



# EXAMS APPROACH!

## Student Poll Conducted

In accordance with the practice begun in the last issue of the Beacon, we have again conducted a poll among the students to discover their opinions on a question much in the foreground these days: "Should we sue for peace now or wait until later?" We have not selected our participants in this poll in advance, but rather have questioned our student body at random to get a variety of answers not prepared beforehand. Fundamentally, the eight persons questioned gave the same basic thought in their reply.

Marcella Novak, sophomore: According to the present status of the war in Europe, it would seem a foolish move to sue for peace when victory is almost within grasp. It would seem a mistake to me, because I feel that Germany must be retaught the principles of democracy, and that can't be done effectively until the Germany see the shortcomings and faults which their present government contains.

Beatrice O'Donnell, sophomore: No, I don't think so. We started this war as a fight to the finish—to eliminate entirely either freedom or Nazism. If the Germans were in our position they would be quick to push their advantage. I believe they need to be taught their lesson.

Gifford Cappelini, freshman: I think, of course, that we ought to continue the war to a point where the Nazis will admit their defeat and ask for peace. But we shouldn't overdo it, because we are going to try to establish democracy in Europe, and you can't do that if the people have resentment and hate for America. They will have it if we try to give them a beating they'll remember.

Beverly Graham, sophomore: It would be wise to begin consideration of appropriate peace terms that can be put into effect when the war reaches the stage that calls for them. These should be the subject of argument rather than "when should we sue for peace." After all, Germany asked for it. She needs to see the mistakes she made before peace can be arranged.

Helen Davidson, freshman: I think we'd better keep on fighting until this war is won, once and for all.

Beatrice Anthony, sophomore: If we sue for peace now, we'll be defeating our own cause.

Ellsworth Owens, freshman: We're fighting for a cause, and we'd be forgetting that we want to make all people free if we had peace now.

Alfred LaVie, freshman: I believe that we should be defeating our own cause if we sued for peace now.

Jean Franklin, freshman: Men it over with quick.

## Scene From "Moor Born"



Left to Right—Helen Bitler, Carol Ruth, Sophie Glowacki, Florence Mackiewicz, Mary Kenney, John Dzwileski.

Bucknell University Junior College Thespians successfully presented "Moor Born, by Dan Tothoroh, on Friday and Saturday, January 7 and 8, in Chase Theatre.

"Moor Born" is the stirring drama of the three immortal Bronte sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. The plot may be summarized briefly as thus: The sisters, who live with their half-blind father and drunken brother, Branwell, in the country parsonage of Howarth, turn to writing as a means of aiding the family's precarious financial condition. The girls unite to try to save their brother, especially in the eyes of their father, who thinks that Branwell is a genius. Branwell's life ends in tragedy, and Emily, who

loves the "moor," tries to give him credit for her works. The author, Tothoroh, has been very able in bringing the people of his drama to life and making the audience feel and be moved by their dreams and the pathos in their daily life.

"Moor Born" was expertly directed by Miss Norma Sanguiliano, under whose direction the cast, composed of both freshmen and sophomores, gave an excellent performance. Mary Kenney played the part of Charlotte, the eldest sister, who assumes the care of the family. Florence Mackiewicz was Emily, the moody, silent sister, while Carol Ruth portrayed the gentle Anne. William Hannigan had the difficult role of Branwell, while John Dzwileski was his father the Rev. Patrick Bronte. Helen

Bitler was Martha, the maid of the Brontes, and Sophie Glowacki enacted the part of Tabby, the feeble old family servant. Robert Lehet portrayed the part of Christopher, a neighboring farmhand.

Playing to a capacity audience both evenings, the Thespian production can rightly be called a success. The cast portrayed difficult roles exceedingly well, and much credit can be given to them and their director who worked tirelessly.

Loretta Farris was stage manager, assisted by Elaine Williams, Dorothy Bialogowicz, Florence Jones, David Hart and members of the cast. Marie Christian, assisted by Evelyn Feinstein and Ruth Douglas, was in charge of costumes. (Continued on Page 3)

## Bucknell Night A Big Success

On Saturday evening, January 15, Bucknell Junior College's annual affair, "Bucknell Nite," was held at the Y. M. C. A. This year "Bucknell Nite" consisted of a basketball game between the Navy V-12 of Bucknell University at Lewisburg and the boys of Bucknell Junior College, a swimming meet by the girls of the college, and a dance, which was held in Chase Hall.

Journeying from the "big campus," former Bucknell Junior College students now in the V-12 program opposed our basketball team in a spirited, hard-fought game. Playing with only five men, Semmers, Wartella, Speicher, Jones, and Capari, the Navy, nevertheless, were highly favored to trounce our Junior College quintet. The early part of the contest found the zone defense of our satin-clad boys hard to penetrate. The "Little Campus" soon took the lead when Kotch and Kashmir, fast-moving forwards, located the basket a number of times. The closing minutes of the second quarter showed the Navy, sparked by Wartella, Speicher, and Semmers, slowly evening the score.

