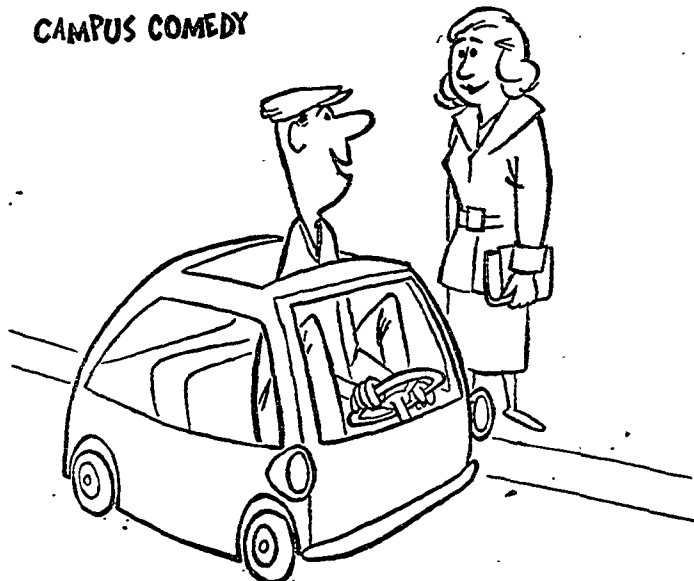
"We're going into the Home," said George and I said, "Okay." We walked up the steps—George was in the lead (as he always is, because George, to me, is superior). He rang the bell. I think it was an elderly lady that answered, but I'll never be sure, because at that moment, George had pulled the woman's seeing-eye dog from her grasp, and her screams really distorted her face. For the first time in my life, I doubted George, but my doubt wasn't strong enough to say much of anything. So, I just stood there while George ran upstairs. Then, I heard one scream and another and another and many more. Soon, George came running down surrounded by dogs. "What next George?" I asked. "Go get the shovel," he replied. "Surely George," I said, "you're not going to bury all of those dogs?" He said he wasn't—he just wanted to bury their harnesses and set the dogs free. This, to me, seemed ridiculous, but as I said before, George is novel—he always has his reason.

George and I went outside and buried the harnesses. Then we set the dogs free.

I didn't tell my mother—I didn't think it was wise. It was quite a prank though—you've gotta admit that. It's novel—I admire novel things, because I can't be novel, but I enjoy watching novel things and all that stuff—you've gotta admit—it was novel.

George says that he wants to go Halloweening again tonight. I don't know whether to go or not—I don't know—I might.

CAMPUS COMEDY



Judy: "Of course it's big enough, Jerry Rochin. It holds you, doesn't it?"



Lawrence E. Dennis, Penn State vice-president, recently visited Behrend Campus and addressed the Behrend faculty.

Distinguished Guest Visits Behrend

Recently, Behrend Campus had the honor of welcoming Mr. Lawrence E. Dennis, the vice president of Penn State University. At a dinner at Soudan's Restaurant, Mr. Dennis addressed the faculty on the subject of the academic future of Behrend Campus.

Mr. Dennis has been associated with Penn State since 1954 in the various posts of vice president for academic affairs, provost, and administrative assistant to the president. In October of 1955, he was also appointed the vice-chairman on the governor's Commission on Higher Education.

Behrend Terra Firma

Famous last words in the dorm: "Is the mail here yet? . . . No boys allowed in the reception room, Judi . . . I've got a problem, Fedune . . . Turn the record player down . . . Pork, again? . . . Hey, Deany Lane, how about a meeting? . . . Sandy, mustard on everything?"

Who filled the ash trays with water? . . . Appropriate attire for the "Behrend Falls" reception room—trench coats and boots. . . . What's the matter, Phyllis? . . . Hey, you, where's your pass to go through this room? . . . Tic-tack-toe, you give the x's we give the o's . . . "Girls' Dorm, Andy speaking!"

Whose dormitized? This doesn't usually happen until spring, girls! . . . New attire for the pool, Bermudas and sweat shirts . . . Andy, really I don't want to go in, no really. Splash! . . . Who was sleeping in the study, Barb? . . . Did you kiss George good night?

"I don't care if you are from Psy class, put down that hammer or I'll call the police! . . . What, another Spanish test? . . . Is there anyone Mr Baker, Student Council advisor, hasn't put to work yet? . . . Eeegor, Ohh! my ankle . . . No, Mr. Goodwin, not soccer again . . . A little advice to the talkative dorm girls—too much has happened in four weeks . . . Watch it! . . . Dave is just too much!"

Dorm Girls' Lament

To use the reception room, that is the cry
And probably will be, till the day we die.
To end our dates we must sit in the cold
Or else in a car, where he gets too bold.
What we need is a warm place to talk
Instead of shivering outside by the walk.
A place somewhat like our living room at home
Instead of this endless campus to roam.
We'd all like to know just why
No one will take heed to our cry.
We don't want a place to sit and neck,
But just a place for that final peck.
And so, friends, you've now heard our plea
We also hope our point you do see.

Two far-out characters named answer.
Igor and Jack were playing a "The Empire State Building?"
little game. "What do I have in "No."
my hand?" asked Igor. "The Philadelphia Symphon.
Orchestra?"
"Three Navy patrol bombers?"
guessed Jack. "Orchestra?"

Igor looked into his hands again, and then said slyly to his friend, "Who's conducting?"