



WILL WE HAVE XMAS DANCE?

Mr. Kastner Welcomed To B. U. J. C. Faculty



MR. KASTNER

Bucknell Junior College introduces with pride our newest addition to the faculty, Professor Harold William Kastner of the Commerce and Finance department.

Professor Kastner was born shortly before the United States' entry into World War I, at Kendallville, Indiana. In this pleasant little town he spent his youthful days and received his primary education. After finishing high school, he turned to a more detailed study of commercial subjects; he chose Ball State College in Muncie, Indiana, as the institution at which to pursue higher learning. This university had the honor of bestowing on him both a B. S. and an M. A. degree.

Upon completion of his collegiate studies, Mr. Kastner accepted a position with Hobart High School, also in Indiana. Here he spent several years in charge of the commercial department of that school.

Professor Kastner relates an interesting experience in regard to his attempts at enforcing deportment at Hobart High. One of his most unruly students was the principal's son, and on one occasion the boy upset the whole class by suddenly barking, dog fashion. Irked, our instructor requested his pupils to bring a dog biscuit, and threatened to force the offender to eat it the following day.

The students not only brought it, but the principal's son stood at the head of the class and devoured every bit! Believing the biscuit inedible, Professor Kastner hurried to the principal for advice. He discovered that the lad frequently ate the biscuit with no harmful results. This incident not only

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Kerr Chosen Frosh President

The Freshman Class of Bucknell Jr. College on Monday, November 10, chose its officers for the year. "Andy" Kerr was elected to the presidency and Irma Watkins was chosen to be vice-president. The attempt to fill the office of secretary-treasurer resulted in a tie vote for Beverly Graham and Connie Meyers, both very capable young ladies. To date, nothing has been done about this situation, but we are sure that it will be settled to everyone's satisfaction. The class also chose Ruth Punshon and Carl Thomas to represent it at council meetings. We extend our congratulations to these officers in whom the Freshman Class has put its confidence and express our belief that that confidence has not been misplaced.

Miss Green Faculty Post Resigns

Every year brings new changes. This year sees the transfer of Miss Green of the Commercial Department to West Liberty State Teachers' College.

Miss Green, a native of Cameron, Texas, joined the staff of B. U. J. C. in 1941. Previous to coming here, she held a teaching fellowship at New York University. In the year she was at the Junior College, Miss Green commanded the respect and admiration of all of us.

We wish her success in her new position.

Thanksgiving Dance Enjoyed By Students

On Friday, November 27, Bucknell Junior College held its annual Thanksgiving dance. The affair was held in Kirby Hall and dancing was from 8 to 12. Gay in bright Thanksgiving array, old Kirby welcomed the students to the strains of George Summer-son's orchestra, which drifted out pleasantly into the frosty night.

An added note of merriment was provided by the noisy floor covering supplied by various interested Penn State fans.

At midnight everyone departed from the scene of the festivities for other centers of enjoyment.

The success of the dance was due in a large measure to the untiring efforts of the following committee members: Invitations, William Myers; Publicity, Joseph Lorusso; Decorations, Andre Kerr; Refreshments, Norma Lee Hoover; Door, Frank Billings; Orchestra, George Rifendifer.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
—AS MANY AS YOU CAN—AS
OFTEN AS YOU CAN.

Thespians To Present "Are You A Mason" In Chase Theatre On 17th, 18th

Have you ever wandered through the austere halls and classrooms of Bucknell Junior College in the quiet darkness of the night? Have you ever passed the music room in Kirby Hall where a group of students are often gathered to listen to recordings of musical masterpieces created in the past? Have you perhaps paused at the door of the chemistry lab in Conyngham Hall to watch an alert student repeating an interesting experiment completed in class that afternoon? Or do you belong to that legion of people who believe that school rooms maintain their haughty grandeur as the folds of night drop softly down and the last test is laid aside?

I, too, belonged to this myriad group until the evening I decided to enter Chase Theatre on the spur of the moment. As the wide door slid shut behind me I stared in amazement. Where was the neat order and forbidding silence of the day?

Before me was a tumbled mass of disorder. Would-be Thespians rushed hither and yon. Under the advice of Bill Myers, already a

Thespian, Freshmen lowered scenery for the coming play to the stage. Each time a piece landed safely below a relieved sigh went up from the anxious students.

Between thuds and bangs, Joe Larusso, another Thespian, shouted lines as he hobbled across the floor. In an opposite corner, Joe Sooby whispered again and again with a heavy French accent, "Oh, monsieur, thees ees so sudden."

Upstairs a trio of girls, aided by a broom, a pail of water and a number of dust cloths, vigorously attempted to clean up the recreation room. Gay laughter drifted down as they pushed the furniture around and tried to remodel the room.

