

# BUCKNELL BEACON



Vol. 7. No. 12.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Thursday, January 6, 1944

## Thespians Present "Moorborn"

### "Snow Ball" Is Biggest Event Of Christmas Season

On Christmas night in the Admiral Stark Room of the Hotel Sterling was held the "Snow Ball," the annual Christmas dance of the Junior College. The dance was a tremendous success this year, as can be testified by all who crowded the large ballroom to dance to the rhythms of Jack Melton and his orchestra. This was the first time that the dance was held on Christmas night. The Army Air Crew students swayed the vote to that night, because they were in town and because they had been invited to the dance. Besides the Air Cadets and the Junior College students, many alumni, including former students now in the V-12 program at Bucknell University, were there. The faculty was represented by Dr. and Mrs. Farley and Gene, Ethel, and A/S Robert Farley, Dr. Nicholson, and Dr. Reif. A special guest of Ethel Farley who attended the dance was Miss Ruth Dohi, of California, senior at Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pa. Some of the many alumni that came were as follows: Cadet John Mangan, senior at West Point; Nelson Jones, Lloyd Jones, Arthur Rowe, and George Rifendifer, all of the Naval Air Corps; Kenneth Cranston, of the Army; Milton

Britton, ASTP at Yale; and John Cohl, ASTP at Washington and Lee. Other outside guests besides Miss Doil were Miss J. Barbara Kocyan of New York, George Kocyan of Lehigh University, and Gordan Leigh of Plymouth.

The committees worked hard to make this "one of the nicest dances we've had." General chairman for the "Snow Ball" was Robert E. Barnum, president of the sophomore class. Other committee heads were: George Rader, tickets; Carol Ruth, hall; Gifford Capellini, orchestra; and Ruth Punshon, invitation and publicity.

On the ticket committee with George Rader were: Al LaVie, Durwood Davis, Jean Judge, Beatrice O'Donnell, Beatrice Anthony, Al Freeman, Al Dervinis, and Beverly Graham. Assisting Miss Ruth on the hall committee were: Aileen Carr, Lois Buckingham, Mary Kenney, and Arthur Williams. With Miss Punshon on the invitation and publicity committee were: Caryl Thomas, Jean Donohue, Ruth Tischler, Clem Kaschner, David Hart, John Wilski, and Nancy Hogan. William Murray was co-chairman of the orchestra committee with Gifford Capellini.

### To Speak On Nursing This Week



Mrs. Mary Barrett Lowery, assistant superintendent of nurses at the Georgetown University School of Nursing, Washington, D. C., will speak at Bucknell Junior College on Thursday, January 6.

Mrs. Lowery represents the National Nursing Council for War Service and the United States Cadet Nurse Corps, the new government plan which, under the U. S. Public Health Service, offers a free professional education to qualified students. Her visit is part of a nation-wide endeavor to recruit 65,000 student nurses this year for wartime replacements caused by acute needs of the Army, Navy and civilian health agencies, and also to interest college women in preparation for post-war careers.

The latest information on the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps will be presented by Mrs. Lowery, who has recently conferred with Miss Lucile Petry, its director, and other national authorities. Recruits in the corps receive free tuition, free maintenance, distinctive gray and scarlet street uniforms, and a monthly stipend during their entire period of training in accredited schools of nursing. In return, they promise to remain active in essential military or civilian nursing for the duration of the war.

A native of Ohio and a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio, and of the Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing, Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Mrs. Lowery has done post-graduate work in orthopedic nursing.

She has served as assistant head nurse and head nurse at University Hospital in Cleveland, and as instructor in anatomy and physiology at the Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing.

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### Life Of Bronte's To Be Enacted

Thursday, January 6, will mark the opening night of Moorborn, by Don Tetheroh. This gripping drama of the Bronte sisters represents the first major production of the Thespians, the Junior College's dramatic society.

The play was originally opened on the New York scene in 1934, with Katherine Cornell and other actors of her calibre. It was proclaimed an immediate success and enjoyed a long run.

The plot of the story centers around the three immortal Bronte's and their love for their wayward ne'er-do-well brother, Branwell. It tells how the girls, all widely varied in character and understanding, united to save as best they can the reputation of Branwell, whom his father believes to be an unrecognized genius, but who in reality is a drunkard without any redeeming qualities. You have met Charlotte, Anne, and Emily in their tense, thrilling novels and lovely ethereal poetry, and you will meet them again on the stage of Chase Theatre. Tetheroh has been immensely successful in bringing to life the strange and moving story of these characters, the intimate details of their daily lives, their dreams, hopes and fears for themselves and Branwell.

All in all, Moorborn promises to be a highly entertaining play. All we need say is that Moorborn will be even better than all past productions of the Thespians, and that will be reassurance enough that on Thursday evening, January 6, you will experience the pure joy of seeing an excellent story enacted by excellent players under expert direction which will make for an excellent evening.

Mary Kenney will play the part of Charlotte, the middle sister, who assumes the role of mothering the family. Florence Mackiewicz, as Emily, will portray the moody, sensitive oldest daughter of the Reverend Mr. Bronte. Anne, the youngest daughter, will be played by Carol Ruth. Branwell will be portrayed by William Hannigan; Martha and Tabby, lifelong servants of the Brontes, will be portrayed by Helen Bitler and Sophie Glowacki, respectively. John Wilski will enact the role of Reverend Bronte, and Bob Lehet will portray a minor role.

