

Tuition

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large numbers of civic groups and businesses that award scholarships. These include such groups as Kiwanis, Rotary, Knights of Columbus, service organizations, churches, the Democratic Party, and the

Republican Party. The key to finding scholarships is persistence. "Beat the bushes for other loans and scholarships," Mr. Gill said. "If you get enough of them it adds up." Some scholarships may not even be awarded because there are no qualified applicants. "Many times

people don't know about [scholarships]," Mr. Gill said. "If people do enough digging they could find other scholarships." Mr. Gill advocates that students call local organizations and businesses and inquire whether they award scholarships, and if so, what the qualifications are for the

scholarships. "The worst thing that can happen to you is they say no."

Some students feel that the financial awards may not be sufficient. Winnie Kastroll is a Criminal Justice major, and a sophomore at Penn State Mont Alto. "I think they should offer a few more scholarships, especially

for freshmen who don't have the GPA," she said. However, Kastroll feels that her tuition situation is manageable, at least for the time being. "I feel like right now it's not really hitting me. Come a few years, it's going to hit. It will be stressful."

A Moment in Penn's Woods: Initiation

By Tony Arnold
Staff Writer

Saturday, October 21, 2006 ushered in a cool and dry autumn day with gentle but chilly winds, a fine day for deer hunting. That morning I was at the center of a single circle drive which my father executed with the indwelt skill of a seasoned deer hunter, but saw only one deer, which I spotted on the steep walk to my mountaintop post. The results were not entirely surprising as small game hunters and weekend deer hunters had diffused into the woods for their own endeavors, introducing the necessary elements for a thorough shake-up of the local deer population. I decided to still-hunt my way back out of the woods, my footfall largely concealed by the moist leaf litter. I spotted nary a deer and was thoroughly distraught with the lack of action. Another drive in a different area would certainly be called for.

After an abbreviated lunch I became the center of yet another drive in which my father and cousin, Nick, would push a hillside laden with thorns and other jungle-like flora, with me standing at attention at the end of this mess watching two possible exit points which deer often used to escape the entanglement. This drive produced at least one deer far more often than not so I waited in quiet anticipation as the two men drove. Not a single deer emerged, however, and the only fruition I got from the drive was the survival of my companions despite the Vietnam-like patch of God-forsaken real estate they had just pushed.

I arrived home fully expecting to get ready for an afternoon archery hunt at a prime property of which I

had exclusive bow-hunting rights. When arriving, however, I found out that my young cousin, Jamie, who had but a single deer to his credit, would be going out with a rifle that afternoon as this Saturday was not only the final day of the muzzleloader doe season but also that of the youth rifle doe season. He had missed a doe earlier that day and despite a look of toughness acquired in spite of thorough razzing that only a new hunter receives, I could sense his disappointment and loss of self-confidence. After a moment's contemplation, I thought of the fact that my own odds of shooting deer that day were better with a muzzleloader and with some hesitancy I decided to cancel my evening archery hunt. "Next week's the pre-rut, anyway," I said to myself. "Just get over yourself and go for the doe today." I phoned up to the owners of my bow-hunting property and informed them I would not be coming up, fully believing I had made a Herculean mistake.

An interesting new area would be the theater for our evening hunt. The patch of land was thoroughly diverse; the topography was that of sloping mountainside hardwood stands cut deeply by forbiddingly steep ravines and pocked intermittently by high-growing thorn patches and small hemlock stands. Pasture fields also dotted the landscape and a system of logging roads provided a navigable thoroughfare.

The first drive was simple. I would place Jamie on the corner of a large grass field which paralleled the main logging road. Then Nick and my father would push up through a large section of thick timber to the field where Jamie watched and waited. I would sit off the corner of the field where

Jamie stood, about 50 yards into the woods, in case deer decided to hop the corner.

The men pushed, but to no avail, and another plan was formulated. Jamie and I would post ourselves where another logging road curved twice consecutively; a meadow lay on one side of the double curve and a large patch of forest on the other. I would stand at the first bend, Jamie at the second. We would each be able to



There are many locations to hunt with the various forest areas around Mont Alto.

see our own sections of the logging road and would settle in far enough that the piece of road that lay between could be covered without either of us standing in the other's line of fire. Nick and Dad would push the forest toward the meadow. Unfortunately, despite the excitement and anticipation, this strategy also proved unsuccessful.

It was obvious that another drive would be necessary; this time I searched my own play book. The bend where Jamie stood for that second drive was at a transition area where the meadow ended and more cover began. The cover at this transition was a hellish monstrosity of thick thorns and tangles that was easily nastier than the patch that Nick and dad had

pushed earlier in the day. At certain spots one could only navigate the mess on hands and knees. Though this was easily the most monstrous piece of cover that any of us had ever seen on our hunting property we also knew it was the best deer cover around. It also happened to be the only bottleneck of thick cover between the logging road and another open area further along the mountainside. In short, it was perfect for a deer drive.

I informed the two drivers that I would call them on my radio when Jamie and I were posted. I had an ideal spot for both of us to sit on the other side of the thorns, where open hardwoods met an open field. Jamie would face the wooded side, where I expected the deer to exit the thorns and I would face the field should they decide to exit lower. We walked the logging road around the thorns to our designated posts. As we walked into the field, tensions were high and we were pumped for what I knew would be a productive drive. We had scarcely entered the field, however, before both of us—almost simultaneously—saw a large doe bedded at the edge of the field right next to the thorns. In the high grass all we could see

was her head but with the scant 65 yards separating us from her this was a vital target. I scarcely had time to think when Jamie told me to shoot. I knew he was still unsure about himself after his miss but I heeded his request as I did not know how much time would elapse before the deer spotted us and blew out of town. I raised my Thompson/Center, centered the crosshairs on the deer's head, which surprisingly was not expressing alarm, and squeezed the trigger. *Click!* A small flurry of smoke emanated from my primer but the gun did not go off. "Damn," I thought to myself, "a misfire!" I did not take long to react to this misfortune as I could see through the scope that the deer was now looking straight at us. "Put the crosshairs dead on her head and fire!" I said to Jamie in a loud whisper. He quickly drew up and fired as requested; after the loud boom of the .30-06 the doe's head dipped below the grass. Another doe sprang from the grass and ran into the thorns, but I quickly looked back down and saw the thrashing of Jamie's doe. Yet another doe sprung up from the grass but she lingered. I fumbled around for another primer but when I was locked and loaded again the deer was gone.

I looked over at Jamie, who was standing in obvious amazement, and held out my hand to him. He slapped my hand and said "thanks," still not registering what had just happened. I realized at that moment that, though I had not gotten a deer myself, I was sole witness to a crucial stage of a new hunter's initiation and that I, given the chance, would probably trade ten bow hunts to do it all over again.