Stopping to give a word of advice here, correcting a misspoken line there, overlooking everything and forgetting nothing, Miss Sanguiliano managed to keep control over the whole group.

After a moment I slipped out the door with a pleasant feeling and also a determination to see the first production of the Thespians, "Are You a Mason?"



First Row: J. Walti, A. Fladd, F. Speicher, J. Gearhart, R. Spencer, G. Rifendifer. Second Row: J. Semmer, T. Glowacki, J. Dilley.

Nine Bucknell Students Accepted By The Navy

Sixty of our male students took the rigid physical and mental tests for admittance to the Naval Reserve Officers Training. Nine passed and were sworn into the service by Lieutenant Dean on Wednesday, November 4. Following their taking of the oath, Dr. Farley told the boys what would be expected of them while they remain in school, and emphasized

what an honor their acceptance by the Naval Reserve is. Lieutenant Dean then told them their first duty was to continue their studies until they are called into active service.

The student body extends its congratulations to these boys, and is glad to know they will be with us until they complete their courses.

Indecision Delays Plans For Holiday Dance

The Student Council at its meeting on November 30 was unable to decide on a date for the annual mid-winter dance. Some members favored the holding of the affair on Monday, December 28, while others expressed the opinion that New Year's Eve would be a more suitable date. The Council adjourned without selecting the date or making any preparations for the affair.

With the holidays rapidly approaching and neither an orchestra or a hall having been selected (since many students favor an outside hall) the outlook for the holding of the affair is not very bright.

It is hoped that immediate action on the part of student leaders will make possible the continuance of the holiday dance, which is looked forward to by both students and alumni.

Flannery And Humberr Address Assembly

The assembly periods of the Junior College took on new interest during November, as we had the Honorable J. Harold Flannery, local jurist, and Robert Lee Humberr, international lawyer and well known lecturer, as guest speakers.

Judge Flannery spoke of the need for college trained men in politics and the need for more interest in individuals rather than parties. He also related a few of his experiences while serving in Congress, which were both interesting and amusing. Student appreciation of Judge Flannery's remarks was made manifest by the

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Tea And Musical Program Presented By Sorority

On Friday, November 6, the monthly tea of the Beta Gamma Chi Sorority was held. Miss Ruth Keats was chairman of the affair, assisted by Misses Blanche Marie Liddicote, Carol Thomas, Alice John, Jane Eyre, and Norma Lee Hoover. Miss Mary Hutchko, president of the sorority, poured.

A musical program presented by members of the freshman class provided the afternoon's entertainment. Those participating in the program were: Miss Ruth Punshon, who played "Deep Purple;" Miss Helen Bitler, who played and sang "The Rose" and "Seventeen," a Swedish folksong; and Miss Helen Janoski, who played "Intermezzo."

~ EDITORIALS ~

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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Students Favor Four-Year Plan

By this time we are all aware of the fact that there are definite and rather bright prospects of enlarging the Junior College into a four-year school. We recognize, too, the Valley's need for just such an institution. The potentialities which this four-year plan holds for the further amelioration of this region are unlimited. The realization of this plan would further broaden the cultural and intellectual background of the Valley, already broadened to no small extent by the Junior College's establishment here. Many of the social and economic problems in this region could, perhaps, be studied and solved in this larger institution, while the students of the Valley would be more than benefited. That we are aware of these facts we made manifest by our vote on November 2. The vote was almost unanimous. We want upper division college work to be made accessible in Wilkes-Barre! Of the 147 voters, 140 favored the presentation of upper division work, while 34 from the A. B. and C. and F. courses alone would wish to continue work at Bucknell in Wilkes-Barre. We have, not too far beyond our grasp, the opportunity for which we have asked. What is to be done about this opportunity depends not a little upon us. By some effort on the part of each of us we can bring this issue before the community and by our support aid greatly in the realization of this plan. Let's see what we can do about it.

Student Behavior

We have had brought to our attention lately that behavior of some small portion of the student body. Perhaps misbehavior is the proper word; however, the fact is that it is frowned upon by the majority. This misconduct seems to be given justification when classified as practical joking or just plain fun. In times as serious as these the need for some degree of levity is recognized; however, an excess of the same is regarded as being definitely de trop. Naturally we all know of the "firecracker" episode and the noise that characterizes the weekly assembly. It is certain that some of us know of these misdemeanors through our participation in them. Now while none of these offenses is serious enough to call forth any vituperation, we feel that they could very profitably be discontinued. They create unfavorable publicity for the school at a time when it needs, as never before, the good will and support of the public. We feel that before we provoke the wrath of the gods—and we do mean those Olympians more commonly referred to as the faculty—it would be much the better plan to solve our problem by ourselves. By the expression of general opinion on the part of most of us and by a little self-discipline on the part of those of us who are offenders, we can easily be rid of these undesirable practices.



