



# Convocation Approaches

## COMMENCEMENT ON JUNE 8th

The Tenth Annual Commencement of Bucknell University Junior College will be held in the First Baptist Church of Wilkes-Barre on Thursday evening, June 8, at eight o'clock. The speaker for the occasion will be Dr. Everett L. Hunt, Dean and Professor of English at Swarthmore College. The Order of Exercises is as follows:

Organ Prelude — Mrs. Helen Fritz McHenry.

Academic Procession.

Invocation—Dr. Charles Stillwell Roush, First Baptist Church.

Chorus—"Lift Thine Eyes," (Mendelssohn).

Solo, "The Twenty-Third Psalm"—Helen Louise Bitler.

Speaker—Dr. Everett L. Hunt.

Presentation of Certificates—Mr. Gilbert S. McClintock,

Chairman of Board of Trustees; Captain Arnaund Cartwright

Marts, President of Bucknell University; Dr. Eugene S. Farley,

Director of Bucknell University Junior College.

The Junior College Song.

Benediction — Rabbi Samuel Wolk.

Recessional.

## MOTHERS HONORED AT TEA-PARTY

Girls of Beta Gamma Chi sorority entertained their mothers at a Mother-Daughter tea on Friday afternoon, May 12. The centerpiece of the tea table was composed of handkerchief bouquets, and each mother was presented with one.

Miss Martha Yackel of the Family Service Association spoke of "Social Service Work and its Opportunities for College Girls." Miss Yackel explained the many different types of social service workers, and the wide variety of jobs in that field. She stressed the need of many more workers with the increasing number of home problems during the war and the future post-war world.

Miss Beatrice O'Donnell and Miss Loretta Farris were in charge of the tea, assisted by Claire Harding, Beverly Beech, Louise Saba, Ruth Young, and Jeanne Kleinkoff. Miss Marcella Novak introduced the speaker, and Miss Louise Hazletine poured at the tea table.

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND.

## MAY QUEEN CROWNED AT BUCKNELL PAGEANT



Left to right: Beverly Graham, Marguerite Kohl, Loretta Farris, Lois Buckingham, Marcella Novak, Karen Jenkins, Kathryn Hiscox.

On Saturday afternoon, May 21, the annual May Day Festival was presented by the eurythmics classes on the lawn of Chase Hall at 2:30 o'clock before a large audience of interested spectators.

The great event of the day was the crowning of the new May Queen, Lois Buckingham, by the Queen of 1943, Treveryan Williams, who returned from the campus at Lewisburg for the event. The members of the Queen's Court were Marcella Novak, Loretta Farris, Beverly Graham, and Kathryn Hiscox.

The title of the pageant was "In Magic Woods", and the story centered about the dream of a little girl who had fallen asleep at a May Festival after eating too many "goodies." Cynthia Ann, the little girl, is carried off to Dreamland by the beautiful blonde Sandlady, where she is tormented by Nightmares and the Lollipops, Peppermint Sticks, and Gingerbread Men which she has eaten. However, the Rockabye Ladies come to soothe her troubled dreams, and the Dream Ladies bring to her a beautiful dream.

In the second episode, Cynthia Ann watches in wonderment the dances of the graceful Court Ladies and the Princess. It is the Princess' birthday, and in her honor, as a wonderful surprise the Court Cooks have baked a huge white birthday cake with pink candles and a pie. As the Head Cook cuts a slice out of the great pie four tiny birds fly out and dance for the Princess. But the merry atmosphere is not kept for long, for five witches and the

Wicked Knight invade the Court, frighten off the Court Ladies, and seize the Princess. Fortunately the Good Knight is nearby. He comes swiftly to the rescue, kills the Wicked Knight, and restores the Princess to her throne.

Cynthia Ann is taken to Toyland in the third episode where she sees the fat Frogs, the delicate Butterflies, the naughty Dutch dolls, the Indian squaws, the French dolls, Peter Rabbit, Pricklepuss, and the beloved Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls. The Dream Lady returns to take her back from Dreamland, and offers her any doll or toy that she would like to have. The tin soldiers lead the March of the Toys for her so that she might see them all again. Cynthia Ann picks Pricklepuss, and a few minutes later she finds herself awakening at the original May Festival. Clutching Pricklepuss, she sits and watches the Queen and her Court go through the final ceremony of the Pageant.

Cynthia Ann was portrayed by Marion Ganard, the Woodland Nymphs were Marie Christian, Lorraine Rogers, Helen Stapleton, Ruth Punshon, Irene Koniecko, Irene Siemanski, Helen Janoski, Florence Mackiewicz, Carol Ruth, Nancy Hogan, Mary Kenny and Edith Miller; the Sandlady was Beatrice Anthony; and the Minutes were depicted by Claire Fischer, Jean Franklin, Claire Harding and Mary Stubbs.

