

BUCKNELL BEACON



Vol 7. No. 20.

Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Thursday, August 31, 1944

B.U.J.C. Opens College Dorm



Student Residence Given by Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Weckesser

Weckesser Hall To Be Girls' Dorm In October

Bucknell University Junior College is proud to announce that the fall semester will see the opening of a dormitory for women on the college campus. The residence to be used for women students is a fine red-brick home on Northampton Street which was given to the college by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Weckesser. It will be known as Weckesser Hall.

The new dormitory was formerly occupied by the Sixth Training Detachment (Air Crew) of the United States Army Air Forces as the headquarters and infirmary. Since the Air Corps college training program has been curtailed, the former headquarters will be used as a student residence.

Weckesser Hall is being entirely redecorated, and when finished will accommodate approximately twenty girls. The Dean of Women, Miss Norma Sanguiliano, is going to live with the girls and work with them in formulating plans and governing their activities.

Among the advantages of dormitory life in small groups are that the girls can enjoy the friendliness of home, and have the opportunity to establish intimate and lasting friendship while, at the same time, they broaden their acquaintances through daily associations.

Dormitory rooms are furnished with beds, desks, desk-chairs, and a chest of drawers. Additional space for clothes is provided by commodious closets and built-in drawers. Bed linen and one blanket are provided for each girl by the college. All personal items must be provided by the student.

Social and recreation rooms are available in the dormitory and the music room is open to dormitory students when desired.

Charges for room and board are independent of tuition costs. For those who will live at the college throughout the week the cost for room and board for two terms—thirty-two weeks—is \$500. For those who wish to live at the college from Monday through Friday, the charge will be \$400. Further information may be obtained from Mr. George R. Faint, the college Registrar.

Cadette Scholarships

The following changes are to be noted with respect to the Curtis-Wright Engineering Cadette scholarships to Purdue University. A maximum of ninety scholarships will be granted for the session to begin October 1, 1944, instead of the sixty previously announced. There is little possibility of a session starting in January, 1945.

Some of the conditions under which the scholarships are awarded are:

1. Only girls who are citizens, between seventeen and a half and twenty-five years of age, with no serious impairment of vision or other physical disabilities and capable of absorbing intensive instruction in engineering subjects can be accepted.

2. The scholarship includes tuition, room and board paid to the college, and \$10 a week paid to the girls to cover incidental expenses.

3. Following the six months' training at Purdue University, girls will work at drafting or other jobs in the engineering department of the Columbus plant at salaries commensurate with the work to which they are assigned.

4. No assurance can be given that inquiries received after September 11, 1944, can be handled in time to receive consideration by the scholarship committee before the available scholarships have been awarded.

Complete information, instructions and blanks may be obtained by writing Warren Bruner, co-

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Chase Theatre Altered

If you have been observant lately during assemblies, you probably have noticed that the paneling on the platform has a fresh coat of paint while none of the rest of the theatre has been painted. Do you wonder why? That is because some remodelling has been done to the stage under the direction of Miss Sanguiliano and the Thespians.

According to the original plans, the theatre was to be altered so that the underneath part of the stage could be utilized for storing scenery. There were to be three sections for wagon trucks, which are merely large frames on wheels, on which scenery could be placed for packing. As it has been arranged, scenery has had to be raised to the second floor for storage. In order to have these changes made, the entire part of the theatre underneath the stage had to be rebuilt. This alteration will be a big time-saver in future Thespian productions.

Pre-Med Speaker

On Friday afternoon, August 11, Dr. Lewis Rogers spoke to the Pre-Med Club on hospital work. He discussed hospital routine and procedure. Dr. Rogers also outlined the life of a physician during his internship and residency at a hospital. He stated that when most people think of a successful doctor they do not realize the work and time that were spent before the doctor attained his present position.

The Pre-Med Club has had its Constitution read and approved,

Playwriting Contest

The John Hopkins Playshop is offering a one hundred dollar prize for the best full-length play suitable to the college theatre. In past seasons the Playshop has produced at least one manuscript play. To encourage the submission of better scripts for production by the college theatre, the Playshop is offering the Theodore Marburg prize of one hundred dollars for the best and most suitable play submitted before December 15, 1944. The winning play will be produced at the Playshop in the spring of 1945—all further rights are retained by the author.

The award is made possible by the generosity of the Honorable Theodore Marburg, member of the Board of Trustees of the John Hopkins University. The judges for the contest will be Professor Kemp Malone of John Hopkins University, Professor Ola Elizabeth Winslow of Goucher College, and Dr. N. B. Fagin of John Hopkins University.

