

Student Activities Expand

SYMPOSIUM HELD ON MERITS OF STREIT PLAN

A symposium made up of Bucknell students in the various history classes was held in Chase Theatre, Friday night, March 31. The group discussed the Streit Plan, a plan for union of all the world democracies.

Dr. Nicholson, the moderator, began the discussion by introducing Ruth Punshon and Jean Donohue who gave a history of the author and the basic rules of the plan. Miss Punshon spoke first. She told of the life of Charles K. Streit, the author of the plan. Although a native of Missouri, Streit spent his early life as a journalist in Montana. Later, he was sent to Europe about 1929 by the New York Times to act as special reporter for the League of Nations.

During the ten years he spent there Mr. Streit was able to observe Europe on the trail toward the Second World War. Finally he came to the conclusion that the League could never keep peace because it was a league, rather than a union. This League of Nations was much like the United States under the Articles of Confederation. It was merely a collection of governments, which had no power to compel the citizenry of the members to play ball with it.

With these things in mind, Streit wrote his famous "Union Now" in 1939 in which he urged a union of all the democracies existing at that time. In 1941 he wrote another book, "Union Now With Britain". In this book he modified his plan to include only the United States and the British Empire.

Miss Donohue, speaking next, told of the basic fundamentals of "Union Now". There would be a union of fifteen democracies of the world: the United States or the American Union, the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Canada, Ireland, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Sweden, Switzerland, Finland, Denmark, and Norway. Other states, as soon as they proved themselves true democracies, would be allowed to enter the union. Each State in the union would surrender only those rights necessary for the continuance of the union. Each citizen would have two citizenships, that of his own state and that of the union. The ruling bodies would be a Supreme Executive Body, consisting of five men who would rotate the pres-

idency among them, and a Supreme Congress, composed of a Senate and a Lower House, based on our own Congress. Colonies would be pooled and trained for eventual admittance to the union. Free trade would bind the nations together.

Next the merits of the plan were discussed. First to speak was Elmer Hershkowitz who gave his opinion on the value of the plan. He pointed out that such a world union would eliminate the necessity on the part of the United States of keeping a large standing army and of maintaining the expenses of that army.

Second speaker for the affirmative was Jeanne Kocyan who gave some specific merits of the plan. Among these were the facts that these democracies were the oldest and most homogenous democracies. Closely linked as they were, they all have a common democratic background. They all also have a common enemy.

As more and more countries qualified for admittance, the absolute and aggressive powers would therefore become constantly weaker and more isolated. Then, too, the free trade would help to raise the standard of living throughout the world union.

The last speaker for the affirmative was Willard Goodman. Mr. Goodman stressed the problems of Russia and China who certainly could not be left out of any world union.

The first speaker for the negative side was John Moore. He talked about the problem of this war and how it prevents the plan from being carried out now.

Jean Franklin was the second speaker. She emphasized the most glaring aspects of the plan. The American people and the peoples of the other democracies as well appear unwilling to give up their sovereignty.

Mr. Hershkowitz then summed up all the points given in the rebuttal by saying that he believed the plan would work in the future, but not now. The world, he maintained, is too immature for it as yet.

A general discussion of the plan then followed the symposium. After that there was dancing in Chase Hall.

HELP THE BOYS AND GIRLS IN SERVICE—BUY ANOTHER BOND.

STUDENTS ENJOY RECORDS

On Friday, April 14 at 3:30 there was presented a program of records in the music room for the enjoyment of the students of Bucknell Junior College and visitors.

The program began with records of "The White Cliffs of Dover" read by Lynn Fontanne. The story behind the poem was that of the marriage of an American girl to a British soldier who was killed during the last war, and it continued with the life of her son and his later participation in the present war.

The next presentation was a series of six records of Raymond Massey as Abraham Lincoln in excerpts from the Pulitzer prize play. They included his declaration of love to Ann Rutledge, his decision to break his engagement with Mary Todd, his prayer for the recovery of a friend's son who was ill in a covered wagon, his discussion of the rights of the negro to freedom and life in a free country, his farewell speech before leaving home to assume the presidency in time of civil strife, and his famous speech on the declaration of civil war, closing with "a house divided against itself cannot stand. This nation cannot exist half-slave and half-free."

