



SCRANTON STUDENTS ADDRESS ASSEMBLY

On Monday of this week, the student assembly was addressed by three Scranton University students. Alfred Eisenpreis, former *Beacon* editor, acted as chairman of the affair, and introduced the other young men, Joseph Greeley and Charles Kirshner, who spoke on peace after the war. Greeley devoted his talk to a morally just peace based on the peace plan of Pope Pius, while Kirshner spoke of a world order based on the Atlantic Charter, and the compact of the United States.

An open forum followed the prepared addresses, and students asked the speakers questions regarding their talks.

Target for Tonight was the name of a film presented at assembly period on January 11. This film was of special interest to most of the male students because their availability for military service has aroused in them a new interest in the implements of war. The picture dealt with the tedious preparations made by the R. A. F. before they take off on their nightly trips to Germany.

The first assembly after the Christmas vacation was held on January 4. On that occasion, Dr. Farley speaking, instead of the usual outside speaker, explained to the boys the effect that the recent military orders would have on their college careers. He explained that at the time no definite information was forthcoming as to the present status of the youth in college, but that the heads of various services recommend that all boys remain at their studies until called.

FIRST THESPIAN PRODUCTION IS SUCCESS

The Bucknell Thespians' first major production, "Are You a Mason?" was witnessed on December 17th by an appreciative audience. The first nighters are unanimous in their acclaim for the cast, director, and entire presentation, and we are inclined to agree with them.

However, the real laurels should be bestowed on the group for the excellent performance given on the 18th before the most unbelievable audience Chase Theater has ever held. The actors and actresses revealed genuine ability and true mettle as they carried out the principles of the stage and ignored the antics of the first row before the footlights.

In recognition of the Thespians' achievements, Dr. and Mrs. Farley invited the cast and all persons working behind stage to their home for refreshments after the final performance.

The student body looks forward with interest to the next dramatic production, but as yet Miss Sanguiliano has not chosen a play for production. We hear rumors that it is to be an all-girl cast, since

(Continued on Page 4)

USE OF MUSIC ROOM

The facilities of our music room, although very impressive, are little used. This lack of use is usually attributed to the fact that many students are unaware of its existence.

To make known the existence of this very lovely and well equipped room is the purpose of this article. In this room one can find music to fit every mood. The collection of records by all the great composers and conductors is quite complete. The recording machine is one of the finest available. The beauty of the room itself should be sufficient to attract relaxation seeking students.

The music room is open at hours convenient to the students. It is hoped that more students will make use of its facilities. It is an opportunity not to be missed.

CLASSES RESUME FEBRUARY 2

Well, here it is again! No, we don't mean the flood or the President's Ball, but those few days in January that every student loves. Ever since the examination schedule was released, many B. U. J. C. students found themselves in the same predicament as the last-minute Christmas shopper. In almost every corner of the library there has been someone trying to cram in last-minute studying while he watched January 21 drawing nearer. We can already hear the sighs of relief when Friday, January 29, draws to a close.

All students are to enroll for second semester on Monday, February 1.

Classes will begin at 8 a. m. Tuesday, February 2, 1943.

FRESHMEN IN SERVICE



Jr. College To Admit High School Seniors

High school seniors who are in the upper fifth of their class may enter Bucknell Junior as freshmen on February 1. Students who enter at this time will finish their freshman year about September 1 of this year. The Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg has authorized the granting of high school diplomas to those students who successfully complete one year of college credit.

Junior College students are requested to inform their high school friends about this accelerated program, so that they may be able to take advantage of it.

BEACON RECEIVES ARMY PAPER

The *Beacon* had the pleasure of receiving from one of our overseas readers, a copy of the *Stars and Stripes*, official publication of the American soldiers in North Africa. The *Stars and Stripes* recently combined its facilities for news coverage with those of the famed *York* in order to give the soldiers at the front a better coverage of world news.

The *Stars and Stripes* contains the latest war and home front news, including football scores, as well as a small section devoted to French words and their pronunciation.

It is hoped that additional copies of this excellent paper will continue to be received at the Junior College.

