

## Music and All That Jazz!



Ginny Gandleman and Jack Raeder compare notes (musical, of course) on the future plans of the Jazz Club.

## A VISIT to the JAZZ CLUB

By Beethoven

I knocked on the closed door. As it opened mysteriously, the pitch of Maynard Ferguson threw me back, numbing my ears. Yes, this was unmistakably the right place, the first Jazz Club meeting of the year.

My senses returned and I beheld the founding father, Jack Raeder, and "Egor" Edwards hovering over the record player, selecting the next swinging side to be spun. The meeting had just been called to order to the wail of Ferguson by President Jim Knestrick, and it slipped into the business at hand accompanied by the throaty blues of Anita O'Day. This was most appropriate and soothing.

Relaxing, I looked around for a few of the prominent members of this organization. Over in the corner was "Sky" King, legs outstretched, fingers tapping, lips

mouthed the words of Miss O'Day. Next to him sprawled Ed Onorato, calculating the rhythm on his slide rule.

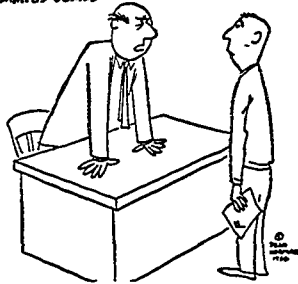
Suddenly, Jack Raeder's voice changed my stream of thought. "We should appropriate funds," he snickered, "Burn's style", "for --uh-- refreshments. I move that we set aside..."

When the meeting ended, I walked dazedly out into the quiet. It was then that I remembered that I was there to get a story for the Cub.

Rushing back in, I caught Jim Knestrick as he was leaving and found out that the other officers besides the president are Don Shelly, treasurer, and Beverly Britt, secretary.

At present there are twenty actively interested members who hold meetings every Friday or Saturday night at one of the member's homes. In the future, the club wants to establish a listening library in Erie Hall and a reading library on Jazz, its musicians, and its history. Other dreams of the club are to entice local jazz musicians to Behrend Campus for jam sessions and to buy for their library Leonard Feather's "Encyclopedia of Jazz."

CAMPUS COMEDY



"Mr. Wells, I don't care how many scientists Miss Panameroff claims Russia graduates each year! I don't feel a patriotic duty to give you a passing grade!"

## ★ Behrend Terra Firma ★

By Nobru

I would like to introduce myself to you. My name is Nobru, and I see all, hear all, and know all. From my listening post in the girls' dorm, I have overheard many things of interest.

Why is Marcia complaining about a swollen lip? Relax, kids, it's from a bowling pin. How was the trip to Pittsburgh? A bit crowded I'd say! Lucky Andy, in the back seat with five girls. Happy birthday, Sandy. Now can I have another piece of cake? Well, gotta hurry to the parking lot and get my ride home. Knit one, pearl two. dorm girls.

There's so many crowded cars. I'll be lucky to squeeze in a corner of the back seat. Oh, lucky me. I just found a seat right next to Rita Panameroff. This is great! The group is starting to tell many things.

Ron Polak is wondering how two left foot prints got on the back of his sweater at the last party. By the way, he was wearing it at the time. Jim Altman relates that a few weight conscious girls went to a local steam-bath to get the works. Names are being withheld for obvious reasons. (Initials: B.B., P.R., M.H.)

Eddie Mandel is trying desperately to win a ping pong championship. Likewise with Egor in pool.

"Why the sudden rush to the woods?" asks Hal Newcomer. Settle down, it's only for botany leaves!

Suddenly the car jerks. Gail Anderson is shifting gears again. What's with the boys taking up

knitting? Will all the girls please take their lipsticks, compacts, bobby pins, and other junk from the back seat of Jim Stevens' car? By the way, what's it doing there anyway?

Dave Prizinsky had better get on the ball! It seems the other boys are passing him up, with a certain girl that is!

Boys, wake up. You're losing several freshmen girls to a local college. Tom Wood seems to be giving too much assistance to the girl bowlers.

Brains are really being strained by many a freshman. Reason: Learning to play bridge. No one will ever know the fun that was had by the nine ingenious couples under their costume at the Pumpkin Prince!

Will someone please tell Gerry Lewis, pin setter, that there are two balls to a frame, not one. The drafting boys seem to be doing better in their drawing now that Miss Kisiel has been helping them. Some sophomore boys have the most provocative legs! John Lloyd looks a little chubbier. I think he's been eating better.

Why does Linda Steiner have Jack's name in her notebook? You'd think she'd be more concerned with "Lover" Knestrick. Clayton Witherow and Jo-Anne Kisiel should get together. Their troubles seem to run in the same stream.

"I love you more than chocolate cake and lollipops", says Phyllis Rosenblatt. (To Phil, of course.) A certain student (J.S.) has been aceing every Accounting 5 test. What's the secret?

## If You Ask My Opinion . . .

By Diane Janowski

The diversified opinions of the girls' new gym suits seems to be a subject of much interest to all students. When asked what they thought about the suits, the following answered:

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| Pat Raftis—All we need now is a bow in our hair.   | think of the girls' gym suits.  |
| Bill Wiegand—Too much cloth!   | Ann Nonymus—They look like a worn out housedress.   |
| Jeanne Chambers—A mistake, a waste of money, and an absolute farce.                                | Jim Stevens—Campus ballet??   |
| Dave Prizinsky—Crazy!  | Mary Constable — They need pleats.  |
| Betsy Spaulding — They go over like a 400-lb. high jumper.   | Eddie Mandel—A disgrace to Erie Hall!   |
| Lloyd Patterson—Tantalizing and teasing, but would prefer the short, kimono type.                  | John Miller—I haven't seen them yet.  |
| Katie Johnson—They look like an Alaskan bikini!  | Fuzz Bevevino—I think they're kind of cute.   |
| Anita McCallister — We should have been able to choose our own style, since we're paying for them. | Jack Bechtel—They're not short enough!  |
| Jack Raeder—I prefer not to  | Bob Davis—I've seen worse.  |
|  | Egor Edwards — I suppose you could say they're nice—if you want to say something like that. |