

BUCKNELL BEACON

Vol. 7. No. 7.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Thursday, May 6, 1943

MAY QUEEN CHOSEN

Treveryan Williams To Preside At Festival



TREVERYAN WILLIAMS

Wednesday, April 28, the girls of Bucknell University Junior College met to elect the May Queen and her court, who will preside over the annual Spring Pageant. Miss Treveryan Williams was elected queen, and her attendants at court will be the Misses Eva Charnowitz, Norma Lee Hoover, Mary Hutchko, and Ruth Williams. These girls were eligible for election because of their high scholastic ability and their active participation in the Junior College's activities.

Miss Treveryan Williams is working for her Bachelor of Science degree, and hopes to enter the field of medicine. She is a member of the Students Council and the Glee Club.

Miss Charnowitz plans to major in psychiatry. She is a member of the Debating Club and has worked on the Beacon staff.

Miss Hoover is working for her Bachelor of Science degree. She is an active member of Thespians and the Glee Club.

Miss Hutchko is also working for her Bachelor of Science degree. She is the president of Beta Gamma Chi, the social sorority of the Junior College, and a member of the Student Council.

Miss Ruth Williams is working for her Bachelor of Science degree. She is a member of the Glee Club and the Student Council.

The pageant will be held May 15 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The entire feminine membership of the college will participate in the colorful musical dramatization of "Sleeping Beauty."

When you talk you only say somethin' you know—when you listen you learn what someone else knows.

THESPIANS PRAISED FOR OUTSTANDING DRAMATIC ACHIEVEMENT

"The CRADLE SONG"



Left to right: Helen Bitler, Betty Woolcock, Irene Kessler, Mary Kenney, Norma Lee Hoover, Grayce Bailey, Beatrice O'Donnell, Katherine Hiscox, June Gates.

On the evenings of the 16th and 17th of April, the Thespians presented, before a large and appreciative audience, a two-act play entitled "The Cradle Song." The play was the second to be presented this school year, and although it was of an altogether different character, it proved equally as entertaining as the first. "The Cradle Song" tells a simple, touching story of an abandoned baby girl left to be reared in a convent under the patient, loving care of the sisters, who, after convincing themselves of the propriety of the situation, gladly assume the responsibility. The child finds a father in the kind old doctor of a neighboring town, and is given all

the affection of a real mother by one of the sisters. The second act of the play introduces the girl eighteen years later, shortly before she is to leave the convent, the only home that she has ever known, to marry a worthy young man with whom, we are led to believe, she will find happiness. The play afforded opportunity for laughs as well as for the tears which were copiously shed at both performances, thus satisfying just about everyone. The drama was very well cast, and superbly acted, even though the second scene must have been very difficult due to the rather questionable emotional reactions, which the author has assigned to some of the characters.

The cast included the following:

Prioress, Katherine Hiscox; Mother Mistress of Novices, Mary Kenney; Vicarress, Helen Louise Bitler; Sister Marcella, June Gates; Sister Maria Jesus, Beatrice O'Donnell; Sister Joanna of the Cross, Norma Lee Hoover; Sister Sagrario, Grayce Bailey; Sister Inez, Betty Woolcock; Sister Tornado, Irene Kessler; Teresa, Carol Ruth; Doctor, Joseph Larusso; Voice, Joseph Sooby; Poet, William Meyers; Monitor, Loretta Ferris.

Orchids to Katherine Hiscox and Joe Larusso for their exceptionally fine portrayals of the prioress and the doctor.

COMMITTEE PLANS DINNER DANCE

Tentative plans for the annual formal dinner dance to be held by Bucknell Junior College have been announced by the Student Council. May 25 is the date which has been set for the affair, and if plans proceed according to schedule, it will be held at the Hotel Sterling.

The following committees have charge of the affair: Publicity, Milton Britten; Menu, Eva Charnowitz and Mary Hutchko; Orchestra, Carl Thomsen; Hall, Ruth Williams; Invitations, Irma Watkins; Program, Bill Meyers; Reservations, Al Fladd and Treveryan Williams; Tickets, George Rifendifer.

ALUMNUS RECALLS FIRST DECADE OF B. U. J. C.

While some of us may have given little or no thought to the fact that B. U. J. C. is about to celebrate a very important anniversary, many of the Bucknell graduates in the armed forces are remembering. A letter from Donald Roselle in Africa has reminded us of the coming event. If we may quote again, we would like to record an excerpt from Donald's letter:

"Now ten years have passed since we first heard rumors that Bucknell University was going to open up a Junior College in Wilkes-Barre. I know that as you prepare to celebrate your first decade of service, you know that

all your plans 'way back then were destined to bring an otherwise denied opportunity to many young people of Wyoming Valley. I know that my professional life has gotten off to a fine start, and earlier than it would have had it been necessary for me to postpone and save toward campus expenses. All this is so obvious.

"Best wishes for another decade of growth."