The recordings of Miss Fontanne and Mr. Massey provided worthwhile entertainment that will not soon be forgotten. It is to be hoped that these affairs may be continued in the future.

MOVIE PARTY HELD

"Beau Geste" was the featured attraction at the movie party held Saturday night, March 25. The picture, shown in Chase Theatre, recounted the tale of the fabulous sapphire, the "Blue Water", and how it caused the three Geste brothers to run away to join in the French Foreign Legion. Out of the three, only John, the youngest, came back home to England to tell the story of their adventures. The three brothers, Beau, Digby, and John, were portrayed by Gary Cooper, Preston Foster, and Ray Millard, respectively.

After the movie, there was dancing to the strains of the inevitable juke box and games in Chase Hall. Refreshments were also served.

MUSIC PROGRAM GIVEN

On March 30 at 8:00 P. M. the music room was the scene of an assemblage of college and high school students to listen to a planned program of music played on the Carnegie set by Professor Gies, who sketched briefly the different periods of music, giving the students a small idea of the origin of different types of music. The music selected was played from the earliest Gregorian Chants up to and including modern music.

After the entertaining lecture the guests were served tea in the reception room of Chase Hall, where a discussion of the music played took place.

Co-chairmen of the committee in charge of the affair were Marcella Novak and Carol Ruth. They were assisted by Pauline Lastowski, Betty Faint, Helen Janoski, Kathryn Hiscox, and Ruth Punshon. Miss Sangiuliano supervised and aided with the work of the committee.

DR. MILLER SPEAKER

Dr. Joseph Miller, professor of psychology and philosophy at Bucknell University Junior College, spoke to the student body in assembly on Monday morning, March 27. Dr. Miller humorously referred to his topic as "How to Keep Out of An Insane Asylum". He spoke about the different types of people, and listed about five general types of people. Dr. Miller gave a resume of his experiences in examining the selectees at the Wilkes-Barre Induction Center. Among the things which Dr. Miller stressed was the development of a favorable attitude toward life. He stated that it was more necessary than ever in wartime that people keep in good mental health.

Work on the annual Spring pageant has begun in the Eurythmic classes under the direction of Miss Sangiuliano. Girls have been selected from each class to offer suggestions, and help in working out the dances. Plans for the pageant are only tentative as yet, but at present Miss Sangiuliano is working on a Dream Sequence from "Raggedy Ann". The pageant will probably be one of the most important affairs this spring.

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND

STUDENT POLL

In view of the fact that so many post-war plans are being discussed today, the Beacon decided to make the Student Poll question this month: "What do you think we should do with the Germans after the war? Do you believe that there should be compulsory reeducation of the German people in the democratic ways of life by the Allies?"

Most of the students asked feel that there should be re-education but that the German people should be given a chance to live decent, normal lives once more. Among the opinions received were:

Harvey Trachtenburg—"The German people should be treated on a humanitarian basis after the war. Only by a system of re-education will it be possible to change the 'bloody complex' of the Germans. I do believe that through a broadminded re-education system the Germans can readily adapt themselves to democratic principles."

Marian Ganard—"I think that there should be compulsory education of the Germans after the war. It will probably take a good deal of time but I think it can be done."

Kathryn Hiscox—"I think they should have compulsory education. The Germans have been compulsorily educated by the Nazis and we'll have to use the same methods. But we must be careful that the education program doesn't turn into mere spreading of propaganda. We have to teach the Germans to think for themselves and use their own minds."

Anthony Zekas—"After the war the German military leaders should have a trial before the World Courts. The German people as a nation should be given an opportunity to rebuild with the aid and supervision of the Allies."

Ruth Holtzman—"Compulsory re-education is a wonderful idea, but can it be accomplished? How? What programs? I think the Germans will be able to re-educate themselves providing we carry the war far enough. One of the grave errors of the last war was that we stopped too soon. This war should be carried straight through Germany on German soil so the civilized population can get a good look at it. Then their re-education will go in the direction we want it to without direct Allied interference."

EDITORIALS

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ZOOLOGY ENTHUSIASTS



Ed. Note: This photograph was taken at the close of the last semester. Since then, there has been a slight change in class membership as well as a change in faculty. Dr. Reif, who is now in the Navy, has been replaced by Dr. Ward.

"A WORD TO THE WISE . . ."