The sage old members of Thespians and all other dramatic neophytes are working tirelessly on costumes and scenery and plans to make everything authentic to the nth degree. And it will be a very discerning eye that will be able to find any flaws in the research department's work.

It has been said again and again that those behind the footlights re-

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### Poll Of Student Opinion Taken

In this edition of the newspaper, the Beacon staff has decided to begin a series of student polls on some question of the moment which may bring forth interesting viewpoints. We shall endeavor to secure a different group of students in each issue, so that we may be sure of getting fresh ideas each time.

The question we have submitted to the students at this time is one which has been used on a popular radio program, bringing forth as much favor for as against it.

"Should the government subsidize college education?"

The answers we obtained follow:

Kathryn Hiscox, sophomore: "You mean, should the government pay for our college education? Well, I think that if it provided free education for everyone, it would just give some loafers a chance to idle away another four years. Yet I do think the deserving students should be given a chance. Maybe some plan could be worked out whereby it would pay part of their college expenses and make them work in return so that the money wouldn't be an outright gift. That question requires thought before you can answer it."

Phyllis Smith, freshman: "I think it would be a good thing if there were aptitude tests given. However, there might be danger in that the government might also control what is taught and then we would have mechanized education, with the students learning only what the government wanted them to know. There could be danger of having a dictatorship in that respect."

Bill Hannigan, sophomore: "I don't think there should be subsidized education. If that were started, college standards would lower and the technical advantages would tend to diffuse. Some students would not study at all, and college would be just four years of play. A college education isn't for everyone."

Jean Donahue, sophomore: "It isn't basically practical. However, the government should help by granting to fathers educating children in college an allowance from their income tax. Higher education benefits the government in the end, anyway, by producing better citizens. I think that having the government pay entirely for college expenses is an Utopian idea, not practical. Maybe something like the English system of college education could be started here, though. If they can do it, we can, too."

Marian Ganard, freshman: "Yes, I think everybody should be educated. This would result in higher standards of living, because then everyone would be qualified to fit

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### Xmas Party Held For Students

Chase Hall reception room and Chase Theatre were the scene of great merriment on December 18, 1943, when Dr. and Mrs. Farley held a Christmas party for the student body. . .

By means of small tags, the students were divided into two groups, one of which spent part of the evening farmer dancing in the theatre, the other part of which spent the time playing games in the reception room.

After the dancing and games, refreshments were served in the reception room. A big fire was built in the fireplace, and Mrs. Farley entertained the guests with a humorous letter written about them which brought much laughter and applause.

Helen Bitler sang several beautiful, but little known, Christmas carols, and the whole group participated in singing the well-known carols which mark every Christmas celebration, closing with "Silent Night," the favorite of all. It was an occasion for celebration by everyone, and will be remembered by those who attended it for the deep enjoyment it afforded.

### Sorority Supper Enjoyed

On December 17, 1943, the Beta Gamma Chi sorority held a Christmas buffet supper in the reception room of Chase Hall for the Freshman and Sophomore members.

The committee in charge of the affair was headed by Beverly Graham, and it consisted of the following members: Lois Buckingham, Aileen Carr, Caryl Thomas, and Helen Morris, sophomores, and Jean Kocyan, Florence Jones, Rita Wertheimer, Phyllis Smith, and Marian Ganard, freshmen.

The centerpiece was formed of a miniature Santa Claus and sleigh surrounded by holly, and the individual tables were lit by red candles. Favors were crystal candy wrapped in red and green crepe paper and tied with ribbon.

The program was as follows: Solos by Helen Bitler, accompanied by Mrs. Eugene Farley. Piano selections by Ruth Punshon.

Carol singing by the entire group, led by Helen Bitler.

Distribution of the dedication issue of the Beacon.

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS.



~ EDITORIALS ~

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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BACK TO WORK

With faint regrets and fond remembrances, we look backward on the two-week holiday of last year. Bits of Christmas carols still linger in our memories, holiday spirit still unfolds us. But the holidays are over, and we must again roll up our sleeves and get back to work. Algebra seems dry and dead, history is boring, English is—well, just English. In a few days, though, we will have to begin concentrating again. School must go on. And with our New Year's resolutions still fresh in mind, let us make it a point this year to carry them out. Let us resolve to really get those themes written before the last bell rings for class let us surprise the Profs and get our work done for a change, and let's get to class on time, too. We can all do it if we try hard enough, and the beginning is always the hardest.

POTPOURRI

JEAN DONOHUE

Almost Confidential:

Just came from a session of selling men's unmentionables at one of our leading department stores, and I've decided to appreciate school. It has taken a year and a half, but now I know. Physical labor is not for me. I guess I'll be a professor—ouch—the faculty.

Christmas is behind us and those visions of sugar plums were translated into a reality—to borrow a phrase of Dr. Farley's. The indigestion was also a reality. We read somewhere that eating provides an escape from mental torment. No wonder the cafeteria is always crowded. At any rate, I ate enough this vacation to escape reality for the next semester.