Terms of the Contest

Any playwright in the United States is eligible to submit one or more manuscripts, which must be full-length plays, with an estimated playing time of two to two and a half hours. It is suggested that plays with a small cast and one set, or at the most two, have a better chance. A sound, vital idea—social, economic, psychological—is a decided asset. The typical, superficial Broadway productions have no chance.

Manuscripts must not have been published, and must be originals, not adaptations or translations. If a play has been pre-

Library Books Are Missing

In the inventory for 1943-'44, Miss Ellen Brennan, librarian, reports that there are about twenty books missing from the library in Kirby Hall. Following are a list of the missing books. If any of these books have been accidentally misplaced, it would be greatly appreciated if they are returned to the library.

Achievements of Civilization; Story of Numbers No. 2; Angell, Norman, "Peace With Dictators"; Baker, R. S., "Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters, vol. 4"; Clark, LeMon, "Emotional Adjustment in Marriage"; Craig, A. H., "Pieces for Prize Speaking Contests"; Gubberly, E. P., "Changing Conceptions of Education"; Dorris, A. V., "Visual Instruction in the Public Schools"; Gibbon, Edward, "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; Haggard, H. W., "Man and His Body"; Kimball, A. L., "A College Textbook of Physics"; Kimber, D. C., "Textbook of Anatomy and Physiology"; Macaulay, Thomas, "Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson"; Morris, Charles, "A History of the United States"; Rousseau, J. J., "Selections from the Confessions and Reveries d'un Solitaire"; Soule, B. A., "Library Guide for the Chemist"; Wilkes-Barre Record, "Wilkes-Barre Record Almanac"; Yellen, Samuel, "American Labor Struggles"; Yoakum, C. S., "Army Mental Tests".

Previously produced, a statement must accompany it, giving the time and place of such a presentation. All manuscripts must be

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EDITORIALS

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

Vol 7

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., August 31, 1944

No. 20

EDITORIAL STAFF

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KEEP SMILING!

How lucky we are. Lucky to be young—lucky to be free. Sure, it may be a topsy-turvy world today, but think of tomorrow. We must laugh today. The pace may be jittery, the path may be unsure, but a bright tomorrow is on the way. We've got to believe that.

Laughter is so very important in these mad and feverish days. We can't afford to grow harsh and sullen. Yes, we're so very lucky—we can laugh.

But even more important than laughter is love—love of life, love of country, love of friends. Love of friends—think about it for a minute. When the last bomb has exploded, when the last gun has been fired, when the last plane has dived toward the earth, when all the ruin and horror of war have been washed away—friends will still remain.

We all know that the loneliest person in all the world is the one who has no friends. Hold fast to those you have, make new ones, but above all—keep smiling! Although war is cruel and ugly, life can still be bright.

There's a saying: "Love can tell and love alone, how each atom knows its own, how in spite of woe and death, gay is life and sweet is breath."

This little phrase sums up living so very simply and yet so beautifully—more perfectly than even volumes could express. No matter how dark tomorrow may appear, no matter how sad this grand, old world may be—"in spite of woe, in spite of death—gay is life and sweet is breath."

BUCKNELL BRIEFS

Now that the second half of the semester is under way, we notice that among others, Dr. Nicholson and Dr. Strow are missing from the campus, being on vacation. It seems good to see Dr. Craig back again after an eight-weeks absence.

Perhaps you have noticed that in this issue we have another contribution from Dr. Reif, formerly of the Biology Department. At present our Honorary Associate is a member of the United States Navy, stationed in Lakehurst, New Jersey.

The upper sophomore girls are quite chagrined at having been defeated in the recent archery tournament by the upper freshmen girls. Each class shot 144 arrows, 48 at 50 yards, 48 at 40, and 48 at 30. The tournament scores are as follows: Upper sophomores, 42; lower sophomores, 32; upper freshmen, 70; lower freshmen, 15.

The Scavenger Hunt resulted in one of the funniest evenings Bucknell has had in a long time.

We think that the Student Council had more fun than anyone else. It seems that all the groups in their haste neglected to read the rules and thus everyone forfeited their rights to the prizes.

PLAY CONTEST

(Continued from Page 1)

typewritten, on one side of the paper only, and should be securely bound in some manner. The author's name and address should be on a separate page of the manuscript, so that it may be removed before the play is submitted to the judges.

