

WILKES COLLEGE Beacon

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JUDGE KNAPICH RESCUES ALTERNATE

By CHET MOLLEY

A persistent September drizzle traced rivulets upon the darkened panes of the ancient courthouse windows. Within, the court crier's voice rose above the tumult, and the second session of Ye Olde court of no appeals was brought to order. There was a moment of silence in reverence to those who had fallen by the wayside, and then the Omnipotent Judge, tripping upon his robes, made his omnipotent appearance. For the first ten minutes of the proceedings, Ollie Thomas, a learned legislator who has passed by many tomes of Roman Law, reigned as advocate supreme. It was whispered about that His Judicial Highness Judge Chester Knapich, was attending a very important gathering . . . a group of experts were pondering ways to beat the football pool.

His Revered Robust Highness, No. 2 Judge, Ollie Thomas, opened the session with a poignant appeal to the Freshmen for compliance with rules and regulations. With watery eyes, he begged and implored those with individualistic desires to remain within the trampling grounds of the common herd. Those who would stray, he solemnly warned, would in the near future be solemnly mourned. His eye-lashes caught on fire from his flaming eyes as he began to warm-up in his speech upon the present state of affairs. There would be no toleration for any infractions; examples would be made of, with their heels drubbing against the bark of the autumn Maples; those necks which could not be broken would be bent; those necks which could not be bent would be sent out to football practice.

After running the gauntlet of pleading tears and angered invectives, His Gracious Highness, No. 2 Judge, was carried out of the courtroom in a state of "limposus dishe ragus". It was at this juncture that His Most Rollicking Rexsioness, No. 1 Judge, Chester Knapich, hurdled into the breach. Adjusting his flamboyant wig, he stood hawkishly upon the Royal

Dias, and while toying with the flowing curls, gazed sternly upon the expectant gathering. His eyes dropped . . . literally . . . to the papers before him, and his thunderous voice resounded to the distant cobwebs. There was a hush in the courtroom and she was Audrey Kohl; second offense, no defense, no sense.

Prosecutor Ennis sighed in expectation of the case before him. He took it in his capable hands, the case, and rapidly, brilliantly, sarcastically and triumphantly moulded it into a Sphinx of defenselessness. Defense Counsel Feeney threw a plea of mercy to the jury; they in turn threw a verdict of guilty into the defendant's lap. His extraordinary exactness, Executioner Cross, then threw his paddle into its cloud-bursting back-swing and brought it down with tremendous impact in the mathematically desired zone. Miss Kohl, who thought the Russians had dropped the original Hirishimo hangover, was forcibly projected above the floor. Little tears of amazement, indignation and hurt . . . pride sparkled briefly in her eyes. They were gulped by ocular reflex and she turned to the congregation with regained composure and stinging . . . smile. Miss Kohl was again elected to sing for her dinner . . . in front of the Paramount Theatre. Any horseback riding dates she may have had for the week-end were cancelled because of previous engagements.

His Tempestuous Highness then decided upon a punishment for the entire student body; he ordered some of the band members to replace the serenity of the cafeteria with the banging of drums and the clashing of various other musical instruments . . . and how they clash. What a wonderful way to inflict punishment . . . en masse. A delegation of upper-classmen was sent to ask who was being punished. Miss Maritta Sheridan, a member of the distinguished jury, can't even carry on a sensible conversation with all that competition. It has been suggested that if there has to be music, Marty Blake should furnish it. He could play some of his cabaret songs on a comb.

There is an apparition in green

NOTICE!

Freshman and sophomore passes for assembly may be received at Mr. Chwalek's office any day from 2 to 5 p. M. Mr. Chwalek's office is located on the third floor of Chase Hall.

wandering about the campus. The shape is distended; it's a freshman. The legs have muscles; it's Roth . . . Mr. Roth. Somewhere during his tour about the campus, he took time out to be disrespectful. Since disrespectfulness is not a desired virtue, Mr. Roth was sentenced to a verdant week of mimicry.