Reality is taking a beating here. New Year's resolutions are probably floating around the lounge by now, and everyone is expounding their future wonderful behavior with firm lips and lying hearts. If they all stuck to them we're going to have paragons of virtue and very boring gab sessions.

Vacations are wonderful things, but not to come back from. Just think, one more month and the semester ends, but why mention that. There are certainly more pleasant things around Bucknell. You doubt it? I might mention the Christmas dance, which was a great success financially as well as socially. This proves that we can make these affairs successful if the students lend their support. We hope that all future affairs will follow the precedent set by the "Snow Ball." The buffet supper was worth all the time and effort the committee put forth. My, but we've gone in for sweet talk. That's enough drooling for now. We've been doing some serious

thinking of late about lots of things, and it has dawned on us more forcefully than ever that with the way things are going in the theatres of war we may actually finish school in peacetime. It will be somewhat of a novelty not to possess that underlying feeling of anxiety which is behind everything we do or say.

To go on to lighter things. We wish that there were an underground tunnel running from the Square down to Bucknell. Trotting down South River Street these dark mornings and encountering the wintry blasts from the river, we feel like anything but studying. It's an actual fact that South River Street is ten degrees colder than any place else in Wilkes-Barre excepting, possibly, the room where we have philosophy. No wonder Dr. Miller encourages those good heated discussions.

Sidelights:

Why doesn't someone form an ice hockey team? The response would be terrific. We could use the "Y" pool. A few degrees lower and we'd have solid ice. Whee! I'm a nasty character!

We were dreaming of a white Christmas—now we'll settle for anything. We remember the snowball fight we had last year across the street on the dike on the spot where General Sullivan met and defeated the Iroquois Indians (or so the plaque says). We had lots more fun than General Sullivan, and no bloodshed, either.

Speaking of the past: Do you remember Madame Lulu sitting in solitary splendor on one of the tables in the lounge? Staring benignly on our school girlish giggles and our proprietary pride? . . . The day the sophomores returned from Eurythmics and found

CRACKING THE QUIP

JACK P. KARNOFSKY

As we were sitting in our home the other evening enjoying our holiday rest (?), we were startled by the shrill ringing (bless Don Ameche) of the telephone. Cheerful thoughts of Christmas greetings raced through our mind, but alas, this is what we heard: "The Beacon must be out Monday, so hand in your column by tomorrow, or else." Being full of good spirits (hic), we accepted this 24-hour ultimatum, knowing only too well that this issue will not come out till Easter (these eggs will come in handy). Speaking of Christmas, we certainly enjoyed Dr. and Mrs. Farley's party, though we did wonder about the missing mistletoe. Is it possible that this important item had been forgotten? Or perhaps the good Doctor doesn't think too well of this year's crop of kissers. By the way, did you know that Miss Z. worked the whole blessed day before coming to the party? Poor kid! Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! While our curiosity was not strong enough to consult a dictionary, we made various inquiries and learned that "Potpourri" defined is "a little bit of everything;" in other words, a lot of nothing. (This we suspected all along.) With all the wolves around B. U. J. C., Miss Gates' engagement announcement was purely an act of self-defense. What month is it to be, June? If the Misses Bialogowicz and Bogusewski are still fretting about their names, may we assure them that neither one has a name as hard as Stone. Wouldn't you think Karnofsky is bad enough as it is without getting "L" on top of it?

their clothes strewn about the lounge with gay abandon and the freshmen just abandoned? . . . The picture of LaVerne Ashworth standing in the window chortling with glee as she threw the purse and contents of a fellow freshman out the window? The traitor . . . And I never did get my lipstick back. . . . The day we found Irma's hand cream and had a gay time messing everyone up and how we laughed when someone made a bullseye in someone's mouth with a huge blob of the greasy, smelly stuff . . . Those many happy hours spent in thinking up those wild excuses for getting out of swimming, and then taking one look at Sangy's face and deciding that swimming was a wonderful health-building sport? . . . We kept telling ourselves. . . . The first aid class when we sneaked into the "John" to get away from traction splints, fractures, drowning and almost drowned when we couldn't turn the shower off and the water kept getting higher and higher and we kept getting more hysterical and more hysterical with glee and fear? . . . We never found out. . . . Those silly phrases we had . . . The dictaphone in the lounge? . . . The 6-inch hole in the rug? . . . Those anonymous lunches we used to eat that stilled the pangs of hunger, but didn't help the pains or conscience any?

The episode of the missing books and the Don Quixote who returned them to their wayward owners . . . Will you ever forget the premature celebration of the Fourth of July in Dr Albrecht's class? Things certainly popped! . . . The night of Edy Herschenfeld's party, when one (1) man showed up? Did we treat him royally? . . . The excitement when the first contingent of Air Crew arrived? . . . What did happen to the C. P. T.'s? . . . How about the terrible gnawing sensation in the pit of your stomach when you first got up to give your fifteen-minute speech and you looked around and met all those alien glances of your closest friends? . . . The bi-

CAMPUS HASH

EVA YAREMKO

The New Year is here again, complete with its well-meaning resolutions. By this time one-half the student body has broken one-half its resolutions and everyone is ready to begin where he left off on December 17. Especially the Freshies. By the time one gets to be a Sophomore, he has assignments boiled down to a routine. But we Freshmen, poor individuals, are in such a muddle in regard to notebooks and assignments (especially notebooks), that we look hopefully toward the New Year and its proverbial clean slate. The Freshmen wish to go on record with the following resolutions:

1. To keep history notes in not more than three notebooks at the same time.
2. Not to fall asleep more than once a week in chemistry lecture.
3. To begin English themes at least four days before the date due.
4. To do all outside reading and sociology research not later than one week after assignment.

