



FACULTY MEMBERS FETED

Dr. Strow Joins Faculty



DR. STROW

"Who is he? What's he like?" So speculating, we entered our first class in the social sciences and found a genial person ready and waiting with a good deal of knowledge and a still better sense of humor.

Dr. Strow was born in northern Indiana a long time ago. (How long? He isn't telling!) He was educated in the Indiana schools and received his A. B. and A. M. at the Indiana State University, his Ph. D. at the University of Chicago.

Most of Dr. Strow's time has been spent in teaching the social sciences in western colleges, mainly in the states of Indiana and Oklahoma. Then, too, he was employed by the government in rural rehabilitation work, and until recently worked in an airplane manufacturing plant. Incidentally, he has not only done his bit by speeding up production, but also by giving three sons to the armed services.

When Dr. Strow is not probing into the whys and wherefores of human relations, he can be found actively participating in some sport. In fact, he expressed a desire to compete with any student or faculty member in a tennis match.

His first impression on being here was that it was not too much different from his native West, but he does think that the average run of students is much better in the East.

Our impression of you, Dr. Strow You're ALL RIGHT!

The new Thespian production, "Moorbarn," is now in rehearsal. All those interested in becoming Thespians please see Miss Sanguiliano about work connected with the play if you have not already done so.

Miss Leidy Welcomed By C. and F.'s



MISS MABEL M. LEIDY

Bucknell Junior College welcomes Miss Mabel M. Leidy. Miss Leidy, who was born in Klinesville, Pennsylvania, received her early education in the public schools of Windsor Castle, Pa. She later attended Keystone State Normal School, and received her B. S. in education and also her master's degree in education at Temple University, where in 1919 she became an instructor at the School of Business Administration until 1930. In 1930, Miss Leidy moved to the position as an instructor of commercial education at the Teachers College of Temple University.

Miss Leidy's favorite hobby is photography. She also has done much traveling. In the summer of 1930, she was abroad, visiting England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria.

She is a member of the Phi Delta Gamma, fraternity for graduate women, and also of Alpha Sigma Tau. She is listed in Who's Who in American Women.

Miss Leidy, since she has been in Wilkes-Barre, received a very favorable impression of Bucknell Junior College and also of the city of Wilkes-Barre, and in the future hopes to become more familiar.

We are very proud to have a personage of Miss Leidy's esteem on our faculty, and we hope that she will find her position here with us very enjoyable.

We admire the artistic talent of our professor pal, Dr. Reif. That pumpkin in Chase Hall is certainly a novel and fetching bit of advertisement. We almost wish we could go to that smoker, too. (We being a girl.) By the way, Doc, is there anything you can't do?

Departure Of Dr. Gage Regretted

It was with genuine regret that the student body of Bucknell received the news that Dr. Daniel Gage had decided to leave for another position at Milliken College in Decatur, Illinois.

Dr. Gage came to the Junior College shortly after it was established and through the years became an integral part of all our college life.

His keen sense of humor enlivened many a history and political science class and the driest subject became a source of intense interest with his presentation. The sophomores and the summer freshmen felt his leaving most keenly and whenever the "Alums" come back, Dr. Gage is always one of the first to be mentioned.

The student body joins in with the Beacon staff, with whom he was associated as advisor, to wish him every success and happiness in his new position and have expressed the hope that Bucknell and its students will always hold as warm a spot in his heart as he does in theirs.

Student Officers

The student body met in Chase Theater in October and elected the following members of the freshman and sophomore classes to office:

Freshman Class Officers

President—Clifford Cappellini.
Vice President—Willard Goodman.

Sophomore Class Officers

President—Robert Barnum.
Vice President—Lois Buckingham.

Secretary—Ruth Punshon.
Representatives—Mary Kenney, Arthur Williams.

The Thespians

President—Kathryn Hiscox.
Vice President—Loretta Farris.
Secretary—Beatrice O'Donnell.
Historian—Irene Koniecko.