KEEP AMERICA SAFE
 BUY WAR BONDS

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:
 The announcement in the October issue of the Beacon that the Trustees of the Junior College are considering the advisability of changing the status of the institution comes as welcome news to myself and to many of my colleagues with whom I have discussed the matter. The assembly balloting has shown conclusively that the students are overwhelmingly in favor of advancement in our collegiate status. Student support having been secured, and student enthusiasm having been aroused, it is to be desired that the Beacon publish this and other student opinion on the four-year plan. The enthusiastic support of the students, if conveyed to the Trustees, cannot help but make a favorable impression on them.

A SOPHOMORE.

October 23, 1942.

Editor, Bucknell Beacon,
 Bucknell University
 Junior College,
 Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Dear Mr. Editor:

In a recent issue of the Beacon, you state that my friend Reif pushed a bear. Since I was with him at the time, I know this to be a false statement. Your Pennsylvania bears may allow themselves to be pushed around, but our Minnesota bears don't. Reif didn't push the bear in question, he kicked it. Of course, the bear resented that and rushed at my friend. They tussled for a while until the bear, catching Reif just above the left knee, bit the leg off. Undaunted, Reif grabbed the dismembered appendage and with it began to beat a tattoo upon the bear's cranium.

My chum made quite a sight as he hopped about on one foot and whacked the bear with his shin bone. His antics became so comical that I rolled on the ground in glee. However, it soon appeared that the bear was about to remove a second leg. Quick action was necessary. I grabbed the bear by the tail and with one good jerk pulled the hide completely off. This surprised the bear and, as it was late in August, winter had set in, so the bear soon grew cold without his fur coat. He excused himself and went off muttering (Continued on Page 4)

A FRESHMAN SAYS

By Jean Donohue

Almost Confidential:

Due to recent weather conditions, the latest theme song of the lounge is: "With the Wind and the Rain and no curl in our hair."

Speaking of the weather reminds us of the freezing atmosphere of the lounge—the temperature, not the attitudes. As a matter of fact, the favorite seats are not in the deep cushiony chairs, but atop the nice warm radiators, wrapped comfortably in the drapes. Unfortunately, the fireplace is purely for decoration. The next time we go swimming we're taking our ice skates along to get another hour's credit.

Passing By:

Tommy Evans, tall, dark and double-jointed. . . The recent premature celebration of the Fourth of July made things a bit interesting in a few classes in Kirby. . . Beatrice Anthony, the blonde bomber. . . Edith Hershfeld, the reason gentlemen prefer blondes.

Sidelights:

We wonder if the Minnesota winters are the cause of Dr. Reif's sartorial effect when retiring. At any rate, it helps the sinus stu-

AROUND THE CORNER

Slowly the deadline approaches—our weary, disheartened Around the Corner editor hunches over his typewriter and fitfully pounds the keys. Will he meet the deadline? The answer may be found in Chapter II of "Ye Editor's Nightmare."

Before the Thanksgiving dance we found the boys busy doing some research work—and we don't mean for class. Take the case of Vic Patowski discovering Bea O'Donnell—and our scientist, Bill Meyers—need we name his red-headed discovery—one of our most likeable Freshmen. Jean Nemshick's heart may belong to Al, but that doesn't stop her from scouting among the B. U. J. C. eligibles.

Has everyone noticed the pin Mary Hutchko is wearing again? Seems like she and Pete enjoy those little "spats"—maybe it's the fun of "making up."

What the engineers' weenie roast started! Not that they have sanctioned the wearing of plaid shirts—but loud! They've got La Verne Ashworth doing it.

Joe Markowitz is gaining quite a reputation as a jokester.

By the by—has everyone heard of the new contest sponsored by Mischinski, Markowitz, and Evans? All one has to do is identify three of those bewildering engineer expressions. Praise the Lord and Pass the Encyclopedia—but there's a catch to this one.

The solarium in Conyngham is becoming quite popular. It's no wonder Irma Watkins can't "mash" the keys with all the screaming next door. Amateur sleuths are still probing the mys-

teries of "who left the hydrogen sulfide generator underneath the sofa?"
 Did everyone notice the new dishes at the tea dance? We thought they were exquisite.
 Now the cry arises for dinner parties to keep the dust off our new china. We hope the boys will like the girls' cooking, because they are going to be asked to endure it!
 Will we ever forget our cold faces on the hay-ride? But temperature ignored—we all had a wonderful time—eh, June Gates and Milton Britton. Speicher thought the roasted wienies were best of all.
 Busy fingers! The knitting craze has hit the girls' lounge. Soldiers are in the majority—lucky boys. Mary Hutchko is working on an olive drab; but who is going to wear Zimmerman's watermelon pink?
 New discoveries. Did you know Blaine Smith's name is Roscoe B. Smith?
 Speaking of the army makes us think of our girls—the few that are bending over backwards to amuse the C. P. T. boys. The only difficulty is that they are not all eligible!
 Marge Mattern and Earl Herbert are happy these days.
 Guess Ruth Williams will know better than to knit in Calculus class. Engineers have definite theories on the unwinding of yarn via stairways, chairs, chandeliers, etc.
 Dr. Crook has a new assistant—only why did Mike Phillips get so red when the Prof walked in and interrupted his lecture?

