



# FRESHMEN INVAADE!!

## Student Poll

Although the Student Poll is to be conducted mainly on topics concerned with current events, it was felt that a survey should be made concerning student activities. Thus, the question for this time is "What improvements would you suggest in the Student Activity Program?" There being more girls around when this survey was made and boys naturally being the shyer sex, that accounts for more replies listed from girls than from the boys of this school. The people questioned differed on their views.

Johanna Yendrick, freshman: "I think that if the Student Activity program were to be improved, we should have more sports for girls, such as a basketball team."

Vivian Kamen, freshman: "There should be more sports as part of the Activity program. I'd like to see the girls play volleyball and basketball and form teams."

Clarice Pearson, sophomore: "I'd like to see more sports for the girls too. I think we should try to organize a bowling club, for instance. I think that it would be nice."

Walter Celmer, sophomore, and Gloria Boguszewski, freshman, were among those students who felt that the Student Activity program was already well-rounded and satisfactory, and needed no further expansion.

When hunted down in the library, John Dzwilewski, sophomore, confessed: "I think that we should have some more sports dances and other social affairs. The activities of the school should try to envelop more people and they should be things in which everyone can participate. I suggest more get-togethers like Dr. Reif's party."

Ruth Douglas, freshman, said: "I think that we should have more sports for the girls, different kinds of games like basketball. But I also think that we should have more parties like the one that Dr. and Mrs. Farley gave or another one like the Beacon party." (The plug for the paper is appreciated, Miss Douglas. We think that we give nice parties too).

Rita Wertheimer, sophomore: "I feel that we should have more activities for the girls in the line of sports. Personally, I would like to see a Riding Club and a Tennis Club established here at school."

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## LATEST CROP OF FROSH TO ENTER INTO BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY JUNIOR COLLEGE



Bucknell University Junior College has taken its fourth class of college freshmen under the accelerated program since it was introduced last winter. This semester's new freshmen registered on February 15, 1944. Under this program high school students are permitted to complete their college education in approximately two and one-half years.

Every effort is being taken by the faculty and student body to help the new students adjust themselves. It is difficult to step from the middle of a senior year in high school to the first semester of college. The students who entered in this manner last January can understand perhaps more clearly than the rest of us, for they faced the same problem.

On Tuesday, February 15th, an orientation problem was held to help explain the purpose of college to the new students. In the morning at 9, Dr. Farley spoke to the freshmen in Chase Theatre; at 12:30, Dr. Craig and Dr. Reif gave them an explanation on the use of the library, and at 2:30 the Student Council held a reception in their honor.

## A WEEK IN WILKES-BARRE AS CADET

Monday morning dawns bright and early with the sound of the charge of quarters shouting, "Everybody up!" We all grumble and get out of bed feeling terrible. Most of the boys are still a bit under the weather from a lack of sleep or possibly from a bit too much week-end. After a quick shave we all fall out for a roll call shivering but enjoying it just the same. After roll call we rush to the mess hall for breakfast which is usually a very hearty meal because we need plenty of nutrition to sustain us for this day's classes and physical training ahead of us.

Our classes consist mainly of mathematics and physics with some navigation and history thrown in to assist us when we reach our next base. After about seven hours of classes we return to the hotel, make a quick change of clothing and double time over the bridge for physical training. About an hour later we run back to the hotel, take a quick shower and get dressed for retreat and military drill. When we return to the hotel about 1800

(Ed. Note: Anyone understanding this bit of Army lingo, please enlighten us.), we have our evening meal. Then comes the time the cadet looks forward to all day long—release from quarters.

During release from quarters or closed post we all go down to the soda fountain in the hotel lobby and discuss the day's adventures, current events, and, ahem, other things. Some of the cadets who are married men spend their free hour with their wives who are living at the hotel. During this time, needless to say, telephone booths are JAMMED. After release from quarters we return to our rooms and prepare for the next day's work which is very much the same routine, continuing until Saturday.

Saturday morning everyone gets up feeling very gay because in a few hours Open Post will be declared and we can all go out and relax for a day and a half without a worry in the world. Social life in Wilkes-Barre is very pleasant to say the least. Each cadet can find something to do that he enjoys most. Some of

the fellows have dates—Lucky dogs—while the rest of us drop off at a show.