All manuscripts must be post-marked not later than December 15, 1944, and should be addressed to THE JOHN HOPKINS PLAYHOUSE, HOMEWOOD, BALTIMORE 18, MARYLAND. Receipt of a play will not be acknowledged unless a stamped self-addressed card or envelope is enclosed. Neither the Playshop, nor the judges, as-

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"Hi, Honey"

How you doin'? Gee, do I have loads to tell you. Have things been going on around here since you left! Of course a lot of this may be old stuff, like the Glowacki-Stooky affair. Yes, Shirley and Pep are still chummin' around and a darn cute couple they make too, don't you think?

Then there are several new romances which have just blossomed forth recently. Naturally all this news didn't just pop up. It took approximately three picnics, two dances, and a corn roast to really get things under way. Betty Faint and Joe Feldman plus Kay Vanderlick and Zen Wall make up a new fun-loving foursome. They always seem to be together and they always seem to be having fun. Well, more power to them.

Did you know that Harvey Trachtenburg and Jeanne Kleinkauf are hitting it off just swell? You remember Jeanne, don't you? She's the tall, cute brunette you met last time you were down. They dated after the scavenger hunt and also after the corn roast. Hmmm... Need more be said?

Bev Beech and Joe Berger seem to have fun together but take it from me, Bev's heart still belongs to "Stuzzy." Right, Miss Beech? Jean Withey is confused. She can't decide—Ray or Joe. And Albert Novick seems to be in the same boat. Alberta's got both Bob Lehet and Jerry Kryger wondering at this point.

You should have seen Flo Mackiewicz trying to concentrate on writing a letter this afternoon. Looks bad, Flo, when you can write a coherent letter with all the racket going on in the lounge.

You asked me about Lenny Stein in your last letter. Well, he's still a free lancer—giving all the gals a chance. I think that's darn sweet of him, don't you? Another free lancer is Bill Nancarrow. We just can't figure out who Bill has his eye on, but it's certainly not on your chem experiment, Mr. Nancarrow.

Dick Watson and Bill Rozanski are "batching" it these days. They're in between girl-friends, so to speak. Here's to you, fellows.

Two candidates for the "still-going-strong" gang are Cap and Beedee. Everyone on campus knows Cap and Beedee. They're really one of the grandest twosomes in town. Who's the other one? Why, Jerry Stadulis, of course, and his Irene. Did you ever meet her? She's really darling. Can't blame Jerry at all.

Looks like Pat Steele has really captured Carl Goeringer's heart. And speaking of hearts, I wish someone would capture the hearts of those three lone wolves in chem lab. Namely, "Jenike," "Perneski," and "Juicy."

Louise Brennan still has all the fellows in a whirl; Irene Sieminski still talks about "Frenchy"; Bob Boyd has some of the Freshman gals sighing; we still have seven o'clock classes; the outings at Farley's are still loads of fun; Biology is still as much fun as always—you see, everything is still the same. I still have a chem test to study for and I still owe Johnny a letter.

Have fun, Honey.

G'bye now.

—E. D.

CAMPUS HASH

By RITA WERTHEIMER

Dear Public:

In a letter to a former student of the Junior College, one Eva Yaremko, now at the University of Pennsylvania, we asked her how her scribblin' finger was lately. The answer we received is reproduced below:

"M' scribbling finger, chile? Ah, yes, m' scribbling finger. Well, you know how 'tis. You get up in the morning, pop into the shower, gurgle contentedly like a duck (or don't ducks gurgle?) as the cool water (By the way, I understand that the formula for Philadelphia's water is H-2 C7-276 O. It doesn't balance, of course, I'm told, but then neither does Philadelphia's water. In fact, it's enough to unbalance an unsuspecting soul. It's not so bad though if it's cold enough and if you close your eyes so as not to have to look at the lovely pale yellow of the chlorine. Surely it isn't the natural color of Skeelykil because that's black). Anyhow, where was I? Oh, yes, you gurgle contentedly like a duck as the cool water trickles down your back. You trip out (still gurgling) and get into the least amount of clothing the Board of Health will let you parade around in. Not that it's hot in Philadelphia; I don't insinuate anything of the sort. (I don't insinuate; I tell you point blankly.) But you like to make the melting process as painless as possible. Next you trip merrily down the steps to breakfast. It is good to stop gurgling by this time as you would make an awful mess of your food and somehow the milk might splash around and your friends might get huffy about it. (Friends sometimes do queer things like that.)

"Anyhoo, in the due process of time you decide it's time to think about making an appearance at class. This does no end of wonders for the professor's morale. Especially these hot days. They have that air about them that kinda indicates, 'Well if you fools are game, I'll go through with it.' So you step out of Sergeant and make your way toward Bennett Hall.