The Choral Club

President—Helen Bitler.
Vice President—Mary Jane Varker.
Secretary—Marcella Novak.

Beta Gamma Chi

President—Beverly Graham.
Vice President—Irene Koniecko.
Secretary—Mary Kenney.

Student Council

President—Robert Barnum.
Vice President—Mary Kenney.
Secretary—Kathryn Hiscox.

New Math Professor Takes Over



THOMAS RICHARDS

This fall we have had the pleasure of adding to our faculty Mr. Thomas Richards. This pleasure is doubled, because of the fact that Mr. Richards is part of our "local talent." He hails from Plymouth and has done some teaching at that high school recently, or so we hear tell from our Plymouth students, who are very, very proud of the fact.

Mr. Richards attended two of our state universities, Penn State and, of course, Bucknell, at which he received his master's degree. He has majored in chemistry and minored in mathematics. It is in the latter field that Mr. Richards is now instructing the students of Bucknell Junior.

We have not asked Mr. Richards for his opinion of B. U. J. C. and its student body, as is our wont with new professors, for we take the opinion that he must necessarily feel about our institution much as we ourselves do, being a local resident. However, we do extend a hearty welcome to him and we shake his hand for having so capably filled the vacant spot which Dr. Bernhart left on his departure.

Dr. Nicholson Welcomed To B. U. J. C.



DR. NICHOLSON

Bucknell welcomes the addition of Dr. Nicholson to its history department. Dr. Nicholson studied at the University of Chicago, from which he received three degrees: B. A. in 1930, a master's degree in 1931, and a doctor's degree in 1938. He majored in history and the classics.

During his college days he was active on the school newspaper for four years. In his senior year he was made assistant business manager of the newspaper. He was also president of Eta Sigma Phi, the classics club.

Dr. Nicholson is able to boast of one achievement which is the dream of many students and the attainment of very few. He possesses a Phi Beta Kappa key.

He has taught in three different states—Ohio, Illinois and Missouri—before coming to Pennsylvania. This is the first time he has been in this location, and he is favorably impressed by Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley.

Dr. Nicholson has undertaken the role of faculty adviser on the Beacon.

NOTICE!

The Beacon Staff December Meetings will Be Held on the First and Third Fridays of the Month. All Staff Members Must Attend.

BUY BONDS AND WAR STAMPS

~ EDITORIALS ~

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

Vol 7. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 11, 1943 No. 9

EDITORIAL STAFF

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 Business Manager.....Ellen Brennan
 Assistant Business Manager.....Jean Kocyan
 Business Staff.....Marian Ganard, Ruth Birk
 Typists—Harriet Zimmerman, Marie Christian, Beatrice O'Donnell,
 Irene Koniecko.
 Faculty Advisers.....Dr. E. S. Farley, Dr. Robert Nicholson

Cooperation Wanted

Bucknell University Junior College has just successfully completed its first decade of life, and is about to begin the second. The students who are now in college, this year of the anniversary celebration, have a most important job before them. It will be the task, or perhaps we should say privilege, of helping to shape the policies of student activities for the next ten years.

Cooperation has never been lacking in the past from the students who maintained high standards and a true Bucknell spirit for which this college is noted. We do not want it to be said that the present student body will fall below the standards set in the past.

Everyone realizes that the war has made many changes in college life, but these things can not be helped. It is easier then for us to accept these difficulties and strive to overcome them rather than feel defeated before we start.

Therefore, the Beacon urges that if you have been cooperating to continue to do so in the future. If you haven't, well—"a word to the wise is sufficient." We hope that we will hear nothing but praise for the degree of cooperation the students of this college possess. So, let's all of us resolve to support wholeheartedly the activities that the members of the faculty and student committees work so hard to make successful.

Beacon Welcomes New Advisor

The Beacon staff welcomes to the faculty Dr. Robert Nicholson, who has taken the advisory position to the staff. Dr. Nicholson is especially well fitted for the job, as he was associated with his college paper as a business representative at the University of Chicago.