The cadet in Wilkes-Barre has a wonderful life—he lives in a hotel, eats the best of food, and is treated "swell."

Editorial Comment:

We have asked one of the members of the Air Crew to write a column for us, because we feel that every member of the college is interested in the way they spend a typical day. We especially confess our ignorance of what goes on in a cadet's life, having always limited it to traveling from the hotel to Conyngham, Kirby, or Chase, attending classes, and singing like mad every Tuesday and Thursday A. M. about eight o'clock while we are diligently trying to study la espanol in Chase 204. Our powers of concentration become greatly limited when the gentle breezes waft a mighty roar of "As We Go Marching Home" or words to that effect through the windows. Unfortunately we do not know the name or names of the cadets who composed the

## Gailmor Speaks To Assembly

February 8th, at the Admiral Stark room of Hotel Sterling, William S. Gailmor, columnist and commentator, spoke to the combined audience of the Air Crew students and the Junior College students.

In his talk which was most interesting and enlightening, Mr. Gailmor told the students that the United States was slow on many matters, and that most of our policy making was improvised. He held the interest of the audience as he spoke of the present war and attributed our allied gains on the battlefronts to the fact that the military leaders of our countries recognize the fact that history does not repeat itself, and that military prowess can not be gained from textbooks.

He added that we have not kept pace on the political front with our rapid progress in military affairs. We are ignoring the masses and talking largely to "heads", heads like Badoglio in Italy. We are more concerned with saving the careers of the unrepresentative leaders of the countries of Europe than with providing for the little people of the world and securing for them their futures.

"No, it is not history that repeats itself—it is those who are responsible for history who tend to repeat the errors of past history. But the victims of those errors are aware of the threat. From the caves and cellars of the underground, from the gallows and firing-lines, the peoples of Europe are telling us, repeatedly, that they aren't going to starve and bleed and die as hostages and in concentration camps in order that Fascism, by some other name rule them again. From under the crushing heel of the Fascist oppressors, the peoples of Europe are voting. They'd like to elect us as their guides to total freedom, if we but offered them a clear-cut honest program of democracy, and if we but showed that we mean it."

A REMINDER—BUY MORE BONDS AND STAMPS.

above, or we would gladly have given them public acknowledgment. The manuscript was modestly unsigned.



# EDITORIALS

## THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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## A WORD OF WELCOME

We want to take this opportunity to welcome the new freshmen who have entered our midst. Realizing that they probably felt a little lost this past week, we would like to assure them now that we ourselves went through that experience and sympathize with them. The new class is the fourth to enter Bucknell University Junior College within a year. We know that under the accelerated program everything is speeded up and that they will often be pressed for time. But we want to urge them now to learn to participate in all activities and enter into the life of the school. After all, going to college is more than a matter of classes and books. It is learning to meet and understand other people, and it is in college that we form friendships and associations that shape our later lives. So while we are welcoming the new freshman class, we also want them to know that we are going to expect a lot of them, but then, we expect a lot of every class.

## TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF

Someone once made the sage remark that these are changing times and that the person who could adapt himself quickly to new situations was the one who would succeed. We feel that this is a very apt bit of advice and we pass it on to you. We have just begun a new semester and are finding that these are changing times indeed. We have to welcome new students and teachers this semester as well as say good-by to those who are leaving. All of us need to remember that these are not normal times nor is this a sane and normal world in which we live. However it is not necessary to bewail our fate.

We should realize that in a way we are very fortunate. We are standing on the threshold of a new era, in a sense. We are the generation whose job and privilege it will be to have a hand in the building of a post-war world, a world which ought to be bright and new and offering peace and justice to all. However only those who are ready and prepared will be able to succeed in achieving these high aims of the future. There is a stirring challenge that faces today's youth.

So at the beginning of this semester, let us all resolve to make a fresh start. Undoubtedly we have all made mistakes in the past, and certainly we shall make more in the future, but let us not make the same ones. If only we will all resolve to do our best, and try to be sincere in what we do, what a lot we can accomplish. We repeat, there is a challenge facing the generation of today. Will you be ready to accept it? We hope so.

The new semester is as fresh and clean as the blank pages in a new notebook. Let's see to it that it is filled with good times and work well done.