Ruth Tischler, Rita Wertheimer, Louise Hazletine, Evelyn Feinstein, Jean Donohue and Louise Saba were the Night-

mares; Beverly Beech and Phyllis Smith were the Peppermint Sticks; Elaine Williams and Johanna Yendrick were Gingerbread Men; and Pauline Lastowski and Natalie Rosenfeld were Lollipops.

The Rockabye Ladies included Marie Christian, Helen Janoski, Nancy Hogan, Helen Stapleton, Mary Kenny and Carol Ruth. The Dream Ladies included Lorraine Rogers, Irene Siemanski, Irene Koniecko, Florence Mackiewicz, Ruth Punshon and Edith Miller. The Birthday Cake was made up of Helen Morris, Aileen Carr, Ruth Young, Beatrice O'Donnell, Beatrice Anthony, Sophie Glowacki, Ruth Evans and Janet Post.

Dorothy Bialogowicz, Ruth Tischler and Gloria Boguszewski were Cooks, and Florence Jones, Evelyn Feinstein, Louise Saba, and Betty Marlino were Birds in the Pie. The part of the Good Knight was taken by Betty Faint, and that of the Wicked Knight by Jeanne Klinekoff, while the Witches were Helen Davidson, Vivian Kamen, Jeanne Kocyan, June Search, and Rita Wertheimer.

The Frogs were Ruth Holtzman, Elaine Weisberger and Clarice Pearson; the Butterflies Beatrice Anthony, Sophie Glowacki, Beatrice O'Donnell, Aileen Carr, Ruth Evans, Janet Post, and Ruth Young; the Indians, Betty Marlino and Natalie Rosenfeld; the Dutch dolls, Aileen Carr and Beatrice O'Donnell; the French dolls, Lorraine Rogers and Helen Stapleton; Peter Rab-

(Continued on Page 4)

## FAIR LEE TO BE SCENE OF OUTING

On Saturday, June 3rd, there will be held a student outing for the entire student body at the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. Farley, Fair Lee.

The program for the day includes swimming at the Lake, softball and perhaps a short hike with dinner in the open on a hill, and afterwards movies in the barn. The activities mentioned suggest sport dress. The girls are urged to wear slacks and flat heeled slippers or some such comfortable attire, and the same rule applies to the boys. In other words, all should "dress as farmers."

The only obstacle to the plan is that of transportation. All those who have cars available please notify Bob Barnum or some member of Student Council. All those who will not be able to furnish a car, but who can donate tickets for gasoline, please hand them in immediately. Every person should attempt to get at least two gallons of gasoline. If it is possible, the trip to and from Fair Lee will be made by automobile, but this can only be done with the support of the student body. We can do it if we all try. Show your Bucknell spirit by showing up with a gas coupon.

## JUDGE FLANNERY SPEAKS

On Monday, May 8, 1944, the student body assembled at Chase Theatre to listen to an address by Judge Harold Flannery.

Judge Flannery proved, as in the past, to be an informative, as well as an entertaining speaker. He brought before the assembly several interesting ideas which it might be well to keep in mind as the world plunges deeper into post-war plans for the future.

Judge Flannery first conceded the price of victory is above and beyond mere money. He estimated that before the conclusion of the war, we shall have spent approximately two to three hundred billion dollars. However, we, the United States, as the wealthiest nation in the world, lose our sense of perspective when we begin to set up values in dollars and cents. The price of victory must be paid.

Our future lies not in past generations or the present one; it lies with the youth of today.

(Continued on Page 4)

EDITORIALS

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

Vol. 7 Wilkes-Barre, Pa., June 1, 1944 No. 17

EDITORIAL STAFF

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A PARTING THOUGHT

Commencement is just around the corner and we want to take this opportunity to say to the graduating class that their presence is going to be greatly missed on this campus after June 8.

Each succeeding class at the Junior College takes something with it when it leaves, and that empty place is never quite filled in just the same way by new classes. This June our sophomore class is carrying away memories of two years of happy college life, and wherever they may go or whatever they may do, that is something that no one can take away from them.

Some one once said that the years in college pass so quickly that we never realize what is happening until it is too late. Thinking of the accelerated course especially, we feel that this is true.

Very often in times of great emotion when something stirs us deep down in our hearts, we mortals can not find the words to express what we are feeling. Perhaps that is why we can think of nothing to say to our graduating class, except, "We will miss you—all of you."