Paced by Nachlis, Bucknell Junior maintained the lead until the final quarter, when the sharpshooting "V-twelve" forged ahead. The game ended: Navy 39, Bucknell Junior 34. It was our pleasure to entertain the Navy from Lewisburg, and we are eagerly anticipating another game and another enjoyable time.

The score:

Bucknell			
	G.	F.	Pts.
Kotch, f.	5	0	10
Kashmir, f.	4	0	8
Cappelini, c.	1	0	2
Nicholson, c.	1	0	2
Barnum, g.	0	0	0
Breslau, g.	0	0	0
Nachlis, g.	5	0	10
Totals	17	0	34

Navy V-12			
	G.	F.	Pts.
Semmers, f.	4	1	9
Wartella, f.	5	0	10
Speicher, c.	4	2	10
Jones, g.	1	2	4
Capari, g.	3	0	6
Totals	17	5	39

Half time score—Bucknell 26, Navy 19. Referee, John Nagle. Umpire, George Jones.

Immediately after the game came the girls' swim meet. Under the direction of Mary Heness, the group participated in the following: flower formations, candle swimming, tandem swimming, demonstration of strokes, a relay race, and letter formation, in which the girls spelled the letters

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## Dr. Farley President

The students and faculty of Bucknell Junior College are proud to hear that Dr. Farley was selected as president of the Junior College Council of the Middle States and Maryland recently.

The area included in the council covers the states of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. It is an association consisting of forty-four junior colleges, and the officers are elected yearly.

are being killed every day, more and more as time goes on. Our forefathers waged wars against one another; our grandchildren will have their wars, too. Hatred and fighting will stop one day, but I'm afraid this isn't it. Let's get

## B. U. J. C. Girls Hold Tea

Bucknell University Junior College women held an informal tea in Chase Hall on Friday afternoon, January 21. At the tea, data which the girls had collected concerning the graduates of the college was organized, and was given to Miss Sanguiliano. The girls especially tried to obtain the correct addresses of all those former students now in service. The information is to be used in the forming of an alumni association. Many interesting telephone experiences were related by the girls. One had the pleasure of talking to a former student who had just arrived home after an absence of eight years.

In charge of the tea were Miss Mary Jane Varker and Miss Marie Christian, assisted by Jean Franklin, Betty Marlino, Evelyn Feinstein, and Eva Yaremko.

## Works Of Shakespeare

A set of Shakespeare documents and records in two volumes were recently purchased by the college library. The books are large and handsomely bound in tan cloth. They were written by B. Roland Lewis, professor of English at the University of Utah. The Shakespeare documents were published in 1940 by Stanford University. The books have fine illustrations and should prove a valuable addition both to the library and the Shakespeare course to be offered next semester.

About this time one begins to worry about semester exams, theme papers, and sociology lab exercises. Perhaps it would be wise to remember George Washington and the cherry tree. Or don't the Bucknell students have any temptations to peek during exams?

# EDITORIALS

## THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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### EDITORIAL STAFF

Co-Editors.....Marcello Novak, Jean Donohue  
 Assistant Editors.....Phyllis Smith, Eva Yaremko  
 Reporters—Nancy Hogan, Mary Kenny, Ruth Punshon, Ruth Holtzman, Helen Davidson, Rita Wertheimer, Caryl Thomas, Art Williams.  
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## BUCKNELLIAN! BUY BONDS!

At an assembly meeting last week, the Student Council presented a suggestion to the student body. It was a good suggestion, and a timely one. The only surprise registered was at the fact that the idea had not been put into effect before. With the world in its present state, it is only just that those of us who can afford it, should spend all that we can afford to spend on War Stamps and Bonds. The student body agreed that we contribute to the present War Bond Drive.

However, it is not enough to just agree. Actions do speak louder than words. And the Beacon feels a spirit of responsibility to help keep this idea alive—to help it develop into a result our classes can be proud of. It will be our privilege to be the first group of students to have instituted the sale of Bonds at the college. It is something of which we can all be proud.

The idea that we contribute to a common fund for the purchase of a Bond to be added to the College Endowment Fund is excellent. It would provide an opportunity for us to do something for B. U. J. C. as well as for the country as a whole. What do you say, students? We *can* do it! Will we?

To every student who is interested in contests, we offer an amazing opportunity . . . a chance of a lifetime. YOU are having a party at the end of the semester! YOU want to dance? YOU want to do something different? YOU want to eat? Well, all right. Get together in groups or do it yourself, but plan your ideal party . . . your idea of a good time.

The catch? No catch this time. Just drop your signed plan in the box in Chase Hall. The best idea merits a reward, don't you agree. And so the Student Council, after tearing their hair out to select a winner, will bestow upon him the noble sum of one dollar. Start today! Hand in your entries early. The deadline will be the 18th of February. Hurry! Hurry!