# BUY WAR BONDS

## CRACKING THE QUIP

By JACK P. KARNOFSKY

No No! Not again. We refuse to begin another column with "Welcome Freshmen", we do welcome you, but we will leave this honor to our esteemed desk-mate. At least this will give her something to say.

We see Mr. Edwin Cobleigh is back in school again. Poor Miss Franklin, every time she opens her mouth, Cobleigh sticks his foot in. We hope she doesn't develop a case of toemain poisoning.

We used to laugh at the story of Sampson's strength being in his hair, but after seeing Mary Kenney being followed by two hundred air students the day after she had her hair cut we began to wonder. Boy! did they see red?

So Heddy Williams is being rushed by a freshman and a sophomore, may the best man win, or shall we say, Goodman?

Well, now that we got our marks back we see we had nothing to worry about.

As far as musical back ground goes we think we can go Miss Wertheimer one better. For at the age of six months we crawled up to our piano and began to play with our toes. Then at the age of sixteen months we played on the linoleum. It was not until we were twelve and a half years old that we got down to real work on the trombone. After spending four years of serious study on this instrument we began to leave it slide. Our parents offered to send us abroad to study, but we thought we knew all about women. Ha! Ha! Have you noticed Cappellini's new greeting is, "How you Bee!" or "Where you Bee!"

## DEAR DIARY

Dear Diary:

I was wondering whether or not you noticed how dead in "Earnest" Carey seemed to be about someone... Then there is Jean Williams, who seems to be getting along smoothly with another Williams—Art... Gr-r-r—either we're slipping or else we don't have the connections we used to have... C'est la guerre, vous savez.

We know you've been aware of George Rader's preference for a red head for weeks, but just thought we'd mention it.

Although Irma and Bob seem to dote on quibbling, they've improved—only two fights in a week now.

That silver bracelet Jean Donohue has been sporting—yes—you guessed it—No need to repeat... Wonder what's up between Hogan and that much-heard-about cadet, Paul?

By the way, we might bring up the subject of one Gloria Boguszewski. We saw her the other day sitting in the library, surrounded by four (no more, no less) males, new students at Bucknell. We noticed they all were doing more talking than studying, naturally.

Well, so long, dear Diary; we'll be back next issue with some more over-turned sod.

Your Gal, Sally.

# CAMPUS HASH

By RITA WERTHEIMER

Feeling somewhat like a rolling stone, we have been finally pulled into port. And we do mean pulled. Chased by indignant editors, we are now trapped in the Beacon room with no means of escape until Organic class. Due to a typewriter being waved at our heads at this point, we have come to the conclusion that it would be expedient to begin writing our column.

Something that is always good for fond tears and laughter is a student's Freshman days in college. Herewith, we will try to give a short sketch of our year in particular, and that of the so-called upper, upper Freshmen in general. For you see, we are now Sophomores. But it was a path covered with "blood, sweat, and tears" that we left behind us.

Being odd, we decided that as soon as high school was finished last June, we would start college. And we did. Three days later. Parenthetically we might here remark that F. Mackiewicz graduated from high school three days after she started college. But to go on. Coming to Bucknell, full of the hopes and the high sense of well-being that we had accumulated in our senior year in high school but still wet behind the ears, we were informed that a time-honored custom called hazing, dogging, Freshman Week, or what have you, had been called forth from its lair to plague us. We were really given the business. Dressed or "decked out", if your please in such a way as to cause much concern on the street cars and buses that we were wont to frequent, life became beautiful. We didn't really mind when we were told to measure the lawn from Kirby to Chase with a toothpick, we didn't really mind when we had to yell out the alphabet backwards as we tripped madly up to Conyng-ham, we didn't really mind about the Inquisition that never took place, but we were more than slightly perturbed when we happened to see our high school principal watching us with an unbelieving glint in his eye, as we blithely did a conga up the street with one foot in the gutter and one foot on the curb. We'll now get on to a later chapter.

