



CONGRATULATIONS GRADUATES

SOCIAL EVENTS OF YEAR

The year's social events began with a Freshman Frolic, October 2, in Kirby Hall. Refreshments were served and the freshmen were given an opportunity to meet socially. 'Twas fun, remember?

Next event of importance was the Thanksgiving dance, Friday, November 27, at Kirby. George Summerson played, and it was cold. Brrr!

Of course, the monthly teas of the girls' sorority were rather more like weekly affairs, but no one minded.

If we remember correctly, November 27 was the week-end that eight sophomore girls spent a hectic week-end in "The Big City" with Miss Sangiuliano.

December 26, the Christmas dance finally came off after much bickering as to time and place. It was held at Hotel Sterling's General MacArthur room, with Donlin's Pennsylvonians.

About the middle of December, just before Christmas vacations, the Thespians produced "Are You a Mason?" Or course, the second night of the performance there was a private show in the front row, but the engineers have been behaving lately.

The night of the play also marked the Sorority Buffet Supper, which was a great success (with lots of food). That was in 1942 B. R. (Before Rationing).

Around January 29, the Glee Club held its first social gathering at a supper party for members, parents, and friends. The Glee Club went hayseed and ended up with a farmer dance.

We almost forgot to mention the series of seven hostess dinners which were held at various times during the second semester. The dinners were prepared and served by the girls, with the men of the college as guests. Miss Sangiuliano and Dr. Reif usually presided.

More recently was the outstanding dramatic production, "The Cradle Song," which was highly enjoyed by the student body.

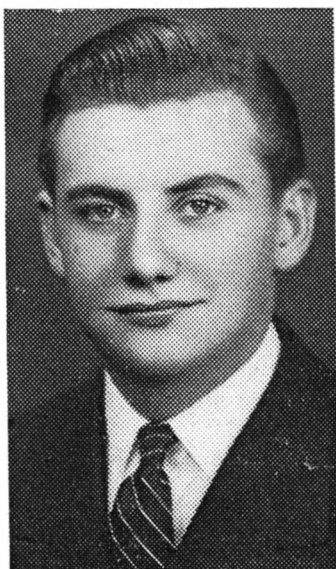
Then came spring vacation, the pageant, and the exams.

May 25, the formal dinner dance at the Sterling in the Admiral Stark ballroom.

Finally, the final social event of the year, Dr. and Mrs. Farley's dinner for the sophomores.

Convocation ended the year. On the whole, it was a good year. The social affairs were well attended, studies weren't too hard, associations were enjoyable, and lasting friendships were made. We got out eight issues of the Beacon, repercussions were heard from our

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS



Left to Right—President, George Rifendijer; Vice-President, Joseph Lorusso; Secretary-Treasurer, William Meyers.

CONVOCATION

The annual convocation ceremonies of Bucknell University Junior College was conducted on May 27th at 8:30 p. m., in the First Baptist Church. The invocation was pronounced by Dr. Charles Stillwell Roush, pastor of the First Baptist Church and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Junior College. The musical background was provided by Helen Louise Bitler, who sang "Oh, Rest in the Lord," from "Elijah," by Mendelssohn; by Mrs. Helen Fritz McHenry, organist; and by the Junior College Choral Club, who sang "All Through the Night" and "Requiem Aeternam." The speaker was Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, author and lecturer, whose interests lie in the field of international Christian service. Several of the many councils and committees upon which he has served in official capacity are the Department of Relations with Churches Abroad, Federal Councils of Churches of Christ in America, European Central Bureau for International Church Aid (Geneva), World Conference of Faith and Order (Lausanne), and China Famine Relief. Certificates of achievement were presented by Mr. Gilbert McClintock, president of the local Board of Trustees, to those who have completed sixty-four credits and have obtained an equal number of quality points. Rabbi Samuel Wolk pronounced the benediction.

forums in assembly, Finley had misplaced his car, but on the whole, it was a good year, and we believe everyone echoes our sentiments.

ASSEMBLY SPEAKER GUEST AT TEA

Following the address of the Rev. Mr. Kovacs at a special assembly on the afternoon of Friday, May 21st, Mrs. Farley entertained the college women at tea and presented as guest of honor the speaker of the day.

Mr. Kovacs was led to display his exceptional vocal talents other than as a public speaker, when he sang a group of folksongs from his native land and his mother's farewell song sung to him when he left for America.

The guest of honor has had a broad education in the field of music. Probably he gained his earliest knowledge from his mother, who is a composer in her own right, having had her songs in Magyar and German printed. In America he studied at the Juillard School of Music, in the Westminster Choir School at Princeton, and with Dr. Lippe, who has taught such notable singers as Nelson Eddy.