In the past the students of Bucknell University Junior College have always maintained extremely high standards of conduct in regard to their behavior and respect for the school and its property. The advantages which we enjoy now are the result of the hard work and thrift of classes which were here ahead of us.

We realize that because this is wartime people are inclined to think and do things which they would not do or be allowed to do in a normal world. However, this does not mean that just because there is a war on we can relax all standards of conduct and be free to do what we please. Rather, it should mean that we should be all the more careful of what we do and what we have. These are hard times for any college to carry on, and now more than ever before a college needs the support and cooperation of all its students.

When we speak of school property, we mean in particular the furniture in the lounges, and the use of the Music Room. There have been things happening lately that no one likes to see happen. We feel that perhaps certain students have only been heedless or forgetful. However, we hope that in the future they will be more thoughtful and so not make it necessary for certain rules and regulations to be set up and enforced.

It is wise to remember that the reputation of a college often depends upon that of its students, and we are trying to build up and expand our school, not tear down the existing foundations.

Finally, we are confident that a warning is all that is necessary, and that there will be an end to any basis for criticism.

CRACKING THE QUIP

By JACK P. KARNOFSKY

Well, kids, Spring has come, flake by flake. In the spirit of the season we present our Spring poem:

Hi diddle, diddle, the cat in the fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the moon.

Boy! some spring (no wonder beef is so darn high).

Attention, Dr. Miller! You can stop worrying about the "paper doll." We just heard she committed suicide. It seems she found out her mother was an old bag. By the way, we also heard that Miss Marlino has a new flame, or is a Woomer. We've been wondering lately about the student poll appearing in the Beacon. A good question may be: Can we ever have a woman President? Our answer is "No" because one of the requirements is a President must be thirty-five years of age or more. Or we could interrogate the students on their favorite movie of the year. We'd be very anxious to hear Dougy's opinion of a "Guy Named Joe." Then again we might question the Zoology students on cats. We know that would be up their alley.

Getting back at the movies. We suggest that the small screen be used at the next film party so there wouldn't be so much space for the picture to bounce around. We were a yes man for days after the showing of Beau Geste.

We can't make up our mind whether or not we like the new up-sweep hair do, that our "Buckettes" introduced last week. In fact, we think it would be more enjoyable if they leave their hair down once in a while.

Careful, Miss Hoffa. You are going to start a stampede one of these days.

We visited the Beacon office the other day and while there we looked over some of our old corn and we don't mind saying, as we watched Mr. Faint post the examination schedule, we were reminded of a one-act romance: Time—a week after finals. Scene—the office of a Prof. The Scene opens; a young student enters to inquire about marks. The professor slowly leans over and whispers "sweet nothing in her ear."

One of the co-editors came and asked my colleague and I to write an article about a week in Zoo lab. We looked at each other in consternation. "Zoo lab! It's dull! Nothing ever happens!" Our next Zoo lab we took notice. It just happened that on that day our cats appeared—dead, injected, to be dissected.

The first step was to skin the cat, something we hadn't done since we were kids.

In the process, hunks of fat were discovered under the skin, fat—doesn't that suggest something? You guessed it. Everyone took their fat home to melt down and turn in for four red ration tokens.

In the next few weeks most of the zoologists will proudly display new furs. Don't let them deceive you, they're only cat furs which are destined to become bed-side rugs or wall tapestries.

While on the subject of cats we must not forget to mention the vivisection on a big alley cat by Dr. Ward. Very interesting, but the details are a bit too gruesome for publication.

To mention a wayward bit of information though Zoology students don't like to talk about it,

we have a skeleton in the closet. The skeleton, named Mrs. Murphy by our former professor, Dr. Reif, turned out to be Mr. Murphy.

Our stream of many visitors, each of whom inquire upon viewing the mess that was once a cat, "How can you touch the thing?" were enlightened by one of the students who described in detail her experiences with an earthworm. For two labs she sat and looked, the third lab she picked it up, and has been good friends with every crawling thing, living or dead, since.

But to get back to the cat, there was a very interesting tug-of-war between Dr. Ward and a student who desired to separate the tailbones from the skin. Dr. Ward proved her strength and one bone separated from one tail.

Now one bit of evidence before we cease. If you have to stand on that crowded bus at night, we have a remedy. Just spend an afternoon visiting among the cats, in Zoo lab we mean, of course, and we guarantee that your transportation problem will be solved.

