



D. Detisch scratches his head as J. Krimmel applies the finishing touches on Frosh T. Smith during Kangaroo Court.

(Photos by Schumacher)

If You Ask My Opinion

By ANITA McCALLISTER

Before the recent session of Kangaroo Court, various freshmen were asked what type of treatment they expected to receive. They replied:

- Gary Forsten—I already had half of it.
- Judy Ellwood—I'm scared.
- John Tinsley—I'm not going to Kangaroo Court because I'm not afraid of the sophomores.
- Clement Munno—They are so disorganized that they can't do anything.
- John Christ—I'm a good boy, so

- I'm not going.
- Janice Peterson—The same thing that I would expect from all "sophomores".
- Kathy Dayton — Everything the sophomores think I deserve.
- Jim Reichard—I'm good at dodging the sophomores.
- Herb Hockenberry—A tough time.
- Barbara Shapokas—More lipstick.
- Tom Smith—I expect to be boiled in water.
- Jerry Mitchelhill—Tender, loving care.
- Dennis Ziolkowski — Kangaroo Court is a big hoax!

THE LAST WORD

"Howdy."
 "Howdy."
 "What's your name?"
 "Tex."
 "From Texas?"
 "No, Louisiana, but who wants to be called Louise?"
 * * * *
 Avery: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"
 Andy: "No. I hate hospitals."
 * * * *
 Then there is the rich Texan who bought his dog a boy.
 * * * *
 There are a lot of couples who don't neck in parked cars. The woods are full of them.

* * * *
 Mr. Baker: "Every time I breathe someone passes into eternity."
 Mike: "Why don't you try Sen-Sen?"
 * * * *
 Familiarity breeds attempt.
 * * * *
 Aide: "President Coolidge is dead."
 Secretary: "How can you tell?"
 * * * *
 Kathy: "For goodness sake, use both hands!"
 Don: "Can't. Gotta drive with one."
 * * * *
 "Let's have a friendly game of cards."
 "No. Let's play bridge."

CHENNE

Don Gannon is becoming an expert at hiding brew cans. How about that, Barney? Next time carry a flask; it's better anyhow.

Vladimir Kelleq, Behrend's own Gandarme, was seen flying through the campus in search of his fiery-tempered Mexican friend, Senorita Free-Man. Vladimir, be careful of that tequila, or you'll have to keep quiet in class. It seems Vladimir has become very outspoken, especially in European history. We'll buy you a megaphone, Vladimir, and then you'll be just like Rudy Vallee.

The S.E.C. must have missed that transaction at the illicit party Saturday night. It seems that two females made a trade and the one, Nelly Smuts, became rather tight. Oh well, Nellie, we know it happens just once in a great while—like every day.

Say, who was that woman I saw you with Saturday night at the Drive-in? Bailey Thight and friend were seen indulging in liquid refreshments at the Bar Drive-In. What was the movie about, Bailey?

The Don Cossack choir presented an informal song fest in the spacious halls of Mammy's. Selections were Penn State For Never, Blue "Blatz" of Happiness, and selected Rhythm and Blues.

The intellectual trend of the Dorm girls is a real surprise. How can you kiddies do it? You study so hard, but those good grades are elusive. Keep up the tough struggle, you might make that 1.00 average yet.

Fla-Fla, would you like instructions on "how to keep girls off your back"? You probably know already how it's done, don't you? That Busmobile would run much better if petrol was added.

Phil Sterner seems to have forgotten about his foreign friend while at P.S.U. How about that scene in front of Atherton?

Bob Johnson went to bed at 11 o'clock Saturday night while at Penn State? Wow—that's bad.

Thus endeth the dirt.

Frolicking yours,
 Petroff, the Unforgiven.

Back In The Good Old Days

By PAT NARDUCCI

The gentle harassing and hazing of the past weeks has caused many of you to ponder upon the origin of Freshmen Customs. Actually, this is a lie because nobody is really the least bit concerned. However, we are obligated to write about such trivia . . . with a new and interesting outlook, yet!

The first freshmen hazing took place in the ancient Greek educational institution: Behrendos Centropolis. As penance for his crimes, an obviously inhibited youth named Oedipus Rex was cruelly taunted and forced into a rather unique form of marriage.

Another notable initiation concerned a freshman at Carthage University (who, by the way, rose to great heights in later year) affectionately called Hannibal by family and friends. It is interesting to note that Hannibal's punishment for failing to wear his Frosh-gear carries its own parallel to Behrend Campus. For Hannibal, whose major was Animal Husbandry, was gamely coaxed by all Sophomores to let himself be bitten, or gouged, as you prefer, by his pet elephant: Iddunzntbertomuchibus.

Because of poor communication and severely limited ideas, exchange programs with the rest of the world lagged noticeably in incorporating this craze into college minds and hearts. Ivan the Terrible is given full credit for introducing it in Russia, and finally we caught on, too. His hazing of Freshmen was so effective that there was no Sophomore class the next year.

Joan of Arc is credited for popularizing the earlier version of providing a light for all Sophs in need or upon request.

Thus ingenuity, we have seen, was the backbone of our early, formulative civilization. Those here at Behrend, while they cannot be elevated to the levels of achievement pioneered by Ivan and Joan, should certainly be able to invent a more mutually interesting and vital program geared to suit the individual needs of the Campus Populi.