"You're still feeling good, sees, so you take a good deep breath as you step out of Sergeant. This is a fatal error. Seems the Seelykil is acting up again with its aroma (?) and such, and — You cross the street. This is generally a mistake, too, and should be avoided as much as possible. Anyway, you did manage to reach the other side of the street with a minimum of dodging because 34th and Chestnut is not too busy at this ungodly hour in the morning (9 A. M.)

"You are on your day to Bennett Hall, as I was saying, but it isn't quite as simple as all that. Between Sergeant and Bennett are situated the Smythe Laboratories. Just what they laborate there you aren't sure but anyway you forgot your nose clamp so you rush by, quick like a rabbit. If you were to guess what they are making you probably might, but you remember that you aren't given to strong words.

"You get to Bennett (yes, actually). The clock on the wall says that you have odd seconds

to get to class so you get actually rude and step on sailors' feet, say 'out of my way' to the ladies, and (as this is Tuesday and you're carrying your tennis racket under your arm) you kinda let your racket run interference for you.

"You pop into the room just in time to answer 'here' to your name. There is a big advantage in having your name begin with a letter way down the list. In fact, I think every college student should change his name to a Y or Z. Then they wouldn't have to worry about being there when the class started. Or would they? Anyway, you completely ignore the prof's plea that you sit up front on akonna the acoustics and, still stepping on people's toes, you slip into the back row. After all, the trip from Sergeant to Bennett has strained your nerves a bit and you just want to sit back and relax. (Taking the shoes off usually helps. But in this class I restrain myself because I'm afraid that the two nuns that sit next to me might think it unladylike).

"It's a Journalism class and the prof, who was one time an important magazine editor is telling about the first time he sat down at an editorial desk and such. He was pretty green, he wants to convey the idea. 'I sat down—,' he says.

"But alas and alack. It looks like the story is gonna hafta wait. The engineering school, which is located right behind Bennett Hall, has decided that this is the precise moment to put on the power for some project or other and an awful roaring noise begins. An obliging soldier gets up and closes all the windows. 'I sat down—' the prof continues. It must be fate that he shouldn't continue because the roaring out-roads itself at this point. Finally there's a breathing spell and the prof goes on. 'I sat down—' By this time you're sure of only one thing: he sat down. The noise picks up again. But Dr. James is dauntless and decides to continue at the top of his lungs. You go into a reverie and start to draw pretty pictures in your notebook. You strain your ears to listen 'cause the first row has just laughed. 'So you see that the first time I sat down,' the prof is screaming. 'Tsk, tsk,' you tsk-task. 'Still sitting down.'

"By this time it's too much even for the prof and he decides ing can be done it seems, except find a room in another building. So you gather up your belongings and track around the campus. You nod understandingly to the other forlorn groups you see roaming about. They, too, couldn't stand it.

"But no room is to be had, it seems, except the Journalism building, so we wend our way to the Journalism building. This is an informal sort of place, kinda the place journalists let their hair down and stuff, so you go in and proceed to let your hair down. Dr. James has decided to forego his sitting down and explain the way radio-photo works, inasmuch as there are radio-photos all around the room.

"As I said before, it's just fate. (Continued on Page 3, 1st Column)

BUY WAR BONDS

UNROLLING THE REEL

By PHYLLIS SMITH

Maybe we're in bad humor or something, but we fail to see what there is to rave about in "Two Girls and a Sailor". Of course, it was a good picture, but it was just a musical comedy and not an exceptional one at that. Like all musical comedies, it had a lot of music and a lot of comedy. It also had too much Jimmy Durante and not enough Van Johnson. We sat in the theatre, having come in after the picture had started, about one-half hour without being sure that Van Johnson was in the picture. Then too, "Two Girls and a Sailor" was a typical Hollywood production designed to please the bobby-sox crowd who like Harry James.

All in all, this columnist feels that the picture did not come up to Van Johnson's work in "A Guy Named Joe" and we hope that "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" will be a better vehicle for him. It may be that we're too old to be in tune with the times and have lost our taste for movies, but perhaps it's just because we like that six-foot, red-headed Swede and would like to see him in better pictures.

From all reports Darryl Zanuck's production of "Wilson" promises to be a timely and interesting picture. When one of the questions of the hour is post-war policy, it should be important for us to know what one great American thought about such matters.

