

Frosh boy--"Tell me, Mr. Van Sophomore. . .

Reggie holds up his hand for silence, then exclaims, "One more time . . . and pow--right in the kisser."

Frosh boy--"I'm sorry sir, I wasn't thinking when I addressed you. May I try again?"

Reggie nods condescendingly and the Frosh boy starts again, "Oh Great One, would you please tell me, a lowly freshman, how to get to the lab?"

Reggie--"Just follow me . . . and away we go."

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LOW LIFE

I am a Freshman. I share this overwhelming honor with 332 other fortunate souls. We are all victims of the sadistic humor of the Sophomore class, like innocent lambs led to the slaughter. We plunged into the depths of Customs Week experiencing anxiety for fear of what was to come.

But our fear was soon demolished and replaced by sorrow as we were told that the Mickey Mouse of high school had stepped out of our lives completely. Drying our tears, we found ourselves in the midst of customs which included wearing dainty hockey caps, virgin footwear, and Groucho Marx bow ties. And as the sun slowly sets on the Behrend Campus, the shadows of 2 humble Freshmen are visible as they bow wearily to the stately Behrend Pine.

--Kris Veshecco

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