Miss Olshewski was found under the influence of . . . lin-stick. The jury examined the evidence closely and refused to be influenced. She was to represent a defeated indian after the Wyoming Massacre, but this was waived aside when the jury foreman complained of the possible legal entanglements with members of the Minnie Ha Ha tribe which resides somewhere up the river. He stated that this was an insult . . . to the defeated indians; no freshman could look as good as a defeated Minnie Ha Ha.

In the middle of the preceding case, there arose from the midst a technician named Reese. He had been sentenced during the previous week to apply his engineering ability in a search for the dimensions of Chase Hall. Any student interested in this historical knowledge can receive it from Mr. Reese. What a way to earn a living.

Out of the ranks of the depressed, there came Miss Bremish. She solemnly swore that she didn't know the regulations. When asked what her name was, her freshman nose tilted disdainfully, and she pointed to her name card. Ugh! Won't these people ever learn . . . a Solomon once asked. The jury rapidly cooperated in orderly compliance and Miss Bremish was dedicated to the cause . . . because that is. Norm Cross wielded the paddle. However dissention romped through the ranks of the judicial body, for Mr. Cross handled the broad board with timidity. Someone accused him of playing second cousin. Herewith, Miss Bremish was ordered to inflict upon Mr. Cross a reciprocal punishment . . . but slightly more convincing. There were shouts of glee in the darkness as the candles went out, and the paddle descended. Somewhere in the darkness a freshman, impersonating an air-raid warden for the week, yelled "Here they Come!" . . . and the second session of ye olde court was written into the journal of past events.

Outside the courtroom doors they congregated; there was weeping and gnashing of freshmen teeth; there was talk of rebellion. There was a whisper in the air from the Gods of Wisdom, "Bow thine heads, ye freshmen blest, else ye shall never have a rest." One wise word to the sages is sufficient, yet here you have a dozen . . . absorb them deep . . . and never weep.

Campus Merry-Go-Round

By Marty Blake

Ingenuity is a mighty thing so the story goes . . . it's part of a guiding force that makes mountains out of molehills and rich men out of poor . . . Trekking to Newark last Friday night for the Colonels-Upsala contest we saw a little of this same ingenuity put into practice by our two jovial cheerleaders, Bruce McKie and Antonio Popper . . . it seems that only a baker's dozen or so of Wilkes students made the long jaunt to see their beloved warriors play, hence a cheering section comparable to that of the home club was unforseen . . . Bruce and Tony decked out in their snazzy cheering outfits, seemed singularly alone amidst the vacant Wilkes stands while a bevy of Upsala cheerleaders parade along the sidelines across the field . . . But did this phase our budding geniuses . . . ? Not a bit . . . And here's where ole mister ingenuity comes in . . . The two holler lads gathered together about 40 youngsters, who had pulled a One-Eye-Finkle and strolled into the park, and instructed them in the art of yelling for dear ole Wilkes . . . and don't you think it didn't work either . . . After our initial TD, their accolades could be heard for blocks around . . . Then when reinforcements, in the personages of Harry Weiss, Bill Griffiths, Pat Boyd, Joanie Walsh, Audrey Seaman and Frank Anderson appeared the noise was really deafening . . . So what might have turned out to be a cheerless Wilkes victory was actually developed into a cheer-packed evening . . . And in the immortal words of Skinny Ennis . . . "This is really living." Yep, that's ingenuity.