"Mr. Skeffington", starring Bette Davis and Claude Rains, should be good if you like Bette Davis. Undoubtedly, she is a great actress, and undoubtedly both she and Claude Rains will do very good acting in this picture. However, we are just wondering if the plot may not be rather weak in spots. For instance, is there any satisfactory explanation given for Mrs. Skeffington's many romances? What made her have a bevy of masculine attention? Was it her beauty, her conversation or what?

Well, we might as well stop. This just doesn't seem to be our day for giving favorable reviews to pictures. Our apologies if we've tread on anybody's toes.

CAMPUS HASH

(Continued from Page 2)

The Journalism building is on Woodland Avenue where a trolley passes every thirty seconds. However, this is a little better arrangement than the engineering school project because you have the other twenty-nine seconds to listen to the account of the radio-photos. The distraction of the thirtieth second is too much, tho, and your mind starts to wander again.

[Editor's note: For obvious reasons, such as lack of space, part of this letter is omitted.]

"Finally you go to Tennis. (My dear, had I but space and time to describe Tennis class.) At any rate, Old Sol beats down from above, the humidity gets you from below. When you're sure you're going to pass out she blows the whistle and you run (not walk, but run) to the nearest shower where you tear off your clothes and proceed to gurgle contentedly. We'll leave you

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BOOK REVIEW

THIS IS MY BEST,

Edited by Whit Burnett, The Dial Press, New York, 1942.

This book is a compilation of over 150 self-chosen and complete masterpieces of America's 93 greatest living authors. The editor has done a magnificent job. Each selection contains a preface stating why that particular author thinks the following work is his best. The reasons for the selections are very interesting, and reveal more of author than perhaps a biography would. Some authors have a peculiar attachment for a certain piece because it might be a theme they particularly like, or because they wrote it in the shortest time, or because they think that particular work is most representative of them. William Allen White selected the several editorials he wrote about his daughter, Mary White, because it was a piece of writing charged with emotion . . . and through it, Mary White has achieved a sort of immortality.

John Steinbeck, on the other hand, states that he has no particular fondness for any special piece and his selection was made by his literary advisor. Ogden Nash has no favorites either. He enjoys writing his poems, but reading them is another matter. "Once the first flush of creation has departed, I find my self wondering why no one ever taught me the proper function of a waste basket in a writer's life."

There are several selections this reviewer does not agree with, but that makes the book all the more interesting.

This Is My Best is a wonderful book for all time. One can pick it up and read from a wide selection of authors. Notables like Steinbeck, Archibald MacLeish, Dorothy Parker, Stephen Vincent Benet, Dos Passos, Eugene O'Neil, Thurber, Gunther . . . all offer a variety of reading not found in any other anthology. Recommended for rainy days when you're in the mood to browse.

General Lauds Alumnus' Unit

Private First Class Joseph B. Sloan of Bridgeport, Conn., an alumnus of B. U. J. C., is serving as a clerk with a Military Police Battalion lauded by General Henry H. Arnold, Commanding General, United States Army Air Force, for excellent traffic control work in Rome after he visited the city recently.

The battalion acted as port police clearing war traffic through Naples early in the Italian campaign. Men of the outfit controlled thousands of trucks carrying a record breaking 30,000 tons of equipment from the docks daily.

Every man in the unit was a walking information center. Before entering a captured city each man is given special training so he will know all important streets thoroughly. Five information stands are being operated in the city for sightseeing soldiers and passing convoys. These are under the supervision of Major General Harry H. Johnson, chief of Rome Area Allied Command. (This is an official U. S. Army dispatch).

POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN



This month this column has the honor to present a merry lass from Glen Lyon who is known to all at B. U. J. C.—Miss Florence Mackiewicz, commonly called "Flo." A little over a year ago she was just a new "frosh" in college on the accelerated course and now she has only a month to go at Bucknell.

Flo is a graduate of Newport Township High School, class of 1943. In her senior year there she found time to indulge in journalism and drama, being co-editor of the "Newportrait," the senior class year-book, and also appearing in the senior play, "Her First Flame."

At Bucknell Flo has continued her interest in drama for she is president of the Thespians the college dramatic society. She has appeared in two major dramatic productions, "Brief Music" and "Moor Born." Probably no one who saw her will forget for a long time her splendid portrayal of the strange and sensitive Emily Bronte in "Moor Born."

That Flo has the qualities necessary for leadership is proven by the fact that she was elected president of the college sorority, the Beta Gamma Chi, in June. She is also the oldest member of Student Council, having served for four semesters.