The editors feel that some sort of commemoration ceremony in recognition of this important day in the history of Bucknell University Junior College ought to be held. We refer this matter to the Student Council for further action.

Sullum Proposes Educational Reform

As a fighting nation we have, among other things, accepted two facts: (1) This war must be brought to a successful conclusion if we are to survive. (2) At the same time we must prepare for peace if we are to survive as a freedom and culture loving people. Accepting the first, and realizing the part we Americans must also play in the second, leaders throughout our nation are formulating plans for the Post-War World. It is quite obvious also, that education, the cornerstone and foundation of democracy, is also being brought into the planning.

In the many utterances made by not only the leaders of America, but also of the world, the question of education has appeared time and again. Mr. Churchill speaks in his Four-Year Plan for Britain, "I hope our education becomes broader and more liberal. Facilities for advanced education must be evened out and multiplied." In the New Bill of Rights of the President's Post-War Plan—"The right to education."

Education is being emphasized, for this war has brought before us the importance of intelligent citizens. This point is graphically illustrated by Benjamin Fine's article in the March 28th issue of The New York Times, "It is estimated that close to 750,000 potential soldiers cannot be utilized because they are 'functionally illiterate'—that is, they have less than the 4th grade standard established by the army." Obviously there is something the matter with an educational system that permits these shortcomings.

The president of Hendrix College, J. H. Reynolds, recently spoke of two wars; the present military struggle, and the war of peace. He presented a plan which would enable us to build a "stable civilization." "The nation must take the best talent discovered (by tests), whether in the army, the navy, or in secondary schools and colleges, and put them into her civil West Points, that is, her training centers for preparing leaders of civilization." President Hendrix talks only of preparing government leaders. He is at fault in neglecting the students of other fields: doctors, clergy and engineers. The present army and navy college programs are also at fault when they neglect the liberal arts student. A broad program should be had whereby all college students are taught in their respective fields. None of us are qualified to call one course

(Continued on Page 4)

~ EDITORIALS ~

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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④

Red Cross Benefit Held

The editors of the Beacon feel that one of the finest social events of the current year took place on Saturday, April 10th. Bucknell Night, the proceeds of which have gone to the Red Cross, was the product of splendid work, cooperation, and generosity on the part of a number of people. We feel that special mention should be made of the wholehearted efforts of Joe Markowitz in making the evening a success. He and his staff of eight men did a great job. We feel, too, that it was a fine gesture on the part of Mr. Chet Basher to referee, without compensation, the Bucknell-Air Crew basketball game. Our gratitude is also extended to the Y. M. C. A. officials, who gave us the use of the two gymnasias, and the pool, for the evening. Appreciation is due to Mr. George Jones, who did so much to help in preparing the boys for their respective events, as well as to the boys themselves, who used much of their spare time in getting ready for the lively entertainment which they afforded us.

The net proceeds of Bucknell Night amounted to approximately \$35. The fine entertainment and the knowledge that these funds would be our contribution to the Red Cross made the evening more than successful.

B. U. J. C. Service Men Enjoy Beacon

It is gratifying to the editors to know that the distribution of the Beacon among Bucknell men now in the armed forces is appreciated. We have received letters from any number of former students expressing the pleasure which they find in reading about school affairs and the activities of their school friends. To many of the men whose names appear on our mailing lists some of us are unfamiliar, but this seems to make no difference at all. They still enjoy the Beacon and school news. A letter recently received from Corporal Benjamin S. Davis, now in Oklahoma, expresses what seems to be the general feeling of all our men in the armed forces. He says:

"I have been receiving your gift of the Beacon from time to time and I want to take this opportunity to tell you folks how much it is appreciated. It certainly is a treat to see the old familiar style of "our paper" and to read about the present student activities. In fact, some of my buddies here read the paper also, and they never heard of the college or the city 'up north.'

"Of course, most of the students' names are strange to me (except Rifendifer), but I certainly enjoy the 'Alumni News,' because that is the only way I can keep tabs on some of my pals."

Our mailing lists are growing rapidly, and our circulation manager is finding that what hair he has not torn out is fast becoming gray, but we are more than happy that the distribution of the Beacon means fun for B. U. J. C. men scattered all over the country.

KEEP AMERICA SAFE

BUY WAR BONDS

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

T. W. Trethaway,
Barracks 36 M-3-4,
U.S.N.A.T.T.C.,
Memphis, Tenn.

Greetings:

I wish to thank you for your thoughtfulness in sending me a copy of your college paper. It was with deepest interest that I read the accounts of incidents in the now exciting lives of former college students.

Time and world events have placed us over the entire world. Many of the fellows I have attended college with are now in the armed forces and I always delight in hearing news of them.