CAMPUS CUTOOTS: Miss Jean Smith, of Kingston, has been nominated as the Queen of the Cabaret Party . . . by Miss Jean Smith . . . Soccer squad making top selection in choosing Cy Kovalchick as Captain of squad . . . honor most deserving . . . Jack Feeney, bleacher sitting at Saturday's Red Sox-Yankee game, discovering fellow Wilkes student Len Cxiakowski looking for seat . . . amiable Jack finding place naturally . . . Al Molash giving up Hanover Twn. sorties to investigate Quaker City . . . Rumor has Al Nicholas returning to Newark for future week-ends . . . Her name is Laura . . . Maybelle Faye Richards advertising for Cabaret Party date . . . Contrary to rumor, Marita Sheridan's name will not appear in my column this week . . . Charley Williams, Forty Forty romeo, declaring last Saturday night's date was cross . . . A cross between an ape and a crocodile . . . Bob Hooper, ex-dorm student, acting role of Romeo at weiner roast . . . check new Flagg Bros. shoes on Keith Rasmussen . . . M. Tomasetti worried since weekly letter from U. of Syracuse is 14 weeks late . . . reason: John Stark . . . congrats to Jack Cain on tying knot a couple or

three weeks ago . . . Bill Umphred . . . P. R. O. sports director, another weekly Philly visitor . . . Chet Knapich soon to play his 100th game of football . . . played on same team with Lincoln and Satch Paige in ole days . . . Another recent marriage, Bob Neilson and gal, and a recent engagement John McCann and Scotty Rutherford . . . Oh yes, fellows you can write Seymour Merrin at Tufts College . . . and please use black paper.

THREE WILKES BUILDINGS

(continued from page 1)

consisting largely of "the undisciplined, the youthful, and the aged." He wished to await reinforcements, but was overruled by his council of war and it was decided to leave Forty Fort and seek battle.

With their forces outnumbered, and the Indians making a flank attack, the militia fled to the fort on July 3, 1778. The Fort surrendered on the following day with Butler evading capture.

After the departure of the invaders, Butler returned to Wyoming as commandant, where he remained during the Sullivan Expedition of 1779. This expedition started from Fort Wyoming (the present site of Wilkes College) for the purpose of destroying the Indians east of Cayuga Lake.

On December 29, 1780, Butler was recalled from Wyoming by George Washington at the request of Congress to prevent any recurrence of friction between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and he was then stationed at West Point, retiring from the army at the close of the Revolution.

The newest addition to the college's properties, the home of the late Dr. Mengel, is now known as Timothy Pickering Hall. It contains faculty offices and lecture and classrooms.

Pickering was an early supporter of the revolutionary movement in Massachusetts. He displayed great ability as a newspaper controversialist and pamphleteer. Born in Salem, he held various military offices during the Revolutionary War and was appointed adjutant general of the Army by Washington.

Later moving to Wyoming Valley, he was in charge of organizing the new county of Luzerne. Outstanding work during the bitter disputes between Connecticut and the Pennsylvania authorities led to his appointment to represent the county in the convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States.

From 1790 to 1811, Pickering served in such positions as Postmaster General, Secretary of War, and U. S. Senator.

Spirit of Initiation Squelches Rebellious Freshman

The disciplined freshman staggered out of the doorway. He had just been unmercifully beaten by the heartless and sinister characters known to one and all as the Tribunal officials.

He muttered threats to the judge, the attorneys and the jury. The blood oozed from his wounds and soaked his torn shirt. Suddenly he pulled a small package from his pocket. It was a suicide packet, containing assorted poisons, piano wires, and a pocket-sized atom bomb. He threw the package away; he would have no use for it. His countenance burned with the glow of revenge. Yes, he would have his revenge. His shrill hysterical laughter pierced the quiet of the campus. Suddenly, with a blinding flash

of light, there appeared before the battered freshman a white-haired gentleman, dignified save for his turned-up pants leg, his different colored socks, the bucket he carried, and his peculiar looking hat. "Who - - who are you?" gasped the bewildered frosh.

"I am the spirit of initiation - - I have powers over all Freshmen and all Tribunals." The voice of the creature hovering before the cowering freshman was cold but strong. "You needn't be afraid of me," said the spirit. "I'm here to see that justice prevails."

"Oh, great and honorable spirit of initiation, give me the power to revenge my fellow sufferers. I'll get even with these power greedy tyrants. I'll get even with them—

even if I have to puncture all the footballs at the Wilkes-King's game; even if I have to go around to the football field and build a tank-trap to stop the Wilkes juggernaut (Ed. note: a plug for the Wilkes Colonels) I'll get even with them."