After this interval was passed and we began to use front doors again, we began to study. This was occasionally interrupted by teas, eurythmics, archery, and hikes into the country. When we do write our memoirs, we shall certainly include the memorable happenings that occurred when we were enticed into going out on the lawn during eurythmics class, and hopping for about one hundred yards on one foot, for the general edification of the Air Crew students. And when that leg fell off, we were cautioned to use the other one. Oh, cruel world! We'll never forget those sessions in Archery when we felt like a combination Robin Hood and a cartoon from "Believe It Or Not".

"We shot some arrows into the air—

They fell: we still know not where!"

And we still howl when we think of that short hike up to Prospect Rock to which Miss Sanguiliano came attired in fetching red slacks and coolee hat and

roceeded to correct English hemes as long as the light lasted. Dr. Reif's Alpine climbing outfit (green with white trimming) complete with knee socks, as really something to behold. His mountaineer's hat, care-free eather included, enlivened our treet car journey no end because of the sundry remarks passed by the youngsters that congregated at every car stop and passed pertinent remarks. To wit: "Chee, mister, ain't your knees cold, huh, ain't they?" The classic answer Dr. Reif gave was:

"I'm never cold above my knees because I wear my \*censored."

\*(Brought to you through the courtesy of Carol Ruth).

There were some memorable happenings in Chem. Lab., too. Mixing things together with reckless unconcern, Dave Hart caused more than one student to eye the windows with measured glance. The day that Claire Harding made just one gosh-awful mess and scared everybody for a while won't be forgotten quickly either. The place was enlivened also when a certain Wall decided to investigate the possibilities of acetylene. Of course, in the midst of all this travail, we had some fun. Last summer, poor Dr. May would come into the Lab. with an anticipatory gleam in his eye, only to find that the birds had flown. On these occasions much of the surrounding country was visited and enjoyed. Namely, Tilbury Terrace, Nanticoke, Plymouth, Glen Lyon, Croop's Glen, and all points south. Since then, due to the depletion of our gas coupons, we have been forced to stick to the lab and have come to be immune to all of the dulcet odors that are wafted about in that seat of scientific pursuit.

But to go on—History class was interesting, too. Dr. Nicholson kept us awake and scribbling, by his eloquent lectures. The only sad point was the time when we endeavored to read and write reports on nine hundred pages of outside reading in two nights. Note to people taking History 99: Don't wait.

There has been an interesting flavor to our life here also. Anyone examining our notes would be amazed by the quantity if not the quality of the French, Spanish, German, Polish, and occasional double-talk, that liberally decorates the pages.

As you may have surmised, we have not had any sort of reason or logical sequence to this rambling. (Mr. Faint, please do not note). We've just been mumbling in a maudlin sort of way. There are so many people leaving school that we're sort of up in the air, on the Beacon Staff anyway. Our columnist, Miss Yaremko, has deserted us for the U. of P. and we're in a bad way. Dr. Reif is leaving and we guess we'd better stop right now because some of his prize students in Zoo are dripping down the back of our neck as we write this column and it's not raining out either. We'll all miss him a great deal personally. We'll have an impossible task in trying to find someone who can take his place on the Beacon and in all the campus life.



## UNROLLING THE REEL

By PHILLIS SMITH

In some recent history classes Dr. Nicholson has been discussing the movies shown free of charge at the Philadelphia Art Museum and urging the students to take advantage of them if possible. We pass this advice on to you. According to Dr. Nicholson, the movies are a collection of the best foreign films and are shown Sunday afternoons at 1 and 3 o'clock. A list of the films to be shown can be obtained from him.

The story that attracted millions of readers in the Saturday Evening Post as one of the best war stories of its kind, "Happy Land", by MacKinlay Kantor, is now a movie. Starring Don Ameche and Frances Dee, it is the story of a small town druggist who learns that his son has been killed in action and of his eventual acceptance of this through a visit from his grandfather, who returns from beyond the grave. The story has an unusual twist or two (here's hoping Hollywood didn't mess it up) and should be good entertainment.

Coming in the near future is "A Guy Named Joe", with Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne, a love story with an aviation background. This is the film that has been much discussed by its makers, who finally decided to change its ending for fear that stricken war widows might follow the solution offered to their problems. The title comes from a legend concerning General Chennault, who is supposed to have said when he climbed into the cockpit of a plane, "When I'm at the stick, I'm just a guy named Joe."