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successful song thriller. Featured by Glenn Miller and his stellar outfit, we find the songs "Kalamazoo," "At Last," and "Serenade in Blue" heading the all request list.

The old tune weaver, Irving Berlin, has been working overtime to produce some of his greatest hits. In one week he had three representatives on the Hit Parade. They were the "This is the Army" hit song, "Stage Door Canteen," and the silken-like smooth songs from Paramount's "Holiday Inn," "Be Careful, It's My Heart," and his greatest song in recent years, "White Christmas," which sold over a hundred thousand copies of sheet music in one week.

Harry James and his golden trumpet are featured on Columbia records with two of the top ballad hits from his recent picture, "Springtime in the Rockies." Of the two, "I Had the Craziest Dream," looks like a potential Hit Parader, while "A Poem Set to Music" is not far behind.

Crosby and Hope team up again in a wacky picture entitled "Road to Morocco." The hit songs are ably handled by Bing on Decca records. Glenn Miller does a bang-up job of "Moonlight Becomes You" on Victor records. The underdog song, "Constantly," is beginning to click with the public.

Freddy Martin leads the way with his recording of "A Touch of Texas" from his picture, "Seven Days Leave."

Here is a recommendation for all record fans who appreciate a bargain when they hear it. Don't miss the combination of the "I'll Never Smile Again" cast, Frank Sinatra and the "Pied Pipers," plus a mellow trombone section by Tommy Dorsey in the new hit, "There Are Such Things." Coupled with this is the beautiful theme from the "Mardi Gras" of Ferde Grofe's "Mississippi Suite," otherwise known as "Daybreak."

The Modernaires and Skip Nelson blend with Maestro Miller to bring to the public the future No.

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MAESTRO

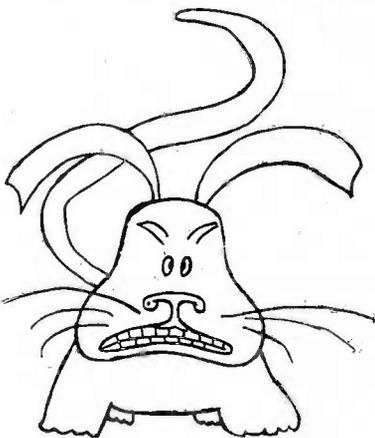
By Harold Smith

As an indirect result of the mood of gloom created by the present war conditions, we have seen a decided trend in the movie industry. There has been a change from the heavy drama or semi-tragic film to a series of super-colossal musicals. To strengthen the morale of the people, the companies have foreseen the need for light musical class A pictures. There has been an almost endless stream of these song masterpieces recently. Consequently, movie tunes are sweeping the country and captivating the people into forgetfulness with their danceable rhythm. We find the studios going to big expense to get name bands and famous entertainers to lend a punch to their productions.

The new songs from these pictures have so enraptured the masses that only two weeks ago there were six musical tunes on your "Hit Parade." These included the songs from this year's most

Faculty Initiates New Members

Our Roving Reporter asserts, on the best of authority, that even the faculty has its freshman inquisition. We gather from that truthful individual that Dr. May was forced to explain how he became such a precocious child as to get his Ph. D. when a "few weeks old." We gather that he was adorned in suitable garb for that



FRUSTRATION

occasion. Dr. Albrecht, asked to discuss the deep topic, "The Whichness of What," converted his discussion into a display of artistry, the outcome of which is the appended gruesome picture of his conception of Frustration. Dr. Reif was called upon to light a camp fire on his host's Oriental rug (in imaginary gesture, we hasten to state). He started the fire by realistically breaking up a chair for firewood, and was just at the point of producing a spark by the Boy Scout method when a huge bear approached and disputed his right to the rug. The bear received such a warm treatment that its (or his?) neck is still sore. Plainly the faculty has its off-moments, when seriousness is not all of life.

