

ICARUS ARRIVES!

A streak of color, a flurry of paper, a blob of ink and ICARUS descends on an amazed and unsuspecting Behrend populace. Filled with a constellation of award winning contributions in poetry, fiction, non-fiction, stories and essays, it is due to arrive today--or Monday in case of untidulence. Watch out for the imminent appearance of this meteor of literary masterpieces.

THE GIRL SCOUT WHO WAS SOME COOKIE

or
"Loving You Has Made Me Savannahs"

Part I

It all started like any other normal day. I woke up, fell out of the wrong side of the bed, tripped over my teddy bear, and cut myself shaving. But, as I was soon to learn, this day was to be different--much different--than any day I had ever experienced before. While I was eating my Sugar Pops and drinking my Quik (Nestle's makes the very best--Ohaawk-hit), there came a knock on the door. When I removed the nightlock and pried from the door (you can't trust anybody these days), there was a little girl dressed up in a girl scout uniform selling cookies. Being generous (and a sucker), I said, "Yes, I'll take a dozen of each." She said, "Fine, that'll come to seven dollars and thirty-eight cents."

So I took out my Monkey House change purse, and as I handed her the money, she asked, "Would you like to go to Washington for the weekend--all expenses paid?" Not accustomed to such forwardness from the opposite sex, I stuttered and said, "F-fine. (We're running a quiz: find out how many times the words "Fine," "Sure" and "Gazachstahagan" appear in this cereal. The answer will appear in the last issue of the Cub.)"

So I got out my five suitcases (I like to be prepared), and having just enough room for my fifteen suits, ten pairs of shoes, snow shoes, swimming trunks, football helmet, thirty Penn State tee shirts, sixteen dress shirts, two pairs of socks, and an Art History book (that was just for show), I took my 1924 Essex out to the bus terminal to leave for my overnight trip to the nation's capital. It was eleven o'clock as I checked my pocket watch (with an autographed picture of Lawrence Welk) and settled down to a pleasant all-night ride through the swinging sections of western Pennsylvania--either one of them.

My girl scout guide had talked several of my schoolmates into coming on the trip and we all took our Captain Marvel lunch boxes out and ate our midnight snacks. Little did we know how close we would come to losing our precious 1 lunch boxes. (to be continued)

John Jackson

Saturday...



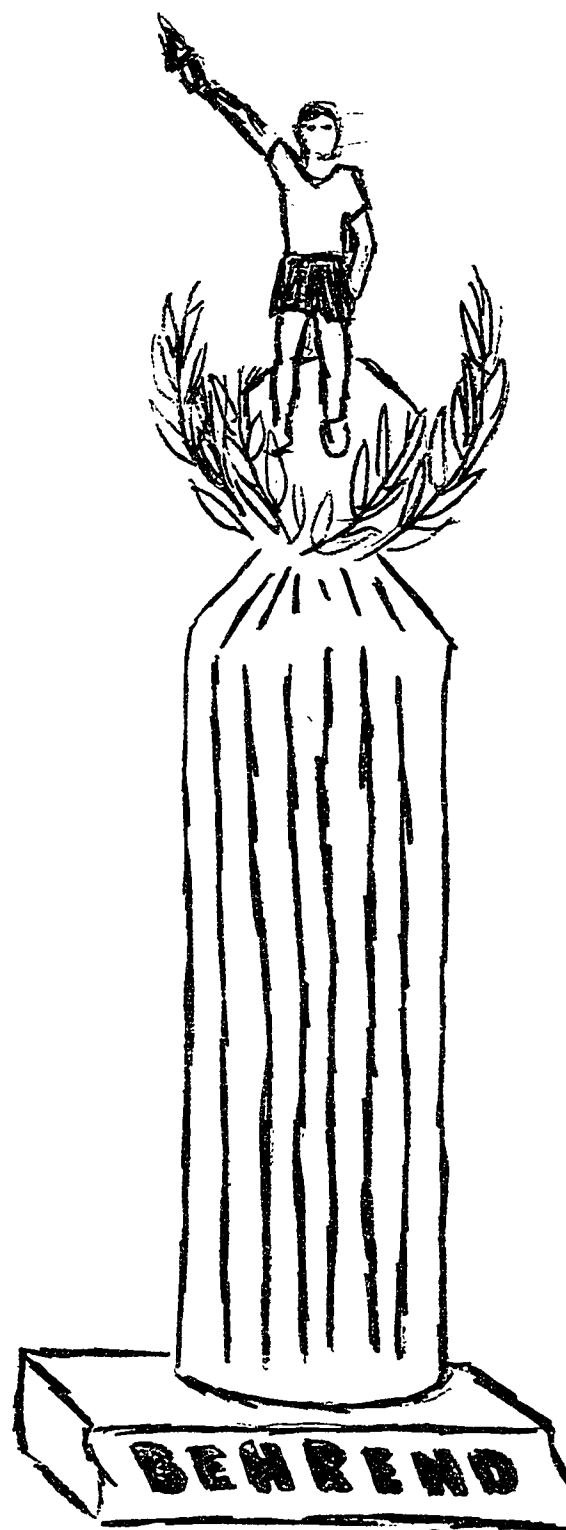
ISLE

OF

MEMORIES

June 1

\$5.00 per couple



COME TO THE
SPORTS BANQUET