Observation of preliminary work on the Beacon gives promise that our paper will become an even better coordinated organ of public opinion with his help and with the benefits of his experience.

Call For Prospective Reporters

The editors of the Beacon wish to call upon all members of the student body who are interested in journalism to avail themselves of the opportunity to work upon the Beacon. Due to the fact that there is no formal tryout for the Beacon staff, many students receive the impression that the staff is a closed body. There is also a crying need for typists, for people who are interested in the business end of the newspaper, or for those who just like to turn their hand at a bit of verse. The Beacon can and will use you. So come out and join in the hard work, good associations, and fun of getting out your college paper.

PITTER
PATTER

LAMENTATIONS TO DIANA

In some forgotten corner of my heart
 You lie in state,
 You who loved so well,
 Taught me to hate.
 To hate the usurping powers of
 the mind,
 Which clutches blindly on to firm
 belief,
 Nor loosens in its clinging ten-
 drils
 Pious leanings of my soul.
 O chaste fancies planted by a host
 of governed brains!
 O spinster notions, no flight of
 fancy stormed!
 Forsaken, yet to bear aloft the
 plume glittering white,
 But never meant to bloom.
 To bloom as life fulfilled,
 And rich with love;
 So I cast you out and now you lie
 In some forgotten corner of my
 heart.

THE CHANTEY

The Chantey sings his rolling song
 Of treasure ships, uncharted
 main;
 The Chantey sings—the nights are
 long,
 And nostalgia brings remembered
 pain.
 The Chantey sings, his eyes grow
 dim,
 His tattered maps he lays away;
 He leaves the world he entered in,
 The world of waves and sheltered
 bays.
 The Chantey sings—of years gone
 by,
 A smile smooths his wrinkled
 brow;
 He sings of sails against the sky,
 Of water flowing 'neath the prow.
 The Chantey sings—his eyes grow
 dim,
 His sun is set—his day is done;
 He knows at last his ship is in,
 And he knows the Deep reclaims
 its own.

CRACKING
THE QUIP

JACK KARNOFSKY

Welcome to good old B. U. J. C.,
 dear freshmen!

While this column is devoted to
 the lighter side of life, there will
 be many times when it will con-
 tain much food for thought. (Most-
 ly corn.)

We could mention the turkeys
 to be supplied by our esteemed
 deskmate, but that would be sort
 of foul.

So Miss Judge objects to mak-
 ing love to a tree. Can it be that
 the bark is worse than the bite?

Those of you that left the Thes-
 pian party early missed the fun of
 seeing Buckingham in the bag—
 and we do mean bag!

We understand Mr. Hart has
 just discovered the new element
 Foranium, to be used in the man-
 ufacture of shoe horns. We would
 like to know what effect this has
 on foot notes.

If you think our freshmen are
 in a fog, you are wrong—it is
 just the haze.

Many a Bucknellian would recog-
 nize herself as a character in the
 novel of a young struggling
 writer on the campus. We would
 advise all who suspect they may
 be concerned to stay in the good
 graces of this freshman, for she
 assures us that the situations she
 plots usually pan out.

Romance of the month: If you
 should peek out the window after
 chemistry lab, you would see Wal-
 ter Celmer and Flossie Mackiewicz
 heading in the general direction of
 Glen Lyon.

CAMPUS HASH

By Rita Wertheimer

This column is devoted to the
 Freshmen. But alas and alack.
 We had hoped to take advantage
 of the initiation to get really nosy
 and gather some facts for presen-
 tation at this time. We repeat,
 alas and alack. The refusal of the
 Freshmen to get into the spirit of
 initiation, thereby depriving us of
 the opportunity of discovering
 their hidden talents, leaves this
 column bereft of material.