One would think that the Mackiewicz girl is a serious intellectual to look at her achievements, but she is far from being that. Flo possesses one of the merriest pairs of brown eyes on the campus. She has a good sense of humor and can laugh at herself. She also has the habit of blushing occasionally, delightful for others but embarrassing to her.

Dancing and swimming are two of Flo's hobbies. She lists as her favorite foods: pickles, carrots, and "Sangie's" spaghetti.

Writing to the United States Navy takes up a good deal of Flo's time. You see, there is not one sailor, but five who have a place in her heart.

Flo's plans for the future include a sojourn at Jefferson Medical School where she intends to become a laboratory technician.

Her secret ambition? Flo confesses that she would like to take a trip to Europe after the war.

We give you Florence Mackiewicz a typical Bucknell girl and we prophesy that if she continues the way that she has been going

DR. REIF WRITES TO BEACON

Dear Mrs. Beacon:

This morning we had a captain's inspection here at the aerographer's school. Yesterday my allotment of Beacons arrived, and now I'm staying in from weekend liberty to write you about the present state of Seaman second class Reif and the United States Navy.

Trouble began about a week ago when I first realized that the inspection was coming. My first move was to have my hair cut. Of course, having had no honey to rub on my scalp since I've been in the Navy, I am completely bald at present, so you can see how silly it was. But naval regulations are naval regulations. Thus last Thursday, with a fresh neck trim, I felt safe when we had a preliminary inspection by our battalion commander, but most of us were told to see the barber, Reif included. So I had a second haircut in five days, and you should have seen the fun the barber had running the clippers over my case of alopecia. Then this morning the real inspection came. You've guessed it. I was given twenty demerits for not having my hair cut short enough.

Oh well, that wasn't as bad as what happened to my nice white uniform. Last week I bought a whole new outfit, but having guessed at the size and having had no chance to try on the jumper before the inspection you can imagine my consternation when I found the trousers too large and the jumper too small. But helpful shipmates tugged and pulled and finally put me inside the jumper. The only trouble was that I could hardly breathe. Yet I had no choice but to wear the tight jumper, so into formation I went. After standing at attention in ranks for half an hour I was near asphyxiation. My face was a peculiar purple, my head reeled, and little spots of light danced before my eyes as the command to pass in review was given. With teeth gritted I followed the indistinct image of a man ahead of me through a column left and a left flank. But as we passed in platoon front before the reviewing stand and I tried to do eyes right all went blank.

When I recovered, my jumper had a split like the jacket on a roasted wiener and the uniform which had been spotless was dirty, dusty, and torn. Two companies of sailors and a detachment of Waves had marched over me. Yes, you've guessed it again. I was given twenty-five demerits for having a dirty uniform at the captain's inspection. Oh well, this Navy life is rugged.

Now let me tell you about field day and locker inspection. The locker inspection was the last straw, for my locker was neatly stowed. I was proud of it but my "eager beaver" approach to field day fixed that.

Field day is a quaint naval term for the period of general housecleaning once a week, for which captain's inspection is more thorough than usual. Well, my

some day she will make her mark in the world—right up on top!

IF YOU DON'T WRITE YOU'RE WRONG!

"Mail call!" rings out loud and clear,

"I wonder if I'm going to hear."

Don't make him shed a lonely tear—

If you don't write, you're wrong.

It's the little things you say,

Things that happen every day,

You can cheer him in this way—

If you don't write, you're wrong.

While he's in this awful fight,

Write him often. write tonight!

Soon the end will be in sight—

And if you don't write, you're wrong.

Tell him 'bout the old home town,

It's up to you, don't let him down.

Make him smile, don't let him frown—

If you don't write, you're wrong.

A letter means so much to him

To think of when the lights are dim,

So please don't leave him out on a limb—

If you don't write, you're wrong.

—E. D. Miller.

job on field day is to clean the vestibules and entry way of our building. I swab the marble deck, polish the door windows, swab the deck, dust the screen doors, swab the deck, and swab the deck. No sooner is the deck spotless than a cleaning detail marches through the door and the deck is dirtier than ever, so I swab the deck again. Then while I am away for a minute emptying a butt-box (pleasant job) and refilling it with sand, more people pass through the door. I swab the deck again. How often I thank my lucky stars for the college education which enables me the better to swab decks and dispose of cigarette butts.

However, what really hurt was the locker inspection. It happened like this. I had cleaned the big plate-glass windows of the front doors and had polished the windows in our room with my private cleaning rag which is religiously washed each week. A second clean uniform had been donned, my hair combed, hat squared away—and then I noticed the cleaning rag on my bunk. The captain was on the deck below, there was no time to put the rag in my ditty bag where it belongs, so I hastily thrust it behind my neatly stowed white clothes on the shelf in my locker.