When we'd meet friends and neighbors during the Christmas vacation, they'd shake their heads, tsk-tsk loudly, and exclaim, "You lucky people! A two-week vacation!" But when we'd take them

aside and whisper all the assignments which were due by January 3, they'd just shake their heads and tsk tsk loudly.

Did You Know Dept.

There is a drug store in Wilkes-Barre which sells nothing but drugs . . . A popular sophomore has but one little vice: that of adding a bit of hair, eyebrows, or a goatee to pictures lacking these respective articles . . . When you see Willard Goodman, he is usually waiting for Jean Williams, or vice versa.

Following is a letter that was received by a Dad from his son in Ireland and the Dad's reply:

Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t? That\$ right. \$end it along a\$ \$oon a\$ you can. I \$hall \$end you \$ome \$nap\$hot\$ a\$ \$oon a\$ I hear from you.

Your \$on,  
Charles\$.

Dear Son: Your letter received. Nothing new to write about. I will write to you aNon. Jack NO-lan asked about you yesterday. He said he kNOws you very well. Write us aNOther letter. NOw we must say goodbye.

Love,  
Dad.

POETRY CORNER

ZOOLOGY

I think that I shall never see  
As stiff a course as our zoology.  
Who'd ever, ever want to learn  
The segments of an angworm?  
Or do you want to know  
What makes the green grass grow  
Birds, flowers, and bugs were in-  
spected,  
And some in the lab were dis-  
sected.  
We mounted butterflies and moths,  
We studied bats and sloths;  
We examined all cells and tissues,  
And argued all debatable issues.  
The tests were hard and very long,  
Many questions we answered  
wrong.  
And, of course, you know the rule:  
"No helping" (?) in our school.  
And looking back, I seem to think  
That in the tests I should have  
used blue ink.  
But, when all's been said and done,  
College zoology really was a lot  
of fun.

—Anonymous.

GREETINGS!

Greetings to a friend so dear.  
Who is so far and yet so near;  
Wherever you will choose to travel  
My heart will always follow.  
We've been friends for many years  
And never once did we have fears  
That we would part and never see  
The friendship now 'tween you  
and me.  
Of course we've had our ups and  
downs,  
Which always ended with our  
frowns;  
But now we think of them as past,  
For we've a friendship that will  
last.

—Ruth M. Tischler.

cycle rides we used to enjoy last  
spring? . . . Our first Eurythmics  
class and how we laughed and  
laughed? We're still laughing—  
but sheepishly. How horribly we  
felt when we put on our Euryth-  
mic suits for the first time, and  
how we shivered with cold and  
apprehension at going out on the  
lawn—and the poor misguided  
creature who got her signals mixed  
and tripped out very confidently  
and very alone? I never have re-  
covered from that! I don't think  
I've ever recovered from being a  
freshman. I hope not. I wish I  
were still a freshman—I seem to  
have lost all zest for silly fun like  
that. I can truthfully say that I  
think it was one of the happiest  
years of my life. The fun we had,  
the friends we had—the genuine  
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THE FOOTBALL GAME

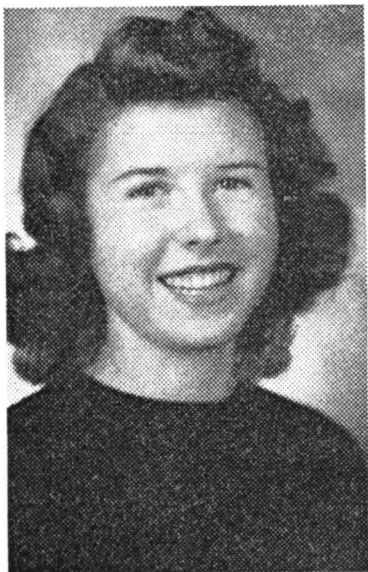
Football is an interesting sport,  
Known in almost every port.  
It really is an exciting game  
And well deserves its catchy name.  
To see the boys go charging on,  
Aided by many a cheering song.  
Down the field to victory,  
Building steps toward history.  
The crowd goes wild with happi-  
ness,  
As their team intercepts a pass.  
Then onward, plunging, running,  
driving  
For the goal line the team is striv-  
ing.  
Then it happens, someone's hurt.  
The best back has hit the dirt.  
Silence then alone doth reign,  
For who, but he, could save the  
game.  
Ah, poor boy, he can play no more,  
Fate has closed his open door.  
For off the field in deadly pain  
Goes the one to save the game.  
In runs the substitute in greatest  
joy,  
Then someone yells, "Why, that's  
my boy!"  
In he goes to set the pace  
And help his team to win the race.  
Five more minutes left to play—  
Is he ready to save the day?  
Back goes the ball and there he  
runs  
Down the field for two first downs.  
Those ten long yards to that goal  
line  
He must run in quickest time.  
Now someone's pulling him, some-  
one's calling,  
Yet is he conscious that he is fall-  
ing?  
Then a cheer and then the band,  
For he has crossed the golden  
strand.  
Suddenly there is heard a roar,  
That game is to be played no more.  
And from the crowd a cheer is  
lifted  
To the one who was so gifted.  
How he did it he never knew,  
'Twas only for a friend so true,  
Whose place he took and didn't fail  
To clutch the victory for his pal.  
That substitute is now on stride.  
His name is known the country-  
wide.  
The thrills and excitement of that  
game  
Are never mentioned without his  
name.  
Still the memory shall never die,  
Although that game is long gone  
by.  
For never can a game so gay  
Die a horrible death today.