It all began with passive resist-
 ance on the part of the engineers
 and spread like wildfire among the
 B. A. gentlemen, who thought
 their aprons just a bit too domes-
 tic. Nothing can be said about
 the ladies. They cooperated to
 the 'nth degree, rising dutifully
 and addressing their superiors
 with respect. At Miss Donohue's
 suggestion, they even got down on
 all fours and yelled like the can-
 ine element of society. But in
 time the spirit of rebellion spread
 to the lassies, and they'd chuckle
 softly to themselves when given
 a stern order. When we mar-
 shalled a sophomore into a corner
 and demanded to know why dras-
 tic steps weren't taken, he whis-
 pered confidentially, "They out-
 number us."

Who lost in the long run will
 never be determined. Certainly
 the Sophomore lost a matter of
 discipline. Certainly the upper-
 Freshmen, still smarting from the
 indignities of their own initiation,
 lost a golden opportunity for re-
 venge. Certainly the new Fresh-
 men missed a lot of fun and the
 chance to discover their proper
 calling. Who knows but that some
 future lawyer could have learned
 some essentials in the gentle art
 of oratory by an impromptu
 speech on Public Square. Perhaps
 someone will miss a terpsichorean
 career for not having joined the
 Conyngham to Chase. And sure-
 ly, some young lady missed her
 chance to muffle Shakespeare and
 say, "Is this a soldier I see before
 me? Come, let me clutch thee."

At first we entertained malicious
 thoughts of serving on the inquisi-
 tion jury. But, we repeat, alas
 and alack. Even this is to be de-
 nied us. As disillusioned members
 of society, we can't help wonder-
 ing what this younger generation
 is coming to.

Since the above was written, the
 freshmen decided to cooperate
 with a formal initiation, and for
 one day submitted to complete
 domination by the upperclassmen.
 Sophomores were in a decidedly
 poetic mood and listened with ex-

pressionless faces as the unfortu-
 nate victims expounded Shakes-
 peare with gestures. The girls
 presented a striking spectacle as,
 perched on the cafeteria stools,
 each assumed the pose of a fam-
 ous statue. Venus de Milo Mos-
 ler was especially striking.

At 4:30, the culprits assembled
 in the theater for the dreadful In-
 quisition. "Judge" Barnum ad-
 dressed the assemblage: "Es-
 teemed Sophomores, Honored Up-
 per-Freshmen, and . . ." words
 failed the judge. He was unable
 to think of a term low enough to
 describe the trembling freshies.

Mr. Willard Goodman was the
 first unfortunate called to the
 stand. Prosecuting Attorney Bres-
 lau now brought forth damaging
 evidence. It seemed Mr. Good-
 man, like Mr. La Vie, who was
 tried later, had not developed the
 correct attitude toward initiation
 in general. And what was more, he
 simply ignored the sophomores.
 With such shocking evidence, Mr.
 Goodman was doomed. The hon-
 orable jury went into conference
 a penalty which suited the crimes.
 with the judge and decided upon
 Mr. Goodman was to sit before the
 court with a bird cage on his head
 and chirp suggestively at intervals.
 Other victims were tried. In each
 case the judge would address the
 gentlemen of the jury. "Guilty or
 not guilty?" "Guilty!" was the
 inevitable answer.

Miss Jean Judge was unques-
 tionably guilty, but just on what
 grounds we never found out. We
 wanted to get up and plead the
 mercy of the court, because of the
 soulful recitation she had given in
 the cafeteria a little earlier. But
 the hand of the law is grim. Miss
 Judge was sentenced to recite
 "America For Me," which she
 rendered with such expression that
 the poet himself would have been
 more than mildly surprised to hear
 the new interpretation of his
 lines. With accusing eyes, Miss
 Judge declared, "And now I think
 I've had enough of antiquated
 things!" Then in a pitiful voice
 she stated, "My heart is turning
 home again, and there I LONG to
 be."

The inquisition was marked
 throughout by repeated shouts of
 "I object!" by Defense Attorney
 Fatcher. Just as quickly the
 judge declared "Objection over-
 ruled!"