The victim paused long enough to relieve a tourniquet on his arm and re-apply it. He spoke again.

"Please, spirit, you've just gotta help us out. We've been oppressed by these villains for three weeks now, and it's discouraging, to say the least."

"You feel you've paid your debt to upperclassmen?"

"Certainly, oh great spirit. Like I said, we've been tormented for

three weeks and - - "

The spirit stopped him with a glance.

"Enough, oh impetuous one! It seems that you do not realize how easy you have things. In most schools initiation is carried on for months on end, and it consists of brutal treatment. Why, I remember one case at Stalingrad U. that I was called in on. The upper-shmo-skvik-classmen there took the entire freshman class 2000 miles into Siberia in mid-winter and left them there. Not one freshman returned."

"Gee", said the freshman, "that was tough. But now in our case - -"

"Tut, tut, boy, your case is nothing. There is another case I re-

member well. Congo College upper-classmen took one freshman class to a pygmy tribe which specialized in shrinking heads. Well, they shrunk all of the freshmen's heads. As might be expected, that class turned out to be a bunch of nit-wits."

"Golly", exclaimed the freshman.

"So you see, your case isn't really too bad. Why don't you be patient and let the thing run its course. All of the ceremony will be over soon."

"Well - - -"

"That's a boy—by the way, got a match?"

"Right here, sir."

"That's a good freshman."

THE Sporting World

EARL JOBES, Sports Editor

College football returns to Wyoming Valley tomorrow night when the Colonels clash with the University of Bridgeport at Huber Stadium, Plymouth. The Colonels will be out after their tenth straight victory. The Colonel streak started with a win over Hartwick in their third game last year, and since then they have gone to the wars eleven times and have only two ties to mar an otherwise perfect record. Included in their list of victims have been such schools as Bloomsburg, Kings, Rider, and during the past week Upsala was added to the impressive list.

Last week as we all know the Colonels travelled to East Orange, N. J. and handed Upsala a defeat 13-7. The highlight of that game was the 78 yard touchdown jaunt by a former All-State griddler from New York state, Al Nicholas. Al is a newcomer to the Wilkes Campus and you are destined to hear a lot about this boy for the next couple of years.

It would have been poetic justice if Jack DeReemer, a New Jersey boy playing in his own back yard, could have scored the winning touchdown against Upsala, but as it is, Jack makes his presence felt in every game. The only casualty of last week's game was John Florkiewicz who suffered some badly bruised ribs. If John is hampered by his injury, it will hurt the Colonels attack considerably as Florky's Pile Driving plunges are nearly always good for a lot of yardage. Wilkes' place kick specialist, Jack Feeney, seems to have to be under pressure to make the extra points as consistently as he did last year. In two of the three games that Wilkes has played this year, their margin of victory has been at least a touchdown; in each game Feeney missed one extra point, but in the St. Francis game when every point counted, Jack was kicking straight and true. Al Nicholas' long run brings to mind the fact that Coach Ralston has a lot of good freshmen sitting on the bench. Included in the group are: Billy Davis formerly of Wyoming Seminary; Al Manarski from