The tale of two famous scientists is brought to the screen by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Madame Curie". The story of the frail scientist, who, through hardships and sorrow, including the death of her husband, saw her goal and worked to achieve it, was magnificently told by her daughter, Eve Curie. Now the account of Madame Curie's work and discovery comes to the screen. If the cast and material are any indication of the film, it should rank among the all-time best ones.

Well, now that we have unrolled the reels a little way, this reviewer will say so long for a while.

## Council News

The last meeting of the Student Council was held on February 11, 1944, to make plans for the freshman reception on the 15th. Ruth Punshon was put in charge of the affair, assisted by the women members of the Council.

A report was given on the progress of the Bond drive. A motion was made and passed to keep the drive open until all members of the student body are given an opportunity to contribute.

February 23rd, 24th, and 25th are the dates voted on for the initiation of new freshmen. It was agreed that rules for initiation would be drawn up at a later meeting. After discussion on this subject, the meeting was adjourned.

## Student Activities

For the benefit of the new freshmen, or should we say sub-freshmen, an explanation of the social activities of the college is repeated through this column for those who have not clearly understood it heretofore.

There are five outstanding organizations in the college: Thespians, Glee Club, Beta Gamma Chi, the Engineers' organization, and the Beacon.

Thespians is the dramatic society which is under the direction of Miss Sangiuliano. Twice yearly they present a three-act play. At present, the production in rehearsal is "Brief Music".

Glee Club is a female organization for three-part vocal singing. It meets twice monthly with Professor Gies as conductor.

Beta Gamma Chi, the girls' sorority, is a society to which all college women automatically belong. Each Monday at 4 P. M. meetings are held in the Girls' Lounge.

The Engineers have a club in which members are restricted to the men of the college in that curriculum. Dr. May is advisor to the club.

The college newspaper, the Beacon, appears once monthly. It is produced by a student staff under the direction of Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Farley. Meetings are held on the first and third Fridays of every month at 3:30. New members on the staff are always welcome.

The Student Council is composed of elected members from each class and representatives of each activity. This body votes on all matters pertaining to the students as a whole, holds social functions such as dances, and in general, represents the student body on all occasions.

## Reif Holds Party

Dr. Charles Reif held a party for the students of the college on the evening of February 15th in the reception room. Everything started with a bang when he began the game of "Ghosts". The ice was broken when Al Lavie and John Dzwileski began competing for the honor of being the Ghost. We are happy to report that John succeeded in proving that he was the better man for the job. Unfortunately he did not share the opinion, offering the complaint that he was "ganged up on".

After the excitement died down, pencils and paper were distributed for the word game, "Guggenheim". If the results of this were to be used as a measure of our intelligence, well, Ahem! At any rate, the genius of our group proved to be none other than Walter Celmer. What a beating for the B. A.'s.

Next on the program was Dr. Reif's rendition of the "Ransom of Red Chief". Everybody parked on the floor around the fire, and alternated between listening with impressive silence and raising the roof with uproarious laughter.

While we gorged ourselves on popcorn and root beer, he then read his own creation, "The Bucknell Beacon". (Any similarity between names was in all

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## WE POINT WITH PRIDE



Ruth Arline Punshon is another sophomore who is a graduate of Hanover Township High School, class of 1942. For three years she also studied piano and organ at Wyoming Seminary.

At high school, in addition to keeping her scholastic average high, and graduating with honor, Ruth participated in many social activities. For two years she was a member of Girl Reserves, representing her club on the Inter Club Council. In addition she was secretary of the French Club and a member of the Boots and Saddle Club.

Of her childhood Ruth says—and knowing her inclination to joke we advise you to doubt the veracity of this—"I was nicknamed Daisy because I always got 'lazy as a daisy' after eating".

In her freshman year at Bucknell she was elected female representative of her class to the Student Council. She was also secretary of the Glee Club.

This year Ruth has proved an invaluable aide for the dances which are sponsored by the Student Council, being its oldest member. She is head of the Alumni News department of the Beacon and has taken an active interest in dramatics.

Her favorite recreations are swimming and dancing, her avocation is the piano and organ, and her ambition is to become someone in the business world. Ruth is seeking a B. S. degree in Commerce and Finance.