After several minor cases, the
 evidence of which grew more and
 more vague, the Court of Inquisi-
 tion was adjourned and the new
 freshmen became Bucknellians.

POTPOURRI

JEAN DONOHUE

Almost Confidential:

Due to popular request and a
 natural desire on our part to clear
 up any misconceptions, we take
 this opportunity to explain for all
 and sundry the meaning of pot-
 pourri. Last year when we began
 our journalistic career for the Bea-
 con, we wrote a column entitled
 "A Freshman Says." There was
 no doubt about we being a fresh-
 man; that was perfectly evident, as
 was the fact that we said. How-
 ever, now we are a sophomore, and
 a sophomore never says—she acts.
 So, we exchanged the title to Pot-
 pourri.

We usually begin our initial col-
 umn of the year with some trite
 remark in greeting, such as, "Wel-
 come to good old B. U. J. C., dear
 Freshmen!" but our esteemed
 deskmate, Karnofsky, is cleverer
 at triteness than we and beats us
 to the punch every time.

This is also as good a time as
 any to explain the policy of this
 column. We do not imitate Wal-
 ter Winchell, hence no cupid cut-
 ups; we try to keep out of poli-

tics; so public opinion can mold
 itself as far as we are concerned;
 but we do try to chronicle in a
 small way the common, everyday
 doings of kids you know or know
 about, and kids you talk to or
 about! We may be whimsical, nos-
 talgic or melancholic, but never,
 never sarcastic, for it isn't part
 of our nature. So any sarcasm
 that slips in is purely coincidental
 and probably deserved.

What's Cookin'?

By the time this issue gets out
 our Thangsgiving dance will be
 a thing of the past. Conditions
 are rather difficult these days—
 what with the shortage of men,
 cars, men, gasoline, butter, men,
 etc. But what are men? Nothing
 we keep telling ourselves, but they
 are nice to have around to open
 doors. At any rate, it is every
 student's obligation to get out and
 support all activities sponsored by
 the student body.

It is amusing to note the super-
 cilious sneers of the sophomores at
 the girlish enthusiasm of the fresh-

(Continued on Page 4)

KEEP AMERICA SAFE
 BUY WAR BONDS

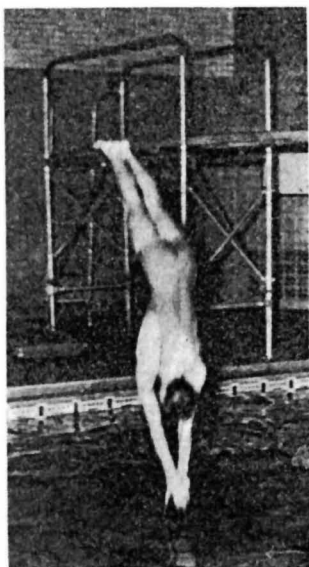
A DECADE of WORK and PLAY



Training Future Biologists for the Important Role Ahead. Scene of the Temporary Laboratory Used Before the Acquisition of the Modern Parfitt Laboratory.



The May Pageant, an Important Date on the Physical Education Calendar, The Underlying Reason for Its Popularity is the Emphasis Upon Womanly Grace.



Swimming at the YMCA Rounds Out a Complete Schedule.



Basketball for the Spirit of Cooperation. Larger and Better Teams Are Hoped For.



Seen in the Future. Archery Teaches Coordination and Poise. The Skill Obtained Shows Its Effect in All Other Fields.



The Library, Always a Quiet Place for Concentration. In Ten Years It Has Become One of the Most Complete of Its Kind. As Bucknell Grows, the Library Expands Accordingly.



The Cafeteria, a Favorite Meeting Place. It is the Spot Where Students Gather for the Double Pleasure of Food and Discussion.



Highlighting the Winter Season is the Christmas Party. Many Fond Memories Are Carried Away From This Annual Event. Influences Like These Help Shape the Later Attitudes Toward Life.