EXAM SCHEDULE

Monday, January 25	
9:00 A. M.	
Engi. 103	Co. 302
Mathematics 107 A & B	Co. 302
2:00 P. M.	
Biology 100	Co. 302
Economics 103	Co. 302
English 131 A	Ch. 204
Tuesday, January 26	
9:00 A. M.	
Chemistry 113 A & B	Co. 302
Chemistry 115	Co. 302
Economics 102	K. 107
2:00 P. M.	
Civ. Engi. 103	Co. 302
Economics 137	Ch. 103
German 101	Ch. 209
Philosophy 100	Co. 302
Wednesday, January 27	
9:00 A. M.	
Biology 101	Co. 302
Economics 135	Co. 103
Mathematics 205	Co. 302
Sociology 110	Co. 302
2:00 P. M.	
Economics 105	Co. 103
Engi. 101	Co. 203
History 99 A, B, C	K. 107
Thursday, January 28	
9:00 A. M.	
Economics 235	Co. 103
Mathematics 109 A & B	Co. 302
2:00 P. M.	
Engi. 100	Co. 202
History 107	K. 107
Music 100	K. 107
Friday, January 29	
9:00 A. M.	
Biol. Sci. 100	Co. 310
English 131 B	Ch. 204

TEA AND DANCE HELD BY SORORITY

On Friday, January 9th, the Girls' Sorority of the Junior College, Beta Gamma Chi, held an informal tea in the reception room of Chase Hall.

Norma Lee Hoover was chairman of the affair and was assisted by Mary Jane Varker and Clarice Pierson. Helen Bitler poured. Later there was a short business meeting, at which plans for the tea dance were discussed. Everyone had a splendid time, as evidenced by the fact that everything edible from the tea to the centerpiece was consumed in short order.

The following Friday afternoon in Kirby Hall the Sorority entertained the boys of the college at a tea dance. Irene Kessler was chairman and was assisted by June Gates and Marge Mattern. Music, as usual, was provided by Harold Smith and his records.

An unusual feature of the tea was the large number of boys who attended. With the transportation difficulties confronting everybody these days, such tea dances promise to be a welcome diversion in the future.

Many former Junior College students, some of whom are now in the armed services, took this opportunity to renew former acquaintances.

If you got the right outlook, time is nothin' but noise made by a clock.

FORMER STUDENTS ACTIVE AT CAMPUS

News of local interest from the campus is the announcement that Miss Shirley Higgins, an alumna of the Junior College, will direct the forthcoming production of *Knicker Bocker Holiday*. While at the Junior College, Miss Higgins was an active participant in the Thespians' activities, both behind the scenes and before the footlights. Miss Higgins is in her senior year, and is working for her Bachelor of Arts Degree. The first major production of the University's Dramatic Club was Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, directed by Christopher O'Malley, also a former student of the Junior College, where he was active in Thespians and was President of the Glee Club. Mr. O'Malley, who is also in his senior year, expects to enter the armed services shortly. On his return, he will accept a scholarship to the Juilliard School of music.

GLEE CLUB TO HOLD PARTY ON JAN. 29

The first social gathering of the Bucknell Glee Club will be in the form of a supper party on January 29th. Members of the club are planning an evening of fun to drive away the horrors of examination week.

Since the Glee Club itself is relatively small because the members are chosen on the basis of talent, outside friends and parents have already been issued invitations.

In addition to food, which is, in our opinion, the most interesting phase of any party, the group of visitors will be entertained by a short musical program. There will also be a farmer dance, which, we hope, will be a success, and games for amusement.

We venture to predict that the outsiders will enjoy the music room at Kirby Hall as much as we here at Bucknell, and the novelty of the affair promises an interesting evening to those invited to attend.

FOUR YEAR PLAN NEWS

One of the primary steps toward the establishment of a four-year college in Wilkes-Barre has been taken by the Trustees of the Junior College. The Board of Trustees has authorized its Committee on Instruction to consult with Dr. Haas of the State Department of Public Instruction on the requirements which would enable the Junior College to become an advanced institution capable of awarding a college degree.

The Committee has selected Dr. Marts, President of Bucknell University, and our own Dr. Farley to meet with Dr. Haas in the near future.

BUY VICTORY BONDS AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.