—Lorraine Rogers and Claire Harding.

POTPOURRI

By JEAN DONOHUE

Almost Confidential:

My public has been after me again to write my column. Bugeye keeps flattering me about how utterly devoid of attraction is the paper without Potpourri. That we thought was rather rugged. However, Holtzman's snap of me really revealed my most endearing side. Ask her to show it to you and the first one to destroy the negative gets a season ticket to the "Y" pool. What an inducement!

To be modest and to return to the editorial we. We are writing this after our last swim at the "Y" pool. To think that all the Wednesday afternoons for the rest of our lives will be free . . . free without the horrible inevitability of that swim hanging over our heads. B-b-believe m-m-e it was never c-c-cold. Okay, you can get off my neck now, pal.

Speaking of swimming. Now I'll have to find a new psycho-

logical outlet for my dislike of superfluous apparel and I did look fetching in my towel with my hair a la Ubangi. We will miss that heavenly odor, Chlorine No. 5, which pervaded us and the unfortunate places upon whom we visited our presences. No joke. When the wind was blowing south, the waitresses in one of our watering places would start to fix our pineapple walnut chocolate sundies, fifteen minutes before we even came into sight.

Excuse the interruption, to go on to more serious things. It was particularly gratifying that every one was so spontaneous in their generosity for the church collection that was taken a couple of weeks ago. That was the best use our spare coin has been put to in a long time.

SIDELIGHTS

What happened to Bugeye?—the dog. We said dog to differ. (Continued on Page 4)

CAMPUS HASH

By RITA WERTHEIMER

Another Beacon, another column. We'll start out by telling you—about how some bad news reached us. Seated quietly in Psychology class, we heard a whisper. The news was so important that we just had to find out what was ho. However, at that point, something else came between us and the news and we went out peaceful way. A little later we heard this same disquieting rumor again and we commenced to worry. Unfortunately at that point a class intervened and we were forced to scurry. Finally, after a busy morning, we ambled into the cafeteria, and in that seat of good cheer, where one is able to find out almost anything and usually does, our suspicions were confirmed. We were going to have an examination week. Do you understand? That's all.

Another interesting site is that wonderful place, Conyngham

Hall. A young friend of ours decided to pay us a visit and we thought we'd take her down to the Chem Lab and the Zoo Lab too. She was truly impressed. We really believe she thinks that the people down there are a little "queer," coming from a normal home herself. Well, the walk from Chase to Conyngham was uneventful, except perhaps, for the fact that two citizens, Dave Hart and Ruth Tischler, were indulging in a harmonious version of "The Lost Chord" at the top of their respective lungs. But after all it was a beautiful spring day. When we finally entered, she did appreciate the fine shadows and most amusing of all, she did not appreciate the fine odor of the place. In plain language, she held her nose. However, at the end of ten minutes, she didn't even notice it. It just grows on a person. As we (Continued on Page 4)

"UNDER COVER"

By JOHN ROY CARLSON

"Under Cover" is a startling expose of what has been and still is going on inside of America.

Here is a book which is so revealing, so informative, that literally over-night it has become one of the most talked of, most amazing pieces of literature to reach the American public in a long time.

John Roy Carlson, the thirty-five year old author of this master piece, was twenty-four years of age when he began to study the Hitler-inspired underworld. Though an Armenian by birth he is a fervid American patriot and he proves that he loves America from the bottom of his heart for he has published his findings at a great personal risk.

Four years of living in the Nazi underworld of America provides the background for this inside story of America's quislings.

Russell Davenport, editor of Fortune magazine, who engaged Carlson in 1939 to make a preliminary survey of the New York fascist scene and who really gave Carlson his start, said of him: "The destruction of democracy begins in the political gutter. John Carlson has not been afraid to live in that gutter to find out how it works."

Carlson pulls no punches. He names names—from Senators, Congressmen, Industrialists, to hatchet men. And most important of all he supports all charges with documentation. For example, the endpaper pattern of the book is covered with pictures of his various membership cards and buttons which he acquired when he joined or became affiliated with many "patriotic" groups under the alias "George Pagnanelli."