Cadette Program

Curtiss-Wright Corporation, descendant of one of the oldest aviation companies and one of the two largest aeronautical concerns in the United States, has recently announced a continuation of its engineering cadet program, a pioneering venture in the training of women for engineering positions. Once more college women are being offered an opportunity to receive a ten-month course in aeronautical engineering at one of five of the foremost engineering schools of the country at no cost to themselves.

Opening the ranks of the engineering profession to women, the engineering cadette training program was inaugurated in February of this year. Taking to slide rules and drafting instruments with an ease that has been most gratifying to both the Curtiss-Wright Corporation and the schools where the training is being given, the first group of Curtiss Cadettes have proved that the ability to absorb engineering courses is not beyond the ken of the modern college-trained woman who has an aptitude for mathematics.

Representing a total of 207 senior colleges and 54 junior colleges extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky Mountains, these young women were selected from over 5,000 applicants. At the time of their entrance into the program, the average cadette was 19.6 years of age, a college junior and had had slightly over one full year of college mathematics.

On the campuses to which they were assigned for training, they have, in spite of their arduous and concentrated program of work, succeeded in attaining much recognition. At Cornell University, Iowa State College, University of Minnesota, Pennsylvania State College, Purdue University, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute and the University of Texas, the Curtiss Cadettes have won many tournaments in competition with the regular coeds. Archery, tennis, baseball and bridge tournaments have proved easy prey to these potential engineers in their search for recreational pleasure to balance hours of study.

To young women who have the desire to know "how things work," the Curtiss-Wright Cadette program presents a definite challenge. Here is an educational opportunity that also offers the chance to serve a vital role in our war of production. If a college woman is in her sophomore year or if she is a junior or senior student and at least 18 years of age, she is eligible to make application for the engineering cadette program. Minimum requirements include advanced algebra and trigonometry. A working knowledge of elementary physics is desirable but not essential. Final selection of the candidates will be based upon scholastic standing while at college, recommendation by the school, a mathematics screening test and a personal interview with the Curtiss-Wright representative.

If selected for training, she will receive a ten months streamlined course in subjects related specifically to the aeronautical engineering problems of the aircraft industry. During this time her tuition as well as her room and board will be furnished by the corporation. In addition, she will receive a salary of \$10 per week to cover incidental expenses. While in training, she will live with the rest of the cadettes in a unit on the campus subject to the regular college and dormitory rules and regulations. She will be required to meet the scholastic standards of the university to which she is assigned.

★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Mrs. Leo Glasser, the former Huddy Morgan, is now living in Norfolk, Va. . . . Betty Tonks Reese and her husband, a naval officer, are also stationed in Norfolk . . . Pvt. Joseph Sooby is now listed as a musician at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin . . . Pvt. Edward Nork is at Ryson College, Ryson, Wisconsin . . . Robert Nagle has been transferred from Greensboro, N. C., to St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire . . . Cadet Earle Herbert is now stationed at Cornell University, studying engineering . . . Walter Rutka is an announcer at WMCA, New York City . . . Betty Fenton, formerly of Philadelphia, is now in New York City . . . B. U. J. C. was recently

commended for Irene Kessler, Ruth Keats and Emma Lee Kan-yuck by the Cornell University Hospital . . . Eva Charnowitz and Norma Lee Hoover are at State . . . Christopher O'Malley, who visited here recently, is stationed at Camp Benning, Georgia . . . Dorothy Snyder, Cecile Silverman and Bertha Arnold have all transferred to the campus . . . Lillian Rosenn is taking library work at Drexell. She was graduated from Elmira College for Women . . . Pvt. Isadore Berger, who is now home on furlough, is stationed at Orlando, Florida . . . Joseph Lorusso is studying at Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge

. . . Ralph Waters is an air cadet at Stillwater, Okla. . . Pvt. William Davis is stationed at Fort Sill, Okla. . . Alfred Groh is at gunnery school in Las Vegas, Nev. . . Ruth Smith of Buffalo was a recent visitor here . . . Jack Smith is stationed at the University of Minnesota . . . Pvt. Milton Britten is now studying at Yale . . . Milton Edleman is a meteorologist at Pueblo, Col. . . Mrs. Frederick McGowan, the former Bedeth Morgan, is at Garder City, Kansas, where her husband is a weather observer . . . Pvt. George Parker is stationed at Camp Fannin, Tex. . . The marriage of Miss Twyla Burkert to James Hunt has been announced.