Have you ever heard Chuck Nicholson speak of Marge? Marge must really have what it takes, from Chuck's description.

Could it be that a romance struck up during the hours of preparation for "Moor Born"? The couple affected are Loretta Farris and John Dzwileski.

Dave Hart seems to be quite fascinated with a blond from Seminary. Her name happens to be Lois. More power to you, Dave.

Bill Hannagan has no eyes for the girls from Bucknell. The reason is that he has his Jeanie from Kingston. We think she is nice, too, Bill.

A sophomore and a freshman are after the heart of Jean Williams, our cute little freshman. May the best one win.

ANNE NONIMUS.

Buy War Bonds

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter was received recently by the staff members of the Beacon who, in turn, feel obligated to pass on its contents to those of the student body and faculty who know, and are interested in, Dr. Gage, former advisor of the newspaper:

My dear friends:

From time to time there appears in my mail a pleasant surprise in the form of issues of the Beacon. I am sure this is not the result of an accident, and am inclined to attribute my good fortune to the purposeful design of some one or ones. Although unable to designate by name the person responsible for my pleasure, I feel sure the caption above sufficiently covers the situation, and must include those who have been good enough to remember me in this gratifying manner.

Particularly appealing was your first issue, whose friendly and warm reference to myself, the departed, has been filed away in my collectanea of Bucknell materials. I do indeed cherish that brief but well composed statement as perhaps the choicest memento of my years at the Junior College.

And just now there have arrived the anniversary issue, and the issue of January, first of the new calendar year. Every word, without exception, has been read by myself and by Mrs. Gage. I wonder if many issues of the Beacon have at any time received such unremitting and thorough-going attention as that?

Believe me, I do not drop from recollection the members of the staff with whom I was associated for a brief semester in the business of producing the paper; nor, to tell the truth, do I or can I fail to recall frequently all those whose doings are paraded before me in the columns of your paper. I am grateful to you for thus keeping alive, by the tangible and visible means of your paper, the entire picture of Bucknell University Junior College, its buildings, its people, its spirit.

Some day ere long I shall reciprocate by sending copies of the Millikin paper. Please accept my best wishes for the success and happiness of the members of the Beacon staff, and convey to my former friends a like greeting.

Cordially,

Daniel J. Gage.

## CRACKING THE QUIP

JACK P. KARNOFSKY

Boy! Oh boy! Are we in the doghouse, but good! First of all, our dear editor is down on us for that crack about the Beacon coming out late (as usual); then we knew we burnt up a lot of people with our chewing gum, and we seem to remember something about a coat being "misplaced." So, if we said or did anything that we should be sorry for, well, we are glad of it. Well, that's off our chest, thank goodness! We can now go on.

As you know by now, Bucknell Night was a huge success in every way. The game was swell, even if we must admit that for once we didn't know the score. Everyone was in a very cheerful mood, especially Dr. Reif. Then came the girls' swimming exhibition, and as we watched these mermaids display their aquatic feats, we began to wonder how many people there realized what work and long hours of it are required in the development of each skill represented. For example, the apparent ease with which Carol Thomas went into

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## CAMPUS HASH

EVA YAREMKO

By the time the next issue of the Beacon makes its debut we will be sophomores. It scares us a little. To think of that innocent group of high school seniors who gathered for the first time in the reception room on registration day June, 1943 . . . that timid group that resigned itself to two weeks of persecution by the lordly sopnomores (oh, to have been a sopnomore in those days) . . . is just beyond our imagination.

Why does it scare us? Well, there is such a multitude of shortcomings for which the simple term "college freshman" is sufficient explanation. The upper classmen have no such excuse to fall back on. We shall just have to develop an air of sophistication and let it go at that.

Miss Judge created quite a scene in history class the other day when she experimented with the law of gravity and Mr. Cappellini's chair. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Cappellini happened to be in the chair and for a moment or two experienced suspense, physical as well as mental. The class held its breath; would he or would he not land on the floor? And, if so, would it be head first? To the general disappointment, Mr. Cappellini was finally rescued by several classmates, who checked their chuckles long enough to be of assistance.

The following problem was presented to the introductory sociology class: In view of the modernizing tendency of our age, would it not be possible to conduct church services exclusively over the radio? The obvious advantages and disadvantages were threshed out. Later, in the sanctity of the lounge, where most bright ideas originate, an important disadvantage which had been sadly overlooked was presented by a freshman. "If women had no place to wear their hats on Sunday morning," she said, "think of the demoralizing effect it would have. In time, they would probably would just lose all interest in life." And we'll let it go at that.

While we're on the subject, though, we'll quote the prayer upmost in every mind during a sociology quiz:

"Hasten, oh hasten,  
 Time in thy flight,  
 Make the bell ring  
 Before I recite."