The captain inspected but two lockers in the whole battalion. I was one of the lucky seamen invited to remove all his gear from the locker and place it neatly on his bunk while the captain looked on. Yes, your surmise is correct. I was given thirty demerits for having the cleaning rag in my locker.

Incidentally, for every five demerits one must spend two hours swabbing decks, cleaning butt-boxes, peeling potatoes, or any number of pleasant games the

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STUDENT COUNCIL NOTES

According to the Constitution of the Student Council, the minutes of the meetings are to be published for the benefit of the student body. Following are the minutes of the meetings for this semester:

June 26, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding. Irene Sieminski was absent.

Cappellini chose committees for the movie party to be held on July 7, 1944. Dave Hart was made chairman of the projection committee, assisted by Gerald Groblewski and Robert Lehet. Refreshments were put in charge of Florence Mackiewicz, assisted by Lorraine Rogers and Patricia Steele. The publicity was put into the hands of Phyllis Smith.

The refreshments were to be Pepsi-Cola, potato chips, and pretzels. The time of the party was to be seven-thirty.

It was decided that the next Council meeting would be held on July 14. The meeting then adjourned.

July 14, 1944

The meeting came to order with all members present and Gifford Cappellini presiding. A motion was made by Gifford Cappellini and seconded by all that a picnic would be held at Farley's Farm on July 22. Irene Sieminski then suggested that a movie be held at night. This also was agreed upon by all.

The following were selected for the choosing of the movie: Phyllis Smith, chairman; assisted by David Hart, Robert Perneski and Patricia Steele.

It was decided that everyone should bring his own lunch. The members of Student Council were to inform the students of this.

Florence Mackiewicz suggested that soda be bought for the picnic from the cafeteria and paid for from the activity funds. This was agreed upon by everyone. David Hart then made a motion to that effect and Irene Sieminski seconded it. Florence Mackiewicz was put at the head of the refreshment committee, assisted by Lorraine Rogers and Robert Boyd.

The next meeting was scheduled by Gifford Cappellini to be the following Friday. The meeting then adjourned.

July 21, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding. All members were present.

A motion was made by David Hart and seconded by Robert Boyd that a dance be held on July 28 in Kirby Hall. All were in favor of such plans.

Irene Sieminski made a motion that \$1.00 plus tax be charged for admission to the dance. This was seconded by Louise Saba. Robert Boyd then made another motion to the effect that Dr. Ward and Mr. Richards be asked to be the chaperons for the evening. Phyllis Smith seconded this motion. All were in favor of it.

Florence Mackiewicz was made chairman of the invitation committee. She was to be assisted by Patricia Steele. Gifford Cappellini then appointed Irene Sieminski to ask the chaperons for the affair.

Florence Mackiewicz made a motion to the effect that Jack Melton's orchestra play for the dance, and if he was not avail-

able, that Brunon Kryger should be the second choice. Phyllis Smith seconded this motion. All were in favor.

Robert Boyd made a motion that refreshments be served. Robert Lehet seconded this motion. Lorraine Rogers was made chairman of this committee and was to be assisted by Louise Saba.

Leonard Stein was made chairman of the decorating committee and was to be assisted by all of the boys on Student Council whenever they had time.

The problem of a social calendar was brought up by Gifford Cappellini. Robert Boyd made a motion that the affair for the social calendar be planned a month ahead. Robert Lehet seconded this motion. It was also agreed upon that the social calendar should be mimeographed and distributed. The social calendar was to be taken up at the next meeting.

Leonard Stein made a motion to the effect that twenty new records be bought for the Friday night dancing. Gerald Groblewski seconded the motion. All were in favor of this. Irene Sieminski was made chairman of this committee, assisted by Leonard Stein.

The question was then brought up of having some one to collect the admission for the dance. It was unanimously agreed that Emerson Lewis and Harvey Trachenberg be selected to do this.

The meeting was then adjourned.

July 23, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding, and all members present.

Jack Melton's orchestra was available for the dance on Friday night, Gifford Cappellini informed members of the Student Council.

A name for the dance was the next question and Leonard Stein made a motion that the dance be called the "Semester Sender." This was seconded by Irene Sieminski.

Irene Sieminski then made a motion that \$20.00 be put away in the contingent fund since it had not been done as yet. David Hart seconded the motion. All agreed to this.