POT POURRI

(Continued from Page 2)

men infatuations for the Air Crew, but when someone starts peeling off the bodies around the windows—the sophomores are usually occupying the ringside seats.

Speaking of the Air Crew (and when aren't you, Judge?) they do add to the queer happenings around here. Three slap-happy females are still wondering about that "Sociological Experiment" they put on in the No. A section of English class. And I don't look like a fish!

The Thespians have begun their first production for the year, and from what we hear, it promises to be very good, but why are all the Thespians trying to look run down and emaciated? We'll have to wait around and find out, but we do wish O'Donnell would stop coughing in our ear!

Passing by:

Bee Anthony and her infectious good nature . . . Lizzie Marlino with a perpetual scared grin . . . Who's Biologowicz and who is Bogusewski, and are they still arguing about whose name is easier to spell?

We noticed the unusual amount of quiet people in school of late. It's heartening; we thought every one was garrulous like last year's freshman class . . . By the way, Ashworth at West Chester and Charnowitz at State send you all their regards. Lovey LaVie, who seems to have recovered his good humor since the inquisition . . . Cap, our frosh president, is quite a boy, and has possibilities as a public speaker, at least he's funny . . . Judge and Franklin—the long and short of it.

Bucknell is becoming more formal! The sloppy sweater, sox, and loafer collegian seems to be dying out, at least among our freshmen. More often than not we find them attired in socking, heels, and dresses. Why? We'll delve into it and let you know at our earliest convenience. But it is odd, and it worries us.

We are writing this during the dance, and the music is tantalizing, and so is the food. We are weakening—this stops here. So long, and don't think it ain't been charmin'!

AHEM!

When he told me I was beautiful,
With the world's prettiest eyes,
I knew him for a truthful man
Who wouldn't tell me lies.

PERT AND TIMELY

EXCERPTS FROM ESQUIRE

Never ask us out on Friday evening, for that is the night we sit home and answer the questions on "Information Please" before the experts do.

An Adventure With Shoes

No doubt you have seen or heard the way the government has men break in new shoes. We read it and thought we would try it out. So we put on our new shoes, ran about an inch of water in the bathtub and then dunked our shoes in the tub for exactly five minutes; then following the printed instructions we walked around for one hour while the shoes dried on our feet. The plan works too, the shoes fit well and are very comfortable—and we probably would have had pneumonia anyway.

If winter comes—can tires be far behind?

If a man asks a girl to go for a ride in the country these days, she can be sure it's love.

Advice From an Expert

Two men were talking.
"I have made a deep study of the subject of women and have reached some very interesting conclusions."

"Tell me more."

"All women fall into one of two classes—they are either introverts or extroverts."

"So what?"

"Why, by finding which class a woman belongs to—the way to her heart becomes open . . . for example, if she is an extrovert it would be impossible to make love to her in the dark—she wants to see and be seen—she is the kind of a woman who kisses with her eyes open—and wears those real short bathing suits. To appeal to her you take her places where she can see and be seen . . . she loves the admiration of the crowd and will show her love for anyone who makes it possible for her to be seen. On the other hand, we have the introvert type girl who loves to sit quietly in the corner and have someone read poetry to her. Her interests are deep inside her and to gain her interest a man must whisper to her while walking in the moonlight, or hold her hand in the dark of a movie theater."

"Gosh, I'm glad to learn all this—you see I've never been out with a woman."

"Neither have I."
. . . the end . . .

Some people are still singing

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