## Reception Held

On Tuesday, February 15, 1944, the Student Council sponsored a reception in honor of the incoming freshmen at 2:30. At this reception, the new students were given an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other, with members of the faculty, and with the Student Council itself.

In charge of the committee for the affair was Ruth Punshon. She was assisted by Sophie Glowacki, Mary Kenney, Kathryn Hiscox, and Marcella Novak. Natalie Rosenfeld, not a member of the Council, volunteered her services for the occasion.

Tea was poured by Miss Mabel Leidy, who is associated with the Commerce and Finance Department. The valentine motif was carried out in the centerpiece and table decorations.

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND.

## Harris Talks On Americas

On February 2nd, there was a joint assembly of Junior College dents at the First Baptist Church to hear Mr. Paul Harris who gave a lecture on South America and the present conflict.

Mr. Harris is a teacher, writer, and lecturer who has spent 18 years in the field of International Relations. He has spent a great deal of time in South America, from where he but recently returned, and he has received a good understanding of the peoples there who are at present vitally interesting subject to the citizens of our country.

His opening words were, "Ask questions of any one who tries to make up your mind for you". As he developed his subject, Mr. Harris stressed the need for friendship and understanding in the relations of the United States with other countries after the conclusion of the present world conflict. He believes that the world will be a very different place after the war.

In concluding, he added that war was just an incident in human affairs, and he cautioned us to look ahead to the future and plan. He admitted that education had undertaken an acceleration, but he requested that we prepare for the future which is far ahead as well as the immediate present.

"For", he added, "only as America is known throughout the world because of the attitude of being kind, will your sons not be involved in a third world war. For the sake of all that we hold dear and treasure, think, in these days of tremendous regimentation, in the terms of kindness, brotherhood and wisdom".

## SOAP SUDS

1. "Fooled"—Jack Karnofsky to June Gates. (Remember "Bucknell Nite"?)
2. "Hands Across the Table"—Problem: How long does it take a hand to cross the table?
3. "The Isle of May"—Located in the Lake of June, no doubt.
4. "Jersey Bounce"—Trip across New Jersey.
5. "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho"—"It's off to work I go"—Caryl Thomas.
6. "Tuxedo Junction"—Admiral Stark Room at the "Snow Ball".
7. "Yesterdays"—When the homework should have been handed in.
8. "Sitting on Top of the World"—Zoo Lab (3rd floor back, Co Hall). Well, at least it feels that way!
9. "A Perfect Day"—No nightwork to do.
10. "Two Little Girls In Blue"—And two little boys in pink.
11. "Hut-Sut Song"—"Hut-Sut! Ralston" for breakfast.
12. "Am I Blue"—Whenever I think of those marks.
13. "I'll Never Smile Again"—Oh, yes, you will!
14. "Memory Lane"—"I'll see you again".
15. "Pennies From Heaven"—Dollars from donuts; buy, and eat, more donuts.
16. "Oh, How I Hate To Get Up in the Morning"—Am I kidding!
17. "Why"—Do we have so much homework to do?—Eternal question.

## Comments On The Starling Census

By DR. CHARLES REIF

Those persons who passed the First Methodist Church one day last month were amused by the members of the Zoology class who were counting the number of starlings leaving the church tower. This question was asked by a man: "Why do you want to know how many starlings roost in the tower?" The answer is simply this: those of us who are watching the starlings are adding a small bit of information to the general knowledge concerning starlings. As we slowly accumulate data about the starling we are contributing to man's knowledge of his fellow inhabitant of this crowded world and how those inhabitants effect man's welfare.

For centuries men of many countries each spring watched with craning necks the long lines of geese flying northward. The same people listened on fall evenings to the honking of the geese as they flew to the south. Until a few centuries ago people thought that geese came into being from the barnacles of the sea. More curious people proved that the birds were going north to nest during the summer and that they returned to the southland in the winter. The nesting site of the great flocks of blue geese was found only twenty years ago.

The story of bird migration contains facts more wonderful than any fairy tale. Mysteries which can be solved only by the painstaking methods we are using on our starling census intrigue the minds of curious people. Many are those who have made their contributions toward answering the riddle of bird migrations. But a multitude of questions remains to be answered. How do young birds know where to go? How do they return to the same places the following spring? What clock tells them that the time has come for them to start on their long journeys? What compass guides the millions of nocturnal migrants who travel at night?