PHYLLIS SMITH APPOINTED AS NEW EDITOR

The advisors and co-editors of the Bucknell Beacon have selected as a successor, M. Phyllis Smith, sophomore, to take over the editorial position during the summer months. Miss Smith will be assisted by Edith Miller, who will hold the position of Assistant Editor. Both have had previous experience on high school publications and both have been active members of the Beacon staff, Miss Smith as Assistant Editor and Miss Miller as a reporter. The new Beacon editors are congratulated on their appointments, and we express the hope that they will receive from the students and staff the cooperation which has always been shown in the past.

AIR-CREW STUDENTS LEAVE BUCKNELL JUNIOR

On Thursday of last week the Junior College came to another milestone on its journey through the uncertain times of today—the departure of the remaining members of the Air Crew who have been training at the College in successive groups for over a period of a year. We who are members of the Sophomore class have witnessed their arrival as well as their departure. All of us had grown accustomed to watching them proudly as they swung along River Street in unison, their voices clear in song. It was with mingled feelings that we watched them leave. We were saddened a little at the thought of Kirby Hall on early weekday mornings without the familiar khaki clad shoulders, of the lawn at Chase without its customary melee of sprawling happy cadets, of Conyngham without those intent serious faces bent over some experiment in lab, but we are proud to be able to realize that our school has performed a job and performed it well. Our task is finished now.

(Continued on Page 4)

CRACKING THE QUIP

By JACK P. KARNOFSKY

Yes, Yes! We know you didn't expect to see this column again during this term. Well, neither did we, but here it is. You can take it or leave it. (Please ignore that last crack).

As we looked about for a good subject to discuss we ran across the last issue of the Beacon. After a quick once-over we knew that this would be as disgusting a subject as we could find anywhere, so we stopped looking.

First, may we thank the author of JUST GAB for that grand orchid. (This is not "just gab"). Every time we read the title POTPOURRI we are reminded of that old jingle "Peas-porridge hot, peas-porridge cold, peas-porridge in the pot nine days old." (Phew). By the way, Phyllis, will you kindly tell us how you can see a Lady in the Dark? Anyway it seems a lot more interesting than trying to read the book UNDER COVER. That Dr. Reif sure can write clever letters. We don't know whether to classify his last one under true or false. We could make a remark about the Student Poll going to the dogs, but would that be news?

As a parting riddle, we ask you: Why does the Wiseberger-Bachman team remind us of a Giraffe?

NANCY HOGAN

Gab 'N Gossip

The number of people who answered "yes" when asked "Do you wake up nights screaming?" were Jean Franklin, Beedee O'Donnell, Bob Barnum, Helen Davidson, "Pep" Glowacki, Jerry "Grub," and Ray Wynoski.

Punshon's glow was caused by the arrival home of her one and only—Mister Jones.

"Jenny Make Your Mind Up," is a song that could be very aptly applied to Marie Christian. Please, will you, huh?

A large number of kids expect to go to the Dinner Dance. "Get hep, kids," the more the merrier.

George, George, you'll be the death of yours truly yet. Every time we believe we know just who the lucky girl is, you do a turn about. Please, George, our nerves can stand only so much.

Franklin has set the date. Now all we're waiting for is to have the invitations sent out.

The fellows with the biggest lines in schunk are "Grub & Pep." Take hold, girls, there's room enough for all of you. Ho, Ho!

Our May Queen, Lois Buckingham, who is a very charming and petite Miss, looked absolutely luscious. Added to the pretty picture were the four attendants, Marcella Novak, Katherine Hiscox, Loretta Farris, and Beverly Graham.

Bucknellian boys and girls appear to have "found" each other after all of this time. I could say it's the spring, beautiful weather, or any number of things, but it most likely wouldn't be true. I guess everyone's just happy.

POTPOURRI

By JEAN DONOHUE

Almost Confidential:

I've often wondered what the particular reward was in writing a column i. e. aside from getting a peculiar satisfaction from seeing your thoughts in print for your own small world to read. Now I've discovered another function. It's to say good-bye. Simply, easily and almost painlessly to the greatest amount of people without the distress of personal contact. And so this, my last column is to be used for that purpose.

Contrary to the popular belief the Beacon Staff does not sit down and let masterpieces of literary workmanship flow from their pens (if they own one). It is often an arduous task to grind out stuff fit for public consumption. But in all my depth of polite plagiarism it has never been quite as hard as this. I would like to leave you laughing but I always did think that Paggiacci was a piker and besides Psychology condones blowing off steam (in liquid form, Donohue?)

At any rate this is good-bye—The old French saying that to say good-bye is to die a little holds true for I've left a small or very tiny bit of my heart buried in the lounge.