The women of the college wish to express, through the Beacon, their deep appreciation of Mrs. Farley's generosity and thoughtfulness in providing this occasion for them.

There's lots of things in the poison ivy class. If you don't touch them, they won't hurt you.

PAGEANT A SUCCESS

Saturday, May 15th, the eurythmics classes, under the direction of Miss Norma Sangiuliano, presented the fifth annual May pageant. The queen of the pageant was Treveryan Williams and, as is the custom, was crowned by last year's queen, Elizabeth Womelsdorf. Members of the queen's court were: Eva Charnowitz, Norma Lee Hoover, Mary Hutchko, and Ruth Williams. The flower girls were: Marlene Barney, Marguerite Kohl, and Jane Louise Gage. The queen's page was George Hutter, who presented her with a beautiful bouquet after she was crowned.

This year the theme of the pageant centered about the beloved story of the Sleeping Beauty. The pageant was divided into three episodes. The first episode relates the christening ceremony of an infant princess. In the second episode, the princess has reached her eighteenth birthday. While the peasants are celebrating by dancing in her honor, the wicked fairy godmother appears, bearing the gift of a loom for the princess. While admiring it, the princess pricks her finger and immediately falls into a deep sleep. The third episode takes place after the elapse of a hundred years. Hedges and flowers have sprung up about the sleeping beauty, and the regions are inhabited by pixies and nymphs. By chance a wandering prince has stumbled upon the hidden castle, and, upon investigating, he discovers the princess. He drops down at her side, kisses her hand, and breaks the spell. The

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WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

This may seem to some to be a peculiar and inappropriate time to be taking stock of what the people of the United States are fighting for. But to me it seems necessary to do so. We, with our partner nations, have engaged in a world-wide conflict that, in the language of that other war of 1918, must be "the war to end wars." The alternative to this is a renewed and continuous struggle among mankind that can only end in the collapse of human civilization and even in the annihilation of peoples.

Although we in the United States are at war, there are still signs of the persistence of isolationism, and symptoms of reactionary attitudes. There are still evidences of intolerance and of prejudice. That we should maintain the *status quo ante bellum* is still the belief of too many Americans. We are yet to hear a clear, unmistakable statement of national and of foreign policy. Such things weaken and may destroy any effective construction of peace after war, and may even hinder the war itself.

Likewise, we have not had a clear statement of war aims by the United Nations. From time to time, it is true, we have had statements of war aims by separate nations, but at no time has there been a joint statement by all the United Nations since the preliminary one of January 1, 1942, accepting the Atlantic Charter for all those who are fighting the Axis. This Charter, issued as a result of the notable meeting in August, 1941, of the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States, incorporates certain common principles, but hardly amounts to a complete or detailed pronouncement of concrete aims. Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt have met many times since then, and various statements have been issued. But there is a prime fault in all these meetings, because they represented only the heads of state of two great nations. Mr. Wendell Willkie is only one of the critics who have deplored this practice.

The world well may await with eagerness the day when the heads of the Russian and Chinese peoples may, along with many others, take their equal part in joint councils that can produce definitive statements of war aims and peace aims which will seem complete and mutually satisfactory; representative not of only one or two leading nations, but universally applicable. If universality can ever be achieved, now is the time to seek

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~ EDITORIALS ~

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

Vol. 7. Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Tuesday, June 15, 1943. No. 8

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B. U. J. C. EXPANDING FAST

September, 1943, marks the first decade of the existence of the Bucknell University Junior College. In these short years, the Junior College has become an integral part of Wyoming Valley life. The Junior College owes its beginning to men who saw in the valley of over a third of a million people a lack of higher educational facilities and founded the college as a co-educational institution.

Primarily through the efforts of Dr. Frank G. Davis, head of the Educational Department of Bucknell University, the first plans were put into action. After Dr. Davis presented the idea to the trustees, and after the Board of Education of Pennsylvania set its stamp of approval, the Junior College opened in September of 1933 on the third floor of the Wilkes-Barre Business College. The growth of the Junior College necessitated the renting of the whole building in the following year. In 1937, the residences of two prominent Wilkes-Barre families were endowed to the college and were named John N. Conyngham Hall and Chase Hall in honor of their donors. In 1941, the Kirby Home of Education was also endowed to the college by Allan Kirby in memory of his mother and father. These buildings now house the various departments of the Junior College.

At present, plans are being put into effect to make the Junior College a full four-year institution. These plans, although momentarily retarded by the current war, will be, nevertheless, continued. Various educational groups and civic organizations are giving much encouragement, and the students of the Junior College have also expressed a desire that a four-year college be located here.