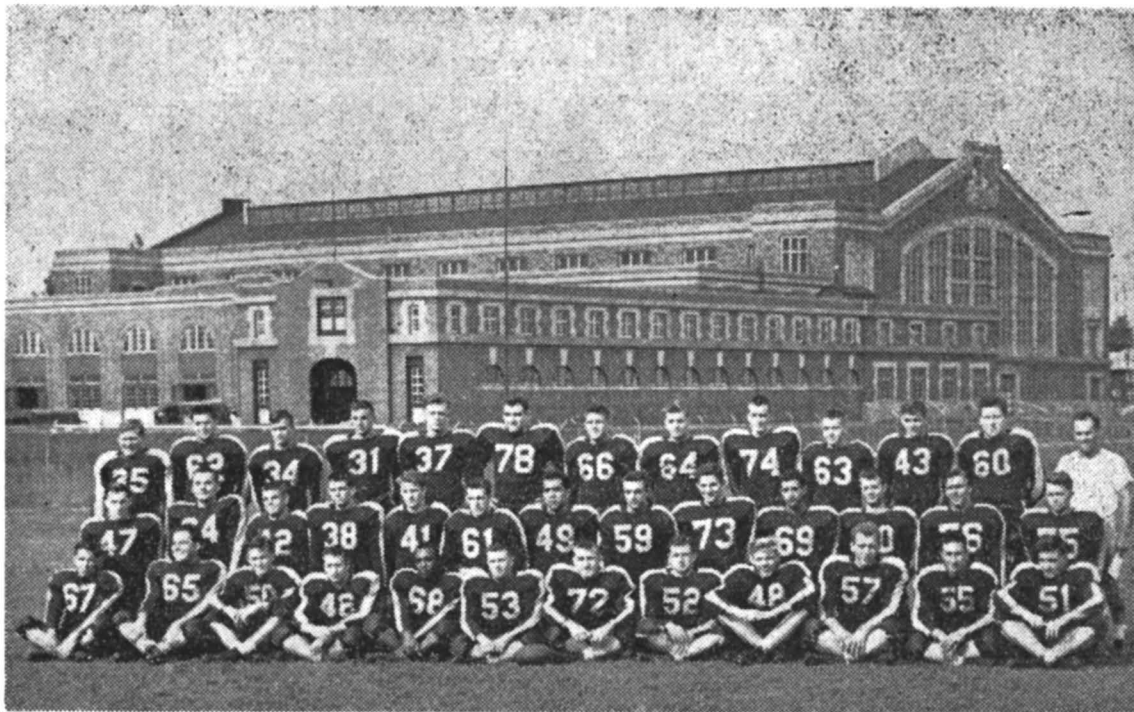
Plains, Elias and Solomon from Meyers, and many others. The Colonel rooters are hoping that Mr. Ralston will find himself in a position to let some of these boys strut their stuff.

Mr. Ralston and his assistant, Joe Michaels, have had the Colonels going through scrimmage sessions all week long. In addition to polishing up their running attack, the Colonels have been throwing a lot of passes, so don't be surprised if Wilkes takes to the air frequently. Bob Waters and Leo Castle have rejoined the Colonels squad and the touchdown twins of last year should see a lot of action in the Bridgeport game tomorrow night. If comparative scores mean anything, and most people insist that they don't; you should see a close game when the Colonels and Bridgeport clash. Wilkes beat Upsala 13-7 while Bridgeport beat Upsala 12-0.

The Colonels' victory streak has aroused a lot of interest in college football throughout the valley. This should reflect on the attendance at tomorrow night's game as a lot of people will be turning out for the first time to see just how good the Colonels are. Once people start coming to the games, they will realize that the best football played in the valley is played by the Colonels, and they will return again and again. This could also apply to quite a few Wilkes college students who seem to prefer to watch the local high schools in action rather than their own college team. The Colonels have compiled a record in the four years that they have competed in inter-collegiate football, of which every student at Wilkes should be proud. The team deserves and needs your support; let's show the Colonels and the people of the valley that we believe in Wilkes. Attend the games, and back your team.

We proudly announce that our high school predictions are improving. Last week we had two right and six wrong. This brings our average up to an astounding .153. No other sports writer can claim such an average.

WILKES COLONELS AFTER THIRTEENTH



Bottom row: Ed Krombel, Jack Feeney, Jack DeReemer, George Lewis, Al Dalton, Olie Thomas, Jack Jones, Dick Scripp, Frank Radaszewski, Gerard Washco, John Florkiewicz, Walt Hendershot.
Second row: Norman Cromack, Al Molash, Francis Pinkowski, Jose Stephens, Paul Thomas, Bill Davis, Norm Cross, Al Nicholas, George Elias, Leo Solomon, Sam Elias, Henry Supinski, Gene Snee.
Top row: Chet Knapich, John Jones, Al Manarski, George McMahon, John Strojny, Bill Johns, Daniel Pinkowski, John Havir, Dan McHugh, Bob Hall, Bill Morgan, Ed Bogusko, Coach George Ralston. Absent when picture was taken, Assistant Coach Joe Michaels.