Remembering Bucknell won't be remembering classes. It will be the view of the river from the lounge. It will be a half remembered snatch of music. It will be the hum of dryers at the "Y"—Rimsky-Korsikoff's Hymn to the Sun—a certain student voice—the sharp staccato of Sangy's footsteps—squeals of outraged dignity—rare moments of quiet—the nostalgic feeling that no two years had the right to flow so fast—the feel of grass on our feet in our first outside rehearsal—the ping of arrows

hitting the target—the sound of the lawn mower on those spring mornings coming in through the windows—the hushed panic of First Night after all the horse-play and self-confidence of rehearsals—the swish of calcimine on the set—prop hunting—"We're from Bucknell and we were wondering if you might lend"—the flickers of so many candles on those eternal tea-aching muscles—the not so short cut through Conyngham—reminiscing about the horrors of being a playground instructor—the smell of coffee coming up from the Cafeteria—the special breakfasts we used to concoct, pretzels, pop corn and coffee and the invariable results—what a price to pay to get out of Eurythmics—Bugeye—the squeak of the bed in the back room—"Far above the Susquehanna" and one injured pride—the stiff necks at the Student-Air-Crew Assemblies—the strains from the radio from the Boys' Lounge and the strange thumps—pool balls clicking—the insistent ring of the telephone and the hesitant feet of some freshman—the blistered paint on the ceiling of K107—those awful silences at Student Faculty Council—the squirrels and the pigeons and the box system in the "Inner Sanctum"—Box 64—1 pr. of white stockings, 1 pr. of black fur-lined shorts—1 apron—green with orange trimming—one pixie costume ad infinitum—those all revealing no holds barred self-analysis sessions—"No More Meatless Tuesdays, No More Meatless Tuesdays for Me, Glory Hallelujah"—Dr. Reif's beret—I could go on forever—I wish I could go on forever but I can't—So long—Don't think it ain't been charmin' 'cause it has—every minute of it.

JUST GAB

"They are not gone, they are just away,"—A slight alteration of some very famous lines of poetry expresses perfectly our attitude to the sophomores who are convocating this June. For in truth, though they travel from here to the Himalayas, there is always some magnetic influence which is exerted over our graduates that brings them back again and again. And so we do not say, "Good-bye," but rather, "Good luck until we meet again."

Our pageant this Spring was a masterpiece—we didn't trip once although we did jazz our dance up a bit. But being us, who could expect differently?

Reggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy are our choice for the first ranking event of the pageant. They stole the show, and here's hoping they steal two As in Eurythmics. Didn't they prove how well they can relax, or something? They did, they did.

The prettiest sight in the Pageant was the Court and Queen. Five lovely ladies and four charming junior misses. Our Trev, returned from the Campus, looked even sweeter than last year—if it could be possible. Will we ever forget the printer who thought she was a movie star?

We noticed your Thespian pin, Davy, honest. We don't blame you for being proud, but phulee . . .

Laugh of the Week Dept—Overheard someone asking Cappelini if Beedee were going stag to the dinner dance. "Stag?" says Cap. "Beedee?" he adds. "Do I know the girl?" Big joke until she reads about it, Cap., old boy.

Would someone please tell us why all your hardest tests come together on one day and the easy one alone? Oops! We forgot. No test is hard or easy at Bucknell. Your pardon, faculty, please.

Seems just like old times with what we trip over Bill Meyers everywhere waiting for Bev.

George Raeder has found a new lovely—the witty Miss Carr. Dare we say you go well together?

Glowacki and Groblewski—what a team! Guaranteed to wreck the worst case of the blues. Stay with 'em an hour and you'll find out what we mean. By the way, kids, which one is Boy and which one Tarzan?

If you wouldn't tell anyone we might mention a little matter of (Continued on Page 4)

## UNROLLING THE REEL

By PHYLLIS SMITH

Here it is time for another column, and for once in our life words fail us. (No cracks, please). We are feeling rather blue about the whole thing, because we have just learned that some of our friends do not read our column. Not that we entirely blame them, but after all one must suffer some things for the sake of friendship. This is just to remind them that it is written with "Blood, sweat, and tears."

Well, now that we have gotten that off our chest, we can go on to something brighter. Strictly speaking, it isn't in our department but we thought you might be interested in Louella Parsons' book, "The Gay Illiterate," a story of how she became a Hollywood reporter, and some of her experiences with the great and near great of Cineland.

We have mentioned it before, but we'll repeat: Don't miss "The White Cliffs of Dover." It promises to be an outstanding picture. Directed by Clarence Brown, the picture comes to the screen with a cast including Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal, Roddy McDowall, Van Johnson, Dame May Whitty, Frank Morgan, C. Aubrey Smith, and Gladys Cooper. (M-G-M ought to give us a commission for this plug).