EDITORIALS

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief John C. Keeney
Associate Editor Norma Lee Hoover
Sports Editor J. Markowitz
Reporters—M. Hutchko, R. Keats, R. Williams, J. Donohue, M. Novak, L. Hazletine, M. Britten, M. Wilson, H. Morris.
Typists E. Brennan, C. Silverman
Photographers H. Smith, B. Rapcznski, T. Davis
Business Manager R. Blaine Smith
Circulation Manager G. Papadopolos
Advisers Dr. E. S. Farley and Dr. W. H. Crook

SPORTS NIGHT

A clamor has arisen from amongst the student body, especially from the Sophomore members, for a continuance of the Freshman-Sophomore Sports Night, which was begun last year.

Now is the time to plan for this affair. Should our student government take the lead in this matter we could have a continuance of this popular get-together.

Should our student leaders entertain any doubts as to the probable success of this Sports Night, we assure them that the mere involvement of so many students is a definite assurance of success.

DR. ALBRECHT

Bucknell reluctantly faces the task of bidding farewell to one whom it has only recently welcomed. The prospect is not pleasant, for we are, one and all, truly sorry to have Dr. Albrecht leave.

To Dr. Albrecht then, we express our sorrow at his leaving, our best wishes for all his future success, and give our thanks for his able guidance and instruction.

STUDENT SPEAKERS

The appearance of three students of the University of Scranton as guest speakers at our student assembly was a novel experiment at the Junior College.

This experiment having proven a success, the Beacon opines that this interchange of ideas between ourselves and our Scrantn neighbor ought and should be continued.

Representatives of our school should appear before our own assembly and, if possible, before those of our neighboring colleges in order to expound the principles and ideals taught at Bucknell.

MAESTRO

By Harold Smith

About this time each year I like to take time off to review the musical history of the preceding year. The year of 1942 started off with a bang. The country was all out for war and the battle-cry was "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Swing still was driving along as a fast clip and featured such songs as "Jersey Bounce," "One Dozen Roses," "Mr. Five by Five" and others. It was a season of tunes that had for their themes the hope of the end of the war.

Tschaikowsky had two songs in the big time, namely, "Tonight We Love" and "Story of a Starry Night." The best waltz song was "Sleepy Lagoon," while the blues song of the year was "Blues in the Night."

Harry James came into prominence through a great recording of "You Made Me Love You," and Glenn Miller found a successful recipe for a "Moonlight Cocktail."

Such was the year 1942. It was an exciting year filled with grief and despair. Out of the confusion arose a new America. A changed America which was all out for war.

POTPOURRI

By Jean Donohue

Almost Confidential

The peace on earth, good will to men attitude of the Christmas season was not exercised toward our friends, the engineers, after their childish behavior at the last performance of "Are You a Mason?"

Could the general air of melancholy be due to approaching mid-year's or departing men friends?

Speaking of men (and who isn't these days?) the tea dance was well populated after a fashion.

In Maryland it may be "absence makes the heart grow fonder," but here it's "out of sight, out of mind."

Reverting to the tea dance, the only unhappy note was the mysterious disappearance of the choc-

AROUND THE CORNER

Alas, the hands of time move relentlessly onward, and, with the close of the first semester, we find ourselves enshrouded in memories and bordering on nostalgia.

As we compose our last reportorial effort, we think, in sadness of the column and the times that used to be. Rather obvious and rather tiring is everyone's attempt to be funny.

We don't like to be catty, but if there's an eligible male at Bucknell who hasn't had the pleasure of holding Caryl Thomas' hand, will he please apply to typing room, Conyngham?

The antics of the clownish engineers are becoming quite frownish. Anyone seeing or hearing the Friday night performance of "Are You a Mason?" could credit themselves with an achievement.

The engineers' latest prank backfired when ten engineers were found walking around in a dazed condition and with faces tinged with various shades of green and purple after too much cigar imbibing in celebration of the new Hall baby.

That odd clunking noise heard around school of late is not the plumber testing the water pipes; it's Bob Uskurait in his wooden shoes.

While on the subject of odd noises, has everyone heard Irma Watkins' hiccough or Bertha Arnold's giggle?

The last girls' tea was a cozy affair. There was a wide choice of select empty seats.