Golden plovers accomplish what seems impossible. The young plovers are fledged on the treeless prairies of Canada. The birds of the year, making their first journey to the wintering grounds in South America, take one route; the adult birds which have made the trip before choose a course entirely different from that taken by the youngsters. The young birds fly down the Mississippi Valley (known as the Mississippi flyway since it is used by many species of birds), cross to Yucatan, and travel through Central America. They find their way over land no one of them has seen before. But the trip made by the adult plovers is more amazing. The old birds congregate in New Foundland and wait for favorable weather. Then they fly from New Found-

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18. "Where or When?"—"Don't know where I'm going to get it done or when."
19. "What Does He Look Like?"—Frank S. to Mrs. S.
20. "When They Ask About You"—I give them the lowdown.



# FRESHMAN WEEK

That nemesis of all college freshmen, "hazing" or Freshman Week, visited the campus of Bucknell University Junior College once more this week. Our new freshmen were so mis-guided as to ask if there was going to be an initiation for them. They got rapid results.

No, the freshman boys did not wear aprons to school to save their clothes; that was part of the rules of initiation. However, the February freshmen proved to be a most cooperative group, cheerfully doing whatever they were requested to do. They spent some of their afternoons cleaning the chemistry equipment of the honorable upperclassmen in the labs. Also the girls took to hitch-hiking automobile rides to Conyngham Hall from passing motorists. The non-successful method of doing this was demonstrated by a certain gentleman named Trachenberger who is reported to have stood in front of Chase Hall thumbing his way and waving dollar bills to lure the drivers of cars but who met with no success. What some people will do to save shoe leather!

The "hazing" seemed to have affected seriously the minds of some of our poor freshmen. For instance, Claire Fisher and Beverly Beech developed a peculiar way of walking and seemed unable to go to Conyngham without crossing back and forth from one side of the street to the other, sometimes incurring the wrath of irate motorists. It also seemed that we are developing a group of conga devotees among the new class who use that step when traveling from one building to another.

Full information had been obtained about the dreaded Inquisition and it justified all the fears. There is something very formidable about an all-male jury of august upperclassmen to a group of meek little "frosh." Anyway, the new freshmen are proving that they have the stuff of which sophomores are made and soon will be taking their revenge on a bunch of new freshmen. Well, asi es la vida. (Such is life, for the benefit of non-Spanish students).

The Inquisition itself was held in Chase Theatre and was conducted by Gifford Cappellini, president of the freshman class, with the assistance of Dave Hart, attorney for defense; Jean Donohue, prosecuting attorney, and Marvin Breslau, the bailiff. With fiendish glee these officers subjected the poor new freshmen to all sorts of tortures. The meeting began with all, except the new freshmen, singing the first stanza of the Junior College song. The new freshmen then had to sing the second stanza, which few of them knew in its entirety. This was followed by the individual tortures . . . Edith Miller and Jerry Stadulis turned Indian for a few minutes and gave a "whooping" rendition of an Apache war dance. Miss Miller then delivered a recitation in which she played the parts of two different people . . . Irene Sieminski sang by request a medley of about a dozen pop-

## •• ALUMNI NEWS ••

Pvt. William Hannigan is stationed at the Recruit Depot of the U. S. Marine Corps at Parris Island, South Carolina. Cadet Robert Driesbach of the U. S. Army Air Corps is awaiting classification at Keesler Field, Mississippi.

Private First Class George Papadopoulos has returned to Camp Adair, Oregon, where he is with an Anti-Tank Company.

Aviation Cadet Lloyd H. Jones is stationed at the U. S. Navy Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Other Bucknellians at Chapel Hill are: Victor Patoski, Carl Thomsen, and Robert Benning.

Ensign John Bush, a veteran of the Sicilian campaign as an officer on the U. S. S. Barnett,

has returned for active duty with the North Atlantic fleet after a recent leave.

Robert Graham was ordained into the ministry at the Ashley Presbyterian Church. Reverend Graham is married to the former Margaret Wolfe of Kingston.

Blanche Marie Liddicote is no wa student at Rider College, Trenton, New Jersey.