Looking ahead to future films, we recommend "Address Unknown" with Paul Lukas and K. T. Stevens, which is the dramatization of a slim volume of letters written from the U. S. A. to Nazi Germany, a story which was pathetic and realistic.

Also "The Eve of St. Mark" promises to be good. You remember the play on Broadway about a young soldier, fresh from the farm, who dies on Bataan.

Some time ago we mentioned that Van Johnson was coming to the screen in a picture called "Two Girls and a Sailor" or something to that effect. Well, we are almost tempted not to tell this, but we need material for our column. The most coveted male role of the year, that of Lt. Tex Lawson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" has fallen to the Johnson lad. (The book can be purchased quite cheaply in any book store uptown). Hollywood will probably make a lot of money from the Johnson fans at Bucknell, some of whom see all his pictures at least four times. (Don't groan, Wertheimer). Aren't you glad this column's finished? I am.

## DINNER DANCE TO BE HELD

Annual dinner dance of Bucknell Junior College will be held in the Crystal Ballroom at Hotel Sterling on Wednesday evening, June 7 at 7 o'clock. This year the affair will be slightly different due to wartime conditions. The dinner will be free of charge to all college students. Dancing will follow from nine to twelve. The dance will be semi-formal and the orchestra for the evening will be Jack Melton's. Robert Barnum is general chairman of the affair. Other heads of committees are Ruth Punshon, tickets Gifford Cappellini, orchestra.

## WARDEN HEALEY ADDRESSES ASSEMBLY

William B. Healey, warden of the Luzerne County prison, spoke to the students of Bucknell University Junior College at an informal assembly in Kirby Hall on April 24, 1944.

The Warden spoke on the juvenile delinquency problem, which he believes to be a vital one, for the youth of today will represent the citizens of tomorrow.

Several interesting facts which he related were that crime starts in the American home, and that the present criminals are those who have no religious affiliation. Our prison is already 72 years old, and during his period alone, close to 40,000 men and women have passed in and out. The majority of this number, 65 per cent, have been youths ranging in age from 18 to 25 years. The approximate cost of keeping one person in jail is \$550. The only method of absolute identification of criminals is through the process of fingerprinting.

To combat this wave of juvenile delinquency, the Junior Police have been organized under police supervision for crime prevention. The Court, under Judge Valentine, administers the oath to each youth, and Major Clark of the State Police pins on each a badge. In Larksville an experiment was made with 425 boys with a perfect record. None committed any offense against the law.

Warden Healey used this as an illustration that a spirit of patriotism can be formulated in every community to stamp out juvenile crime. The youth of today are the future keystone of democracy. America will be great if we succeed in this regard.

## SOPHOMORE SURVEY

This year we thought that a survey of what our graduates plan to do after they graduate from Bucknell Junior might prove interesting to their fellow-students who frequently lose contact after commencement is over. Not all the sophomores were available when the survey was made, and a few did not have definite plans for the coming year. Should you be interested in looking up the following students within the coming two years, here is where you would be able to find the:

- Louise Hazletine — Bucknell University.
- Helen Janoski — University of Pennsylvania.
- Beverly Graham — Bucknell University.
- Nancy Hogan — Penn State.
- Betty Jane Stuhl — Bucknell University.
- Irene Koniecko — Bloomsburg State Teachers' College.
- George Raeder — Bucknell University.
- Kathryn Hiscox — New York Hospital.
- Ruth Punshon — If the opportunity presents itself, Bucknell University.
- Jean Donohue — Columbia University.
- Carol Ruth — Penn State.

(Continued on Page 4)

## POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN



In this, the last issue of the Beacon, we take pride in bringing to the fore one of our popular Sophomores, one whom we all know and admire, Mary Kenney.

Mary is a graduate of St. Mary's High School, 1942, and incidentally, she is the first student to come from that institution of learning to Bucknell. At St. Mary's she participated in several fields of extra-curricular activity including the Glee Club, the Senior Plays and the French Play, and she held the offices of Feature Editor of the "Mary-script," and Co-Editor of the Yearbook.

At Bucknell, her dramatic preferences are well known. She is a Thespian and has portrayed the roles of Mistress of the Novices in "Cradle Song," and Charlotte in "Moor Born." Mary also worked on the set of "Are You A Mason" and held the position of stage manager on "Brief Music." Her other time has been taken up by the Glee Club, Beta Gamma Chi, of which she is secretary, and Student Council, of which she is Vice President and on which she is Sophomore representative.

With such an active extra-curricular life, one would expect her to be taking it easy with the class-work, but not so with Mary. She devotes those extra pounds of energy to science, for her ultimate ambition is a B. S. in Chemistry, and she expects to supplement all those long hours spent in school lab with quite a few more hours spent this summer as an analyst in a chemistry laboratory.