Other important documentation, which occurs in every chapter in the book, consists of Nazi propaganda leaflets, excerpts of various "patriotic" newspaper articles, meeting notices, letters to Pagnanelli from prominent members of the Nazi party, checks to the Bund endorsed by Fritz Kuhn himself, and hundreds of other parts which fit into this astonishing puzzle. But before gaining the confidence of these quislings Carlson had to start at the bottom. And he did. Beginning in a dingy room printing Nazi lies and distributing them by hundreds of thousands, he finally reached the point where the doors of Park Avenue Fascists were open to him. It is interesting to note that his "best friends" are now either in jail or under indictment charged with sedition.

Although much has been written previously in reference to the "enemy" within, no one has ever presented such convincing proof of what is going on about us. Mr. Carlson's rendition is sincere and straight-forward.

Your first reaction upon reading this review will be: "It can't be true." The book is documented and "Under Cover" is true. You need only read the book to prove it to yourself.

I can readily agree with Struthers Burt, well-known author, when he says: "Any thoughtful American who does not read this book carefully and pass the news of it on to as many people as he

JUST GAB

With all the fresh spring air that even a hearty reporter's lungs are able to contain, we sit down happily to scrawl off our second column. We enjoyed the interesting comments on our first—luckily everyone picked everyone else as the author so we are happy. Anonymous columns are great fun to write. They are especially good if one is not sure of one's literary style and desires criticism. (P. S. We got it!)

TO BE ENVIED DEP'T—That quartet or so of sophomores who are heading for a West Point hop some weekend this month. Why, or why, won't somebody tell us, aren't we ever one of those lucky stiff's that get all the breaks? Oh well, we'll sit home with a copy of algebra and chew pencils all weekend.

WE'D LIKE TO KNOW—How Betty Faint always manages to keep that smile pinned on?

Why Barnum is so happy lately? It isn't spring.

How this Woomer-Marlino romance is getting along? Judging from the variety of helping hands, it seems to be the interest of the whole C&F department.

Who always grabs the Life magazine two minutes before I get in the room? Are they afraid I might be able to read it?

Who has been tossed out of the library the maximum number of times for making noise? Don't blush, Nancy Baby. We don't mean you.

Why it seems to be more fun to walk on the grass along the side of the sidewalk instead of on it? We plead guilty to doing it too.

If the psychology class appreciated that Wednesday class last week in Kirby?

Interesting sounds issuing from the Theatre mark the progress of the pageant. Industrious "up-downs-up-downs" are replaced by dainty waltz steps and hearty marches by tinkling music of a more pleasing variety to our jaded ears. One dark spot on the shining horizon—**OUT-DOOR PRACTICE**. Oh, what you freshmen are in for! We mean, of course, what fun it is to frolic in the fresh nippy breezes and cool dripping grass. Ah-choo!

OVERHEARD IN THE CAFETERIA—Sophomore to new sub-freshman: "What mark did you get on that last English quizz?"

Sub-freshman: "Oh, Dr. Craig thought it was so good she wrote on it 'See Instructor'."

We wonder if Jeany Klienckoff will soon forget her brief encounter with "BUKEYE"? We can't suppress the giggles at the thought of her wailing: "What'll I do?" in the lounge one Friday past. We congratulate her on her talent.

An orchid to Jack Karnofsky. His last column was so good that you couldn't recognize the corn.

can is doing America a grave disservice."

Read "Under Cover" and know your enemies!

—Edithe Miller.

POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN



Yes! It's Beedee O'Donnell this issue, whom we honor as our popular Bucknellian of the month, vivacious, smiling, friendly Beedee.

More formally known as Beatrice Rita O'Donnell, she came to Bucknell from Hanover Twp. High School, a graduate of the class of 1942.

At college Beebee has continued her early interest in dramatics. She is secretary of the Thespian society, and has worked on both costumes and scenery for plays in addition to portraying roles in "Are You a Mason" and "Cradlesong."

When the pert Miss O'Donnell can be persuaded to talk seriously for a moment or two she will confess to having an ambition—that of becoming a private secretary. She is enrolled in the Commerce and Finance department.

In utmost confidence we tell you Beedee's idea of a perfect secretarial position—"Check in at eleven, have lunch from eleven to one-thirty, and call it a day at three." Not bad, Beedee.

One of the things she will miss most after convocation will be eurythmics. She doesn't mind those aches and pains? We don't believe it.

"JF"

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)
If your heart feels very light
If in class you're not so bright
If a kid gets out his kite—
Don't worry it's just Spring.