Since I was on leave in January and visited Bucknell, I have traveled many miles in the States. Leaving Wilkes-Barre after a very pleasant visit, and renewing former friendships, I returned to New York state, and from there traveled to my present address in Tennessee. Here I am attending Aviation Mechanic School. This school I attend is one of three schools maintained; the other two being Aviation Radio and Aviation Ordnance Schools. Men of the Navy and Marine Corps are here trained for duty on land and sea. The latest addition to the school has been the arrival of WAVES, to be trained here for later replacement of men, who will be released for active duty.

The past six weeks has found me confined to the Naval Hospital to be treated for pleurisy. I am now enjoying excellent health and expect to soon return to school and duty.

It is my sincerest wish to be remembered to all my acquaintances at Bucknell, and I will always appreciate receiving news of Bucknell and its students and teachers.

Sincerely,

TOM.

The editors find, to their intense relief, that there is such a thing as a seven-man team, and offer in evidence the following letter:

March 19, 1943.

The Co-Editors,
The Bucknell Beacon,
Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

Dear sirs:

In your editorial of March 18, page four, column one, you ask for suggestions for a seven-man team. Unless the memory of rasping breath and aching legs serves me ill, there are seven plodding sufferers on a cross-country team.

Yours truly,
Morrison Sharp,
Instructor with Army Aircrew.

CRACKING THE QUIP

JACK KARNOFSKY

By Jack Karnofsky

Although a month has passed since the cadets arrived, our girls are still up in the air, or is that plane to see?

So Dot Snyder and Jean Gubowski are to investigate the Brewery Workers' Union? Well, that's one way to get at the beer facts.

May we remind the girls that there are two seidels to every question.

June Gates suggests that we spell our name "Kornofsky." We may sound hoarse at times, June, but not husky.

By the way, we wonder who is "knittin' for Britten" now?

Speaking of grave situations, there was a student in English class who turned in a theme on a cemetery so he was sure of a plot.

While we would not condemn anyone for getting German measles, we do think it is kind of rash.

Remember—this is your scrap—so get yours in!

AROUND THE CORNER

Spring has been making a brave attempt to brighten B. U. J. C., but so far it looks as though we'll be having sledding parties to celebrate the Fourth.

While hunting arrows, we discovered a crocus bravely pushing its bright new leaves through the ground—so be careful where you tread.

The girls' lounge has been the subject of a clean-up—feet down campaign. We admit it is pretty messy at times, so why not reform and pick our things up once in a while—except our feet, of course. Dr. Farley would be much happier if they stayed on the floor instead of chairs, etc.

Mrs. Brennan seems to be the person most affected by the cadets—or haven't you seen the bakery man staggering under his load? The production of the cafeteria has quadrupled.

Speaking of cadets—have you noticed the new twosomes? . . . Connie Meyers-Ken McKay; Caryl Thomas-George Holden; Johns and Nolan; Gates and Herb Hackett. There are lots more, but we're not geniuses where memory is concerned.

Pete Seras and Blaine (Roscoe) Smith are at Scott Field . . . Matt and Ludwikowski are at Wittenberg College in Ohio with the Air Cadets.

Sights to behold: Miss Sangiuliano skipping rope at rehearsal . . . Jean G's face when someone mentions Semmer . . . ditto for Irma when she hears Barnum . . .

The cadets marching across the bridge . . . Grayce Bailey when she's mad . . . Harriet's expression when Dr. Farley caught her in a relaxed mood—feet on chair . . . Dr. Reif's antics in the cafeteria Friday . . . Lorusso hammering nails—skillfully, of course—even if he did miss once or twice and hit somebody's toes.

Did anyone ever see Marion Roberts not smiling . . . someone who didn't love Trev Williams . . . Snyder in the cafeteria when the cadets weren't . . . Lloyd Jones with his own cigarettes . . . a card in which Pete doesn't mention Mary . . . Britten say hello without smiling . . . Dr. Bernhart walking . . . Dr. May angry.

Bernice Rapchinski isn't quite the same person any more—she had her tonsils yanked out during vacation. Incidentally, have you noticed the younger of the Rifendifer brothers when Bernice is around? He really looks smitten.

Someone should tell Mr. Hall that Hettig is in the army—he includes him in the class roll.

"An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle."

Pictures are better than words. Think how utterly flat and inexpressive the word crumpled was until fenders were invented.

From the want ads: "Stenographer for special work. Prefer one who has no college education, as the work will require correct spelling and punctuation, and the use of common sense."

A FRESHMAN SAYS

By Jean Donohue

Almost Confidential:

According to the calendar, it's Spring, I keep telling myself, but these wintry blasts are disillusioning. But perhaps by the time this issue greets you, we will be frolicking about the lawn, doing "Springtime in Hellas" in Springtime; that is, weatherman permitting.

The lounge these days is a scene of feverish activity, but only when the girls hear the approach of the A. C.'s. After they pass it is restored to the usual peaceful languor which marks it as the quietest spot in Chase. Heh, heh!

The end of the year approaches with a great deal of indecision, and we might add apprehension. Indecision as to future plans, and apprehension about past divergences from the routine of study.