We brought some of our family to see "Moor Born" and they were so impressed that for several days they talked about nothing but the Brontes. It was agreed all 'round that the cast was really superb and that Emily (Florence Mackiewicz) and Tabby (Sophie Glowacki) should be extended special con-

gratulations for a job well done. Hash a la Mode:

The student body has been taking the ice cream ban in good spirit . . . WANTED: One bookkeeper for the cafeteria. The new OPA regulation with its complicated food or refreshment angle keeps one quite occupied . . . The alumni really made an impressive sight in their navy uniforms on Bucknell Night . . . There was a feminine exclamation of regret in the audience when Branwell Bronte died . . . We enjoyed the discussion period following Mr. Kovacs' interesting talk and would like to attend more of the same in the future . . . Mary Kenney caused quite a sensation the other day when she appeared minus her long flowing locks. In her own words, "You'd think I was minus an arm or something."

Simile Dept.

As efficient as the tea committee of January 21st. The awful realization suddenly fell upon them that unless somebody made a Dagwood dash to rescue the last sandwich which was already on the tea table, the results would be quite drastic. The story of the rescue and the account of the way we guarded that last sandwich with our lives would make good reading material if anyone were inclined to write humor.

Today's Special:

The following "Chemistry of Woman," which we clipped from an "R" Club Journal, is reprinted just to keep the scientific records straight and is dedicated to those students who have spent many a weary afternoon in Conyngam Hall in the place fondly known as the Lab:

Symbol—WO (E); member of the human family; specific gravity—variable; occurrence—can be found wherever man exists.

Physical properties—All colors, sizes and shapes. Generally appears in a disguised condition. Natural surface rarely free from extraneous covering of textiles or film of grease and pigments. Melts readily when properly treated, boils at nothing and may freeze at a moment. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter.

Chemical properties—Exceedingly volatile, highly inflammable and dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum and precious stones of all kinds. Capable of absorbing astonishing quantities of expensive foods and beverages. Reacts violently when left alone. Turns green when placed before a better appearing specimen.

## POTPOURRI

JEAN DONOHUE

We are having a very difficult time writing this column. A premature case of spring fever—very premature—is keeping us from the dubious honor of putting our thoughts on paper. Right now, no one should know what we are thinking! We are pretty disgusted with life. And at nineteen, too! Maybe we are just growing up and seeing life as it really is. Then again, maybe it isn't always like this. At any rate, we certainly hope not. Hmmm . . . getting philosophical again. Dr. Miller, please note. Speaking of Dr. Miller, we've finally found someone who admits without pressure that there is a reader of this column. It's Dr. Miller. So if we drool in his direction too obviously, you'll know that it's just our professional pride, and you'll forgive us.

We've heard the expression "going around in a fog" so many times, but we never really under-

stood its actual meaning. We know now. The morning of January 27th is something to remember. Never again will we be so cruel about anyone's intelligence! It was so foggy that Thursday morning that we fell down the front steps into a world of gray dampness. Finally found the street over which we traverse to catch our bus. Two buses passed us up; a car almost ran us down. When we finally got the bus we were a sorry case. Our own locomotion was slower but safer. The bus just missed a few poles and almost removed a chunk of the fence of Hollenback Park. It took thirty-five minutes for a fifteen-minute ride. Then the pity of it all! When we got to town—no fog. Our beautiful excuse was only good in Parsons. We felt rather foolish. We are still in the fog, so this column ends here.

## Music Et Al

RITA WERTHEIMER

Greetings!

We're off on our way. As this column is supposed to be about music and kin, it would be fitting to tell you a little something about our musical background. Alas and alack, 'tis sad. That's all, brother. But we do have some musical gems to our credit. At the age of five, we were introduced to the intricacies of um pa, um pa, um pa by our family, and through succeeding years we have tenaciously clung to it as our piano solo. Now I ask you, what more could one ask? Who's this Olin Downs, anyway?

Having disposed of those totally irrelevant remarks, we'd like to throw your way some remarks about the record situation. It's very well known and very little can be done about it. Most of the records, in the popular branch anyway, which have been turned out recently, are comparatively unknown.

Two records out recently on Decca discs are played by Lucky Millinder and Dick Robertson. The former hands out "Don't Cry, Baby" and "Sweet Slumber," while the latter sends "No Letter Today" and "I Walk Alone." Abe Lyman and his Californians have two new discs, "My British Buddy" and "By the River of Roses" on one and "Besame Mucho" and "So Goodnight" on the other. There are some new releases by Duke Ellington and Count Basie which are really good. Count Basie's band does "Time On My Hands" and "For the Good of Your Country." Duke Ellington and his orchestra give hearing pleasure in "Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me," while on the other side "Chloe" is given.