If the grass starts getting green
If dreamy looks come on the scene
If your mother starts to clean
Don't worry, it's just Spring.

If the girls wear their white shoes
If everyone just loses the blues
If your Dad quits listening to news
Don't worry, it's just Spring.

If fellows' eyes begin to roam
If your big brother's never home
If a fool like me can pen a poem
Don't worry, it's just Spring.

—Ede Miller.

Don't you wish you knew us so you could return the compliment, Jack?

Farris isn't talking any more about John. We say John because we can't spell Juv—but that gleam in her eye isn't reflection. Then, too, we heard about that eighteen-page letter. Confess, Loretta, absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Art Williams is hereby awarded our Sherlock Holmes certificate for sleuthing and a medal for bravery in solving the "Case of the Music Library" or "Who Is That Man"? Nice detecting, Art.

The German students seem to be having mighty powerful

MOVIE REVIEW

By PHYLLIS SMITH

Having come fresh from a Psychology class with the words of Dr. Miller still ringing in our ears, we want to warn you now that if you are taking that subject or are thinking of taking that subject, one requirement for the course is to see "Lady in the Dark". (We wish all teachers would give that kind of assignment. It's certainly no hardship for a young man to have to see Ginger Rogers or a girl to have to contemplate the charms of Ray Millard for two hours).

I suppose you all know that Moss Hart wrote "Lady in the Dark", basing it in part on his own experiences in visiting a psychoanalyst. But have you heard of the fan letter he got, encouraging him to buck up as the writer of the letter used to be in the same state that Hart was. It was signed by an inmate of the New Jersey State Hospital, an institution for the insane!

Getting on to the saner subjects, we urge all of you now to be sure and see Ray Millard and Ruth Hussey in Dorothy McCordle's "The Uninvited". It will give you goose pimples if it is anything like the book, and Hollywood no doubt has made it as chilling as possible. If you are one of those brave souls who like books which give you a creepy feeling up and down your spine then "The Uninvited" is the book and movie for you. It's about a writer and his sister who rent an old house on the edge of a cliff in Cornwall, if I remember correctly, and they learn that there are both kindly and malevolent ghosts in the house. One of the ghosts is clearly out to murder, and when a human being attempts to fight a supernatural being . . . well, wait and find out what happens.

Did we hear rightly, or is it just wishful thinking that Van Johnson is coming in a picture soon called "Two Girls and a Sailor"? Our grapevine tells us that the Johnson lad is extremely popular among a great many of the feminine students of Bucknell University Junior College. Well, at least we have escaped the plague of being Sinatra fans around here. (Something tells us there are going to be some Letters to the Editor about this).

While we think about it, do you think that an actress should get the Academy Award for her first film? We refer to Jennifer Jones and "The Song of Bernadette". We ourselves are just wondering if it wasn't the picture and not her acting itself which won the Academy Award for Miss Jones.

All those people who were present in the Music Room last Friday afternoon to hear the records of "The White Cliffs of Dover" will probably be glad to now that Hollywood is about to release a picture of the same name starring Irene Dunne and Alan Marshal. The screen story is based on Alice Duer Miller's immortal lyric volume and we only hope that Hollywood as usual hasn't messed it up.

Well, asi es la vida. This is all for now. We have to go and study our Spanish.

classes lately. Carol Ruth naturally enters into the situation as the instigator.

DR. REIF WRITES TO BEACON

April 17, 1944.

Dear Mrs. Beacon:

Having been in the U. S. Naval Hospital for two weeks, I am now about to receive my new teeth. One of the first things done for me here was the extraction of my second set of teeth and the taking of gum impressions for my third set. The situation does not surprise me, in fact I have anticipated such an occurrence, for false teeth are hereditary in my family.

Recalling various of my ancestral false teeth I am now wondering what personality my own will possess. Will they make my smile dazzling and intriguing, or will they cause my expression to seem a bit artificial?

I recall the animosity which existed between me and the third set of upper and lower plates belonging to my maternal grandmother. Grandmother's second set had not been cooperative and she had found it necessary to obtain a third set which was friendly enough toward me when grandmother was present. But one night I happened upon them in the bathroom. The plates snapped at me and threw me into a horrible fright. Then, to add insult to injury they laughed at my unnerved condition.