Vacations have a happy faculty for appearing just when they're needed most. The Spring vacation came just after the mid-year exams, and the excitement of Christmas has worn off. Perhaps after we return we'll enter into work with a new zest. We said perhaps.

What's Cookin'?

The main topic of conversation of late is Easter outfits, and many an excursion up town has been for this purpose. There has been a lot of bickering on the question, "Should fathers give their No. 17 to their needy daughters?" Silly question! Of course they should!

We think that the new bow ties on the market are awfully clever. One or two girls have been seen sporting them, but new-moded ideas take time to catch on down here. The huaraches which did catch on cause an awful clamor on coming in late to class. They clack, clack their way right into our consciousness when we are diligently trying to swallow Schopenhauer's jive jabber.

The boogie-woogie, which seems to come from the piano in Kirby under the dextrous fingers of the cadets, adds a lively note to our classroom discussion. Hannibal is usually crossing the Alps when Daddy is beating someone eight to the bar.

Passing By:

The Beacon editors, with harried looks and no paper . . . We hope Connie Meyer doesn't feel too bad about the appendix that she is going to part with soon . . . There were more students wandering around school during vacation than there are when we're in session. The drafting students had plates to work on, and the speech students had conferences, but why was Irma Watkins in Chase every day? . . . We liked "The Cradle Song," the latest production for the versatile Thespians.

The editors feel that this is a most interesting statement of financial affairs and worthy of special notice and comment by the student body. Let's begin asking ourselves some questions.

BUCKNELL UNIVERSITY JUNIOR COLLEGE

STUDENT ACTIVITIES FUND

STATEMENT—APRIL 20, 1943

Activity	Income	Expended	Balance
Beacon.....	\$ 320.81	\$ 268.25	\$ 52.56
Choral Club.....	70.47	31.09	39.38
Debating.....	73.95	2.80	71.15
Thespians.....	309.46	99.01	210.45
Athletics.....	8.08	8.08	—
Social Activities.....	428.77	575.59	*146.82
Contingent Fund.....	2164.74	285.23	**1879.51
TOTALS.....	\$3376.28	\$1270.05	**\$2106.23

*Deficit after \$200 additional was transferred from Contingent.
**Includes \$900 from student fees for second semester; council has not appropriated amounts for second semester for the various activities.

We Point With Pride . .



EVA CHARNOWITZ

This pint-sized lass with the over-sized sense of humor is usually to be found in the lounge telling the latest prank of the versatile engineers. Eva is a quick chaser of the blues. Besides her ability to repeat entertainingly the practical jokes of someone else, she is quite a jokester herself. Things happen when Eva appears.

Born in Wilkes-Barre, March 8, 1923, she attended and was graduated from Elmer L. Meyers High School. Her talents at high school were applied to journalistic and dramatic activities. She was a co-editor of the "Elmprint" and of the "Colophon," and was a member of the Meyhidram, dramatic society.

Her interests in college lie in the field of psychology, and she plans to complete a major in psychology and statistics. It is her intention to transfer to the University of Michigan for completion of her college training, following in the footsteps of her brother, Milton.

At Bucknell, Eva has had a deep interest in debating, but the club, unfortunately, has not been very active in the past year. She has also served on the staff of the "Beacon." However, for the record, it is our private opinion that to "just talk" is her favorite recreation and pastime.

For such a small person, Eva has a surprisingly long list of "hates," intensely felt. To illustrate, for any who may be interested, she hates: first, sarcasm; second, loud-voiced commentators over the radio; third, people who say the obvious; fourth . . . Put at this point we throw in the sponge. You can go on from here with Eva herself.

CLASSROOM COMICS

By Clarence Clever

Did you know that in a certain class the other day, Carl Thomsen avidly asserted, "I am a museum, and I am a tree." We had a hard time persuading him to act natural after his leafy brow had risen in the heavens, and he had held Napoleon's sword in his hand.

The other day, La Verne Ashworth won a swimming contest. After the laurel had been awarded, we inquired if the stroke was really the backstroke or what-have-you. Miss Mary Henness, an authority on the subject, informed us that the stroke was the English backstroke, obsolete these many years. Where've you been, La Verne?

"Memos of a Glow-Girl," or simply "Mow," has been the title chosen by (Don) Kresge for his thesis on the subject of posterity in the never mode.

Ever notice how many people feel that duty is what everybody else ought to do?

OPENINGS IN MARITIME SERVICE

To relieve merchant shippers of an emergency burden, the U. S. Maritime Service has opened a seven-months course for Hospital Corpsmen at its big new training station at Sheepshead Bay, outside Brooklyn, N. Y.

From the main body of apprentice seamen at the school, 5 students are selected weekly for training in anatomy and physiology, first aid, pharmacy and therapeutics, clinical laboratory and hygiene and sanitation. Each subject receives 60 hours of study, except first aid, which receives 72.