The next meeting was to be held on July 25, 1944. The meeting was then adjourned.

July 24, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding and all members present.

The purpose of the meeting was to plan a second affair for the social calendar.

Louise Saba made a motion to have a corn roast at Prospect Rock. This was seconded by Robert Perneski. All were in favor of it. The meeting was then adjourned.

July 25, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding.

The social calendar was to be completed at this meeting. Leonard Stein made a motion that the second affair be a Scavenger Hunt. The affair would take place in the vicinity of Wilkes-Barre. The motion was seconded by Lorraine Rogers.

Florence Mackiewicz stated that the Thespians were going

to put on a play and that a weekend was to be left open for that purpose. The tentative date for this was August 18.

Phyllis Smith said the Beacon was also planning a party and that a date would have to be left open for this also. Tentative date was set for the weekend after Labor Day.

Louise Saba restated a motion she had made at a previous meeting. It was to change the location of the corn roast planned for Prospect Rock to Kirby Park since most of the students preferred Kirby Park. Robert Perneski was made chairman of the refreshment committee for the corn roast assisted by Gerald Groblewski, Robert Boyd and Florence Mackiewicz. Albert Janikas was to make a sign for the corn roast and Robert Lehet was appointed chairman of the committee taking care of the reception room.

The meeting was then adjourned.

July 28, 1944

The meeting came to order with Robert Perneski presiding as Gifford Cappellini was absent.

The purpose of the meeting was to plan for the seventh event of the social calendar. A report was given by Irene Sieminski of the purchasing of twenty-two new records. Robert Boyd suggested a mixed swim at the Y. M. C. A. and dancing afterward at Chase Hall. This was unanimously agreed upon. Since it was the seventh event planned it completed the social calendar for the semester. The affairs to date planned were:

1. Corn roast
2. Scavenger hunt
3. Thespian play
4. Prize night
5. Beacon party
6. Movie and dance.

The meeting was then adjourned.

July 31, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding.

The reason for the meeting was to see what could be done concerning the corn roast for the following Friday. A vote was taken as to whether the affair should be carried out. The general opinion was that the date should be left open.

Leonard Stein brought up the question of having another affair in its place. He suggested having a mixed swim and dancing in its place, but none of the motions that Stein made were seconded.

Itemized statements of the activities of the college were distributed to the council members. The meeting was then adjourned.

August 7, 1944

The meeting came to order with Gifford Cappellini presiding. Leonard Stein was absent.

The Scavenger Hunt was planned. It was to be Friday night from 7:30 to 11:30. The time given for the hunt was an hour and a half.

Things to be found on the hunt were:

1. Used spark plug
2. Name of maid at Hotel Sterling, fourth floor.
3. Officer on duty at police station.
4. Clerk on duty at Hotel Redington.

5. Specialty of the day at Whalen's drug store.

6. Copy on inscription from first arch on left of Market street bridge.

7. Timetable from Greyhound bus terminal.

8. Baggage check from Martz bus terminal.

9. Empty clam shell.

10. Number of telephone poles in front of Court House.

11. Location of parking meter: Public Square H-26.

12. Hair from horse's tail.

13. Package of Camel cigarettes.

14. Package of matches from the Spa.

15. Number of names on index in Miners Bank Building.

The group that came back first with all items and did not break any rules was to be given tickets to the Comerford Theatre.

Florence Mackiewicz made a motion that the refreshments should be soda, cookies and pretzels. This was seconded by Robert Boyd.

The students were to draw lots to see in what group they would be in and no group was to separate under any conditions or to use a car.

Robert Boyd made a motion that Dr. Ward and Dr. May be asked to be chaperons. This was seconded by Robert Perneski.

The meeting was then adjourned.

SCHOLARSHIP

(Continued from Page 1)

ordinator of Cadette training at Curtis-Wright Corporation, airplane division, Cadette Training Department, Buffalo 5, New York.

PLAYWRITING

(Continued from Page 1)

sume any liability whatever for the loss of manuscripts, although every precaution will be taken to return them. The judges reserve the right not to award a prize, if, in their opinion, none of the submitted plays is of sufficient merit to deserve it.

DR. REIF WRITES

(Continued from Page 3)

master at arms may device. Did I say that I was staying in from liberty this weekend to write this? Well, now that it is written I'd better go find a swab.

CAMPUS HASH

(Continued from Page 2)

gurgling contentedly. (Gur-gur-gur-gle-gur-gle.)

"(O. K. So I'm batty) "Effie."

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