—Ruth M. Tischler.

KEEP AMERICA SAFE  
BUY WAR BONDS



## POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN



KATHRYN HISCOX

The choice of Kathryn Hiscox as one of our most popular sophomores is one which meets with enthusiastic approval on all sides. It is also timely, since Kathryn is at present the president of the Thespians, who will produce shortly the drama "Moorborn."

Kathryn was one of the several members of the sophomore class who came to Bucknell from Hanover High School, where she was a member of the honor society. At Hanover, she was a Girl Reserve and an active supporter of the dramatic group.

She has carried her dramatic interest over into her college life, for she had a leading role in each of the Thespian productions of last year, "Cradle Song" and "Are You a Mason?" This year, as president of the Thespians, Kathryn has the difficult task of supervising all the activities which are carried on in the production of a play, yet she also finds time to be an active member of the Glee Club and Beta Gamma Chi.

When first Kathryn came to B. U. J. C., it was with the intention of majoring in journalism. However, time soon dissuaded her from that aim, and she is at present undecided as to her ambition in life. Her deep interest in dramatics might indicate a leaning toward that as a life's work, but further acquaintance with the gal reveals an uncanny ability to psycho-analyze people and a talent for sketching.

She might be called "the girl with a sense of humor," for she always has a witty retort for any remarks, and one of her nicest attributes is her ability to enjoy jokes on herself. Kathryn likes to eat peanuts at movies (she prefers the kind of movies that make you cry), to meet new people, to drink chocolate milk floats, walk in the rain, talk hours 'n hours on the telephone, work in overalls building sets for plays, ice skate and jitterbug.

She dislikes very few things, and whenever she finds something distasteful, she has a mania for analyzing it to find out what is wrong.

Her favorite costume is "something comfortable," her favorite candy, J. D. Williams' fudge; her favorite friend, a good conversationalist; her favorite pastime (when she has time), painting in water colors; her pet peeve, writing themes; and her favorite topic of conversation, her brother Harry.

Kathryn lives in Lee Park and, since space is limited, for further information, the phone number is 2-3931. Need we say more?

## POTPOURRI

(Continued from Page 2)

affection for Bucknell and the sincere admiration that sprung up for the men and women who were our teachers.

## A Field Trip Fantasy

By DR. CHARLES REIF

To the faint-hearted engineers who occasionally wander up from their drafting-room lairs to witness the dissection of a cat in the zoology laboratory, or to the unfortunate commerce and finance students who never venture into the haunts of the scientists, the zoology students perhaps seem just a bit queer. We zoologists do not purposely wish to foster such a concept, but at times the evidence does support the idea that naturalists are hopeless, though harmless.

Having failed to find a favorable day for a field trip during the early part of the semester, the zoology class agreed to meet for an excursion on the Monday after Christmas. Some of them balked at catching the 8 o'clock bus for Dallas, but the majority swore up and down they would be there if the temperature were above 40, the sun shining, and no wind blowing.

Well, as you know, a rain Sunday afternoon covered the roads with ice. Monday morning knew no dawn. When I arrived at the Square, the darkness of midnight still prevailed. In front of Pomeroy's store I found Ruth Young and John Holbrook huddled dejectedly in a corner. They were the only two students who were foolish enough to admit the possibility of a field trip on such an unpromising morning. I explained to Ruth that she did not have to go, though John and I had the habit from last winter's work on the lake. When I returned from buying my ticket, Ruth had disappeared, which did not surprise me, for after all, she does have a straight A average and had no need of polishing apples by going on the field trip. However, she reappeared in time to board the bus with John and me.

As the bus passed through Luzerne, our threesome picked up Jean Williams, which would have been handy for bridge had John not forgotten the cards, and Ruth admitted that she did not remember what was trump, so our foursome settled down to playing guessing games (we tried to guess where everyone else in the class might be, but all had the same answer, so gave that up) until we transferred at Dallas to the Harvey's Lake bus, which, strangely enough, took us to Harvey's Lake.

Now in my pack were supplies for twenty-five people. I had four quarts of fresh milk, four cans of evaporated milk, cocoa, sugar, three extra coats, and some gumdrops left over from a trip I took in 1916. The pack weighed over thirty pounds and John (my man John) saw no point in his carrying it all the way. Thus our first stop was in the Alderson Cemetery, where we hid the extra milk behind a tombstone (date 1873) hoping that no new burials were scheduled before our return. We then proceeded toward Fair-Lea, the country estate of the Farley family.