Bob Mills and Chigger Jones learned that it is naughty to leave drafting class to smoke in the conservatory. How are the extra plates coming along, boys?

At this point, we feel it imperative to apologize for the last pun, which rightly should have been in the "Letters to the Editor" column.

Eddy Hershenfeld and Ruth Keats overstayed their Christmas vacation a bit. It is very fortunate that the Keats family has a telephone or who knows—Eddy and Keats may have become the I-know-there's-something-missing-

olate cake, for which we are happy to report we were not responsible (for a change). However, should anyone ask about the fruitiferous centerpiece of the informal tea, it would be another matter.

Sidelights

We herald the appearance of the new semester. We look back on the old with mixed feelings of happiness and regret. Regret at the beginning of those three-mile hikes and happiness at the end. Our idea of an ideal hike would be to walk a half hour, stop for a half hour of warmth and hot choc-

but-I-can't-remember-what" quantity at the Junior College.

Earl Herbert kept us constantly reminded of Margie Mattern's absence. Glad she's back. Now the accounting class can return to normal.

Mrs. Brennan had quite a duel with the engineers over a freshly baked batch of cookies for the girls' tea. Lucky for the girls that Mrs. Brennan wields a mean carving knife.

Dr. Rief, with total indifference to the alarming shortage of alarm clocks, complains of being awakened every morning at seven-thirty by the clink of billiard balls. By the way, Dr. Rief, what was that naughty word you said?

The girls knitted socks and sweaters for themselves—now the army and navy have priorities.

We didn't know Blaine's name was really Roscoe—and he hadn't become Douglass-minded.

Bedee O'Donnell got all those reservations for September, '45.

Markowitz becomes a "dignified humorist"—that was before the slapstick bug hit him.

B. U. J. C. students learned more about Minnesota than they ever thought possible.

Mischinski and Kohl celebrated an early Fourth—to the consternation of Dr. Albrecht.

It wasn't a novelty to ride in a car—with a free tank. Ration books were only mentioned in foreign dispatches.

The shiny floors that confronted us after the Christmas vacation are giving some people the chance to practice actual first aid treatment of an abused posterior, but no one seems to care about the poor incised floors.

Matthew Maxmillian Mishinski is a busy person this year. When not howling wolfishly, he is busy working his way through school via the pool table in the boys' lounge.

In our research of mysterious unknown initials, we not only found a Roscoe and a Maxmillian, but we also unearthed a Pansy. Now it can be fully understood why Frank P. Speicher talks to himself in the chemistry store-room.

Dr. Reif's latest. Quote: "A Ph. D. is someone who learns more and more about less and less until he knows practically nothing!"

Treveryan Williams was very surprised to find her rubber boots a part of the scarecrow designed and executed by Bob McDermott in the conservatory at Conyngham Hall, which it so heroically tried to cover.

Zoo students who looked forward with bloodthirsty glee to carving up an Amphioxus were rudely disappointed upon receiving the animal between two microscope slides.

Jane Ayre and Ted Davis are becoming quite an item. Mutual interest in photography.

Retrospect

B. U. J. C. welcomed her largest Freshman Class . . . Remember (Continued on Page 4)

KEEP AMERICA SAFE BUY WAR BONDS

POPULAR BUCKNELLIAN

It is not necessary to introduce this young man to our Beacon readers, for at one time or another he has been seen by everyone on the Bucknell campus. His cheerful, friendly attitude marked him almost at once to the incom-



JOE LORUSSO

ing Freshmen at the beginning of the semester.

Born Joseph Anthony Lorusso, on August 20, 1922, he has lived in Wilkes-Barre all his life. Joe attended Coughlin High School, and graduated in 1940. One of Bucknell's better students, it is only natural to expect that he belonged to the two scholastic clubs of Coughlin, the Ushers and the National Honor Society.

Joe, however, did not devote all his time to studies, as his fellow Coughlinites well know. He had a profound interest in dramatics, and so, since he does everything well, was made a member of the Masquers. Here he proved his merit by proceeding to take part in every play produced.

His interests are versatile, for he also has a deep appreciation for fine music. At Coughlin, the A Capella Choir had the honor of claiming him as a member.

