



FACULTY MEMBERS FETTERED

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.

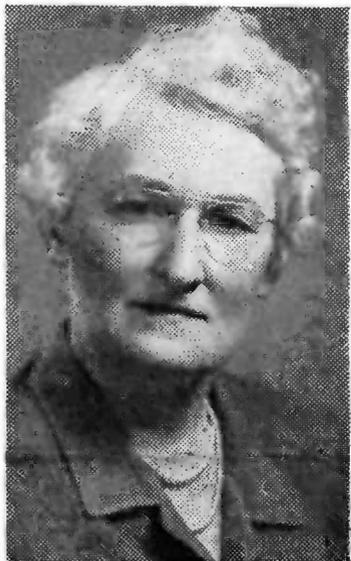
When Dr. Strow is not probing into the whys and wherefores of human relations, he can be found actively participating in some sport. In fact, he expressed a desire to compete with any student or faculty member in a tennis match.

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 Cappelini.
Vice President—Willard Goodman.

Secretary—Eva Yaremko.
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 Koniacko.

The Choral Club

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

Beta Gamma Chi

President—Beverly Graham.
Vice President—Irene Koniacko.
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

Co-Editors..... Marcella Novak, Jean Donahue
 Assistant Editors..... Phyllis Smith, Eva Yaremko
 Reporters—Nancy Hogan, Eileen Carmody, Carol Ruth, Mary Kenny,
 Ruth Punshon, Dot Shephard, Ruth Holtzman, Helen Davidson.
 Photographer..... Rita Wertheimer
 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 PATT

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 contain much food for thought. (Mostly 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 making love to a tree. Can it be that the bark is worse than the bite?

Those of you that left the Thespians 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 Plooranium, to be used in the manufacture 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 recognize 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 Walter 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 nose-y and gather some facts for presentation 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 resistance on the part of the engineers and spread like wildfire among the B. A. gentlemen, who thought their aprons just a bit too domestic. 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 canine 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 marshalled a sophomore into a corner and demanded to know why drastic steps weren't taken, he whispered confidentially, "They outnumber 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 revenge. Certainly the new Freshmen 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 surely, 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 inquisition jury. But, we repeat, alas and alack. Even this is to be denied us. As disillusioned members of society, we can't help wondering 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 unfortunate victims expounded Shakespeare with gestures. The girls presented a striking spectacle as, perched on the cafeteria stools, each assumed the pose of a famous statue. Venus de Milo Mosler was especially striking.

At 4:30, the culprits assembled in the theater for the dreadful Inquisition. "Judge" Barnum addressed the assemblage: "Esteemed Sophomores, Honored Upper-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 Breslau now brought forth damaging evidence. It seemed Mr. Goodman, 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 honorable 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 unquestionably 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 overruled!"

After several minor cases, the evidence of which grew more and more vague, the Court of Inquisition 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 potpourri. Last year when we began our journalistic career for the Beacon, we wrote a column entitled "A Freshman Says." There was no doubt about we being a freshman; that was perfectly evident, as was the fact that we said. However, now we are a sophomore, and a sophomore never says—she acts. So, we exchanged the title to Potpourri.

We usually begin our initial column of the year with some trite remark in greeting, such as, "Welcome 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. Walter 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, nostalgic 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 storage 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 supercilious sneers of the sophomores at the girlish enthusiasm of the fresh-

(Continued on Page 4)

KEEP AMERICA SAFE
 BUY WAR BONDS

Unrolling The Reel

PHYLLIS SMITH

For almost two years the all-soldier show that Irving Berlin has produced during this war has been attracting the nation's theatre-goers. Now it has come to the screen and millions more. Of course Hollywood, as usual, had to change it a bit, but the background provided and the slight father-son story added to the film do not detract from it. The original all-soldier cast is there, and George Murphy, Lt. Ronald Reagan, and Joan Leslie. What more could anyone wish for?

By now most of you have seen "This is the Army" (I hope you knew what I was talking about) and this reviewer doubts very much if there is one who has come away without the songs still ringing in your ears. The picture is worthwhile if only for the music, (I guess I better stop talking about this show before I use up all my adjectives.)

Also a war picture, but entirely in a different category from "This is the Army," is the screen adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's great novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls." This is a magnificent production in every sense of the word. The characterizations are superb, with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman in the leading roles. It also brings to the screen for the first time the most famous actress in all Greece, who is now in this country, Katina Paxinou. As Pilar, she gives a performance that few actresses can ever hope to give.

The story is laid against the background of magnificent scenery. It is true that most of the action throughout the picture is rather slow, but this only serves to make the climax more forceful when it comes and it succeeds in keeping you on the edge of your seat throughout. Hollywood should give us more pictures of this caliber.