WILKES BOOTERS PREPARED FOR F&M

By Paul B. Beers

With an away-game with Franklin and Marshall on deck this Saturday, Wilkes College's soccer team is busy adding the final touches to its game. The play of the line, in particular, has picked-up and the defense is slowly shaping up into a formidable barrier for future opponents. Noticeable improvements have been made in the passing attack and play-making department. In their opener with Bloomsburg two weeks ago some good passes and smooth-working plays would have put the Colonels in the win column. With the team growing tougher and tougher each day, Coach Partridge has a soccer team vastly different from the one that faced Bloomsburg.

Though the Teachers fielded an average college soccer team, F. & M. promises to have a real top-notch eleven. Deep in the heart of soccer country, the Diplomats are well-versed when it comes to pushing a soccer ball around. The Lancaster team has some stylish ballplayers and an all-around hustling ball club. They're tough customers but, with the added experience that the boys picked-up in the Bloomsburg battle plus the general improvements made during the last two weeks, the Colonels figure to give them a run for their money this coming Saturday in Lancaster.

ECONOMICS CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

The Economics Club held its reorganization meeting Thursday, September 29, at which time officers for the coming term were elected.

The following officers were elected: president Michale Connors, vice president Daniel Sherman, secretary Andrew Basar, and treasurer Clyde Ritter.

The Economic Council, an integral part of the club, was chosen at this meeting. The council consists of the eight following members: Carl Kibson, John Nelson, William Plummer, Allen Straussman, Wm. Bergstrasser, Nicholas Konchuba, Henry Wnukowski and Robert Barber.

The Club, looking forward to a successful year, plans to sponsor many social activities.

The club extends to all students an invitation to join. This invitation is extended especially to under-graduates.

MR. MARK DAVIDOFF ADDED TO FACULTY

Another new member added to the language department of the Wilkes faculty is Mr. Mark Irving Davidoff. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree here at Wilkes and is now working for his master's at Columbia University. He also attended Pennsylvania State College from "41" to "43", furthering his studies in languages.

After spending three years of service in the Army, European theater, he attended the University of Paris for a short length of time, enlarging his knowledge in Spanish and French, also taking a course in French Civilization. Mr. Davidoff feels that the object, or theory of language is to make it a living language. Being a graduate of Wilkes, he is impressed by the school spirit and friendliness that surrounds the campus.

Playwriting Contest Winners Announced

Three young veterans of the recent war today were announced as winners of the nation-wide playwriting contest sponsored by the Valparaiso University Players. First prize of \$200 was awarded to Samuel Birnkrant, radio and television script writer of New York City, for his play, Rockbound.

Robert John Corcoran, student at Yale university, New Haven, Conn., won the second prize of \$100. Third place and a \$50 prize went to Frank D. Gilroy, student at Dartmouth College, Hanover N. H.

The contest, which attracted 212 plays, was intended to stimulate original thinking in playwriting and to encourage experimentation in dramatic forms. The one-act form was chosen to encourage young talent. The three plays will be produced by the Valparaiso University Players.

Judges for the contest were Lee Norvelle of Indiana University, Robert Masters of Indiana State Teachers College and Earl Harlan of Purdue University.

Concerning Mr. Birnkrant's play, Dr. Vera T. Hahn, chairman of the contest committee, said, "Rockbound is keyed to the crashing crescendo of the theme." Mr. Birnkrant, who is 31, last year taught in the English Department of Barnard College, Columbia University.

Mr. Corcoran's Idiodyssey, which placed second, is a fantasy. At present the 28-year-old writer is studying drama under Marc Con-

nelly.