Contrary to what is generally expected of red-haired people, Mary enjoys making new friends, and she expresses a great like for originality in people. Her only dislike is for false personalities.

## POETRY CORNER

A happy little molecule was dashing 'round one day  
When, to meddle with his fun,  
Came the dashing Dr. May,  
Who introduced him to the class  
As—"the molecu-el Moo"  
He was brought to Qual. class  
and the Organic, too.

With a couple thousand cousins  
he was popped into the pot—  
A flame was placed beneath  
them. Boy! did they get hot!  
They became quite panic-stricken;  
as they raced they bumped  
each other,  
Each fraction of a second he  
met another brother.

—Boiling Bubbles.

## EXAMINATION SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

For the benefit of those who have been too busy to read the bulletin board, we reprint the final examination schedule here. Classes end officially at 6:30 p. m., on Tuesday, May 30:

Wednesday, May 31  
9:00 A. M.

Chemistry 102	Co	104
Economics 124	K	107
English 257	K	107
Physics 116	Co	104
Political Science	K	107
Sociology 100	K	107
Spanish 102	K	107

2:00 P. M.

Art 142	K	107
Biology 100	Co	104
English 102B	K	107
History 108	K	107
Mechanical Eng. 209	Co	104

Thursday, June 1

9:00 A. M.

Biology 102	Co	104
Economics 137-138	K	101
English 101	K	107
Mathematics 206	Co	104
Sociology 110	K	107

2:00 P. M.

Chemistry 210	Co	104
Economics 116	K	107
English 103	K	107
Mathematics 107	Co	104

Friday, June 2

9:00 A. M.

Economics 110	K	107
Mathematics 109	Co	104
Music 100	K	107
Religion 100	K	107
Chemistry 115	Co	104

2:00 P. M.

Economics 138-236	K	101
Mathematics 202	Co	104
Psychology 100	Co	104

Monday, June 5

9:00 A. M.

Economics 104	K	107
Engineering 101-102	Co	203
German 104	K	107
History 99	K	107

2:00 P. M.

English 131	K	107
Economics 106	K	101
French 104	K	107
Spanish 104	K	107
Spanish 206	K	107

Tuesday, June 6

9:00 A. M.

English 102A	K	107
Physical Science 100	Co	104

## A CO-ED'S DREAM

She heaved a sigh of deep content  
The pen slipped from her fingers  
And slumber gently to her sent  
A dream whose message lingers.

So sweet it is she smiles, the lass,  
Her head drops on her notebook,  
(For sh had crammed those tests to  
pass  
'Tis harder than it might look.

Miss Leidy whispers in her ear  
"You've made a B, dear sturent."  
And Dr. Strow his throat does clear  
To add, "Indeed, quite prudent!"

Doc Nicholson comes up to say,  
"You've passed with colors flying."  
Even Dr. May presents an A,  
The prize she earned for trying.

And so it goes on down the line  
The maiden is delighted.  
For each professor gives a sign  
Her grades will not be slighted.

Until she sees the last report—  
A big "CONDITION" marks it,  
Some grave offense, but of what sort  
She could not fathom, caused it.

So in to Sangy does she trot  
A meek lamb to the slaughter,  
"My 'rythmics Mark? It's not so hof?"  
Her big eyes fill with water.

(Continued on Page 4)

## NOBODY LOVES A MOTHER-IN-LAW

or

### The Beacon Uncovers A Pressing Problem Of Today

Why is it that modern America has what is called in plain, everyday language, a "mother-in-law" complex?

Why does everyone and his brother dislike their mother-in-law? Oh, of course there are some exceptions but these are exceedingly few and exceptionally far between.

It would not be surprising to find soon that young girls are loathe to grow up because they fear that some day they might become someone's mother-in-law and thus be subject to all the jokes and stories written and told daily about mothers-in-law.

These stories instilled in the minds of youngsters will definitely give them the "mother-in-law complex" in later life.

For example, this was overheard in the movies the other day:

"Mommy, that man said that we are all descendants of monkeys. Am I a descendant of a monkey?"

The heartless mother replied, "I don't know, dear but when I look at my mother-in-law I certainly think so."

Now isn't that a wonderful thing to instill in the mind of a small boy? Can you imagine how that child will lie in its bed and worry, hour after hour, for fear that his grandmother will some day turn into an ape? And that is only one of the many incidents which are occurring every day all over the country.

Are mothers-in-law such formidable characters that they have become the "bogey man" of the modern American home? Is it right that irate fathers should threaten their naughty children with remarks such as this: "If you don't behave I'll get the old battle axe after you." "Battle-axe," of course, referring again to the unfortunate mother-in-law.