Joe brought all his interests with him to Bucknell. He is an active member of the Thespians, and is remembered for his splendid performances in "Pierre Pate-lin," and in the latest Thespian production, "Are You a Mason?"

He is also president of the Bucknell Glee Club, conducted by Professor Gies. The Glee Club is one of the most active organizations of the school, and at present Joe is planning a supper party for the club.

In addition to all this—take a deep breath, folks—Joe is vice-president of the Sophomore Class, one of the most active members of the student council, and secretary of the Thespians, dramatic society.

Although he has no immediate plans for the future, he expects to continue with his work toward a B. S. degree until called into active service by the Army Reserves, of which he is a member.

NAVAL RESERVISTS

The Navy Department has requested the date on which the Junior College students, who are members of the Naval Reserve, will finish the spring term. The implication is that Naval Reservists will be allowed to finish the second semester. All available information points to the same policy being followed by the Army and Marine Corps, but at present no official announcement is forthcoming.

A LETTER HOME

Somewhere in New York,
June Umpteenth, 1942.

Dear Mom:

I am enthusiastic about army life. We lie around in bed every morning until 5:00. This, of course, gives us plenty of time to get washed, shaved, dressed, our beds made, etc., by 5:10. At 5:15 we stand outside awhile, while some guy practices on the bugle. After he's swung a few bars of "Hold That Tiger" and we are reasonably chilled, we grope our way through the darkness to the mess hall, which is appropriately named. Here we eat a hearty, wholesome breakfast consisting of an unidentified liquid and a choice of white or brown bread crusts.

After gorging ourselves with this delicious repast, we waddle back to our tents and have nothing to do until 7:30. So, to pass the time, we just sit around and scrub the toilets, mop the floors, wash the windows, pick up trash around the buildings and tents and perform such other minor operations as might be conceived in the fertile cranium of our non-coms.

Soon the sergeant comes in and says sweetly, "Come on out in the sun, kiddies, and let us romp awhile." So, we go out and bask in the wonderful sunshine. To limber us up, we do a few calisthenics, such as touching the ground with both feet in the air or grabbing ourselves by the hair and holding ourselves at arm's length. First, though, we take off our overcoats, boots, and jackets and lay them in mud puddles.

At 8:00, we put on a light pack and start for a pleasant day in the

mountains. The light pack, not to be confused with the heavy pack, consists of gun, bayonet, canteen, mess kit, tent pole, tent, tentstakes, belt, first-aid kit, rope, raincoat and a few other negligible items. Then we are off for a picnic in the hills and mountains.

An observation car follows us and picks up the fellows who faint, as the army thinks of everything. These lucky fellows are treated unusually well for the next six months while they are in the guardhouse; but they do not have to face a Court-Martial. You have to be pretty bad to be Court-Martialed, such as forgetting to shine your shoes after marching through the mud all day.

The fellows who remain in line of march until 5:30 then limp into the Infirmary. At the Infirmary, patients are grouped into two classifications. First, those who have athlete's foot and, second, those who have colds. If you have athlete's foot, you get your feet swabbed with iodine. If you have a cold, you get your throat swabbed with iodine. Anyone who claims he has neither athlete's foot or a cold is sent to the guardhouse for impersonating an officer.

I thought you would be pleased to know your son is very popular at the Infirmary. I told them I have both a cold and athlete's foot. What I really have are gastric ulcers, but I know when to keep my mouth shut.

Well, that's all I've got to write tonight, Mom. I've got to close as we are having classes in Military Courtesy this evening.

Your loving son,

FLATHEAD.

MODERN WOMAN

The number of professions which are for men only is being gradually reduced to insignificance by the initiative of women and the exigency of the manpower shortage. With the entrance of great numbers of men into the armed services, women were called upon to take their places in industry. They were first called upon to perform simple mechanical tasks, but now we hear of women being trained as engineers. The Curtiss-Wright Corporation issued a call for 800 college women to receive special training as engineers in eight universities. This project is of especial significance when we consider that less than twenty women received engineering degrees in the United States last year.

Many of the young women, interviewed by Curtiss-Wright Co., indicated they had a long standing interest in engineering. Some of them even went so far as to say they might have entered engineering colleges had not the engineering field been recognized at that time as being "for men only."