By some happy chance, if someone besides us happens to like Lily Pons' singing, there's a very high and sweet recording of "Summer-time" which has just made its appearance. Andre Kostelanetz plays Brahms' "Waltz in A" on the reverse side. Another Pons record that is really tops is "Estrellita." When she sings that—well, get a copy and listen to it.

There's a fine album of the entire "Porgy and Bess" played and sung by the original members of the Broadway production. Todd Duncan, Anne Brown, and the Eve Jessye Choir are featured. Some of the selections are "Summer-time," "Buzzard Song," "I Got Plenty of Nothin'," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and the poignant "Bess, You Is My Woman Now."

At this point you've probably had enough Porgy and Bess, so we'd like to mention something about "Fats" Waller. He died recently, and we are certain that anyone who has shown any interest at all in the so-called "popular" music of today has at one time or another run into "Waller on Ivories." Not long ago in New York, a group of his friends got together and played a program in his memory. Some of those present were Count Basie, Teddy Wilson, and Hazel Scott. But "the laughing voice and dancing fingers as they rejoiced in music on his records remain his best memorial."

Dial-ogue

During the last two weeks, we've listened to more radio programs than we have since coming to Bucknell. And surprisingly enough, we've liked it fine. There are some very, very good programs on the air. But to offset that, those soap operas. That's all. Unquote. Among the programs we've enjoyed is the Sunday night airing of the "Radio Hall of Fame," which really does all right for itself. On just one program there was Bob Hope and Dinah Shore. What more? Something else that appealed to us was the Monday night offering of "Broadway

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## New Beacon Correspondent



In view of the varied experiences and accomplishments of Dr. Charles E. Reif, above, the staff of the Bucknell Beacon has elected him to a permanent position as correspondent extraordinary. He holds many records, especially in the gentle art of fishing.

The last issue of the Beacon contained an interesting account of his latest field trip. This issue contains the thrilling story of his childhood. It is suspected that Dr. Reif is from Minnesota, but the Beacon is in no position to verify this statement.

(Editor's note: In view of this paper's conservative editorial policy, the management wishes to make it known that the opinions of the writer in the article below do not constitute an endorsement of the products mentioned, by the Beacon.)

Since my naive admission of wearing a nightcap, made professionally to members of my class in hygiene, various persons on this campus have put this question to me, "Do you really wear a nightcap?" The amazement and incredulity registered on their physiognomies is just as incomprehensible to me as my use of a nocturnal cephalic covering is to them. Were I further to admit my wearing wool socks at night the enigma would become more enigmatic. But I do. I wear a nightcap, socks, and, of course, a nightgown. The cap and socks are most satisfactory, but occasionally the nightgown gathers up around my neck and nearly strangles me.

My adoption of a nightcap as standard gear goes back about ten years to my mode of living in the woods and to an anatomical peculiarity of mine. Ten years ago I was bald-headed. My fringe of hair gave me the appearance of a medieval monk. The regrowth of hair on my naked pate is still one of the most remarkable cases in medical history. Massaging my scalp with honey twice a day has brought about the present condition of domal reforestation.

One night, on a snowshoe trek, I had gone to sleep on the ground with only a shiny scalp and nose projecting from my sleeping bag. The night was clear, the moon full. A peculiar thing occurred. Apparently the moonbeams had been reflected so strongly from the top of my head that a stray dog had been attracted by the light. At least I was awakened by his licking my cranium.

On another occasion, I was accompanied by several guests on a canoe trip into Ontario. On the first day out one of the chaps broke our only mirror. During the remainder of the trip I had to lean against a tree each morning in such a position that the lads could shave, using the images of their lathered jowls as seen reflected

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## Work On New Play Begun

Rehearsals have started on the second major production of the Thespians, "Brief Music." The girls of the college exhibited the same eager spirit that reigned during work on the last play, and entered into friendly competition for parts. Because of this sincere feeling of interest and cooperation, the play has been cast and the work involved in producing it has begun.

"Brief Music" is a sentimental comedy. This does not mean that it is a "teary play," nor does it mean that all the stars are sentimental characters. It is a combination showing the growth of women of our character through three years of college life. In it are moments that occur in the life of every college girl—very important at the time. Yet when we glance back over them in later years, we consider them as they really are, and as Drizzle, one of the characters, expresses it, "Bits of brief music." The conversation is typical of college people and the incidents approximate those that occur in the average college. "Here is college youth at its most appealing and disarming stage, all too short when the world is still in the making and nothing is impossible."

The characters are not stereotyped, and the whole spirit of the play is taken from them.

The play was first produced in 193, but its first college production was at Mills College, California, in 1940, under the title "Lark On the Wing." The author, Emmet Lavery, called it "The Daisy Chain" when he first wrote it. This is one of the few plays he has written that does not have a religious theme. Among his works is also "The First Legion."