Students Enjoy New York Trip

Dear Diary:
 Monday noon: I am writing to you with eyes half open, but you will soon find out why. I am so sorry I didn't have you with me over my week-end in New York, but you are one of the numerous things I left behind—everyone in the family sat on my suitcase in order to close it. So now I shall fill in my three days.
 Friday, November 27—
 Seven friends and myself left this fair city at 8 o'clock this morning, and oh, how sick we were on the bus. 'Nuf said! Arrived in the big city around noon and charged like mad dogs for theatre tickets. Went to Radio City Music Hall and the Buckets saw the Rocketts. Oh, how different—A mad dash to a German restaurant, then to the long line in front of the Met. for seats, but we had to stand. The opera was "The Magic Flute," and one of the girls was making her debut, and, diary, she was from Scranton; Charles Kullman also sang. The Met. has beautiful, enormous gold curtains on the stage, people prancing around in ermines as if they were a dime a dozen. Oodles of tiers of seats, and oh, so much more. A quick walk around Times Square and back to the hotel and a mad scramble for a bed.
 Saturday, November 28—
 No, the 8 o'clock bell did not ring, but we all got up early and went to Radio City for a tour and were televised; saw ice skating at Radio City. We also saw St. Patrick's Cathedral, and then had lunch in an Italian restaurant. We went shopping in all Fifth Avenue shops. We went to see "Uncle Harry," a play, dear diary; had a
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Army Comes To Rescue Of Bucknellian In Distress

According to Dr. Reif and the latest zoological statistics, the vertebratequadruped, Equus caballus, commonly called a horse, is incapable of speech. However, according to Mary Hutchko, a very erudite conversation can be held with a certain nag from Mower's stables by the name of "Smokey." Now let me make myself clear.

Since any information I might give concerning absentees on November 12 would prove of no significant value, I shall attempt to relate some incidents from a most amusing riding party held by seven Bucknellians on that date.

Arriving at Mower's this brisk November afternoon, seven well-trained and experienced equestrians were enthusiastic about cantering along the wooded trails. However, this was not the case, at least not wholly—for a certain member of this party deemed it very adventurous to explore new fields (literally speaking). Mary Hutchko, as the character in this case, well-poised upon her trusty steed, seemed to be thoroughly enjoying herself when this "dumb" (ha-ha) animal suddenly realized that someone was taking advantage of his locomotive powers. Thus surmising the situation could be solved, Smokey ceased his forward motion, and with the "Oh, what the —?" look in his eyes, stood as still as a Sphinx. Of course, the master of the situation upon the horse's back would not stand for such an abrupt change, so with the greatest sincerity, Mary began to plead her case.

"Ah, come on, Smokey; don't stop in these woods. We have to get back."

Smokey turned his head slowly, looked into Mary's eyes, and said, "Gee, kid, are you kidding?"

But still the horse was determined, but, ah, so was Mary. Dismounting deftly, Mary grabbed the reins and tugged vainly. Smokey's delayed comment, "I ain't goin' nowhere, kid," set off

the spark. To this Mary boldly protested, shrieking, "Are you going to take me home or must I take you home?"

Smokey quickly wiped the sneer off his face, stepped back slightly and then gave forth the most profuse yawn that Mary had ever seen. That was enough. In a half whimpering, half scolding voice, Mary cried, "All right, you, if you want to stay here you can." (A lot she had to say about it.) So throwing the reins to the ground, Mary applied her "camp-fire girl" knowledge and quickly reached the highway. Having now at least emerged from the wilderness, she stopped along the ribbon of concrete shortly to catch her breath, but with Mary's radiating personality as bait, her catch was more tangible than just free air. It was in the form of man and in the uniform of Uncle Sam. Oh, perfect setting—a lonely stretch of road, a young lady in distress, and a handsome young hero in uniform.

"Can I help you, Miss?" was the introductory statement of the triple-chevroned gent.

"Why yes—you see my horse—a-a-a, my horse it uh-uh — well, oh, anyway, it's back in the woods, and I have to get to the stables." The situation was obvious. Therefore, with no further ado, and an informal invitation, Mary and her "top sarge" were riding slowly toward the not too distant stables. The conversation, I am sorry to say, is a military secret, and cannot be divulged until such time as it would prove useless to any other person interested. We do feel, however, that the conversation was centered on Mary's ability as a hiker and a rider.

Returning to the party, Mary began to relate her strange experience, making everyone take an oath that the story would go no further, but we know different, don't we folks?

Women Succeed In Medicine Despite Handicaps

With the present great struggle the world is totally banishing the disapprobation of "doctors in petticoats."

The first women worth recognition in the progress of medical women in America were the Hunt sisters. These pioneer sisters studied medicine privately under two physicians, because it was impossible for a woman to gain entry to a regular medical school before the middle of the century.

