

THE NITTANY CUB

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Short - Sightedness?

It is the beginning of a new year and decade, a suitable time perhaps for all of us to take stock of ourselves and the world in which we live. As college students, we are concerned with academic interests and social functions, athletic activities and each other. We are all busily engaged in preparing for a satisfactory livelihood, one which we hope will be continually interesting, and one which we hope will enable us to live graciously, if not handsomely. We are all looking forward to making our mark in the world.

It might be wise at this time for all of us to consider this world we will be assaulting within the next two or three years. How closely do we scrutinize the newspapers and newscasts, if we bother to read a newspaper or listen to a newscast at all? What is happening around us in our country and in others? What are people doing today that may have a bearing on our lives in the next five, ten, or twenty years? What sort of a world will we be challenging? What problems will we have to face?

As students, perhaps we devote too much of our time and attention to the campus and the things that happen on the campus, and are guilty of neglecting the national scene, confusing and complex as it is. Perhaps we let college limit our scope of the present and permit it to slip by unnoticed until we read of it in our children's history books. Perhaps a course in analyzing current events would be advisable.

In 1933, did many people care, or even notice, when a little Austrian named Adolf Hitler was made Chancellor of Germany? Ten years later the graveyards were full of people who should have cared. The vastness of the world makes it very easy for us to say, "What can I do? I'm just a little guy." But the world is populated by "little guys," and they can do a great deal if they keep themselves informed and are aware of the changing times.

Knowledgeable people are calling this decade the "soaring sixties" and are predicting that man will soon conquer space. Our world is rapidly shrinking, and sooner or later, we will be literally rubbing elbows with everyone around the globe. This may well be the time for us to ascertain just how dirty those elbows are, and what we must do to clean them up before that dirt breeds a fatal disease.

If You Ask My Opinion . . .

By Karol Orzepowski

This month I was so impressed by the ermine mantle with which winter has garbed our campus and so asked several students the question, "What do you think of Behrend in the winter?" The responses were varied, as the following illustrate:

Beverly Britt—Cold but beautiful!
 Henry Sproat—I can sing and ski but it doesn't give me a chance to go swimming!

Personality Parade

By Linda Williams

This issue's spotlight personality is sophomore Ray Angelo of Erie. Before he enrolled in Behrend's associate degree program as an electrical technology major, this handsome dark-haired lad attended Academy High School. Following his graduation from college, Ray declares that he wants to "make lots of money" and "become President of the General Electric."

In his spare time he plays chess, enjoys listening to recordings by Johnny Mathis and Keeley Smith, and can easily be persuaded to play a game of pinochle. Hunting, fishing, and bowling rate high on his list of likes, and women drivers are his pet peeve.

His charming smile and quiet



Ray Angelo

manner help to make him one of the best students on Campus.

THE LAST WORD

- Al Wnuk: "Penn State turns out some great men."
 P. A. Williams: "When did you graduate?"
 Al: "I didn't graduate. I was turned out."
 Jeannie Upperman: "How did you come to puncture this tire?"
 Katie Johnson: "Ran over a milk bottle."
 Jeannie: "Didn't you see it in time?"
 Katie: "No, the kid had it under his coat."
 Over amorous male: "Whisper those three little words that will make me walk on air."
 Cautious coed: "Go hang yourself."
 Mr. Levin: Never mind the date. The examination is more important."
 Jack Suppa: Well sir, I wanted to have something right on my paper."
 Mr. Howell: "You missed my class yesterday didn't you?"
- Gail Anderson: "Not in the least, sir, not in the least."
 Clay Witherow: "I've added those figures ten times, sir."
 Mr. Patterson: "Good boy!"
 Clay: "And here's the ten answers."
 Mr. Vigorito: "You can't sleep in my class."
 Egor: If you didn't talk so loud I could!"
 Mr. Gordon: "Name a great time-saver."
 Don Cameron: "Love at first sight."
 Jim Knestrick: "Was it very crowded at Ripley last night?"
 Ron Polak: "Not under my table."
 Heard recently: "Our Economics prof talks to himself."
 "Yes but he doesn't realize it—he thinks we're listening."



Your date, George Guriel, is a nice guy, but don't let him get started talking about sports.