Ruth had discovered (during our stop in the graveyard) that her mother (who had pushed Ruth out of the house while she (Ruth) was yet asleep) had put no lunch in her paper bag, but had supplied two overshoes, both meant for the left foot. Ruth, being versatile and ambidextrous, put them on anyway, and then spent the rest of the day making baffling tracks in the patches of snow along our route.

We visited a beaver dam en route to Fair-Lea, but found the beavers sound asleep, or at least they were doing absolutely nothing about the torrent of water which, thanks to the rains of the previous night, was threatening to inundate their dam and lodge. Just what they could have done about it we were unable to decide, but

we did agree that the foot of water was too deep for Ruth's left-footed galoshes, although she did not seem to mind—cold feet, warm heart, as the saying goes.

I had intended to take a route through the woods, but since every branch was coated with ice, we received too many crumbs of ice down our necks, so it seemed best to follow a trail, and anyway there was more snow along the trail, which gave Ruth a chance to lay her one-sided tracks.

We found the temperature inside the mansion of Fair-Lea to be several degrees lower than that of the air outside. Holbrook, who claims to know stoves (he says his grandfather wore a stovepipe hat) began to fire up. At first, we raced against the frigid atmosphere of the kitchen in which the stove is located. John worked until he was numb, then the three of us rushed in, carried him outside, and threw cold water in his face.

After he had revived sufficiently, he went back to continue the effort, and finally succeeded in laying down a fine smoke screen. Ruth and Jean, meanwhile, went down to the nearby creek to catch some fish to smoke. They soon returned, saying they had each caught a fish. We were surprised, therefore, to find three fish in the creel: two trout and one smelt.

Jean began the culinary work by mixing fresh milk, evaporated milk, cocoa syrup, and a spoon in a pan. The temperature in the kitchen had risen above freezing, although the jug of ice on the sideboard belied the fact. Only Jean's vigorous stirring kept the cocoa from solidifying. John twice froze his hands in the fire while trying to make the stove work. After an hour or so, John discovered that the damper was shut, which he claimed accounted for the smoke in the room. By then we were completely blackened up and Ruth was singing "Swanee River," the fish were smoked, and a colony of bees which had settled under the sink for the winter were swarming about the kitchen.

Because of the low visibility, Jean allowed one of Ruth's socks (which had been hung over the stove to dry) to fall into the cocoa and the event was not discovered until John said that the cocoa had a decided hand-knitted flavor and not a little kick.

Finally all was in readiness for lunch. Since Ruth had brought only her overshoes for lunch, Jean gave her one of her two sandwiches, John gave her one of his two sandwiches, a piece of cake, and a tangerine, and I gave her half of my sandwich and half of my mincemeat pie. The three of us then sat and watched with hungry eyes as Ruth gorged herself and we starved.

But all good things must come to an end. When the temperature of the kitchen reached fifty degrees above zero Fahrenheit, the time had come for us to depart. We set fire to the barn, took sev-



## Bucknell Night To Be Held

Tentative plans are now being made for the annual Bucknell Night to be held on January 15th at the Y. M. C. A. by the men of the college.

In former years this has always consisted of a basketball game, swimming meet, and a dance afterward. A nominal fee was charged last year, and the proceeds were donated to a worthy cause. There was an enthusiastic turnout of both men and women, making the affair a success.

This year the college women have volunteered to take over the swimming meet and to help in the program arranged for the night. Rehearsals have already begun at the Y. W. C. A. on a relay race and formation swimming.

The college men are forming a basketball team to play the Navy V-12 team from the campus, and it promises to be an interesting battle, with all B. U. J. C. students rooting for the home team.

After these events, a dance will be held in the "Y" gymnasium to the music of big-name bands on records. It sounds like an interesting affair, so let's get behind it and push hard to make it a success.

## Book Review

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN  
Betty Smith

This is the story of Francie Nolan. Francie's father, Johnny Nolan, was a lovable drunkard; her mother, Katie, was a woman hardened by poverty. The Nolan family lived in a tenement house in Brooklyn, and the story traces Francie's youth in this squalid, crowded section of the greatest borough in the world.

It is told with candor and with warmth. The squalid and the beautiful lay side by side. The characters are warm, human, true to life. There's Sissie, Francie's aunt, with her boundless generosity and bubbling vitality, Sissie, who marries many times without going through the tedious legalities of divorce. There's Johnny, devil-may-care, who drinks away his responsibilities. Katie, Francie's mother; Neal, her brother; their neighbors, friends and relatives—all are finely drawn under the skillful pen of Betty Smith.

You follow Francie from the days of hop-scotch, and bringing junk to the junk dealer for pennies to her first job and her first heartbreaking love affair. You struggle with her in her search for the beautiful in the dull, dingy tenement life. The descriptions are good throughout. The children (Continued on Page 4)

## Unrolling The Reel

By PHYLLIS SMITH

Every year, as you all probably know, various people, organizations, newspapers, and magazines pick the ten best pictures of that year. This reviewer would like your permission to list the ten best pictures of 1942-43 as selected by the Philadelphia Inquirer in the December 19th issue, since she feels that this list is almost the way that she would have picked them.

