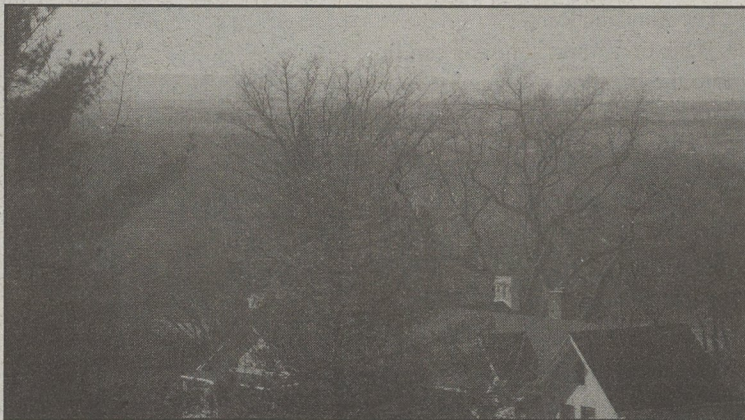


A Moment in Penn's Woods: Turkey Talk



By Tony Arnold
Staff Writer

It was an early November Saturday morning in archery deer season. I found myself walking through a clover field, a tree stand on my back and a bow in my hand. I was headed for an open creek bottom which I had marked off earlier in the season as a good stand for the always eventful whitetail rut. A modicum of self-control was all that kept me from setting up in the location any earlier than this Saturday morning. "Don't compromise it," I'd say to myself. "It's going to be a great rut stand." So here I was, walking through a clover field, the sun shining and a chill in the air, ready to see what the stand would produce.

As I approached the back corner of the field I stopped for a moment on the edge of the wood line. Today was also turkey season and I knew that this particular area held a lot of birds. In fact, I was standing not far from a primary roosting site.

I stood there a moment and was finally startled by movement in the treetops. I looked up to see a single hen turkey erupt from the crown of a tall oak, obviously concerned that I was not going to leave. It was as if the bird could read my thoughts. Her eruption prompted me to call. I drew a triple-reed diaphragm from my pocket, placed it in my mouth and let out a "kee-kee" run. I was only half-surprised when I heard several clucks in return, emanating from deep within the woods. It was another hen and her response led

me to believe that a flock had been broken up. I called again. More clucks. I followed a logging road into the woods and listened. I let out another "kee-kee" run. This time two maybe three birds responded. I kept moving up step by step and calling intermittently. It was obvious the birds were at least two hundred yards off.

About 15 minutes passed as I called and listened, responding less frequently each time, a method I knew to be effective to drawing in lonesome turkeys. After more back-and-forth calling more birds responded from my right side. The loud, booming clucks told me one thing: these new birds were gobblers. This was confirmed by a raspy but powerful, "Gobble!" I knew gobblers rarely gobbled in fall but these birds were trying and one or two even spat out double gobbles. Things were getting exciting and as birds seemingly closed in on me from every corner I tightened the tug on my bowstring, ready to draw at any moment.

A few more minutes passed by and it seemed that the turkeys were bound to come in. The cacophony of clucks and gobbles grew louder and more frequent. It was Penn Woods' Pandemonium. The din continued uninterrupted until the

loud boom of a 12-gauge blasted through the forest. My heart dropped but, surprisingly, the calling continued soon after. Only a minute or two passed before I started to see lone hens filing by intermittently in the distance.

I was getting ready to draw as soon as an opportunity presented itself and a pair of hens finally walked by at 25 to 30 yards. They passed to my right so I slowly pivoted as I could see their sharp eyes were screened by, low-growing pines. Apparently the screen was not thick enough, however, and my movement spooked the wary birds. They ran another 20 yards off, just out of bow range, and slowed down to a slow walk again as if to taunt me. The calling ended soon after as enough birds had regrouped to prevent any further search for stragglers. I attempted a few more clucks but to no avail. My opportunity had come and gone.

I ended up going down to the creek bottom but events were much more sedate than I had planned. I rattled in a single small buck but no other deer and I could not help but think what might have happened if I had drove back home and grabbed a shotgun. I was out for deer that day, though, and I would not have felt right if I had

not hunted the rut. But I learned that day that no matter what day of the season, one must always make time for turkey talk.



Election

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Many voters worried about the ballooning deficit were ready for a change. They signaled that opinion by casting their votes for fresh faces in Congress. The Republicans have allowed the Democrats to use one of the key issues dear to many loyal Republican advocates. The Republicans must retake this key issue and return it to the forefront of their political agenda.

The past election has put the Republican Party on the defensive. Entrenched and embattled, the Republicans must not allow themselves to concentrate on defensive strategy. They must lay aside damage control, positive spin, and ploys of distraction. Republicans must take a clear and offensive stance on the issues in order to get back on their feet.

Many Hearts, One Home: Penn State's THON

By Erica Panico
Staff Writer

For the past 35 years Penn State students have come together to raise money for children with cancer. This year The Pennsylvania State University will come together for yet another year and raise money to fight for a cure. Penn State IFC/Panhellenic Dance Marathon, commonly referred to as THON, is a two day dance marathon that takes place every February.

With many dancing for over 46 hours straight, over 10,000 more come to help support their fellow classmates. THON is the largest student-run organization in the world, and last year raised \$4.2 million. The money earned is

donated to the Four Diamonds Fund, is a charity that is dedicated for children with cancer at the Penn State Children's Hospital.

THON was started in 1973 as a dance marathon/competition. That year Penn State raised \$2,000 and gave the winning couple's \$300. Every year THON increases the amount of money earned, as well as their supporters. In the last 35 years, THON has raised money for children with mental disabilities, and leukemia. Because of this, they have created a strong bond with the Four Diamonds Fund. As long as they continue looking for a cure for cancer, THON will continue to dance.

In 1978, several students set out from University Park to the Hershey Medical Center to deliver a check of that year's earnings. Due



Allison Scheetz, left, Sara Beletti, middle, and Amanda Ebersole, right, all contribute to THON by canning to raise money.

to an unfortunate occurrence, the students got into an accident. A number of students were injured, and one, Kevin Steinberg, lost his life in the accident. In remembrance

of Steinberg, the University gives out the Kevin Steinberg award each year. This award is given to one THON organizer who demonstrates outgoing work

towards the betterment of the organization.

In Mont Alto we can help as well. Students can feel a part of the THON tradition by joining and even helping the fundraisers. Some of the ways THON members and students help are by the numerous fundraising techniques, such as canning. Many students are not aware of what THON really is all about. We should educate ourselves on how we can help others in their time of need.

Help support our fellow classmates that are dancing and promoting THON. THON meetings are in the Wiestling Student Center every Monday night at 9:00. Get involved and help! Until then keep dancing!