However, one winter's night grandmother left her plates on the enamel basin in the lavatory. There I found them chattering in the cold. At first I thought to have revenge and leave them to their suffering but a tenderer passion prevailed. All night long I sat up with those teeth, warming the bath into which I had placed them. From that night on grandmother's plates and I were fast friends. On many evenings thereafter we sat beside the fire and chewed the fat.

My paternal grandparent's set of plates was the black sheep of the family. Grandfather claimed that it was only an appearance due to tobacco stain, but everyone else knew that those teeth had halitosis. Even his best friends would not tell him. And so, since I had proper respect for my antecedent, to avoid any possibility of hurting his feelings, I dealt directly with his teeth. Every night I gave them a bath in Listerine, the antiseptic mouthwash, until their affliction disappeared.

My father's teeth assumed somewhat of his personality. Father is sometimes startled by unexpected news, and often his teeth gape in amazement. The outstanding event in their life together occurred one time when father was having dinner with Teddy Roosevelt at the White House. Just as the fish course (father's favorite dish) had been served, something Teddy said so startled father's teeth that they popped from his oral cavity into the fish which they devoured before father could regain his composure. This show of gluttony on the part of his false teeth so enraged my father that he wrapped them in a napkin and put them in his pocket as a reprimand. Without his plates in

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LATEST PLATTER CHATTER

Hi, Kids! Do you wanna get "in the groove"? Do you wanna get "on the beam"? You do? Well, then, just listen to some of these "hep" recordings and in no time at all you'll be "cookin' with gas!"

Let's start with Jo Stafford and her simply smooth rendition of Cole Porter's beautiful "I Love You" and Jo makes you believe it. There on the reverse is that up and coming Jerome Kern melody, "Long Ago and Far Away." There's a combination that can't be beat. Two great composers, two beautiful melodies, and a super-smooth vocalist. It's a "must."

And here's something that's really news! Soon to be released by Victor is an album called "Smoke Rings", which packages eight of your favorite torch ballads as they were originally waxed by master maestri:

"These Foolish Things"—Benjamin Goodman.

"I Got It Bad"—Duke Ellington.

"Once in a While"—Tommy Dorsey.

"Intermezzo"—Freddie Martin.

"My Reverie"—Larry Clinton.

"All the Things You Are"—Artie Shaw.

"Moon Love"—Sammy Kaye.

Honestly, kids, this album is just tops!

The "Shoo Shoo Girl", Ella Mae Morse, has scored again!

Have you heard "Tess's Torch Song"? There's a terrific tune that's headed for the top. Miss Morse really gives out with the music in this number and also the one on the reverse "Milkman, Keep Those Bottles Quiet" from "Broadway Rhythm."

Say, have you heard Andy Russell yet? He's a 24 year old baritone who is really going places. Hear him sing "Besame Mucho". He really puts it over.

Here are just a few of the latest most popular recordings:

"Holiday for Strings"—David Rose.

"Now I Know"—Dinah Shore.

"Here We Go Again"—Glenn Miller.

"I'll Get By"—King Sisters.

An old favorite, Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" is still just as popular as it always was. There's a Glenn Miller recording which is right up there, and then there's Andre Kostelanetz's version of the entire number, assisted by Alec Templeton. Whichever one you take, it's still a Gershwin melody and that speaks for itself.

"Poincianna" by Benny Carter with "Hurry, Hurry" on the reverse is a M-U-R-D-E-R tune with a torrid vocalist who is really terrific. Miss Savannah Churchill. Watch her, folks. She's superb.

Well, that's all for now. 'Till next time—keep hep!

—Ede Miller.

CAMPUS HASH

(Continued from Page 2)

timidly peeked into the Lab a fine stream of water landed in her eye from a wash bottle that was held by Wall. His aim was terrible. In another corner Bar-

John H. Jones has transferred from the V-12 Naval Reserve at Bucknell University to the Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina . . . Private First Class Edward R. Stryjak is in the Army Specialized Training Unit at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, where he is studying the Japanese language . . . Irma Watkins is enrolled at Syracuse University, Syracuse, New York . . . Sergeant Robert C. Wesley is stationed at Alliance, Nebraska, with the Army Air Corps . . . Aviation Cadet Daniel Urbanus has completed his training in the Naval V-5 Program at Moravian

