

How to Call (a) Foul!

In the most recent issue of *Esquire* there is a cartoon showing two old professors in a room cluttered with old manuscripts and books. One of the profs is leaning across a desk glaring at the other and the caption reads: "In my best old English, you sir, are a phinque"

This cartoon should be required reading for each and every one of the male students who linger in the vicinity of the pool table in Erie Hall. They best take heed of that word, "phinque" for in comparison to the vocabulary roundly voiced by most of the pool players, it is ancient in meaning as well as in spelling.

The choice of vocabulary used by these "hustlers" tends to degenerate in the heat of competitive excitement, but needless to say, some words become quite trite and superfluous after repeated shoutings and banking of pool cues. And while these young, strong, confident males feel free to say anything that comes into their minds while playing this game, I venture to guess that they would be roundly smacked in the mouth by one or both parents if the same language were used at home.

Being inquisitive of the nature of the game that could call forth such eloquent filth, I swallowed my feminine pride, took pool cue in hand and sighted on the cue ball. And not unsurprisingly I find the hardest thing for a beginner to do correctly is hit that little "!"** white globe. It is a very tense game: a very exciting game; A game calling for a great deal of skill and worthy of more intelligent oaths that the words gleaned from the street.

A large vocabulary and the ability to use it correctly are signs of maturity. The female students no longer blush in unbelieving silence when the air becomes full of filthy, verbose images. They merely note the swine who was so disrespectful as to utter such a phrase in their presence.

But the language used in Erie Hall is no longer just gutterish, but dangerous to the student who uses it. The SGA has passed a recommendation that anyone heard using language unbecoming the school will forthwith be reported to Dean Benjamin A. Lane for disciplinary action.

The NITTANY CUB thinks that this campus is in a sad state of affairs when students must be reported to the "principal" for disrespectful conduct. But when the conduct smacks of high schoolishness, then I suppose that the action must smack likewise.

The people who spice their vocabulary with filth are on the whole well-known, and well-liked by the rest of the students. None of them can be termed hoody, nor stupid. Immature is the only valid generality that can be applied to this group.

CULTURE BUGS REJOICE

As winter takes its last dying gasps at Behrend, it's time for those of talent and/or perserverence to get out their brushes, pencils, and cameras, for a new addition to the cultural program here. The Spring Term will witness the birth of the First Annual Behrend Fine Arts Exhibition, sponsored by Nittany Promotions. Awards will be given in each of four clas-

ses: Sketching—pictoral, (pencil, ink, pastels, etc.); Sketching—practical, (architecture, machine design, etc.); Painting (water colors, oils, temptra). and Photography. It has been rumored that Map Coloring would be added as a fifth class but this is mere conjecture at this time. All entrants must be students at Behrend and all work submitted must be their own.

GOODIES FROM THE GIRLS IN THE DORM

Winter term is a bad term in the dorm. You don't find the usual spasticims, confusion, or just plain devilishness that is usually there. We are anxiously looking forward to the spring term when things will, we hope, improve and even be better than fall term. We have heard so much about spring term and how great it is that we are just dying for it to get here.

Now that winter term is almost over we certainly can't say that it was uneventful. Much has happened to make us glad, sad, and in some cases just numb.

We can remember:

The exciting trips to——Erie. The usual water and shaving cream fights.

The cold showers and tubs of water we enter so voluntarily.

The frozen butter in the gutter. That little night light that keeps burning in one of our windows.

The night that somebody switched drawers around. Trying to get into a size 32 sweater when you take a size 40 isn't the most pleasing thing. Well, it isn't the most comfortable thing.

Last, but not least, the night that we came back from Christmas vacation and how wonderful it was to be back and see each other. Even though we get pretty disgusted with this place and with the same old ugly faces, we sure do miss them when we are away.

Did you know that:

L.R. was our own Katherine Murry that keeps us informed of all the latest dance steps. How about those dance lessons at midnight?

J.Q. will be gracing the University of Michigan with her presence. We think that she is our best representative.

E.G. awaits each Saturday night very anxiously. Wonder why????

We had our own Olympic Stars in the field of skiing. These four girls have added much to the slopes of Holiday Valley.

One of the girl's theme song is "By the lake, by the lake, by beautiful Edinboro Lake. You and me, you and me. oh so happy we'll be."

K.C. and L.F. like cold water so much that they can't stay out

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"I wonder where T. C. parks his car."

— REMINDER —

Dean Lane wishes to remind everyone that the Winter term will close officially March 18, and finals will be given the 19th through the 21st of March. Registration for the Spring term will take place on April 1.