It is gratifying to look about and see the great strides which the Junior College has made in the first ten years of her existence. She will continue to grow and give to the young men and women of this valley the heritage they deserve.

EDITORS THANK CO-WORKERS

In this, the final edition of the Beacon, the editors wish to express their appreciation to the faithful columnists, reporters and staff assistants for their contributions. We have had fun working with these people, and we have looked with anticipation to the submission of their various columns and news items. The thoughtful discussions by Mr. Sullum of current international issues, the slightly incoherent (and shall we say slaphappy) column of Messrs. Markowitz and Patoski, the choice gossip of Ruth Keats and Mary Hutchko, and Jack Karnofsky's humor, we have found equally stimulating. We are indebted to Don Kresge for the fine piece of work which he has done in substituting for Harold Smith. Both columns have proved most enjoyable to those of us who are (and who isn't) addicted to music of the popular idiom. To all of those who have been so helpful and cooperative, we are deeply appreciative.

**KEEP AMERICA SAFE
BUY WAR BONDS**

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Donald O. Roselle, 2nd Lt., Ac
 Hq. AMEWATC, A. P. O. 625,
 c/o Postmaster, Miami, Fla.

Dear Prof. Faint:

I send you greetings from Brightest Africa, reporting so that you may keep me properly filed in your alumni records. Little else I can say, save "Here I am."

Was at the Engineering Cadet Detachment at Chanute Field, Illinois, from July to December last year. (The detachment is now located at Yale University. Married out there on October 24 to Elsa Butterworth, Bucknell, '41. From Chanute went to West Palm Beach, where we had a ten-week honeymoon at government expense. After some time alone in Miami, I came overseas, where I am now an engineering officer in the Air Transport Command. Work is very interesting and worthwhile, and there's plenty of it about nine hours a day, seven days a week, with an occasional afternoon off on request. The quarters are permanent, the food plentiful and varied, lacking only fresh milk.

New recent movies every other night. Saw "Random Harvest" my last night in Florida and again my first night here. (We have all the meat, sugar and coffee we want.) Cigarettes are 10c a carton, American brands. Life lacks only the companionship of women. With little means to spend money here, 90 per cent of my salary is sent home to my wife.

Have not yet found any other Bucknellians here, but if you know of any at APPO 606 or 625 I'd like to know, for I could meet them in person. I have heard of many others in other theatres. They are thinking of setting up a Phi Gam house at Guadalcanal.

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 advancement and growth.

Sincerely,

Donald Roselle.

CRACKING THE QUIP

JACK KARNOFSKY

Too bad our last issue didn't come out a few days earlier than it did, as it would have gone far to relieve the shortage of Easter eggs.

We see glass rolling pins have been put on the market. This will give more than one husband a pane in the neck.

Have you noticed how partial Bill Myers is to graham crackers, graham bread, or in other words, just Graham?

We like Mary Hutchko's new hat. Too bad she didn't pay a little more and get the rest of it.

We envy Connie Meyer's doctor, the guy that sure knows how to make money on the side.

We said in our last column, "Our girls are up in the air over the aircrew men." We wish to retract that statement. They are just khaki wacky.

AROUND THE CORNER

For the last time your roving reporter resorts to his pen to bring you that which you yourself would rather keep secret . . . or would you?

We think the biggest boner of the month occurred at Pomeroy's when our illustrious alumnus and shoe-salesman Alfred Eisenpreis accepted a ration coupon—good for five pounds of sugar in exchange for a pair of shoes!

Ho-hum, what else to write about? Shall we get high-schoolish and ramble on thusly—paired for the dinner dance are Beedee O'Donnell and James Gearhart; Jean Nemshick and Ted Swiatkowski. Such news travels too fast anyway.

Shall we dream up things like "orange juice ashamed of yourself?" No, that would be dangerous, as we've not earned our Ph. D. yet.

Shall we write about a phish? The idea might phizzle out, because we believe someone else wrote about a phish once and he has been phoeeling phunny ever since.

Now that exams are over, people have been seen quietly knocking their heads against a wall. Significance? The day of reckoning approaches. Examinations are a worthwhile torture, though. General opinion is that people know more after they've taken an exam than they do while taking one.

The girls were enraptured by Mr. Kovac's singing at the tea given by Mrs. Farley after his speech last Thursday. He is still the hero of both sexes in these parts. At last we've found someone as big as Dr. Farley.

By the way, has Beverly Graham recovered from her embarrassment yet?

Did you notice the smile on Eva Charnowitz's face all through the May Day pageant. She really enjoyed it.