### "BUCKNELL NITE"

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"B. U. J. C." Girls who were in the relay race include:

Blue team—Sophie Glowacki, Lois Buckingham, Mary Kenney, Bea Anthony.

Gold team—Caryl Thomas, Ruth Tischer, Helen Janoski, Marcella Novak.

The Blue team won. Other swimmers were: Jean Judge, Gloria Boguszewski, Nancy Hogan, Ruth Punshon, Bea O'Donnell, Rita Wertheimer, Lorraine Rogers, Betty Rose Mosler, Claire Harding, and Vivian Kamen.

After the sports program was the dance. The crowd of students and faculty, later joined by the "V-twelvies," danced to "juke-box jive." Included in the music were several polkas. Afterwards, Dr. and Mrs. Farley invited all to come over to Kirby Hall for doughnuts. Prize event of the evening was the theft of June Gates' coat by Jack Karnofsky. For three-quarters of an hour everyone searched the premises for the missing article. Finally it was found in the back room off the cafeteria. This was sweet revenge for Jack, whose hat had been hidden by June the night before. The crowd broke up and so ended another entertaining "Bucknell Nite."

We wonder why the gals from the lounge are walking around with long faces. Could it be because our whole week's vacation has been cut to two days. Could be. But then we're used to acceleration. It shouldn't be hard to jam a week's fun into 48 hours. "Never a dull moment."

Marie Christian, pin-up gal of the cadets, has been making hearts sigh lately when she trips by. But when hasn't she?

## POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN



Bob Barnum, president of the sophomore class and Student Council, is a transfer to B. U. J. C. from Scranton Keystone Junior College, where he studied the first two months of his freshman year.

He ranked third in a class of two hundred on graduation from Dunmore High School in 1942, and for his continuous high ranking over a period of four years, he received the Bausch & Lomb Science Award. His interests, however, were not limited to the scholastic, for he was also president of his class for two and one-half years in high school. In addition, he played basketball.

Bob is studying with the aim of becoming a chemical engineer. After convocation, he expects to transfer to and matriculate from the campus. At Bucknell Junior this year he has been actively interested in basketball and swimming. He was also instrumental in the formation of the basketball team this semester.

Interesting to note is the way he spent last summer vacation—as head inspector for Fairchild parts, sub-contract work at the Keystone Aircraft Company. If predictions were made about the future careers of our present sophomores, his name would surely be close to the top of those most likely to succeed. The combination of leadership and ability which he possesses is an asset granted to few. Make good use of it, Bob.

### "MOOR BORN"

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tumes; Irene Koniecko, assisted by Pauline Lastowski, Eva Yaremko, Johanna Yendrick, and Marian Ganard, was in charge of properties. Publicity was in the hands of Kathryn Hiscox, who was assisted by Phyllis Smith, Jean Donahue, Lorraine Rogers, Arthur Williams, and Jack Karnofsky. Beverly Graham had charge of the tickets, and was aided by Ruth Birk, Ruth Punshon, and Aileen Carr. Marcella Novak and Beatrice O'Donnell were in charge of the programs, and Gloria Boguszewski was "Holder of the Book."

"Moor Born," first presented in New York in 1934 with Helen Gahagan, was the first Thespian production of the season. The next major play will be Emmet Lavery's "Brief Music," a story of college life.

### CRACKING THE QUIP

(Continued from Page 2)

that dive could never be executed without practice. As for the dance, well, the girls sure had gobs of fun, and everything was shipshape. We have to stop before we get seasick.

## Students Vote On Bond Plan

On Monday, January 24, a regular assembly of the student body met in Chase Theatre to discuss the possible participation of the Junior College in the fourth War Loan Drive.

Dr. Farley opened the meeting with the reading of a letter from Mrs. Miner of the U. S. O., thanking the school for the generous contribution made to the U. S. O. with funds which were raised on Bucknell Nite.

Next, Kathryn Hiscox, president of the Thespians, formally donated a large "Bucknell University Junior College" banner to the school as a token of appreciation on behalf of that organization. Robert Barnum, president of the sophomore class, accepted it on behalf of the student body.

At this point, the assembly was turned over to Arthur Williams, Student Council chairman of the Fourth War Loan Drive, who urged a frank discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of contributions. As the discussion proceeded, many interesting points were brought out. They ranged from the idea of a bond donation to the Bucknell Endowment Fund to one sophomore's suggestion that in the event of a bond purchase, the purchasers should not forget to collect the free movie ticket.

The following motions were presented and passed, the first with little dissent, the other two unanimously:

1. That the students raise money through contributions to a \$100 bond for the Bucknell Endowment Fund as their part in the Fourth War Loan Drive. Dr. Farley promised to match this with one of \$50.

2. That War Bonds should be sold in the office to anyone desiring them.

The foregoing motions are closely associated with the quota that is to be assigned to the college.