After serving in the Middle East for more than a year, Captain Bernard L. Greenberg has been transferred to England. Captain Greenberg was promoted from first lieutenant to captain in the Army Air Corps upon his arrival in England.

Ensign Paul Labada is an instructor at the amphibian base of

the U. S. Navy at Coronado, California.

Aviation Cadet George I. Rifendifer has been transferred to the U. S. Navy War Training School at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster.

Donald Kresge and Nicholas Marinelli are now enrolled at Bucknell University at Lewisburg.

Private Ray Mechak is stationed at Miami Beach with the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Lieutenant Justin E. O'Donnell has graduated from Provost Marshall General School at Fort Custer, Michigan.

Aviation Cadet John Rudnicki of the U. S. Army Air Corps is receiving his primary training at Selman Field, Monroe, Louisiana.

### PASSING BY

**Fashion News**—Feminine styles on the campus seem to undergo swift changes; for example, that velvet hair ribbon fad so Vogue-ish. It lasted about three weeks. But one sophomore is taking this war conservation really to heart. Is there anyone who hasn't seen Donahue in her shirt sans skirt? Quite a job, that. Reaches down around her knees. Ver-ry conventional.

Then there's Lorraine Rogers and that neat smock she wears to putter around the theater. It's really got a draped shape. Only one thing is necessary—about 50 more pounds of Lorraine to fill it out.

Never knew there were so many discarded clothes in the Lounge. After last week's clean-up it suddenly occurs to us that we had the makings of a first-class department store right in the girls' Lounge.

ular songs . . . After a great deal of coaxing, Mr. Koval, the Frank Sinatra of Bucknell, crooned a few bars of "Put Your Arms Around Me, Honey". His accompanist at the piano was Claire Fisher . . . Betty Faint sent everyone into gales of laughter with her two-minute talk on "The Trials and Tribulations of Being a Professor's Daughter". According to Miss Faint, there are "trials and tribulations" in being a professor's daughter . . . Mr. Trumbath was ordered to measure the distance around Kirby Hall foot-by-foot . . . The final event in the theatre was the "pin-up boy" contest. All the new freshman boys were told to roll up their pants to their knees and parade in front of the new freshman girls, who had to pick out the "pin-up" boy. After a great deal of deliberation, the girls chose Robert Pernesky, from Hanover, for that great honor.

The ordeal of the new "frosh" was then over. Mr. Cappellini rose and told the students to welcome the new freshman, because they were at last part of the college. Thereupon, he ordered everyone to troop outside and form a big circle by joining hands. Finally, the new freshman, accepted at last into the ranks of their schoolmates, united with the others in singing both stanzas of the Junior College song.

### STARLING CENSUS

(Continued from Page 3)

land to Brazil, making a three-thousand non-stop journey entirely over ocean waters. What guides these birds?

The Arctic tern makes the longest migration of all birds (but please understand, all birds do not migrate). Pausing long enough in the Arctic to raise a family, the graceful Arctic tern starts southward. Its winter residence is Antarctica where it lingers for a short while before starting the long trek back to the northern breeding grounds.

Now we have the European starling with us in America. The habits of the starling are not well known. We know that in the Wyoming Valley the starlings gather in roosts at Nanticoke, Wilkes-Barre, West Pittston (we think), and in several places near Scranton. If we check at intervals the number of birds in each roost and then find that suddenly an increase appears in the population of starlings at Nanticoke, passes on to Wilkes-Barre, and moves on up the valley, we may safely assume that a wave of migrating starlings has passed through the valley. If no such waves can be detected we are relatively certain that the starlings we are watching are permanent residents.

This account may answer some of the questions concerning our starling observations. Some day we hope to band the birds, but that is another problem and another story.

### REIF HOLDS PARTY

(Continued from Page 3)

probability intentional). His journalistic talent, however, was limited in this issue to pure gossip of a fictionalized character. While the rest of us giggled childishly, the victims of his playful pen squirmed and blushed. Wasn't it so, Loretta? At the conclusion of this, the party broke up.

As usual, everyone enjoyed himself tremendously.

### STUDENT POLL

(Continued from Page 1)

Marie Christian, sophomore, suggested that there be more Friday informal get-togethers, and some archery and bowling. She concluded with a wise air: "But first I suggest that we all co-operate in the activities that are planned."

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