Flash! Edy Hershenfeld discussed an idea. (Edy is worried about being too extroverted, and this proves that she philosophizes occasionally.)

We hope Edy Hershenfeld doesn't find the library too lonely after her recent scrap with a certain cadet.

Jack Karnofsky says the weather has been just "ducky." Wait a minute—how did he get in this column?

We sure will miss Harriet Zimmerman's boogie-woogie interpretation of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." Well, LaVerne Ashworth will carry on for Harriet, and we know she can, too.

Don't you think it's time we forgot about Bernice or Charley. Oops! There we go again. Let's start picking on Al Fladd and Marie Christian.

The chem lab is still doing a big business, as are the lawn chairs on the campus.

Joe Markowitz is thinking of moving to the chem lab for a while. From all reports, it takes quite some time to do fine unknowns.

Here's a \$64 question for the experts. Who is the star and who is the satellite in the Parker-Novitski combination? Inasmuch as mathematical geni have been stumped, we raise the value of the question to \$640.

The originality of Bucknell Junior College was displayed again last week when the math class conducted a Math-Bee. (A Math-Bee is analogous to a spelling bee; same species, different variety). The critics say this game will never become a threat to bingo.

Our secret society, The Thespians, were a pretty picture at their formal dinner. Were those tears glistening in Grayce Bailey's eyes?

The eurythmic class was twice blessed this year in having the prettiest May Queen of the season and in having the nicest weather for the pageant. Frank Speicher looked as smug as if he were the May Queen.

The sophomore girls send orchids to Lois Buckingham and the rest of the freshman girls for a thoroughly enjoyable theatre party. The sophomores were a little skeptical about accepting an invitation for "desert and the movies."

Ah, the end of a column, and what have we written about? Oh, well we hope we've proven a point, anyway.

POTPOURRI

By Jean Donohue

Almost Confidential:

We are sitting here in the Beacon room, Hammer and I—and things is pretty disillusioning. Even the prospect of a Beacon party for staff members is no inducement for cooperation from the students. Since Hammer and I are the only ones working, we will go to the party only. But that's no party—that's a date. Ye gods! Where are those other staff members! Hammers' alright, though—I keep telling myself—I've got to—he's holding the filing case over my head.

Now to get to serious matters—ouch, the filing case—Graduation is tomorrow—but by the time you get this I'd better say last month. At any rate, I wish Hammer would stop interrupting me—Graduation is soon. And consequently we must be sad. That is a requirement of all graduations—and it isn't hard, believe me—everyone's sad. The soup is lasting awfully long in the cafeteria. Our tears keep watering it. So now we call it "Sentimental Soup"—or maybe it's onion—who can tell? Hammer is mentioning—if you'll look on the last page with the rest of the ads you find his column—well, Hammer is mentioning that I am imitating his style—I think it's impossible, for he has no style, but it's awfully easy to imitate. I

thought I'd mention it, 'cause he's going to mention that I'm going to mention it—you see how it is—cooperation is the life blood of an organization or familiarity breeds. Enough about graduation—at that I only liked the sophomores for their bull sessions, and they sure throw it.

Side Lights:

We thought the pageant was very nice in spite of a number of things. The costumes of one orphaned group looked like the "zoot suits" of another era. And I kept tripping. But it was a highlight in our unhappy lives. It didn't rain—no one forgot their parts—it was good. It was sharp, I keep telling myself.

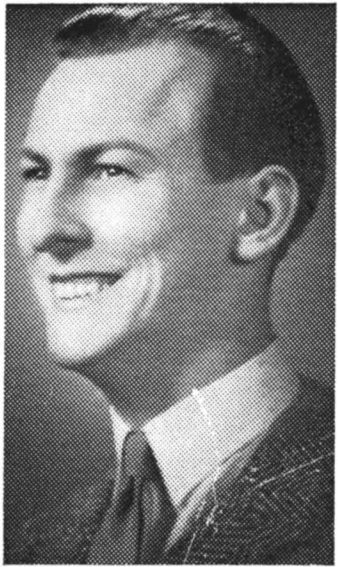
The theatre party for the sophomores left nothing to be desired in the way of a very sociable social event. We were all so sedate until our unscheduled entertainment of Alexander's Ragtime Band started things. We thought "Edge of Darkness" was really a gruesome send-off, but the sophs rather relished it.

Since we're in a kind mood, we'll wish all the summer students cool weather for their scholastic pursuits. More power to them.

We hope the students miss the Beacon this summer. We weren't very much appreciated. Or course,

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We Point With Pride . .