To be eligible, applicants must pass the Navy physical examination, be 25 or less, and have four years of high school. Age and educational requirements may be waived in exceptional cases. The trainees are provided with uniforms, quarters and meals, and are paid \$50 per month until they ship out with the Victory Fleet.

On shipboard, Hospital Corpsmen will be responsible to the master for the health and comfort of the crew, particularly in the event of attacks by planes and submarines. He must advise the master on matters relating to quarantine, sanitary reports and bills of health and see that dressing stations and abandon-ship stations have proper medical supplies.

Of the seven months, five weeks are spent in basic training, including lifeboat and gunnery drill, three months in didactic and laboratory instruction, six weeks in practical experience at a marine hospital and six weeks at a training station, training vessel or enrolling office of the Maritime Service.

The Maritime Service is engaged in training 100,000 men and officers this year, to deliver the goods to American fighting men and their allies overseas. While at sea, graduates receive the pay and wartime bonuses of merchant seamen.

As long as they are in training or actively employed, Maritime Service men receive deferments from Selective Service. They agree to remain in the Merchant Marine for at least a year, but may make a lifetime career of it if they choose.

Applications and inquiries should be made at the Maritime Service Enrolling Office, 330 Land Title Building, southwest corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia. Evidence of U. S. citizenship must be presented. Married men must obtain their wives' consent, and men under 21 that of a parent.

NEW RECORDS

DON KRESGE

One of the most pleasing platters to be found on the record counters is "Taking a Chance on Love," played by Sammy Kaye. The vocal is done in a lilting manner by The Three Kadets. Vaughn Monroe, his orchestra, and his voice on the reverse side, with "Cabin in the Sky." "Rose Ann of Charing Cross" is best by the Four Vagabonds, as is "Ten Little Soldiers" on the other side. Harry James (Marinelli will love this) and "Velvet Moon," incidentally, is among the best sellers. Give a listen to the Ink Spots and their new song coupling, "I'll Never Make the Same Mistake Again," and "I Can't Stand Losing You." It is done in that sad style which they do so well. "As Time Goes By" is available in two versions, which are both on the nasal side.

GLEE CLUB NEWS

The Glee Club has, at last, found a suitable time for rehearsals. The chorus will now meet at 3:30 p. m. on Fridays.

The principle job of Professor Gies and the chorus now is to prepare an appropriate musical program for the convocation exercises late in May. It is hoped that more advanced musical selections, like those of Bach, can be presented this year.

There is still a need for male voices in the chorus, and any male student who has had experience in singing is eligible and welcome to become a member.

Charles Henderson, who was last year's director of the Glee Club, gave a splendid organ recital in the First Presbyterian Church on Monday, March 5.

A good representation of the Glee Club participated in the Bach Chorus' presentation of "The Creation" on March 6. It was a thrilling experience for that group to aid in the interpretation of such a great work, and to be a part of such a notable organization.

Pass this one up until conditions improve.

Collector's Corner

While wandering around the record counters about a week ago, I noticed some fine records which will soon be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to get. Two of them were Glenn Miller's theme songs, "Moonlight Seenade" and "Slumber Song." Also worth special mention are Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," and Tommy Dorsey's "Song of India." If any of these appeal to you, better get them now. Once the supply is exhausted, you will be out of luck indefinitely.

By the Way

Production of needles using critical war materials has been stopped. If your phonograph has one of the lightweight tone arms, invest in one of the permanent, floating type needles, good for 5,000 plays. These are very gentle on your records, too.

Capt. Glenn Miller is in Atlantic City forming a band of army men stationed there. Possibilities are that he will be heard on the air sometime in the near future.

Latest information from the record shops indicates the extreme shortage of scrap records. The shortage is so severe that you may be asked to turn in an old record in order to buy a new one. Any aged discs you can turn in will be greatly appreciated by all. They pay for them, too.

In case anybody wondered where the title "Seventy-Eight" came from, a phonograph turntable makes 78 revolutions per minute.

This whole article is written with deepest apologies to Harold Smith. And, we really mean it.

Sub-Freshmen Elect Officers

The sub-freshmen of Bucknell University Junior College participated in the election of their officers on April 12, 1943. The following were elected and are to be congratulated:

President, Frank X. Kaminski; Vice-President, Charles Rifendifer; Secretary-Treasurer, Alex Kotch; Female Representative, Carol Ruth; Male Representative, Arnold Sollum.

We are confident they will provide fine leadership for a fine sub-freshman class. Go to it, kids!

You'll enjoy life more if you just remember that things are never as good or as bad as they seem to be.

LITERARY LAPSES

When fellow anglers gather about the cheery fire after a pleasant day of casting for trout, stories long and tall are traded back and forth. Recently it was my pleasure to have as my fishing companion the editor of the Bucknell Beacon, with whom I swapped tales of piscatorial adventures. Thus, by his request, I am writing, exclusively for the Beacon, some of my knowledge in angling for the most wily of the whole finny tribe, the spiphendiphish.