After a summer on a freighter in the Mediterranean area, Mr. Gilroy, the third prize winner, has resumed his studies at Dartmouth, where he is editor-in-chief of the school's daily paper. He is 23 years old. His play, McClintock's Medal, is a psychological study.

COLONELS SEEK 13TH

(continued from page 1)

Jack Feeney, an All-Scholastic from Kingston. Jack has plenty of experience with Naval teams and Lafayette, besides three years with the Colonels. At the other end will be George MacMahon, who joined the Colonels as a freshman last year. Playing defensive end is Al Molash, a very rugged and dependable character. Gerald Washko, who came to the squad from Wake Forest, will see his third season at tackle for Wilkes. Washko also played at Nanticoke High. Playing opposite Washko is Walt Hendershot, a fourth year man for Ralston. Walt is one of the biggest tackles in the state. The "Old Man" of football, Chet Knapich is back to start at guard. George "Pickles" is back at the other guard slot. Lewis has been one of the college's outstanding athletes. Another veteran returning to the squad is Sammy Elias, the starting center. Last year Sammy played both offensive and defensive, but this year he has relinquished the offensive berth to Al Dalton, a sophomore who saw action with the Colonels last year.

Other key backfield men for Coach Ralston are Bobby "Poop" Waters, who is the biggest headache Kings knows. Alternating at fullback is junior Hank Supinski. Hank was Co-Captain last season. John DeReemer is another back who will see plenty of action, especially defensively.

Well, there you have a bird's-eye view of both teams. Either team is capable of playing winning football, and while we don't want to go out on a limb or jinx the Colonels, we do think that the Bridgeporters will know they've been in a ball game. SUPPORT THE COLONELS TOMORROW NIGHT 8:00 P. M. AT HUBER FIELD, PLYMOUTH.

Important Beacon Meeting Monday!

AT 4 P. M.



America's Favorite
Campus Sweater!

PURITAN'S

"Natch"

8.95

You'll go to the head of the class in this sweater favorite! Well made of 100% pure baby shaker knit wool—as rugged as it is handsome.

IN WILKES COLLEGE
GOLD OR BLUE

THE HUB
HARRY R. HIRSHOWITZ & BROS.

CAMPUS CHATTER

By TOM ROBBINS

Groggy from hearing criticisms about our dear, dear Beacon (one of the gripes being that there are too many personal columns) I decided to throw in the towel and seek employment elsewhere. However, before you vultures go too wild in anticipation of picking my journalistic bones, I would like to say that I was persuaded to remain with Campus Chatter and the Beacon.

"I'm through!" I shouted, as I stormed into the Beacon office. "I've just heard another gripe, and that's the last straw! I can't stand any more gripes. I quit! If all of these so-called critics think that they can do any better with this sheet, let them try! I've had enough!"

The applause I usually received for my stirring speeches was short-lived. The word "amen" was heard clearly above the cheers.

"What was that?" I exclaimed.

"I said 'ahem'," said the liar.

"Yeah, I guess you all want to see me go, don't you? I guess a lot of people on campus would like to see me off the Beacon. I know I never did have the Walter Winchell touch, but I thought that maybe a few people enjoyed reading Campus Chatter. Well, it was run while it lasted. I never was much good to the Beacon, I guess."

I was crying, now. The tears could not be held back. I buried my head in my arms so that those in the room couldn't see my red, swollen eyes. A shuffling noise in the room signaled an uncomfortable tension. Maybe they wanted me after all.

"Well, Russ," said one, "that's one column less. Now maybe we can put out a good paper."

"Don't take it so hard," I said, rising and forcing a smile. "I guess I could let by-gones be by-gones and forgive these critics who are trying to oust me."

"Yeah," said Russ, obviously ignoring me to mask his aching heart, "I think that with that column out and a few news stories in we may begin to rate in quality with some of the big university papers."

I knew that they were trying to hide their true sad feelings with all of the unconcerned talk.