Speaking of the future, it may interest you to know that imitable Orson Welles is at work on a new production to be released soon. This time Welles has chosen to produce the novel written by Charlotte Bronte, "Jane Eyre." Welles himself will play the important role of Rochester. Knowing something about Welles and his technique, this reviewer predicts that anything he is apt to stage will be worth seeing, if only for its novel effects.

Clippings From The Choral Club

Music has always been one of the most important extra-curricular activities of the college. This year, the Choral Club is expected to be one of the best. Instead of having a mixed group, as was the practice of former years, the chorus this year will consist only of girls' voices. A group of 20 girls have been selected, and much of the music to be sung will be three-part harmony. In previous years it has been the practice of the Glee Club to sing at special assembly meetings, at convocation exercises in May, and also to give a recital program at Christmas time. A party is now being planned for this annual affair. At the last meeting, officers were elected by the members. Under the direction of Professor Paul Gies, a successful year is promised for all.

BUY A BOND

We Point With Pride



CAROL RUTH

We begin the first issue of the Beacon with our traditional "We Point With Pride" column. It is our practice to select each month an outstanding member of the sophomore class to honor in this way. For this issue we have selected Carol Ruth.

One of the reasons she deserves mention is because she entered in the middle of the last college year. She was the only girl to enter at that time. In itself, this presented the ordinary problem of adjustment, plus the fact that she was a stranger in a crowd of girls who were relatively all acquainted with each other. Carol solved these problems with comparative ease.

In her first semester of college life, Carol tried out for, and received, the leading role of Teresa in "Cradlesong," the major production of the Thespians. Nor was dramatics the only activity in which Carol participated. She was elected member of Student Council, on which she is most active. During the summer session she was elected Vice President, and on the departure of Charles Rifendifer for the armed service, she capably took over the role of acting president. At present Carol is chairman of the committee in charge of the Thanksgiving Fall Frolic.

She is a lovable, laughable blonde. She has a charming personality that finds a friend in everyone and an enemy in none. Our freshmen will discover in the ensuing months that Carol's genuine interest in every person she knows is an invaluable asset that will figure greatly in her success in the field of science and chemistry.

Beacon Party Held

The reception room on Friday night, November 5th, was the scene of one of the most successful parties ever sponsored by the Beacon staff.

The purpose of the party was to initiate prospective members to the inner workings of a newspaper. There was a fine representation of both classes, and in between journalistic games there was dancing and refreshments.

Vital Statistics: Did you know that out of a possible 23 cafeteria stools, 17 are amply adorned with gum? Careful observation reveals the average Bucknellian is wont to chew a mouthful, as all the lumps are of goodly proportion.

Freshman going into a World Lit. test: "Lord of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

Book Review

C O POSTMASTER

Cpl. Thomas R. St. George

C/O Postmaster maintains a unique position among today's war books. It describes the life of the American soldier in Australia and is written with a kind of quizzical seriousness, interlaced with typical Yankee humor. The author's illuminating sketches that are inserted hither and yon with wild abandon add immeasurably to the reader's enjoyment.

St. George discloses every detail from his "glamorous" departure from San Francisco to his arrival in Australia and the ensuing events. Herein you will find out what the men are doing to their environment and vice versa. You will learn about fish and chips; about tea and scones; discover that liquor is "plonk;" that hard candy is "lollies;" that ice cream is "an ice;" and that "Aw, break it down" means "Who do you think you're kidding?"

The American soldier and his Australian friends are learning fast from each other, and St. George gets it all in his book. It's all very global and neighborly, and for sheer enjoyment read C/O Postmaster.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS.

Bucknell Alphabet

- A—is for Aileen, who's feeling much better.
- B—is for Beverly, who waits for "that letter."
- C—is for Chris, the blonde with "the" smile.
- D—is for Donahue, who cracks wise all the while.
- E—is for Ellen, whose sh-h-s we can hear.
- F—is for Freshmen, acting so-o-o debonair.
- G—is for Gates, whose charm is of persuaviveness.
- H—is for Hogan, trying all kinds of persuaviveness.
- I—is for Irma, whose visits we cherish.
- J—is for John, who talks with a flourish.
- K—is for Kenney—that red head with "so many troubles."
- L—is for Lois, who simply "bubbles and bubbles."
- M—is for men—what are they?
- N—is for Novak, who'll probably say.
- O—oodles and oodles of fun to be with
- P—is for Punshon, whom she'd surely agree with.
- Q—is for quarters — time for marks to appear.
- R—is for red marks that cause many a tear.
- S—is for Sange, our teacher of drama.
- T—is for tediousness to avoid too much ham (a).
- J—is for uncle—everybody's dear.
- V—is for Victory—our hope for this year.
- W—is for Winter—not too cold or too hot.
- X—meaning X, which has always marked the spot.
- Y—is for youngsters, we have 'em most any blend.
- Z—is for zephyr—which means it's the end.