The blue-eyed spiphendiphish, a local species, must not be confused with the riphendiphish, which is also endemic to the Wyoming Valley. The spiphendiphish always lives in a perfectly round lake, such as Harvey's Lake. Victor Patoski, the wizard of the transit, has just finished surveying Harvey's Lake for me, and his map shows that its shore is a perfect circle.

In order to find the exact center of such a circular lake, for at that spot only can the spiphendiphish be taken, one must row around the shore, carefully moving out a boat's width each time around until he finally comes to the center. This is much the same method as that employed by a phonograph needle in finding the center of a phonograph record. Such a procedure requires considerable skill and patience. It is advisable to row backwards so that the boat may push a little water ahead of it (or with the flat stern, and thus behind it if you wish). Thus as one gradually approaches the center of the lake a cone is built up. Should the lake contain soft water, the boat will leave a groove in the surface of the lake. The groove, of course, spirals down around the cone from the center toward the shore. The advantage of this technique is that one may coast back down the groove, around and around, until he arrives at his starting point. However, people who are subject to vertigo had best avoid such tactics.

The best time to fish for spiphendiphish is generally during a leap year, since the fish then jump more frequently and one may take a census of the phish population. There is no point in fishing if there are fewer than a hundred phish in the lake, because then they are not unionized and consequently do not strike. Another precaution, too, is to find the exact center of the lake, otherwise all the spiphendiphish immediately suspect an amateur of searching for them. Once their suspicions have been aroused, they stop in mid-air during a jump to stare at the angler in a most annoying manner. Most fishermen consider it very bad luck to be given "the old fish eye" by a spiphendiphish under such circumstances and immediately go back home to read chapter Five of Arrowsmith.

Now, however, let us assume that one has found the center of the lake and is ready to proceed with his angling. The next move is to bore a hole several inches deep into the lake. Experts prefer to bore right through the bottom of the boat and some boats are specially equipped with a hole through the floor boards, which saves a good deal of trouble. This method is best in case one wishes to use the hole again, but certain oldtimers claim that the hole must be bored in the water just behind the boat and plainly marked with chalk. Either way works.

After the hole has been cut and the chips properly brushed away, one has a choice of three techniques. Each of these has its advantages, but one must try them all under varying circumstances to

find which is best adapted to particular conditions.

In the first method, chewing tobacco is used. A fair-sized plug (the size depends upon the optimism of the angler) is placed in the sole, label downward. The spiphendiphish generally takes the tobacco quickly and proceeds to chew it vigorously. When the phish reappears at the surface to expectorate, the angler attempts to hit the phish on the head. If he misses, a strike is called against him. One is allowed only three strikes, because a spiphendiphish spits but thrice. It is not difficult to hit a phish, however, so that this method presents no particular problem in that respect. But it does have one drawback. Spiphendiphish have metallic skulls which ring loudly when struck with a hammer. Such a ringing warns the other phish, which then refuse to approach the hole. Thus in using this first method one is limited to only one spiphendiphish per try.

The second technique involves the placing of a hamburger in the hole. The spiphendiphish takes the hamburger and disappears, only to return in a moment and ask for catsup or mustard. When the phish opens its mouth to request the condiment, a mirror is held before it. Upon seeing the reflection of its own gaping mouth, the phish immediately jumps inside of it. The mirror is then quickly wrapped in oiled paper and put in a dark place. One mirror is needed for each phish. An experienced angler can choose the side of the mirror to be used when he first sees the spiphendiphish take the hamburger. It is best to cook the phish while it is still in the mirror by baking it slowly in a moderate oven for several weeks.

This second method has a point very definitely in its favor. By using it, the angler may avoid arrest, since in some states it is illegal to take females during Lent, summer vacation, week-ends, or on the Fourth of July. One may easily distinguish males from females, because the males always take catsup and the females prefer mustard. To avoid catching a female, one merely hides the mirror should a spiphendiphish ask for mustard. The females are so easily caught with a mirror that such legislation is necessary.

The third method is the most difficult and therefore the most sporting. To take a spiphendiphish by this third method is really quite an accomplishment. To begin with, one must place a lighted pipe in the hole and keep it lighted until a phish comes up and begins to puff on it. If the proper mixture of tobacco is used, the phish soon begins to blow smoke rings. The clever angler then gathers these rings, deftly fashions them into a net, and enmeshes the spiphendiphish. A smoke ring net may be used only once, for it is a tenuous affair which deteriorates after a single wetting.

These three methods of taking spiphendiphish are the ones with which I have had the most success. Sometime it might be interesting to compare the various methods of preparing these phish for the table.

"Please think of me" — Mary Hutchko and Pete Seras.

"There I Go Again" — June Gates.

"Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolfe" — Barnum.

"Murder, he says" — Engineers.

"When the Lights Go On Again" — Consternation.

"Happy Go Lucky" — Stan Novitsky.

"Everything Happens to Me" — Jean Donohue.