"Okay, fellas, I'll stick with you. I'll continue to write for the Beacon. You don't have to try to hide your feelings anymore."

"We? — Want You?" exclaimed Russ. There was a strange look of amazement on his face.

"I knew you did," I ventured, naively.

o o o o

Seriously though, we have had comments from various sources criticising the Beacon for the abnormally large percentage of space being given to personal columns. We do not deny that the criticisms are justifiable. Nonetheless, we do say that the Beacon is currently in the stages of reorganization and that very soon we hope to begin publishing a six page paper weekly. What does that mean? It means that the number of columns used now will not seem to be too many in a six page issue. The fact that many campus groups have now begun to organize and furnish us with news will mean a bigger paper in the future.

It is too bad we have to take the time to explain that green is

green, in a sense. However, till we become fully organized this semester, it appears that we have to say something in order to keep the wolves from the door; the Beacon door, that is.

Facts and Figures:

Three out of four students who fail World Lit wish they didn't have to take it again. (Source: a person to person interview with 4 World Lit flunkies.)

With the men who know baseball best—it's the Yankees four in a row. (Source: a loyal Yankee rooster.)

I guess everybody and his mother-in-law's uncle is looking forward to the day when Wilkes will be able to play sports in its own back-yard. Apparently the planned gymnasium and athletic field isn't too many months away.

Said one: Did you notice the diamond ring she is wearing?

Answered another: Diamond nothing! She's wearing the tip of South Africa.

EDWIN STECKEL PLEASES STUDENTS

George Kabusk

Mr. Edwin Stekel, noted pianist and humorist, entertained a Wilkes College assembly last Tuesday.

Digging into his immense repertoire of jokes and cracks, Mr. Stekel wasted so time in breaking the silence of the Baptist Church with the hearty laughter of the student body. His program proved to be entertaining, unique, and educational.

Steckel told the audience that in his youth he had difficulty in remembering complete compositions. He then sat at the Steinway and gave his amusing recital of "pieces I started but I didn't finish." Included in it were classical, folk, Semi-classical, modern, and Gay Ninety melodies.

Here is a handy bit of advice passed along from the speaker. If you wish to sing but are not talented, sing bass. There are only three notes. You are bound to be right one-third of the time.

He showed how various melodies of some of America's best known songs are homogenous. A

negro spiritual, a Scottish tune, a part of Dvorak's New World Symphony or as we know it Going Home, and Jerome Kern's Ole Man River could be and were played with only the use of five black keys. The eight notes of the scale, in succession, with the proper intervals turned out to be Joy to the World. Continuing, Steckel clapped his hands in rhythm, then asked if anyone in the audience could identify the tune. The reply he received was dead silence. Then with the hand-clapping beat and a few notes he produced America the Beautiful and On Wisconsin.

Well versed in the field of music, Steckel has a theory about the appreciation of music. It is: "Music appreciation can't be taught, but if sought it can be caught."

One more piece of advice, if you have trouble fingering the keyboard. The speaker suggests the selection of one good finger to use while playing; this may eliminate nine-tenths of your difficulty.

In a more serious light, Steckel paid tribute to Stephen Collins Foster, a Pennsylvanian, who has the distinction of being the only musician elected to the Hall of Fame in the Academy of Arts and Sciences. He played Foster's im-

mortal Oh Susanna which too only required the five black notes.

He closed with a bit of homespun musical philosophy: "It's not the tune, it's what you do with it."


The applause Steckel received at the end was loud and long. He reciprocated with an encore in which he played Yankee Doodle with his left hand and at the same time played Way Down South (the song that is) with his right hand.

Important!

A special meeting of the Theta Delta Rho will be held on Thursday, October 11 at 7:30 P. M. It will be held in the girls' lounge in Chase Hall.

There are many important business matters to be discussed, therefore it is imperative that every member be present.

LONGS Inc.
on the square
THE COLLEGE MAN'S STORE



"TAKE A TIP FROM ME —
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