College in Bethlehem and is now at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Private Robert Uskarait is with the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve at Bucknell University . . . Ruth Birk, Eva Yaremko, and Dorothy Shepard are continuing their studies at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia . . . Private Charles Rifendifer is stationed at Camp Livingston, Louisiana. His brother, Aviation Cadet George Rifendifer, has been transferred from Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster to Chapel Hill, North Carolina . . . Cadet Earle Herbert has been transferred to Indiana State University from Cornell University, where he is a pre-

medical student in the Army Specialized Training Program . . . Ensign William Mattern recently completed his training in the V-5 Naval Reserve and received his wings and commission at Pensacola, Florida . . . Private Anthony Zabiegalski is stationed at Camp Swift, Texas, with an Infantry Division . . . Private George Parker is receiving additional Infantry Training at Camp Maxey, Texas . . . Daniel Williams, Apprentice Seaman, is with the Naval Reserve at Bucknell University, having been transferred from the regular Navy.

POT POURRI

(Continued from Page 2)

entiate from the other character who sports that appellation. He did add zest to our lives. He has left us now but at least the Zoo Lab didn't get him. Lucky dog!

We are in a great state of despair—We are 4-F in the marines. To think that a perfect physical specimen such as we are unfit for the armed forces. To tell the truth we were pretty scared that they might take us, and our happy childhood would be cut off. I'm not really skinny—I just have to drink muddy water to be seen. And could I help it if I was looking at the wrong wall where the chart wasn't!

We expect to go flitting out on the lawn any day now. Things are really looking good. Now we have to pray that it doesn't rain. We are talking about the Pageant, of course! Oh, the freshmen are so impressed and we'll be darned if we'll discourage them. Pageants are wonderful things we keep telling ourselves.

num was yelling at the top of his lungs for his dear little "sodium bismuthate" to please come to him as he was lonely. Ruth Young was skillfully pursuing her course in Qualitative Analysis.

(Please excuse for leaving our friend in the Lab, but we must tell you about the excitement that we had in Organic Lab.) It was just a mild explosion. We people in the Lab took it very calmly. Dr. May extinguished it with dispatch, with his two invaluable ades, Kotch and Casmir. Kenney, the efficient, started to attend to the casualties, while Rogers proceeded to take everyone's pulse, including Dr. May's, to find out the effect of the excitement on the onlookers. We were all ready perking! There was more than slight hesitation and care in the way we handled our dynamite from then on.

But to get back to our visitor. When she could finally stagger through the fumes into the fresh air, she was all ready to see the Zoology Lab. We won't go into that in detail because when last heard from she was headed in the general direction of Washington and still going after one look at those cats. One of our fellow columnists is supposed to write an article on

DATA

He stood on the bridge at midnight
And tickled her face with his toes,
For he was just a mosquito
And stood on the bridge of her nose.

—Tec. Life, Washington, D. C.

DR. REIF'S LETTER

(Continued from Page 3)

place father's speech was not understandable and he had to sit like a Democrat all evening.

The most amusing incident involving my ancestral dentures concerned those of my paternal great-grandfather. He had a set of solid ivory false teeth. Now grandfather was much attached to those teeth (but not to the same extent as to his original molars, canines, etc.) but the ivory teeth caused him some trouble because they were excited by the proximity of certain other pieces of ivory. At times their agitation was so extreme that grandfather could not contain them.

One summer's afternoon great-grandfather and I went to the circus. After the clowns and zebras in the grand parade had passed in review, Jumbo, the famous elephant, approached. Immediately grandfather's teeth began to jump around vigorously. As Jumbo lumbered past us those dentures fairly leaped from great-grandfather's mouth and ran after the elephant, shouting "Cousin Jumbo! Cousin Jumbo!" My great-grandfather had to promise his teeth three sticks of bubble gum before they would allow themselves to be taken.

I am not worried but I do hope my new dentures are cooperative and know their proper place. At least, being Navy teeth they will have no over-bite.

Yours truly,
Chas. B. Reif.

the Zoology Lab and we'll leave the description of it to her or them, as it will probably turn out.

Enough of this. We must get on. Our Lab is calling us and we must, must answer. We cannot have any shilly shallying. Allons. The column must certainly be filled by now. And so as we face the sun, we wheel into the glorious sunset and make rapid steps toward the place of our dreams. The end. (Yes, we think so, too).

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