"I'm the Reluctant Dragon" — Miss Sanguilliano.

"The Two O'clock Jump" — Eurytmic Class.

SPORTS

In the feature attraction of the four-event Bucknell Night, Red Cross benefit, held at the Y. M. C. A., the Bucknell All-Stars conquered the Air Crew five by a 52-42 score. Wartella and Semmer led the collegians' attack with 14 and 13 points, respectively. White led the army scorers with 16 tallies.

In the opening basketball game, B. U. C. C. Frosh took the Sophomores, 34 to 12, with Fisher and Zabiegalski high scorers for the victors. Pawloski and Myers starred for the losers.

The firm determination of the participants in the night's affairs was best shown during the swimming meet, when it took the combined efforts of all the spectators and half a dozen swimmers to stop the speeding natators as Uskurait broke his start in the 50-yard freestyle event. A new start was made, however, and at the end of the meet the score stood Sophs, 32; Frosh, 21.

Box scores follow:
150-yard medley relay—won by Sophomores (Kohl, Fladd, Rifendifer); second, Sophomores. Time, 1:53.

50-yard freestyle—won by Nelson Jones, S; second, Marwokicz, S; third, Uskurait, F. Time, :32.

Diving—won by Fisher, F; second, Semmer, F; third, Fladd, S.

100-yard freestyle — won by Thompson, F; second, Fredericks, S; third, Markowitz, S. Time, 1:07.

100-yard backstroke — won by Kohl, S; second, Nelson Jones, S; third, Kwiatkowski, F. Time, 1:28.

100-yard breaststroke — won by Thompson, F; second, Fladd, S; third, F. Time, 1:26.

Freestyle relay—won by Sophomores (Markowitz, Nelson Jones, Rifendifer, Lloyd Jones); second, Freshmen.

Bucknell		Cadets	
Fredericks	10	White	16
Jones	0	Hamilton	0
Semmer	13	Klippel	10
Wortella	14	Holland	0
Teresinski	5	McFadden	11
Nachlis	1	Smith	0
Speicher	0	Koehler	4
Kachuba	8	Harrington	1
		Slack	0
		O'Dea	0
		Medding	0
Totals	52	Totals	42
Referee—Jimmy Payne.			
Sophomores		Freshmen	
Pawlaski	5	Fisher	8
Myers	5	Jones	0
Rowe	2	Nolas	6
Boros	0	Wartella	2
Davis	0	Kipp	4
Popadopolous	0	Barnum	5
		Kwiatkowski	0
		Zabiegalski	7
Totals	12	Totals	34
Referee—Chet Basher.			

UNIQUE ORGANIZATION

One of the rarest clubs ever to be formed in any college seems to have sprung up here at Bucknell. It is a sort of anti-swearing, anti-prevaricating club, and it originated—of all places—in the boys' lounge. It has been welcomed enthusiastically, whether for the moral upliftment or because fellow members are entitled to chastise in no uncertain manner their erring fellows it is impossible to say. One may, however, draw his own conclusions. There are numerous reasons why one may suspect that the gods have not destined this club for longevity, but whatever small decline may be noticed in the use of "colorful language" on the campus may be attributed to the high and noble purpose of this unique college organization.

You can say a lot more with a nod of approval than a lot of words.

★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Daniel Williams, '44, is now training in the U. S. Navy as a seaman at Bainbridge, Maryland. He recently surprised the Junior College students by a visit while on leave over the week-end of March 28. Robert Graney, '41, graduated from U. of P. and is now a sophomore in Hahnemann Medical School, Philadelphia. On March 28. Robert Graney, '41, college. A classmate of his at Hahnemann, Leo Simoson, was also seen on our campus in March and expressed delight in our new buildings and campus, and warmest affections for Bucknell University Junior College. John H. Saricks, an ensign in the U. S. N. R., now stationed in Boston, recently married Florence Toole. He is a graduate of Bucknell Junior College and Bucknell University. Pvt. Peter Seras, with the Army Air Corps in Scott Field, Illinois, has some interesting comment on the army. "While at New Cumberland we took our army intelligence tests. All the boys from

Bucknell Junior College made over 110, which is the minimum one needs to get a chance at appointment to Officers' Candidate School." As in the case of all others, he is irked by the routine of "drill, drill and K. P." Quotes an army song, "It's a mechanized war, so what in the heck are we marching for?" He closes by saying, "I've been accepted for gunnery school. That's the best possible news for me," and sends his best regards to all of his former classmates. Milton Edelman is now studying meteorology for the Army Air Corps at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Upon the completion of this intensive course, Milton will become a commissioned officer. Miss Hoffa of our registrar's office was delighted to see Lt. Henry Davis when he visited Bucknell on March 25. Lt. Davis has since returned to active duty with the U. S. Army. Pvt. John Keeney is now at North Carolina State College pursuing a college course identical with that