Thus, women in large numbers are to move into a field where the number of their sex is insignificant. This innovation may lead to the retention of many of these women in engineering posts and the training of even more women in this field in the post-war period.

A coupla fellas I know are like mules. The only way you can keep them in their own barnyard is to turn them loose outside and let them jump back in.

TWENTY SECOND COLUMN

Such is life!

The next time the call comes to make the world safe for democracy, I'm taking a crack at the navy. As you know, I was a victim of Class "A." The next time I want to be in Class B . . . Be there when they go and be there when they come back.

I remember when I was registering. I went to the desk and my milkman was in charge.

"What's your name?"

"Young man, you know my name."

"What's your name?"

"August Childs."

"Are you an alien?"

"No, I feel fine."

"When did you first see the light of day?"

"When I moved to Philadelphia from Pitt."

"The first of September you'll be in Australia and that will be the last of August."

A horse doctor started to examine me.

"Ever have St. Vitus dance or take fits?"

"No, only when I stay in a saloon too long."

"Can you see all right?"

"Sure, but if I pass, I'll be cock-eyed tonight."

"I have examined 150,000 men and you are the most perfect physical wreck that I have ever examined."

The doctor then handed me a little card, and on it in quaint little letters it said, Class A-1.

Then I finally went off to camp, and what I didn't go through! On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you are in it, you think you can lick anybody. They have two sizes, mainly, too large and too small. The pants are too tight; I can't sit down; the shoes are so big that I turn around three times and they don't move.

I passed an officer all dressed up in fancy belts.

"Don't you notice what I have on?"

"Yes, what are you kicking about? Look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75.00. In two minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's on a pair of dice; no matter what I did, I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I got five aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing; the fellow next to me had six kings.

"This is a crooked poker game."

"We're playing pinochle, not poker."

Everything was crazy. If you were a watchman, they made you officer-of-the-day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. "I am going to mash the potatoes."

Oh, it was nice!

Next week they send me off to Australia.

ZEELUS.

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GIRLS ENJOY SUPPER



"OUR HEARTS WERE YOUNG AND GAY"

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, by Cornelia Skinner, is a fine, funny tale of a trip abroad in the early twenties. Cornelia and Emily, both 19 and quite on their own, sailed from Montreal for a summer in England and France. Their story is vivid and sparkling, full of giggling and girlish foolishness — somehow as fresh as if it were only yesterday. All the events are hilarious or sentimental, because they are part of one gay adventure, the first trip abroad for Emily, the first as an independent woman for Cornelia.

Each crazy episode builds up to the next and makes it funnier. Or it might be the two outstanding personalities of the story that makes it funny.

The first fine, careless rapture of the adventure was heightened for the two girls because they started out burdened with many

warnings and don'ts. Cornelia's parents came from New England, Emily's from Indiana, and their code for young women traveling alone was strict.

All kinds of things kept happening to them. They were shipwrecked on the peaceful St. Lawrence before going to the ocean; they had the measles before arriving in England; encountered bedbugs in a Paris hotel; difficulties with porters, taxis, baggage and rooms.

The illustrations by Alayalore are a happy addition to the record. Sometimes these illustrations aren't exactly in keeping with the prank described for the illustration, but they are fun and add humor and gaiety to the story.

The author tells you the characters are completely fictitious. And well might some of the incidents

(Continued on Page 4)

A SOLDIER REPORTS

Such is life!

"Oh, it was nice—five below one morning, and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery . . . red flannels, BVD's . . . all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The Lt. lined us up.

"Stand up."

"I am standing up, but this underwear makes you think I'm sitting down."

Yeah, I'll never forget that boat trip!

Coming off the boat, I had a Seargent who stuttered. Twenty-seven of us marched overboard before he finally could say halt. They pulled us out and the Captain came along.

"Fall in!"

"I have just been in."

I was on the boat twelve days,

(Continued on Page 4)

SPORTS GOSSIP

This is a new column, and John Kieran is my idol. Does that explain anything?

Chief topic of the gab sessions around the "Y" currently are the basketball intramurals. This department will now put itself out on a very slender limb just to be conversational.

Best team—Team 1, captained by the one and only Texas. They can handle that apple.