The first woman who was matriculated in an American school was Elizabeth Blackwell. She entered Hobart College at Geneva, New York, in 1847, and two years later received her diploma. During Dr. Blackwell's long and useful professional life, she took an outstanding part in medical pioneering. Together with her sister, Emily, she founded the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, and later she helped establish the London School of Medicine for Women, one of the first in England for the female sex. Another of her outstanding achievements was an important part in organizing the nursing service for the Union Army during the war between the States. From this time on, more and more American schools began to allow the fair sex to follow in the path of Hippocrates.

In 1850, six Philadelphia physicians founded the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia Medical Society expelled all the members of the teaching staff, and nearly all the hospitals refused to allow the girls

from the college to study in their wards.

On November 8, 1869, a group of women students came to make rounds at one of the hospitals of the Quaker City for the first time. The men stationed themselves in the street before the hospital and made offensive remarks as their fair colleagues passed. Upon entering one of the lecture halls, the women were greeted with catcalls and later paper wads. Only courageous females could withstand such attack in those crinoline days when most maidens blushed and swooned at the slightest provocation. In spite of all difficulties, the Woman's Medical College managed to maintain standards equal to those of the older schools.

In 1849, the Central Medical College at Syracuse, N. Y., and in 1853, the Western Reserve University in Cleveland began to admit women. In 1862, Dr. Marie Zakrzewska founded the New England Hospital for Women and Children at Boston. The staff, of course, was open to women physicians. Here the first training for nurses was started.

In 1865, the New York Women's Medical College became the foremost center for women students in the country. The college flourished until 1899, when it was incorporated into the medical school of Cornell University. The success of American women physicians in gaining recognition stimulated their European sisters along the same path. From then on the lights of excellent opportunities
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LIGHTER MOMENTS



Pvt. Hargrove Portrays Humorous Side Of Army Life

In his book, *See Here, Private Hargrove*, Pvt. Hargrove presents an account of his experiences in the United States Army, beginning with the time he received his physical examination, and including the experiences he had at Fort Bragg. He portrays himself as a rookie who finds immense difficulty in applying the technique of handling military equipment, and of following army regulations. As a result of his blunders, Pvt. Hargrove usually ends up doing K. P. or some other equally unpleasant task.

To begin with, Pvt. Hargrove, along with the other soldiers, receives a series of inoculations against every illness conceivable, except the sick feeling that accompanies inoculations. In accordance with the manner in which things happened to him, he secured a few more than were necessary. Upon the arrival of the group at the Reception Center, certain men were sent to Virginia. Melvin Piel tells Hargrove that they are to be sent to California. As they await their orders, Hargrove begins to picture palm trees fanning his face. A corporal leads the group down the street. Hargrove eagerly inquires about where they are going. "To the garbage rack," was the reply.

That was only the beginning of Pvt. Hargrove's "troubles." He was the victim of every misfortune that could possibly befall a rookie. He committed every possible error.

Combined with the humor of his military training, Pvt. Hargrove sets forth a serious motif. He mentions how high the morale is in the army, and how each soldier attempts to do his utmost.

In its essence, however, *See Here, Pvt. Hargrove* is humorous. Its style is simple, and it is written in a clear, concise manner. The entertainment and pleasure derived from it, assures us that Pvt. Hargrove's fellow soldiers, who were so instrumental in the book's publication, were more than amply repaid.

I think that I shall never see
 A "D" as lovely as a "B."
 A "B" whose rounded form is pressed
 Upon the records of the blessed.
 A "D" comes easily—and yet
 It isn't easy to forget.
 "D's" are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a "B."
 —Notre Dame Scholastic.

HUMOR

Dr. May—Give me the formula for water.

L. Jones—H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O.

Dr. May—Wrong.
 L. Jones—But, Dr. May, only yesterday you told us it was H to O (H-O).

Educational Progress

Frosh—I wanna go out tonight, mama.

Soph—Please, may I go out tonight, maaaa; I'll be in by 10.

Jun—I'm going out tonight, dad.

Sen — Goodnight, folks—I'll bring in the milk.

Resolution to Be Considered

1. Never do homework except when absolutely necessary.

2. Never to go to class unless invited by a professor.

3. Never attempt to write poetry for a livelihood.

4. Never to ask for an extra exam.

5. Never to copy an exam unless in dire need.

6. Never to do the work twice while in the same mind.

7. Never to miss class unless there is an exam.

1. Knitters' slogan—"Remember, Purl Harder."

2. When two egotists get together, it is an I for an I.

3. Nip the Nipponese with Defense Bonds, please.

In the Girls' Lounge

The loudest noise is our old victrola,

We wind it up and let it play
 Paul Whiteman's sing-song sola

While we sip our Coca-Cola.
 Now this isn't all we hear—

The saxophone is just as clear—
 Its sweet notes echo around

The sylvan campus ground.
 We can never study well

Without music or ambition,
 Yet when we hear the final bell

We begin to write due composition.
 Flunking is a fad in school,

It's either "Pass" or "Flunk,"
 And still we know less than a mule

Trying to forget the ancient
 "Bunk."