of the air crew on our campus. Pvts. Harry Fierverker and Michael Phillips are both enjoying life at Camp Pickett, Virginia. Cpl. Reuben W. Rader, who was at Camp Pickett, is now attending Officers' Training School at Camp Barkeley, Texas. Harold D. Smith, formerly photographer on the Beacon staff, is in Headquarters Battery 157, Field Artillery Battalion, A. P. O. No. 44, Fort Lewis, Washington. Donald Roselle is now second lieutenant, serving as an engineering official in Africa. He may be addressed as follows: Hq. AMEWATC, A. P. O. No. 625, in care of Postmaster, Miami, Florida. Excerpts from a letter are printed elsewhere in this issue. Ensign Edward Goss, U. S. N. R., left by train April 21, for duty at sea. He had previously been in training in Princeton University and at Ohio State University. Goss was graduated from the Junior College in 1939, and received his M. S. at Lewisburg in 1942.

TWENTY SECOND COLUMN

And so I'm down in the bowling alleys, me, Hammer, and Dave, giving the art ests the glad eye. From the many times I have been looking, the deduction has been come to that there are very, very many more ways to bowl than somewhat. In fact, there are many more ways to bowl than there are bowlers, what with each bowler having three different ways of expressing himself and at least a half dozen ways of returns, denoting gloom, joy, and resignation. All citizens in this man's town are wont to do several things to knock pins or pin boys down. There is the fingering of the ball, the aim, and the takeoff; all this being the approach. The return consists of anything from a fight with the pin boy to a violent exhibition of St. Vitus dance.

The dignified bowler is one who prefers to bowl with his fedora set firmly on his head and a stiff collar on his neck (and where else would you expect his collar to be?). This dignified bowler usually has a bit of dust under his nose. In fact, if you look at him at the right angle in the right light, you can see that it is a mustache. He casually walks over to the rack, and after a careful survey, he seizes the ball and returns to the starting line showing extreme indifference to the taunting ensemble. Holding the ball chest high and examining it for dust, he gazes at the head pin—in the next alley. Dropping his arm he approaches the fowl line in the greatest exhibition of stately excellence. Upon reaching the fowl line, he cleverly deposits his right foot in the rear of his left foot with a very deft movement, at the same time administering a twist to the ball, allowing it to escape his grasp. And why does he put his right foot where he does? Because the ball dropped where the right foot used to be. Thereupon he turns around and walks to the starting line, as the ball continues down the gutter. He returns to the bleachers and drowns his sorrow in a pineapple soda.

So now I come to the enthusiastic bowler or the pin boys' nightmare, who is known as Harry the Horse. Here we have the master of form; in fact, he is very, very annoying to the pin boys, because he makes their insurance rates go up considerable per copy, making their business a tough proposition, and a very tough proposition at that, especially since they have to

set up all of what's left of the pins what with splinters scattered round and about every time he bowls.

With a domineering grasp on the ball, the master of form releases the ball with a hateful purpose, as though he had a personal grievance against the pins. As he heaves it, indeed, it sails halfway down the alley before touching, thereupon saving the upper half of the ally for use by prosterity. The pins and pin boy make a hasty retreat from the oncoming projectile; indeed some pins recline prematurely. Somehow the whimpering pin boy is able to regain equilibrium and continue at this fine sport.

Our master formist really shows himself to be spectacular in the return position.

Daintily poised on his size 12AA he assumes a fencing position in the best ballet manner, his left arm behind him, and over his head, the right arm extended forward, feet being slightly tangled. He utters great bleating pleas to the ball. As the ball collides with the reluctant pins, he bangs his hands together and his face splits open in a huge grin as he evinces joy at his magnificent accomplishment.

We also have the perfect all-round bowler (all round 67). Certain citizens might be described herein, but they are too far below this level. The composite bowler whom we shall describe is one who takes full advantage and use of the varied selection of balls. He will have nothing to do with the monotony of aiming, and with head down low, charges at the fowl line. After much difficulty in separating himself from the ball, he drops it in such a position where it will possibly not roll into the gutter on its journey. Begins now the process of jumping on one foot and then on the other, pulling strings and reins to guide the ball, uttering heartbreaking whines and a finale of a short prostration to Allah. If perhaps some pins do fall, the composite bowler is a picture of overwhelming joy. Glancing at his score, he is astonished to learn that it is now approaching a creditable 40 (in the eighth frame).

Believe thou you me, it takes very much less than an Albert Einstein to make a bowler in fact. And so to bed (do you blame me?).

FRYING PAN JOE.

SULLUM PROPOSES

(Continued from Page 1)

of study more important than the next.

As a tentative program of post-war education, I am suggesting:

The United States government set standards of grade and high

school education which must be met.

The United States government subsidize all students who show promise and wish to further their education after high school.

Race, religion, color or economic status should not be a barrier for education.

Arnold Norman Sullum.
March 8, 1943.

Editor's Note—Opinions, questions or suggestions concerning this article, which is to be one of a series, will be welcomed and appreciated by the writer.

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