Best players—Nix on that. That's like taking two cuts at the lime myself.

Best referee—Frank Speicher. Say, what about Bucknell night? Basketball, swimming, and dancing. Ask any Sophomore.

Bill Myers scored 25 points in one game. You might think about that for a minute. I mean 25 points. Some of the game scores don't go as high as that.

Did you ever see Georgie do a front or back flip without a spring-board on the mats? Something worth seeing, believe me.

Fellow was talking to me down in the locker room—oh, last Wednesday or Thursday or some such—some red-haired guy, very home-ly. Said he was manager of some intramurals or something. Wanted me to put his name in the paper. Said he thought he deserved some credit and stuff. Dopey looking guy. I forget his name.

Boy, Mischinski sure was in the middle of it in that playoff between 8 and 2. Did his ears burn.

Y'know, maybe Berzy won't like that paragraph I wrote about him. Okay, I hereby retract it.

One thing about Thompson's team, they pass the ball around. That's food for thought, some of you guys.

Gotta couple of hot tips. Jiminy in the fourth at Pimlico, and—No, that's another column I write. Why—uh—we're going to (confidential now) maybe have (and don't quote me) bowling and (especially don't quote me) swimming intramurals.

Look, fellows, it's late and I want to go to bed. So, with the parting admonition that the act of indulging in the reception of cellulose coins is to be deplored, I shall partake of a wee bit of slumber. J. M.

SPORTS

Team 2 Wins Championship

Team 2 copped top honors in the Bucknell Intra-mural League by coming out on top in both brackets. It clinched the championship by beating Team 5 on Friday, January 15, by a score of 38 to 28. Semmer was high scorer for the victors with 21 points, while Speicher led the losers with 14.

Berwick Downs "Y" Five

The reason we of Bucknell are interested in this game is that the Y. M. C. A. basketball team which was defeated by Berwick was made up entirely of Bucknell cagers. Since the "Y" has no quint of its own, when it was invited to play Berwick it asked the top team in its house league to represent it. This team happened to be from Bucknell, and composed of D. Frederick, J. Jones, E. Kochuba, F. Speicher, J. Riley, and Lynch. The Berwick lineup included Penn State's Joe Colone, and other ex-varsity men from Berwick High School. Bucknell's five held in the first period, 15-9, but Berwick subsequently took over and the final score was Berwick 65, Wilkes Barre 41.

Nobody but a fool tells the first fighin' or huntin' story.

★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Joan Adamshock, '43, recent visitor, is now with the Pabst Company in Jersey City. Doris Jones, '43, who recently visited here, is now recuperating from an illness. George Rader, '43, stationed with the Anti-Aircraft in Philadelphia, visited here on a recent furlough. Thomas Trethaway, '43, of the U. S. Navy, was here from Seneca Lake recently. Fred Balister, '43, who enlisted in the Marines shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, is with the Marines on Guadalcanal Island. Emma Lee Kan-yuck, '42, visited here from Cornell University Hospital, New York. Elizabeth Lance, '42, has a

secretarial position with the Penn Tobacco Co. Robert Connolly, '41, is stationed at Missouri with the U. S. Army. Carey Evans, '41, is in C. P. S. Camp at Coleville, California. Harvey Wruble, '41, is now stationed at Wendover Field, Utah. Mrs. Thomas Turnbull, nee Jean Morgan, '39, is living in Elizabeth, N. J. Her husband was a member of the ill-fated U. S. S. Reuben James. Reuben Rader, '39, is attending Officers Training School. George Dickinson, '38, is receiving officers training in communications at Harvard University. Murray Edelman, '38, of the Eighth Airway Command

Squadron, is a cryptographer in the "crypto room" at Presque Isle, Maine. Muzia Beanco, '36, is a yeoman third class, U. S. Navy. Joseph Donnelly and a friend from Michigan recently visited here in a jeep while on official business from Baltimore and Aberdeen. Mrs. R. Berman, nee Lydia Greenbaum, is residing in Nanticoke while her husband is on active duty in Africa. Joseph Joseph is with the 43rd Division C. A. Brigade (A. A.) at Philadelphia. Wayne Swanberry is now training at Maxwell Field, Alabama.