And though we have music, and at times the moon,

Dancing is not our media,
 Because the mate in our room

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Twenty Second Column

"Drop dat snipe, I seed it foist!" This profound bit of militant philosophy was first (or foist) spoken by the rather obtrusive young man with the blond hair, who picked up the snipe, bit it, thereupon shoving me into a chair. (Note: A snipe is commonly known as a reefer or curbstone beauty.)

"Siddown, I'm gonna tell a joke." And began: "So I'm walkin' down Foity-thoid Street towards Fift' Avenoo when dis big guy comes over an' grabs me. He slugs me an' I sits down kinda sudden like. Nacherly, being the impulsive type, I must express me ego and give voice to the hurt which, with the surgin' onslaught, has penetrated to duh depts of my soul. Great wooids have been spoken in moments of stress and in exigencies, an' dis is one o' dem. I must express myself.

"Ouch!" "So dis big guy grabs me again an' slugs me. He says, 'Now I got youse, Maxwell!'" "Here again is my big opportunity. I must put in duh correst word. I must express myself." "Hey, my name ain't Maxwell." "Oh, no?" "No!" "Oh!" "An' he slugs me again. Dis time my blood boils. I flex me muscles and measure duh distance tuh his jaw. Den I roll over on my stomach and says:

"Hey, whaja do dat for? Its anti-social, see . . . it's anti-social." At this point I interrupted the obtrusive young man with the remark that I had heard this joke before. My blond young orator became rather crestfallen, he looked at me reproachfully, and said:

"Wait'll I tell duh mob, dey appreciates me." Oh, pardon me. The last part of the joke is: "Awrite, awrite, jist because youse ain't Maxwell don't mean youse is poifect."—P. M. Note to the reader: P. M. is anybody, though, of course, he might very well be somebody else. This is P. M.'s first appearance here. We hope you like him. His humor is shallow, so shallow that at times it will approach the profound. Call this nonsensical paradox if you will; we think it is one of the secrets of wit.

LETTER

(Continued from Page 2)

something about getting a new coat. We saw the same bear several times thereafter, for he was easily recognized. His new coat had not been well fitted. It was so small that it reached only to his elbows and would not completely button along the belly. And another thing! Of course, Reif remembers our good old milkshakes. No Minnesotan can ever forget the real thing. Unfortunately, real milkshakes are not made anywhere east of the Mississippi. Some of you Bucknellians seem to think we like them thick. That's not so. As a matter of fact, they come in a solid form so the soda-jerker must put them on a mixer for a few seconds to loosen them up a bit. And even at that, people often bend their spoons all out of shape while eating milkshakes. That painting, drawing, and woodcarving stuff is more hokum, too. The only thing that Reif can draw is flies. He did gash his head once while he was cutting his own hair. I suppose that might be considered woodcarving. And

★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Harry Campbell is an inspector at the Glenn Martin plant in Baltimore. Charles Millard is employed in Pittsburgh. John Piskorski is drafting for the General Electric Company in Connecticut. Jerome Greenwald received his M. A. in the Liberal Arts course at Penn State. Louise Wilski is a senior at State, where she will receive her degree in education in December. Francis Baldauski will receive his M. S. in Protein Chemistry in the School of Agriculture in December at State. After the new year he will be stationed in Custine, California, working for the Smith, Klein and French Chemical Company in their research division. Benjamin S. Davis is a private at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas. James Fritz is doing research work at Berkeley, Califor-

nia. John C. Grigger is doing research work with the Pennsylvania Salt Mfg. Company. Robert Hourigan is attending Officers Training School at Fort Benning. Edward Labak, who is in the navy, was a visitor at the school recently. Gerald Laufer is continuing his studies at Bucknell University. Darina Tuhy is at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. Joseph N. Joseph is in the army stationed at Philadelphia. Helen Eagle has a secretarial position with Cities Service Oil Company at Irvington, N. Y. Robert Templeton is personnel director at Camp Kohler, Sacramento, California. Everett Davis and Wayne Swanberry, both former Junior College athletes, are Aviation Cadets, receiving their pre-flight training at Nashville, Tenn. Robert Nagle has returned to the

Junior College, but this time he is a member of the C. P. T. group stationed here. Paul Labeda is a member of the Naval Reserve and is continuing his studies at the University of Pittsburgh. Morris Altman graduated from radio school at Scott Field and is awaiting assignment. James Convery is working at Middletown. John Bush has been transferred to Columbia, University for his Naval Reserve training. Dick Bantle, former Beacon sports editor, is with the Air Corps at Miami Beach. Word has just been received from Morris Altman that Robert Mikulewicz has received his training at Maxwell Field, Alabama, and now is finishing his training as a bomber pilot in Blytheville, Arkansas.