Without a thought for the consequences fathers say things like this to minds not old enough to judge for themselves.

A situation such as the following is liable to occur as a result of such unfair discussion of mothers-in-law. This is a true story. When the pleasure driving ban was being enforced no one was to use his car for pleasure driving. Cars, especially on Sundays, were often stopped on the highways by State Troopers who asked where the occupants were going and why. If they were pleasure driving they were forced to pay a fine or have their licenses revoked.

On one particular Sunday a Trooper stopped a lone car which was speeding along the Ashley highway. When the car had pulled over, the "Stately" walked up, put his foot on the running board and glowered at the driver.

"Where are ya goin'? Don'cha know there's no pleasure driving allowed?"

"I'm just going up to Ashley to see my mother-in-law," the frightened driver replied.

And believe it or not, the State Trooper took his foot off the

(Continued on Page 4)

# Glee Club Election Held

On Monday, April 10, 1944, the members of the Bucknell Glee Club met in the music room of Kirby Hall to discuss plans for singing at the convocation, as is their usual practice, and to elect two members, a president and a vice president. The former president, Helen Bitler, was forced to withdraw temporarily from school because of illness, and the former vice president, Mary Jane Varker, completed her two years of study in January, under the accelerated program.

Marcella Novak, secretary of the club, held office as temporary chairman until the elections took place. Ruth Punshon was selected as the new president, and Carol Ruth was elected vice president.

Upon the conclusion of the voting Professor Gies discussed the selections which would be sung at convocation. The chorus is divided for three-part singing, soprano, alto and low alto. The music will be arranged for these voices.

The Glee Club will meet every other Monday until the remainder of the semester for one hour to work on these selections. Every member is required to be present at every meeting unless excused by the president for illness.

## JUST GAB

(Continued from Page 2)

Betty Faint and the lo-o-ong banner in Kirby Hall. But we aren't so sure you can keep the secret, so we'll just say "Naughty, naughty!"

To be Mentioned In Passing: The two people whose laughs are so contagious they can almost send you into hysterics—Irna Watkins and Beverly Beech. Get 'em to giggle once.

Our one parent asks us if Helen Morris were crazy about carrots. She munches beautifully. We forgot to ask her personally, and so we use our column. Columns are good for anything, you know.

Could Elaine Weisberger please hang her fortune teller's phone number on the bulletin board please? We'd all like to hear some nice things too, Elaine, even though they are a lot of hooey.

Incidentally we are beginning to enjoy those tall tales Seymour peddles about. Time was we used to be so-o-o sympathetic when we heard his imaginary tales of woe. Now we take them at face value.

We'd like to have Bee Anthony put US to sleep sometime. She does it so nicely.

What happened to those early Spring enthusiasts who spent every free afternoon hour studying or just talking in the shade of the trees along the dike? Could be examinations caused their hurried return to the library? Could be.

The charming Miss Watkins appears to have captivated the heart of one Bob Barnum again as completely as before her transfer to Syracuse. Give him a break, Irma. Frankly we don't blame him for "falling all over again."

Our Realization of Heaven—

# ALUMNI NEWS

Corporal Edward E. Davis is with the medical unit at Jackson General Hospital, Jackson, Mississippi . . . Marjorie Howell and Connie Meyers are student nurses at General Hospital in Wilkes-Barre . . . Aviation Cadet Nelson F. Jones has completed his primary training at Peru, Indiana, and has transferred to the U. S. Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida . . . Private William Myers is in the chemical warfare unit at Camp Shibert, Alabama . . . Private First Class John Kohl is stationed in the medical corps at Camp Pickett, Virginia, and will begin his medical training at Jefferson Medical School in the fall . . . Albert Borsos is continuing his college work at Bucknell University in Lewisburg . . . Aviation Cadet Lloyd H. Jones has transferred from U. S. Naval Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to the primary base at Grosse Isle, Michigan . . . Charles Reif, Apprentice Seaman, is taking his boot training at Great Lakes, Illinois . . . Ensign Fred Semmer is stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, having been transferred from

Corpus Christi, Texas . . . Private Donald Mitchell is with the infantry at Camp Rucker, Alabama . . . Lieutenant Everett Davis is stationed in England where he is a bombardier on a Flying Fortress . . . Sergeant Robert Wesley is in Australia with the U. S. Air Corps . . . Sergeant Peter Seras is stationed in England where he is a gunner on a B-17 . . . Private Thomas Owens has been transferred from the University of Pittsburgh where he was with the A. S. T. P. to Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania . . . Portion of letter from Pvt. Louis Holz, 4748; Section "H," Brks. 931; 3507th AAF, BU. Tech. Sch., Sioux Falls, AAB, South Dakota, May 14, 1944: "I believe I can speak for all my buddies who were fortunate enough to be stationed in Wilkes-Barre when I say that we will never forget what the college or the people of Wilkes-Barre have done for us. It is an honor to serve for such fine Americans. Respectfully yours." (Pvt. L. Holz) . . .