JACK KARNOFSKY

In this last issue of the year, the editors of the Beacon have made a choice for our popular Bucknellian that meets with unanimous approval from the rest of the student body. He is well deserving of the honor, and it is with pleasure that we make Jack Karnofsky our "man of the month."

Before coming to Bucknell, Jack attended Wilkes-Barre Business College for two years. His outside interests include the Sigma Alpha Rho fraternity, music and the theatre. Perhaps we should have said classical music, for it is in that direction that Jack's musical interests lie. We happen to know that he has quite a collection of "revolving discs." (We borrow the phrase from Don Kresge with a profusion of apologies.) Incidentally, we'd like very much to hear some of them.

His devotion to the theatre has obtained for him an honor of which few Bucknellians can boast. Jack has recently been initiated into the Thespian Dramatic Society. Now we have no motives behind our curiosity, but we do think it mean of the whole bunch of pledges to just sit and smile knowingly whenever we broach the subject of initiation. That dumb silence, coupled with raised eyebrows, only serves to whet our curiosity all the more. But we are roaming off the subject.

Jack also won the title "King of Korn" for his column, Cracking the Whip, which is found in each issue of the Beacon. We refer to it rather doubtfully, for we do not know if Mr. Karnofsky has knowledge of this rather dubious honor. Nevertheless, we are supposed to write a brief sketch of his life interests, associations and all that, so we include it with misgivings and hide behind the power of the press if Jack's ire is aroused. Anyway, since this column has no by-line, he won't know who wrote this. (We hope!)

His enthusiastic interest in all the activities of the Junior College has made for him a friend in every student. We express a sincere wish that he will rejoin us in the fall, and we feel sure that this wish is echoed by all the student body.

POTPOURRI

(Continued from Page 2)

we never did overburden them with issues. Heh! Heh!

What we will really miss though, now 'tis summer, is the lackadaisical attitude toward class work, but let's not brood.

There's no disappointment as big as the one we are to ourselves.

RESUME OF KOVAC'S SPEECH

(Contributed by Mrs. Eleanor Farley)

"We who were born in foreign lands, but have come to these United States to live and become a part of a great democracy, like to be thought of as 'New Americans' rather than as 'foreign-born.'" So the students of Bucknell were told by the Rev. Mr. Imre Kovacs, in assembly on the afternoon of May 21st. The assembly was especially called for this unusual time by Dr. Farley to enable students to hear this man who had made so remarkable an impression on other groups in this city.

The students were charmed, as all hearers are, by the exceptionally pleasing and well-trained speaking voice, and by the dramatic and emotional qualities of an oratorical style not often used in these days, and still less often used successfully. The power to move and to stir the emotions of his audiences was demonstrated by the tenseness of the students who listened, and by the occasional tears seen on the faces of some.

Rev. Kovacs was born in Yugoslavia, of Magyar parentage, and is now pastor of the Hungarian Reformed Church, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. "Do not forget," he told the students, "that the millions of people who come to these shores from distant lands, come because they want your freedoms—freedom of speech, of worship, freedom from fear and freedom from persecution. You who have lived all your lives here have no realization of the wonders of America."

"It is simply incredible to the peoples of Middle Europe that here in America we meet together on common footing, regardless of differences of race, creed or of nationality. The indoctrination since birth of the idea of the superiority of one's own country over neighboring country makes Europe something else than a beautiful place to live, and makes for the wrong kind of nationalism."

In answer to a question from the floor as to a concrete way of taking democracy into Europe, Mr. Kovacs said: "My idea is that first we must win the war—then we must follow our military victory with military occupation, and following that, we must spend twelve or thirteen years in educating for democracy. Let us go to starving Europe with loaves of bread in one hand and with democracy and the rights of man in the other."

"The only hope for millions in Europe is this American democracy which we take so casually and unthinkingly. Let not our 'tolerance' become 'indifference,' as so readily it may. Let us be loyal to the great challenge of being an American, and let us always speak of 'our' country, 'our' rights, rather than of 'my' and 'mine'."

DINNER DANCE A BIG SUCCESS

The annual formal dinner dance of B. U. J. C. was held on May 25 at the Admiral Stark room of the Hotel Sterling. The dinner began at 6:30, and dancing to Chuck Thomas' orchestra took place afterward.

In charge of the affair were the following committees: 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.

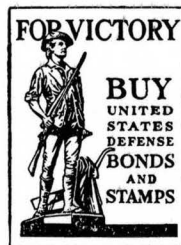
INFORMAL DANCE HELD

A cool spring evening brought together many Bucknellians on May 7th, eager to take part in the last Friday night dance before the inevitable examinations. Chase Hall was the scene of the merry festivities, of which an informal dance was the main feature. Joe Sooby acted as maestro of the spinning discs. Many is the student who has cause to remember Dr. Farley's dancing—and Dr. Reif's so-called dancing.