Dr. Farley made announcement of the assembly speakers scheduled to speak to a joint assembly in the next two weeks. On February 2, Paul Harris will speak on South America, and on February 8 a correspondent will talk on the Far East. The meeting was then adjourned.

### MUSIC ET AL

(Continued from Page 3)

Showtime," on which program a different Broadway musical is offered every week. For instance, "The Connecticut Yankee" was given last week. Tres bien, tres bien.

We have successfully eluded the dulcet tones of Sinatra on the airways. Some night we will arm ourself with a strong onion sandwich and set us down to listen. Sinatra's soulful rendition of "All or Nothing at All" only means to us Buckingham's "Tout or Nothin' at Tout." (Ask her what it means. She started it.)

To wind up this corpse of a column, I've just heard that the five outstanding songs of 1943, according to sheet music and record sales, are:

1. There's a Star-Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere.
  2. You'll Never Know.
  3. Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.
  4. Comin' in On a Wing and a Prayer.
  5. Pistol Packin' Mama.
- I'll still take Crosby singing "White Christmas." Do you agree?

## Buy War Bonds

# ★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Pvt. 1/C Robert C. Wesley of the U. S. Army Air Corps has been transferred from Fort Wayne, Indiana, to Fort Benning, Georgia. . . . Aviation Cadet Robert Benning has arrived at U. S. Naval Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, after completing studies at Moravian College, Bethlehem, Pa., under the Civil Aeronautics Administration's War Training School. . . . Pvt. Stanley Blasejewski is stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia. . . . Pvt. 1/C Peter Mayock and Pvt. 1/C Robert Babskie have entered Jefferson Medical School. . . . Aviation Cadet Stewart B. Hettig, Jr., U. S. Army Air Corps, is stationed at Secondary Flight School, Duke Field, Phoenix, Arizona. . . . George T. Dickinson has been commissioned an ensign in the U. S. N. R. . . . Bernard Achammer is employed in Philadelphia as a research chemist. . . . Corp. J. L.

Berry is stationed at Fort Myers, Florida. . . . John Goobic, Jr., is a student at the University of Pennsylvania in the Wharton School at Philadelphia. . . . Pvt. 1/C Alfred Groh has been transferred from Gunnery School at Las Vegas, Nevada, to Florida. . . . Mrs. Frederick McGowan, the former Bideth Davies, has recently been blessed with a daughter, Harriet.

### Recent Visitors to the Junior College

Mrs. Harry Dower, the former Marion Clark, is making her home in Allentown while her husband is with the Army in England. While on duty in England, her husband has met a former student at the Junior College, Lt. George Andrasko. . . . "Bucknell Night" featured a basketball game between B. J. J. C. and the Navy V-12 of Lewisburg. Members of the team were: Jack Jones, Peter

Caprari, Stephen Wartella, Frank Speicher, and Jack Semmer. Fellow apprentice seamen who accompanied the team were: Joseph Markowitz, Robert Farley, Ted Glowacki, and James Gearhart. . . . Pvt. William Myers, Pvt. Harry Katz, and Pvt. John Berzellini have returned to Camp Sibert, Alabama, where they are in the Chemical Warfare Unit of the Army. . . . Pvt. Donald T. Mitchell is with the A. S. T. P. at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska. . . . Corp. Andrew Kerr has completed Gunnery School at Yuma, Arizona, and has transferred to Salt Lake City Army Air Base. Aviation Cadet Nelson F. Jones has completed his work at the U. S. Naval Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and is stationed at the U. S. Naval Aviation School, Peru, Indiana, where he is taking his primary training.

## A Modern Fairy Tale

By Phyllis Smith

Once upon a time, as all fairy tales should begin, there lived in the Black Forest some queer little people related to the elves. These little people were destined to become famous as the Gremlins. This is the story of Casper, one of the Gremlins. Casper first began to make a name for himself among the English fliers who traveled the North Sea. But after awhile Casper got tired of having his hands cold from hanging on the tail of the plane, and also tired of getting greasy when he tinkered with the oil lines. So Casper decided to migrate to America, the land of hot dogs and Hedy Lamarr.

Casper arrived in this country in an Army bomber. He landed at an airport somewhere along the coast, and deciding to see more of the country, he hopped into another plane and landed, of all places, at Smith's Flying School at the Wyoming Valley Airport. There Casper heard about the Draft Board. "Now what on earth is a draft board?" he said to himself, never having heard of that old American institution. So he followed right along and landed in the Draft Board office. There he managed to mess up a lot of papers in a friendly way, so that a soldier in a foxhole in the South Pacific received this one morning: "If you don't report to your board in three days, you will be classified for having tried to dodge the draft." Tsk, tsk. Casper hopped out the window and slid down a telephone pole, twisting some wires as he went. He landed on the shoulder of a tall Army Air Corps cadet, felt himself right at home, and thus landed at Bucknell University Junior College.