BASKETBALL INTRA-MURALS COMPLETED

The first bracket of the B. U. J. C. intramural loop ended January 8, with Team 2, captained by Carl Thompson, the only unbeaten team. In an elimination series, which began on December 16, the final round brought together Team 8 and Team 2. Team 2 won, 21-7, in what was really a bitterly fought game, especially with words. The second bracket then began. Evans' Team 1 and Markowitz's Team 8, both of which appeared to be formidable in the first series, were eliminated, leaving Team 5, captained by F. Speicher, and Team 2, in the final playoffs. If you want to be strictly mathematical, the odds are with Team 2, since they eliminated Team 8 in the first bracket after Team 8 had won over Team 5. However, Speicher's outfit seems much improved and the playoff should be a bang-up contest. As to future schedules, that is to be determined by Berzellini and Ludwikowski, who have been managing the intramurals.

The game scores as they were played:

December 16—			
Team 1	25	Team 3	24
Team 2	27	Team 4	18
December 17—			
Team 5	36	Team 7	18
Team 6	6	Team 8	31
January 6—			
Team 2	36	Team 3	20
January 7—			
Team 5	10	Team 8	19
January 8—Final playoff in the first bracket.			
Team 2	21	Team 8	7
January 12—			
Team 2	45	Team 4	30
Team 6	16	Team 7	20
January 13—			
Team 3	25	Team 1	27
Team 5	35	Team 8	20
January 14—			
Team 5	39	Team 4	22
Team 1	28	Team 2	40

SOLDIER

(Continued from Page 3)
seasick all the time. Nothing going down, everything coming up. I leaned over the railing all the time. In the middle of one of my best leans, the Captain rushed up to me.
"What company are you in?"
"I am all to myself."
"Was the Brigadier up from below yet?"
"If I swallowed it, it's up."
We had a lifeboat drill, and when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship, it spilled some men in the water. Only the Lt. and I were left on the boat. The Lt. gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of their heads. I was struggling with the men when this fellow with a bald head came up.
"Pull me out."
"Go down and come up the right way."
We finally did get here and no sooner had we hit land than they put us to digging trenches. After three nights in the trenches all the cannons started to roar, and the shells started to fall. I started shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there wasn't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said:
"Five o'clock we go over the top."
"I'd like to go on a furlough."
"Haven't you any blood in you?"
"Yes, but I don't want to see it."
"Where do you want to go?"
"Anywhere it's warm."
He told me where to go.
My buddy said to me before we got final orders:
"I can just see tomorrow's headlines."
"Yah, three thousand Americans

trampled to death by renegade."
Five o'clock and we went over the top. Ten thousand Japs came at us. They looked at me as though I started the war. The guy in back of me took a shot at the Japs and hit me in the excitement, I mean the thigh. On the way to the hospital, I met a fellow soldier.
"Where are they taking me?"
"To the morgue."
"There's some mistake. I'm not dead."
"Do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?"
Finally a pretty nurse came in and said, "Move over."
Oh, that's another story.
Yessir, the next time the call comes to make the world safe for democracy, I'm taking a crack at the Navy.Y
ZEELUS.

HEARTS

(Continued from Page 3)
be fictitious, because they are so fantastic.
Our Hearts Were Young and Gay ranks decidedly in the upper bracket of recent reminiscence books. It will warm the heart of those who've done any sort of pre-war touring abroad, and make others wish they had. Gay youth and travel in the twenties make an unbeatable subject for the Skinner brand of humor.

THESPIANS

(Continued from Page 1)
the Thespian men are all prospective army material. This ought to set a new "first" for the Thespians. At any rate, we await the results with eager anticipation.
Funny how a woman'll spend \$5 for a pair of stockings to give the impression she's not wearing any.

CORNER

(Continued from Page 2)
skating to classes . . . Parker leading the lusty cheers on the Square . . . Bob Mills alias Queenie?
The engineers discovered the potentialities of the freshman girls—led by Nelson, Kohl, and Meyers.
1942 was the year you could drink a second cup of coffee with a clear conscience—you might even have been bolder and use two or three sugar lumps!

LIBERTY LIMERICKS



A wood carver named Mr. Whittler,
Said—"This is the way to stop Hitler:
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