The highlight of the evening came when refreshments, consisting of pretzels, potato chips, doughnuts, and root beer were served in the cafeteria. Ruth M. Williams and Norma Lee Hoover acted as hostesses, with George Rifendifer in charge of the entire affair.

SOPHOMORES HONORED AT DINNER

As is her wont, Mrs. Farley entertained the Sophomores at dinner on Wednesday evening, May 26th, at 7 o'clock. This was the last event of the social character of the college year and, as always in the past, it seemed especially fitting and desirable that those who are about to go their separate ways should have a last opportunity for congenial fellowship around the festive board, and that the wife of our Director should extend her pleasing hospitality to those who have been longest together in the college. There could be no better way for providing the concluding and most fitting finishing touch to two years of college life together as a class.



NEW RECORDS

Record collectors are about to be put out of business. Petrillo's ban on recordings has been in effect since last July, and many orchestras have had their last records released. Among them are Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller. The only records which continue to be issued are the less popular makes, with obscure and even unknown orchestras supplying the music. However, there are some good orchestras in this group, such as Freddie Slack's.

Interesting to lovers of popular

music are the latest shiftings in band vocalists. "Skip" Nelson has left Chico Marx and joined Tommy Dorsey, Meredith (Miss) Bltke has parted company with Mitchell Ayres and is vocalizing with Shep Fields. "Skinny" Ennis, one-time vocalist for Hal Kemp, has been inducted into the army. He has been on Bob Hope's show for five years.

And now, let's all turn off our phonographs and forget the whole business. So long, Harold.

CHASE THEATRE SCENE OF MANY HAPPY AFFAIRS



Chase Theatre is the smallest of the Junior College buildings, but it houses a great majority of informal social events held by the school. It is the building that remains longest in the memories of those who have attended the Junior College, if for no other reason than that there is no tedious class-work held there, no brain-wracking tests which fill one with an inner respect for the other rooms and buildings that play so prominent a part in our college life.

Although it has always been the scene of eurythmics classes, and, of course, dramatic productions, this semester it has taken a much more prominent part in school affairs. Since the arrival of the air crew students (or air cadets, as we like to call them), Chase Theatre has become our assembly hall as well. Seating conditions are a little crowded or close, but assemblies in general have become more enjoyable since they are held in one of our own Junior College buildings.

We recall the first social event of the year. It was a party held

by the Thespians, to whom the theatre is a sort of headquarters. The party was designed along the lines of an evening spent in a factory. Admission was five flattened tin cans, and late-comers were forced to crawl in an open window to join the assembly line. It was a hilarious success, and it added another laurel to the honors already gained by the Thespians, who, incidentally, are the only society of their kind at Bucknell Junior.

Any discussion of the events held at the theatre must include the pageant, for that is the sole aim and purpose of our muscle-strengthening and grace-building eurythmics classes. We believe the girls proved the value of eurythmics, for the pageant this year was a symphony of graceful movement.

It is our sincere hope that the theatre may be the scene of as many pleasant occasions this summer, when for the first time in the history of the Junior College a three-semester year will be instituted. We feel sure that it will.

The co-editors of the Beacon feel called upon to make some explanation for the late appearance of the newspaper, since it is a month after convocation. There are many reasons for our action, but of them all the most important was the convocation itself. We have felt that the Sophomores, whose classes at Bucknell are now over, would appreciate a review of the last, and most important, affair of the year. Elsewhere in this issue we have already discussed that solemn event, but we would like to express here our feelings about the convocation.

First, we would like to express our enjoyment of the singing. Although our Glee Club is small, its talent was well displayed in the selections it chose to render. Helen Bitler was especially good, and Mrs. Helen Fritz McHenry formed a perfect musical background on the organ.

Secondly, we would like to offer a word of praise to our prominent guest speaker, Dr. Leiper. His talk was especially interesting and it was well akin to the times.

Thirdly, we would like to congratulate via the written word all those graduates whom we had not the opportunity to congratulate

in person. They deserve the honor which they received, and can readily be proud of their accomplishment considering the troubled state of the world today.

Finally, we would like to extend our best wishes to those members of the convoking class who are leaving for the armed services. Within a few weeks they will be scattered over the earth, and Bucknell will become another memory to them. Yet we hope they will not forget us. The Beacon would consider it an honor to receive news from them wherever they are stationed. For the Beacon has also felt the call of the Army. Milton Britten, co-editor, has already gone, leaving behind two very harassed but determined girl editors.