Casper bounced across the lawn, his brown and green suit blending perfectly with the earth, and wandered into a place that looked interesting, Chase Theatre. There he had some fun with the electric phonograph. Casper liked to pride himself on his lack of mechanical ability. Just then a group of girls attired in shorts arrived in the theatre. Casper hid behind a curtain for a while. Eurythmics class began. Casper suddenly appeared on top of the piano, scaring Mary Jane Varker so much that she stopped in the middle of a chord and the girls remained frozen with one leg in the air. Casper laughed and laughed. Miss Sanguiliano was mystified. She couldn't understand

Casper disappeared and everything was all right again.

His next appearance was the cafeteria. There he made three pieces of pie disappear right from under Mrs. Brennen's nose. Then he hopped over to the sink and waved his hands. Eva Yaremko and Ruth Birk, horrified, saw the dishes become three times as many. Next, Casper mixed the soups and dipped the hot dogs in chili con carne. Then he flitted into Mr. Faint's office and mixed up all the schedules and marks for the whole semester.

Casper danced across the lawn and into a cadet class of Dr. Nicholson's, where he said some magic words so that Dr. Nicholson began to talk in Greek, and the cadets fell asleep with their eyes open. He heard two girls talking about Conyngham Hall, so he followed them up River Street, where he wandered into the chemistry lab. He made some experiments go up in smoke, and then flitted into an algebra class, where he twisted the figures on the board around. Then up to the third floor to the biology lab. Casper made the skeleton walk out of the closet and chase Dr. Reif around with a broom.

Teachers and students gathered together in consternation at the havoc wrought and decided that something must be done; Casper could not be allowed to go on sabotaging as he was. So Messrs. Robert Barnum and Gifford Cappellini were summoned from their painting to hold a Student Council meeting. "Something must be done!" exclaimed Barnum, pounding the table. Cappellini suggested calling Superman in, but then he remembered that even he was powerless against the Gremlins.

While this was going on, Casper decided to visit the Beacon office. He put all the reporters and staff in a trance and then began to glue the typewriter keys together. Now he is approaching me . . . he is closer . . . I wish he would go away . . . Casp . . . !

THIS IS ME, CASPER, SIGNING OFF—HA! HA! HA!

(Editor note: Any persons or places mentioned that are the same as any in real life merely show that coincidence is a remarkable thing.)

Well, well, I must have been dreaming. Now to get back to that fairy tale.

"Once upon a time . . ."

stand what made everyone act so queer, for she had her back to the Gremlin. With a hop and a skip,

### Beacon Correspondent

(Continued from Page 3)

from the top of my head. Since I wore a full beard in those days, the loss of the mirror was no inconvenience to me. My beard became a bit scraggly, but that worked in nicely with my taking the part of Rip Van Winkle in a Little Theatre production.

The two recounted experiences and other incidents of a similar nature led me to affect a cap by night and a beret by day.

The development of the socks-wearing habit evolved some time before the nightcap habit. My family is very large, that is, numerically. I have ten sisters and twelve and a half brothers. The half-brother was a queer case. We had seven syblings, three sets of twins, two sets of triplets, and one set of three and a half boys. Mother always fretted about the extra sock or mitten in each pair she knitted for our half-brother. A friend suggested she knit only one of each normally paired article, and that certainly saved mother a lot of work. But I am the only one who has attained normal height. Of my parents' children, all but me are midgets. In our childhood (we were all the same age) we all slept in a huge bed that was four feet long and thirty feet wide. One large quilt covered all of us. At least it covered all of my fraters and sorors, but not all of me. My feet stuck out in the cold air if I did not double up. However, since we were rather crowded, Belinda, who slept on my right, and Aloysius, who slept on my left, complained so bitterly that I was forced to sleep in an extended position which, of course, meant that on chilly nights my pedal extremities were benumbed.

My first attempt to overcome that difficulty was very satisfactory until Christmas came around. I had purchased a pair of Doctor Denton's with the feet built-in which kept my tootsies toasty. But when I hung the whole suit by the fireplace on Christmas Eve and received ten times as much in my Doctor Denton's as did any of the diminutive children in his or her subnormal stocking, the vociferous complaints convinced my mother that I had an unfair advantage, so she cut the feet from my Doctor Denton's. I was, however, allowed to wear the detached feet in bed.

When my original pair of nocturnal footwear wore out they were replaced by woolen socks. I am now wearing my hundred and twenty-ninth pair of socks since the inauguration of the custom.

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Of course my feet no longer protrude from beneath the covers (except on those occasions when I eat pickled herring before retiring and awaken to find my position in bed has become reversed during the night), but the habit lingers on. And that is the story of my adopting socks as night apparel. Anyway, Emily Post now condones the inclusion of a nightcap and socks among what the well dressed bachelor will wear for slumber, and I think it is nice to be properly attired.

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