So here goes:

Random Harvest (M-G-M)  
Casablanca (Warner Brothers)  
This Is The Army (Warner Brothers)

So Proudly We Hail (Paramount)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (Paramount)

Watch On the Rhine (Warner Brothers)

Stage Door Canteen (Sol Lesser)

The Constant Nymph (Warner Brothers)

The Human Comedy (M-G-M)  
Bataan (M-G-M)

Whether you agree or not, there they are. Personally, I'm in favor of omitting "Stage Door Canteen" from the list. That was merely a bad copy of the Irving Berlin show, "This Is the Army," except for the scenes where Katherine Cornell quotes from "Romeo and Juliet," and Gracie Fields, the great English star, sings "The Lord's Prayer."

This columnist would also like to take the further liberty of either adding to the list or substituting for some on the list (which-ever you prefer) these pictures:

Air Force (Warner Brothers)  
My Friend Flicka (20th Century-Fox)

Lassie Come Home (M-G-M)

Also, last but not least, Noel Coward's great picture, "In Which We Serve," a picture to be ranked among the all-time ten best films. Perhaps some people would feel that this picture should not be considered, since it is an English production, but in cases of outstanding merit, we feel that technicalities can be overlooked.

You may not agree with these lists. If you don't, why not send in your own estimates of what the ten best films are for this year? We'll be glad to receive them and comment on them.

This columnist will have more Academy Awards which Hollywood to say in the future about the always gives out in connection with the best performances of the year. We would like to make a nomination for an award as the best actress of 1942-43, Joan Fontaine, in her magnificent portrayal of Tessa Sanger in "The Constant Nymph." How about you; what do you think?

Also, Warner Brothers' and M- (Continued on Page 4)



# \* ALUMNI NEWS \*

Former Bucknell students who visited: **Pfc. Milton R. Britten** is in the A. S. T. P. at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., where he is studying languages . . . **Pvt. Earle Herbert** is studying engineering under the A. S. T. P. at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. . . . **Cpl. Thomas Evans** is a celestial navigator in the U. S. Army at Pocatella, Idaho . . . **Lt. Benjamin Badman** is a bombardier in the U. S. Army Air Corps at Salt Lake City, Utah . . . **Pvt. Joseph Joneikis** was recently transferred to Fort Meade, Maryland . . . **Pfc. Robert Wesley** is stationed at the U. S. Army Air Base at Maxton, North Carolina . . . **Pvt. George Parker** has been transferred to the A. S. T. P. at Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La. . . . **Pvt. Harry Baut** is studying advanced civil engineering at Pratt Institute, New York City . . . **Cadet Stewart B. Hettig, Jr.**, is taking his pilot's training at U. S. Army Flight School in California . . . **Pvt. Harold Smith** is in the A. S. T. P.

studying at Loyola University, Los Angeles, Calif. . . . **Pvt. Thomas Owens**, **Pvt. Frank Kaminski**, and **Pvt. Charles Rifendifer** are receiving their basic training at Fort Benning, Georgia . . . **Aviation Cadet Carl Thomsen** and **Aviation Cadet Victor Patoski** are at the U. S. Naval Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, North Carolina . . . **Pfc. Edward Nork** is in the Medical Corps at O'Reilly General Hospital, Springfield, Mo. . . . **Pfc. George Papadopoulos** is in the Anti-Tank Company of the Infantry at Camp Adair, Oregon . . . **Henry N. Peters**, A/S, has been transferred from the Naval Training Station at Sampson, N. Y., to Bainbridge, Maryland, where he will begin study at the Physical Training School . . . **Lt. Donald O. Roselle** is in Morocco, Africa, with the U. S. Army Air Transport Command . . . **Lt. Reuben W. Rader** is in the Medical Administrative Corps of the Army at Louisville, Ky. . . . **Pfc. Andrew Kerr** is in Gunnery School at the U. S. Army Air Base at Yuma,

Ariz. . . . **Sgt. Charles F. Templeton** is stationed in England with a Maintenance Unit.

Former Bucknellians who attended the "Snow Ball" on Christmas night: **Sgt. Kenneth A. Cranton** has been transferred from Camouflage School, Walterboro, S. C., to Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee, Fla., where he continued his studies as an aerial photographer . . . **Cpl. Robert Templeton** is with an Ordnance Detachment at Camp Santa Anita, California . . . **Aviation Cadet Nelson F. Jones** is at U. S. Naval Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina . . . **Aviation Cadet Lloyd H. Jones** is at Naval Training School, Lock Haven, Pa., where he is studying under the Civil Aeronautics Administration War Training School . . . **Aviation Cadet George Rifendifer** and **Aviation Cadet Arthur Rowe** are at the U. S. Naval Flight Preparatory School, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

## PASSING BY

ANONYMOUS

Ever in search of news, your inquiring reporter stopped by at the lounge one day during vacation and found a gang of gals agog with resolutions for the New Year. "Aha!" says we, "methinks this may interest our public." So forthwith we proceeded to make a place for ourselves in the circle and engage in a little fruitful conversation.

