



THE NITTANY CUB



Volume XIV No. 8

November 10, 1967



Winter Magic

In spite of the fact that WJET's "weather in a word" is "melting," let me assure you as a native of "the mistake on the lake" that melting won't be the word for long. As a matter of fact, the only other time you're likely to hear the word melting for the next four or five months is in the fervent prayers of every sun-loving Erieite. For the benefit of out-of-town students who may want to join the litany, the prayer goes: "Please God, let the snow melt today; I'll quit smoking, drinking, and immorality, and everything else if you'll just let the snow melt today!"

Realistically though, winter isn't all dirty slush, frostbitten toes, and shoveling the driveway so you can get your car to your 7:45 class. Picture, if you will, the ponderous beauty of the campus as you slid your way along the drive Monday morning. Nature's was

as then untouched by human hands, and the sight of it made me happy to be alive. Winter is also pine trees with snow laden branches. It's the quiet and peacefulness of freshly fallen snow. It's skiing and tobogganing, snow-men, snowballs, hot chocolate, and sleighrides. Winter also can be a happy change of pace. What would the Winter Carnival be without snow? I ask you? Half the fun of life is building ice figures and warming yourself by the fire after an invigorating winter sport.

So don't despair or become depressed kids, just dig out your mittens, boots, longjohns. Now that you have antifreeze and snow tires, you can concentrate on appreciating the beauty of it all. Try to avoid the snowballs, and remember to set your alarm a half-hour earlier so you can get to school on time for all of this.