Portion of letter from Cpl. Joseph Farrell, Co. C 148th Engr.

C. Bn., A.P.O. 230, c/o Postmaster, New York, New York, U. S. Army, May 5, 1944: "I've been in England quite some time and it's not a bad place. We don't get around very much but I've seen a good bit of the country and it's nice to look at it. The rural scenery is very nice and some of the cottages with thatched roofs surrounded by well kept gardens are particularly picturesque. I visited several cities with interesting historical backgrounds. I spent some time in London and it satisfied my curiosity about a lot of places I had been reading about all my life. My visit included a tour of Buckingham Palace, St. James Palace, London Bridge, London Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abby, Whitehall, No. 10 Downing St., Trafalgar Square, Admiralty Square, St. Paul's, Hyde Park, and several other places of interest. The guide enlightened us on many points which added a lot to the tour. We're kept busy but I'm used to that so life isn't too bad."

Wednesday afternoons without swimming or eurythmics. Ah, bliss!

Listen to Claire Fischer playing Liebestraum. As good as PUNCH and her Deep Purple.

Phyllis Smith seems to be quite put out by Van Johnson. Love is funny, Phyllis. How many times did you see his last picture?

So Rita is a poet. These hidden talents that insist on showing themselves. Your artistic ability is really something, chum. Why not make a literary career for yourself? It would be less smelly than a chem career—or don't you think so?

As long as we're at it, we might as well drag Koniecko into this column. She is the lass who will come to Spanish class with her Spanish done. Horrible creature. If we were less ladylike we would say, "Fie on you."

Who is Neal DeWitt and why has Dot Bialogowicz a yearning for him?

Our fellow columnist, Nancy Hogan, who makes such a splurge in this issue and who feels that it is in bad odor socially to mention one's own name in one's own column would like it perhaps if we publicly denounced our both class presidents for disguising their voices and calling her up. As the Mad Russian would say, "How Dare You?" She was honestly fooled.

Wonder why Janet Post still keeps that preference for sailor suits? She's going to find it rather difficult down at State. Heresay would have it there are MEN down there.

Ah well, everything good must come to a close . . . not that we consider ourselves good, you understand; it's just that to get in the Beacon whose standards in regard to literature are most strict, anything must be good. And to get back on the beginning as we said at the ending, everything must end and so—Oh, heck! Just so long, ev'rybody. We'll be seein' you.

BUY A BOND

## SOPHOMORE SURVEY

(Continued from Page 3)

Ruth Evans—Bucknell University.

Janet Post—Penn State.

Loretta Farris—Bucknell University.

Helen Morris—Cornell University.

Clarice Pearson—Penn State.

## BUCKNELL PAGEANT

(Continued from Page 1)

bit, Helen Morris; Pricklepuss, Claire Harding; Raggedy Ann and Andy, Louise Hazletine and Jean Donohue; and the Tin Soldiers, Gloria Boguszewski and Evelyn Feinstein.

## MOTHER-IN-LAW

(Continued from Page 3)

running board and said pityingly: "OK, Bud, hit the road."

Mothers-in-law of America, you must unite. You must do something about it, because, I tell you, ladies, it's all wrong!

—E. D. MILLER.

## AIR-CREW STUDENTS LEAVE BUCKNELL JUNIOR

(Continued from Page 2)

We offer sincere wishes for the happiness and success of OUR cadets wherever Fate may lead them in this strange world of today, and we think that they have realized the friendly welcome which will always await their individual return to Bucknell Junior.

Oh, and did you hear about the moron defense worker who put iodine on his pay check because his salary was cut?

—Cherry and White, Williamsport, Pa.

## A CO-ED'S DREAM

(Continued from Page 3)

"Too true, too true," Sange replies, "But so your cuts decreed it." The moral: If you would be wise Don't cram with books and ruin your eyes

Unless you realize That CUTTIN' AIN'T FORGIT

## JUDGE FLANNERY SPEAKS

(Continued from Page 1)

Right standards and thinking must be kept before them, for citizenship begins at home.

His Honor added that the opportunities today for college graduates are greater than ever before. If you cannot find them within yourself, it is difficult for others to chart them for you. He concluded by saying that we have youth, a free nation, and ultimately a free world. Civilization is ours. That is our place in the post-war world.

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