We managed to sneak some of the unsuspecting gals' remarks down on paper and incorporate them in a column. Naturally, since no one wants their New Year's resolutions to become the topic of conversation of all literate members of our student body, we are for our own personal reasons keeping this column anonymous.

To continue, we discovered Caryl Thomas resolves: "I am going to be Earnest about everything." Her minor resolutions: "I am going to get to classes on time and not spend all my time sitting in the lounge." Ha! Ha!

Bee Anthony says: "I resolve to drop Spanish next semester and to Get A Man."

Jean Donahue remarks sarcastically: "I resolve not to make any resolutions, 'cause I break 'em anyway."

Elayne Williams: "I'm gonna quit 'leadin' the blind'."

Aileen Carr: "I have to do something about economics before mid-year's come along, and I must try and make Miss Leidy more cheerful in class, but ooh, those cadets!"

Bev Graham: "Good night! I never make resolutions, but with Bill coming home, I guess I'll have to knuckle down on my Spanish."

Beedee O'Donnell: "I resolve to cut down on this date business and get to work—but definitely."

Katy Hiscox: "I'll get an A in arts class or bust!"

Marcella Novak: "I'm going to find out why Sangy always 'has it in for me'."

To continue further would be dire disaster, for then we would have everyone on here but us, and by process of deduction they might figure out who wrote this, and then—?

We will not meditate on the unfortunate results in such an instance, but instead will bring this to a well-deserved end. However, we warn you, we'll be around

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

## To Speak on Nursing

(Continued from Page 1)

Mrs. Lowery, a member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority and Mortar Board (college honorary society,) took part in numerous undergraduate activities. She was a member of the Y. W. C. A., president of the women's student government at Ohio Wesleyan University, a reporter on the Transcript (the university publication), and women's editor of the Bijou (the college annual). She was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated from Ohio Wesleyan with high honors.

She is a member of the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education, and the American Red Cross.

Nursing, Mrs. Lowery believes, is war work with a future. The first women to go overseas with the armed forces were the Army and Navy nurses. Even before she graduates, the student nurse is now recognized as being in a service as essential as that undertaken by the WACS, the WAVES, and SPARS and the Marines. Student nurses release graduate nurses for service overseas, or in military or naval hospitals at home.

As a post-war profession, nursing offers opportunities which have been greatly expanded by the war. Nurses will be called upon to take part in post-war reconstruction programs abroad and at home. There is now, and there is every evidence that there will continue to be after the war, a great need for nurses—not only in hospitals and other institutions, but also in public health nursing, as teachers in schools of nursing, in government work with the U. S. Public Health Service, the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, the U. S. Veterans Administration, and in a number of specialized fields.

Mrs. Lowery will discuss the opportunities for college women in nursing, and will hold conferences for students interested.

next New Year's with some new dope on a new class of girls. G'bye for now, and don't think it ain't been charmin'.

Editorial comment: In accordance with the writer's wishes, this column is being kept anonymous. Any communications or the writer, however, may be addressed to the Bucknell Beacon. You have our assurance that all will be promptly forwarded.

## STUDENT POLL

(Continued from Page 1)

better jobs, and this would do away with a lot of unemployment of unskilled labor. It would also cut, to some extent, the starvation and poverty groups in our society."

Arthur Williams, sophomore: "I think there should be competitive scholarships, and not free education. In that way, if enough scholarships were given, everyone could be educated who deserved an education."

Helen Bitler, sophomore: "I think it would be a good idea provided an aptitude test was given to the students and only the capable were given the opportunity of going on. If this were done, college training would have to be general, and specialization in specific lines would come later."

Eva Yaremko, freshman: "I think the government should subsidize college education, but on a strict competitive basis. There are so many who have the opportunity to go and don't appreciate it, and there are so many who want to go and can't, that it would be a good idea. The biggest complaint against it is that there would be a lot of red tape involved. I don't believe that there would be, and anyway, that's a minor point."

## Unrolling The Reel

(Continued from Page 3)

G-M's studios might be nominated for producing the best pictures, as one can see from a glance at the list that they produced most of the pictures selected.

## BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from Page 3)

dren's games are recounted with a flair for detail that will have you recalling your own childhood games, and the passages about Johnny's funeral won't leave you so quickly, either.

This is not a romantic, idealistic book. It's as true to life as ham and eggs. "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn" is Betty Smith's first novel, and this reporter is looking forward to more work from the same pen.

—Ruth Holtzman.

## FIELD TRIP

(Continued from Page 3)

eral of Genie's watermelons, borrowed a farmer's horse, and rode merrily over hill and dale (singing carols as we went) back to Harvey's Lake. We arrived safely in Dallas, and thence by easy stages

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LIFE OF BRONTES

(Continued from Page 1)

ceive all the glory and those backstage all the labor. But where the Thespians are concerned, there is a labor of love and lots of fun besides. So they'll trade all the glory for the rollicking good fellowship found behind the scenes. So be on hand. If you aren't, you'll be sorry.

reached Wilkes-Barre. If the chance ever presents itself, we are going to return to the Alderson Cemetery and secure our milk. The milk will still be good if some spirits have not gotten into it.