



On December 6th, Dirty Jordan and Old Station met Career Road in a cold sweat. At the waking of the street light a '59 Chevy, low and blue, played nosy barber to a tan Mercury which pirouetted to the rail from a clipping on its right flank. Two jockies left for a sudden session with the AMA stitching-and-knitting circle and a third offered feebly, "It all happened so fast that..." It is a stock phrase meaning that hard drivers and hard-nosed power still use horses in this jet-age race, although more of them are crowded under the hood; that, shielded by the steering wheel, rides the horses' near-kin, the Distributor of horse-meat who is foot-poised to butcher any number of plays, at any old intersection, on any kind of track.

In the race between the "animals" on either side of the windshield, the odds favor the outside members. The world feels for the two of you, most variable of "animals," the hard-nosed barber and the butcher of horse-meat. For some of your photo-finishes are dead heats. The world knows that in this dynamic age of jet-age teamsters, though the aggressive hoof is poised, the pavement is not getting any softer.

## THE LAST WORD

A preacher recently announced there are 726 sins. He is now being besieged by requests for the list by people who think that they are missing something.

While discussing a former date who was a rather flighty and immature young lady, a college student confides to friends, "I liked her very much when I first met her, but she talked me out of it."

An African eager to learn about democracy was having difficulty with the idea of taxation as practiced by a government "of, by and for the people." Suddenly the light dawned. "I see," he said. "It means that if I want to give my dog a nice piece of fresh meat, I just take a knife and chop off part of his tail."

Did you ever hear about the pseudo-snobby clique of Dorm Girls who drive the decent girls into tears by making beds with fish food, rolling tin cans across the floor to encourage sleep; talking into the wee later hours when no classes are scheduled to disturb post-breakfast sleep, and creating all the childish, petty jealousies and retaliations that make life so enjoyable?

Funny thing about trouble — it always starts out being fun.

At a well-known campus, the "Scrooge" of its facilities, who puts an iron cage over the thermostat to regulate non-heat in below-zero bedrooms and locks the linen closet against normal, hygienic use of towels and sheets, is, come to find out, regarded by some as quite a

talented and frugal conservative.

One cave man to another, "Don't tell me there's no connection. We never used to have weather like this before they started using bows and arrows!"

Then there is the tragic story of two deserving young men who, in college by the skin of their financial teeth, applied for jobs in the campus cafeteria and were turned down in favor of high school girls.

Signs at Erie's Glenwood Zoo indicate "pidgeons", "racoons", "parakeets" and a "lama". And sure enough, there stand pigeons, racoons, parakeets and, not a llama but a white donkey. How very educational for the kiddies! (Don Lambert, Morning News).

Last, but not least, is the Tennessee Williams type of character whose fecal mind is active in the pursuit of scandal. She has a responsible job in a certain type of housing development where she comes in daily contact with many gullible and receptive young ladies. She practically begins each day by asking, "Well, are any of you pregnant yet?" She does everybody's work but her own and lives everybody's private life to the greater edification of her own emotions.

"Nature he loved, and next to nature nudes,

He strove with every woman worth the strife,

Warming both cheeks before the fire of life,

And fell, doing battle with a million prudes.

(Lawrence Durrell - Clea)

## Behrend Briefs Dean Lane Hosts Lit. Club

The Trustees' Building Committee on Friday, December 2, approved the preliminary plans for our new academic building and authorized the architectural firm of Brennan & Brennan to proceed with detailed plans and solicitation of bids. It is hoped that final bids will be in by March, so that ground may be broken for the new building in April.

Beginning in the Fall Semester, 1961, Behrend will offer the Associate Degree program in Business Administration. Final details for the offering of this program are in the process of being concluded.

The office and all buildings will be closed for the Christmas vacation as follows: beginning at 5 p.m. Thursday, December 22 through Tuesday, December 27. The office will also be closed on Monday, January 2.

Applications are being accepted for tickets to the gymnastics competition and exhibition by United States and Russian teams in Recreation Building on the Main Campus, January 14, 1961. Mail applications will be accepted in the Athletic Association office, 249 Recreation Building, until 5 P.M., Friday, January 6. Reserved seats are \$3.00 each and general admission seats are \$2.00. Applications by mail should also add a 25-cent handling charge to each order. Each applicant will be limited to two tickets.

Penn State has slipped to 12th place in full-time enrollment among the nation's colleges and universities in spite of an increase of more than a thousand students in this category over last year. Indiana University, which last year was twelfth, increased by 1,465 to 17,890, while Penn State increased to 17,767. The University of California has the largest enrollment, followed by the State University of New York.

"Images of His Boyhood" was the subject of Dean B. A. Lane's informal discussion of the Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas, presented to members of Behrend's Literary Club at his home on Sunday, the 11th.

Dean Lane prefaced the discussion with a few comments on the personal life and literary merits of Dylan Thomas and continued the afternoon's presentation with a reading and interpretation of two Thomas poems: *Poem in October* and *Fern Hill*. The program concluded with a recorded recitation of the author reading his poem *Fern Hill* and his prose recollection, *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. Refreshments were served during the program and the warm and gracious hospitality of the Lanes was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Dylan Thomas was born in Carmarthenshire, Wales, and was one of the finest lyric poets of our time. His work is modern and advanced, stemming from Freud, Joyce, Gerard Manley Hopkins and the Bible. He was a born language-lover and language-juggler and he had a genius for making commonplace phrases glitter and shine in a magic all their own. Perhaps the most balanced estimate of why he chose to write poetry are concealed in six short lines of his own poem,

"In My Craft or Sullen Art":

I labour by singing light

Not for ambition or bread

Or the strut and trade of charms

On the ivory stages

But for the common wages

Of their (the lovers) most secret heart.

## Derelict Dirge

By JOHN REEDER

Blinding spirals of swirling snow  
Batter the buildings and streets below.  
Moaning winds from ethereal throats  
Ravage a derelict's tattered coat.

Tortured, wine-soaked derelict  
Of skeletal frame and serpentine neck,  
Gaping jaw and staring eyes,  
Tortured visage of grim surprise,  
Feeling now the bleak dismay  
Of traveling toward his grave today.

Clutching his coat, facing the wind,  
Chilled without and numb within.  
The preacher, today, in the brass buttoned blouse  
Shall eulogize him at the mission house.  
He'll meet his fate estranged from fear,  
He's walked with death for many a year.