Therefore, though it is unusual to edit the newspaper after classes have normally ceased for the semester, we do so, knowing that the paper will round out an already well-filled year, and that it will be welcome wherever it is received. With best wishes to all and apologies to none, we submit for your approval this last edition, brought out with long labor and much strain. May you enjoy it. We have done our best.

TWENTY SECOND COLUMN

So.

So we are always beginning our column with "so," so it should add dignity. Dignity is important, and we are always a dignified proposition, especially since the editor told Hammer that he is an urbane misanthropist. Which, from the looks of it, must be terrific.

The world is so full of a number of things: of shoes and ships and sealing wax; of corned beef and cabbage and dictators. But doilies is most important. One must have doilies. Not to eat, of course. One eats malteds and cokes. (Oh, you know what I mean!) Not to smoke, Parodis. Not to moon over, dolls. Not to put dishes on, tables. Not to sit on, laps.

Doilies is written upon. For us, doilies is all-important. We can't make a move till we see our doilies. Procurement of doilies is likely to lead to interesting situations, and interesting situations indeed, especially when some citizens won't come across, when we are walking over to a table at Hoolan's and saying we are wanting doilies. For those uneducated persons we are having looks of disdain.

And what are we writing on doilies?

The Twenty Second Column

Me, Hammer and Joe are going to Hoolan's to discuss one thing and another while partaking of cokes, malteds, and hard stares from impatient waitresses. Dave is burning. He is saying that why should we have so much work? Live to Dave . . .

Irma Watkins just came in and showed me her leg makeup. No, it's not on her legs yet. It's—stop interrupting me—still in the bottle.

So, as I was saying, life to Dave is a succession of one song after another. In between songs he finds time to complain. So he is saying . . .

We have a confession to make. We are writing this column, not in Hoolan's, but in the Beacon office, and Zimmerman is rattling drawers and making noise and looking over our shoulders and we wish Frying Pan was here to tell her to stop because we are gentleman and never speak sharp to a lady.

What I like about this column is that while writing it even we never know where it's going. We forget everything we ever knew about grammar and devise new ways of splitting infinitives.

Resolved: That the split infinitive is about to maybe come back. Kansas Lorusso on the negative.

Watkins go away! This Beacon office drives me nuts! (Keep your remarks to yourself.)

Barnum is about to say something. He said "Hooray." Let us speculate on why Barnum said hooray. Because he's happy?

Resolved: That Barnum is happy. Will no one take the negative?

Zimmerman, beat it!

Donohue is writing about us in her column. This is a mere imitation, not to be confused with the real article. She is also mentioning that we are mentioning her imitation and she will mention that we have mentioned her imitation. Oh, bother!

Oh! Oh! The editors are having a fight. Donohue says she is sorry for referring to Britten as a man. Britten cuttingly replies, "Oh, yeah?" Donohue thereupon calls Britten a fine specimen. Britten's cunning rejoinder, "Oh, yeah?" Donohue says, "And as long as I'm here, we're equal; furthermore, you can quote me on that." Britten's clever retort,

* ALUMNI NEWS *

Betty Schwager, '40, is working at the Bell Telephone Company as a secretary . . . Jack Mangan, '40, will graduate in June, '44, from West Point . . . Ruth Elizabeth Smith, '40, is now holding a position as reservation clerk at the American Airlines in Buffalo, N. Y. . . PFC Earle E. Herbert, formerly of the Junior College, is spending a short leave at his home. He is stationed at Fort Logan, Colorado . . . John A. Anthony, '39, who is attending Temple Medical School, will enter the army on July 1 . . . Lillian Rosen recently graduated from Elmira College for Women . . . Muriel Rees, '41, who

graduated from Syracuse University this month, will accept a teaching position in the fall at Mohawk, N. Y. . . Annaliese Greenstein graduated from Bucknell University last year, has been accepted by the WAVES . . . Nelson Jones is at the University of Pennsylvania as a Naval Air Cadet . . . Genevieve Brennan, who graduated from the campus in 1941 and who taught last year, is now working as a statistician with the Carnegie Illinois Steel Company of Pittsburgh . . . Clarence Jones, '41, is now working at the Curtiss-Wright plant in Paterson, N. J., as a mechanical engineer . . .

Murray Pincus, '41, has graduated from the University of Virginia as a pre-medical student. Upon graduation he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic society . . . Harvey Wruble, is at Camp David, North Carolina . . . Ann Celmer, '39, will receive her commission as an ensign at Smith College on June 30. She was graduated from the Library School at Simmons College, Boston, in 1941 . . . Edward Nork has been transferred to Springfield, Missouri . . . Wayne Swanberry, '39, is an aviation cadet at Cochran Field, Macon, Georgia . . . Bob Fritges is at Penn State.