B. U. Junior College Students Accepted For United States Army Enlisted Reserve

FRESHMEN

1. Britten, Milton Reese
2. Coates, Walter Russell
3. Davis, Edward Evan
4. Fierverker, Harry Louis
5. Herbert, Earle Avery
6. Hochreiter, Harry M., Jr.
7. Lloyd, Charles Bell
8. Marinelli, Nicholas W.
9. Mechak, Raymond
10. Nork, Edward Peter
11. Phillips, Michael
12. Shonk, Carl Ellsworth
13. Simonovich, Vincent Joseph
14. Rudnicki, John W. F.
15. Zabiegalski, Anthony
16. Swiatkowski, Theodore M.

SOPHOMORES

1. Baut, Harry S.
2. Berger, Martin
3. Berzellini, John Joseph
4. Hettig, Stewart
5. Evans, Thomas Alfred
6. Joneikis, Joseph Louis
7. Katz, Harry
8. Keeney, John C.
9. Kelly, Joseph C.
10. Kohl, John Michael
11. Lorusso, Joseph A.
12. Ludwikowski, Leonard F.
13. Mischinski, Matthew M.
14. Morris, Joseph A.
15. Myers, William Strous
16. Olszewski, Leonard V.
17. Seras, Peter W.
18. Smith, Roscoe B.
19. Zucosky, John T.

All students who wish to apply for the Army Enlisted Reserve should turn their names into the office before December 31. No enlistments will be accepted by the ARMY after that date.

his painting has been limited entirely to barn painting. Once he was painting a barn and didn't notice that he reached the end of the barn, but continued to paint a low-hanging cloud that was leaning against the end of the barn. When he finally ran out of red paint, he was a block from the barn. That red cloud hung around all summer. We finally sold it to some Sioux Indians, who cut it up and used it for bloody warpath.

I hope this will correct some misimpressions which your article undoubtedly created. Yours truly, OLE OLSON, Young Sweden, Minnesota.

KASTNER

(Continued from Page 1)

put the boy in a hero's light as far as the class was concerned, but also made him more incorrigible than ever. As yet, Professor Kastner has not formed an opinion regarding Wilkes-Barre, for he has had little time to view local sights. However, he has decided that both the students and the atmosphere surrounding Bucknell are much to his liking. In fact, he considers it "quite a friendly place." In return, we at Bucknell are proud to add the name of Professor Kastner to the list of our distinguished faculty, and we sincerely hope that his winning personality and contagious smile will remain with us for many years to come. There's usually one big thing most people remember about the good old horse and buggy days and that is that they didn't own a horse.

TRIP

(Continued from Page 2)

snack, went to see Native Son, produced by Orson (Mars Scare) Welles, and then made a mad dash for Hobby Lobby. A midnight lunch at a Dutch restaurant, and then to bed at 2 o'clock, but to sleep at 4! Whose bed broke?

Sunday, November 29—

Up at 8, to a broadcast, where we saw Milton Cross. Then we took a Fifth Avenue bus ride to Grant's Tomb, Riverside Church, where we shook hands with Harry Emerson Fosdick. We had lunch at a French restaurant, oui, tres bien; went to the Ice Follies, had more food. Saw first Met. audition of the air. Then to Junior Miss. After this a mad dash for the baggage and then to the bus. That is all, dear diary. Had loads of fun. Good-night.

Who—Eight tired tourists from Bucknell University Junior College.

WOMEN

(Continued from Page 3)

for women in the study of medicine were becoming bright. Today it can be said, without any hesitation, that women in the majority of cases are going to take the place of male doctors, not only in hospitals, but it can be expected that they shall appear on the fields of battle.

You can thank God every morning when you get up that you've gotta be done, whether you like it or not. Bein' forced to work, and forced to do your best, can't help but make you more temp'rate and self-controlled.

ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

applause at the close of his remarks. Mr. Humber, speaking before the combined audience of the student body and outside groups, urged his audience to give consideration now to peace after war. He advocated the enforcement of international law to prevent world anarchy.

Future assembly programs promise to be equally interesting, with Wing Commander Hall of the R. A. F. scheduled as speaker on December 10.

MAESTRO

(Continued from Page 2)

1 song of the country. It is called "Moonlight Mood," and has that "a la Star Dust" appeal. A quick survey of the top records of the moment would find Vaughn Monroe's "When the Lights Go On Again" near the top, while Teddy Powell and his vocalist, Peggy Mann, serve up an appetizing morsel in the ballad, "Why Don't You Fall in Love With Me."



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