On Dance Committee



FLORENCE MACKIEWICZ

Overheard conversation in the cafeteria:

"Were you there Saturday night?"

"Where?"

"Why, at the Fall Frolic, of course! All B. U. J. C. students were there. There was a gay ole time in Kirby Hall that night!"

"I know it, Bob. I brought my best girl and was I there with bells on?" What did you think of the price "

"\$1.10 wer couple. Johnny Clement's orchestra was playing from 8 to 12, so we had good music. It was reasonable."

How about it, Bucknellians? Did we have a 100 per cent turnout at the first dance of the year? Don't forget—Saturday night, No-

Committee in charge of preparations for the event was as follows: Ruth Tischler, Florence Mackiewicz, Carol Ruth, David Hart.

Get your tickets from Student Council before Friday noon, November 27. We'll be seeing you!

The next dance to be held by Student Council will be the Xmas dance. Let's try and beat our record by attending en masse. What do you say?

Thespian Party A Success

The honor of having held the first social activity of the fall semester fell to the Thespian organization this year as was usual in the past. The theme of the party was, as might be expected, the much talked of Army induction, and the evening's activity was entitled "Revelry in Camp Thespian."

The Thespians held open house for the unsuspecting student body, but for once the innocent victims of their merry pranks enjoyed themselves as much as their hostesses. Doctor's examination, photograph, oath of allegiance, drill, mail call, invasion maenuevers, and show, all had a certain touch of human that sent the students howling from the opening event straight through to the final "furlough." The inductees were even honored with a "Stage Door Canteen presentation of—ahem—Lily Pons (no cracks, please), and the Flora Dora Girls, to say nothing of the ample, witty talent of a loquacious master of ceremonies.

Dr. and Mrs. Farley, together with Dr. Reif, joined in the evening's activities, much to the merriment of all, and proved that they could "take it."

Hats off to Miss Sanguiliano and her fine organization for presenting another successful—and we do mean it—night of fun.

Assembly Programs

OCTOBER 28th

At a special assembly at the Hotel Sterling on October 27, Dr. Harry P. van Walt, world traveler, linguist, author, and lecturer, spoke to the Junior College students and the Army Air Crew.

Dr. van Walt dealt mainly with the effect of Hitlerism on peaceful European nations and recounted many of his thrilling experiences in Holland during the four months after the German invasion of that land.

As a keen student of international affairs, Dr. van Walt has spoken before universities, clubs, colleges, and scientific institutions, and on the radio in England, Spain, France, Italy, and Holland. When speaking before the audiences of Europe, Dr. van Walt is usually able to speak in the tongue of the audience, because of his command of nine languages.

In America, Dr. van Walt has kept in close contact with the representatives of his government in order to study further the continuation of Nazi military movements. His extensive travels in observing conditions throughout the world have made Dr. van Walt one of the outstanding speakers of the day.

NOVEMBER 15th

On Monday, November 15th, at the regular assembly held in Chase Theater, the Junior College students had the unusual opportunity to hear an eyewitness account of conditions in England and Japan today.

Miss Hilda Beale of York, England, spoke on the subject of "What Britain is Thinking Today."

Her talk was highly informative concerning the reactions, attitudes and prevailing sentiments of the people concerning war conditions and restriction measures in England during the crisis. Miss Beale dealt at length on the food, clothing and fuel shortages which here people have had to endure, but hastened to assure us that the morale in England is higher than ever. It was of particular interest to the students to recognize the typical colloquialism of her speech.

Miss Beale intends to leave for Britain in the near future. She has been making a lecture tour of the United States for the past few months and was an exchange teacher of geography at Valley City Teachers' College in North Dakota.

It was interesting to note the extreme dissimilarity in the attitude of both speakers.

Mrs. Theodore Wallser, who has lived in Japan for the last twenty-five years, presented an entirely different conception of the people of that country than is the view held of the Japanese. Because of Mrs. Wallser's close association with Japanese students whom she taught, she was not confronted with the actual militaristic Japanese. Mrs. Wallser and her husband were interned for six months, after which they were exchanged and brought to this country on the Swedish liner Gupsholm. Although Mrs. Wallser did condone the Japanese atrocities to our American military prisoners, she reiterates frequently that she and the other American citizens interned with her were treated courteously and fairly. Mrs. Wallser and her husband are associated with the Presbyterian Missionary Society.

Seems to us romance is dying out among our new Frosh. No copy to write much about. But—we can always use last year's twosomes as conversation. Evidence? Look at Bev Graham and Bill Myers. Need I say more?

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 Kariyuck 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

"Praise the Lord and pass the remuneration."

An old, old man without a grey beard once told us it was easy to pick a wife . . . all you do, he said, is to ask the girl under consideration to do you a small favor, such as sewing on a button. While she is doing it, observe her carefully. If she works with a will she would make a good wife, but if she does it as though it hurt her, run—to not walk—to the nearest exit.

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