"Oh, yeah?" Donohue says some other things and Britten administers the coup de grace, "Oh, yeah?" Donohue, chastened, goes back to work.

You can call this column "A Busy Day at the Beacon Office." Suddenly peace and quiet descend over the office like a pall of gloom. Suddenly there is nothing more to write about.

And so we shall wind up.

Dave the Duck.

Frying Pan Joe.

Ambrose Hammer.

Now, if you want to read the beginning of this column, look up above the title. As you may have gathered, our motive in writing this column is that the reader should never lose heart; he should expect anything from a play-by-play description of an earthquake to a painstakingly description of a fly posing happily on someone's nose. We started from the middle of this column and worked out to both ends.

This is the explanation:

There are three of us.

We have assumed various titles.

We write with a peculiar brand of humor (if we may be permitted the use of the word), which has puzzled those who peruse.

So much is evident.

This is an explanation.

Our generation is one too cynical, too materialistic, too soon made old. We have tried to peer through the mist toward a revelation of something more fundamental and we found there . . . laughter. We take ourselves too seriously, we are too sophisticated, we eschew the kind of humor that most inspires confidence, the sardonic. For if we are to live in society successfully, it is ourselves our enemies, our institutions. And we must laugh at, not our friends, this we have done. We have examined ourselves under the object we of an all-revealing microscope, and have found much that was mirthful, little that was not. And we have laughed, and we hope you have joined in our laughter.

BOWLING CHAMPS SELECTED

The B. J. C. keglers, having completed their scheduled games, held a playoff to decide the champions. Halls team won. Here's how the teams lined up.

Up to the finals: Bernhardt; Hall; Reif; May; McGlynn; Gelb.

The first four teams played off; Bernhardt took Reif, and Hall took May. Hall and Bernhardt played off, Hall's team winning—point, game, set, match, as it were.

The two high averages were: Bernhardt, 147; and Rifendifer, 140. The high game was Baut's 204.

What Are We Fighting For?

(Continued from Page 1)

it, for a truly global and universal for every person now on the globe war holds consequences of import and yet to be born.

Some encouragement may be derived from the fact that in recent days both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have expressed in public that it is their hope and desire soon to bring about personal meetings with Mr. Stalin and with Generalissimo Chiang. Doubtless the mission of Mr. Davies is somehow related to this ultimate objective, and it must indicate that something very concrete is being done to bring about the ends I feel to be desirable.

I agree when one says that we have not as yet, and perhaps cannot yet decide upon, a complete foreign policy for America. At the same time I maintain there are certain principles we can and must decide upon now. Not only this, but this policy should be stated in no uncertain terms. As a next step, it would be in order to have a meeting of the heads of state of all the United Nations, to adopt joint war aims and peace aims. So far, the Ball-Hatch resolution in the Senate seems headed in a right direction.

All these things must be done. The alternative is, perhaps, a military victory . . . but a victory without a lasting peace. Churchill said it well in his broadcast of May 14th:

"Ah! but victory is no conclusion. Even final victory will only open a new and happier field of valiant endeavor."

ARNOLD SULLUM.

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

CAMPUS GRADUATES FORMER STUDENTS

The publicity office of Bucknell University at Lewisburg has announced that ten students from the Wilkes-Barre area are scheduled to be graduated at the university's 93rd annual commencement on May 28. The Bucknell Beacon takes pride in pointing out that all of the ten are former students and graduates of the Junior College. Their names and their degrees follow:

From Wilkes-Barre — Thomas Brislin, Bachelor of Science in Commerce and Finance; Joseph Kulikuskas, Bachelor of Arts; Carolyn Nagro, Bachelor of Arts; John Rauch, Bachelor of Science in Commerce and Finance; John Shannon, Bachelor of Science in Commerce and Finance.

From other parts of the valley — Robert Paxson, Kingston, Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering; Janice Redline, Ashley, Bachelor of Science; Kenneth

Pageant a Success

(Continued from Page 1)

pageant closed with a gay peasant dance.

An appreciative audience lingered long after the close to congratulate the cast and Miss Sanguiliano. The pianist, Mary Jane Varker, also received well deserved praise. The pageant committee is especially to be lauded for its choice of costumes. All the women of the college should be proud of the well-interpreted work which they presented.

If you figure on buildin' a monument to your hero, build it out of bricks, so you'll have somethin' convenient to throw at him when he passes by.

Kressler, Nanticoke, Bachelor of Science; June Shirley Higgins, Plymouth, Bachelor of Arts.

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