



Welcome Summer Frosh

KOLUM LEFT

By Joseph Alco

The other day as I was walking down to my next class, I noticed one of the new Freshmen sleeping on a bench. As I came closer, I noticed that he was talking to himself. He was having a bad dream. Accidentally (on purpose), I overheard what he said.

"I sat in tense expectancy waiting for the ordeal that I knew was to come. My breathing was already reaching a rapid pace and tiny beads of perspiration were forming on my forehead.

"I knew that the hideous creature would soon confront me and there was naught for me to do but face him. I was bound to the spot any fetters of steel or hemp. The by invisible ties far stronger than fact was inescapable. I must face the rest determined to come through with my life.

"Suddenly I froze, immobile as a statue of bronze. Was it? Was it? Yes! It was that familiar measured tread moving across the floor overhead and starting down the stairs. With each step the fear rose within me. Why must I be tortured and dragged through the fires of hell by this inhuman creature? Would I ever be released from the nightmare of his presence and regain the freedom I once knew?

"The footsteps reached the bottom of the stairs and started back through the hallway. His savage voice echoed from wall to wall as he roared, and there he stood before me . . . (censored) an Upper Classman!"

Later that day I learned that the Freshman who narrated this moving experience had been rushed to the hospital, believed to be suffering mental shock.

My instructor in ——— Dr. ——— (who, incidentally, is a pretty nice fellow), touched one day upon the subject of falling asleep in class. I was sufficiently awake at the time to hear him say:

"When I see one of my students dozing off, I think of lots of things I might do, but what I probably shall do is to tell the person at his side to poke his neighbor in the ribs to waken him.

"I realize that trying to listen to a lecture is pretty tough. This recalls a day when I was in college . . .

"One particular fellow always managed to fall asleep in a certain class. The professor, when he noticed the student's head lolling on his shoulder, would request the lad next him, 'Mr. Jones, please jab Mr. Smith gently in the ribs,' and Mr. Jones would do so until his buddy awoke.

"This went on for weeks, until Mr. Jones rebelled (he was a Southerner!) against waking his fellow.

"'Sir,' he complained, 'you'd (Continued on Page 3)

FROSH FASHIONS and FOLLIES



Freshman "Rockettes"

I AM A FRESHMAN

By Rita Wertheimer

I am a Freshman. I entered Bucknell this year in June. In those simple words is a tale. A tail (Oops, sorry!)—tale, you say? Nothing so unusual in that. But in this case there are tales and tales. You'll hear all about them in this and forthcoming issues of the Beacon.

Ahem, ahem. Freshmen. A beautiful word in itself. It brings forth delightful visions. There's Freshman Week . . . The hazing by the Sophs and the self-styled upper-Freshmen. And there's Eurythmics. Ah, yes. Eur-r-r-thmics! And, incidentally, there's the start of classes.

About this thing called Freshman Week. Very interesting. Must try it some time. It appears now that "some time" has arrived. In the person of beings distinguished from us by the appellation of "Sophs." A short time after arriving at B. U. J. C. someone informs us, by the way of instruction sheets in assembly, about our coming doom. Oh, the agony of those Daisy June and Clemuel get-ups. Those pigtailed, those signs, those weeds. (Seriously, I wonder who thought that one up? Those heavy gloves, O'Malley's bucket and Joe Aleo's bird cage, and last, but not least, those high heels and socks. Yik-k-k-e-e-e-e!

We were supposed to learn the school song. I assure everybody we faithfully did it. I'm sure that

very few people frequenting the vicinity of Chase and Kirby Halls at that time did not go on with sadly wagging head, pondering what the younger generation is coming to. The people on Public Square took it quite well, too. It got so that after a while you really did not mind seeing people stop, start, clap their hands to their heads before heading for the river.

I'm sure many of us will never be the same again. There's hope, you ask? Imagine what your nervous system would get to if you had to slink through doorways and back doors, if you had to walk by a bunch of Sophs striving desperately to appear unconcerned, and having the distinct impression that you haven't succeeded.

Follows an itemized report of what wicked souls thought up for us defenseless sufferers:

Item—a Conga line between gutter and sidewalk. This for the whole Freshman class. Ask 'em!

Item — walking backwards up the stairs of Conyngham Hall in what the Army is wont to call "on the double." This for the whole Analyt class. (Try it some time.)

Item—a most touching rendition of the Alma Mater was given by Miss Phyllis Smith under very adverse conditions.

You will note that there is no rhyme or reason in this column. In future issues the impression will grow on you. It seems the



Is there a bird in the house?

B.U.J.C. Students Elect Council

Eager to commence the summer social program, the student body met in Chase Theatre on July 26 to elect representatives to the Student Council.

Harry Hochreiter and Ruth Tischler were deemed worthy of the sophomore ballot. Carol Ruth, the only veteran member of the council, was unanimously elected by the upper freshmen, while Charles Rifendifer will serve in the interests of the gentlemen of that class. David Hart and Florence Mackiewicz were chosen the competent representatives of the new freshmen.

The engineers really did themselves proud, scoring four positions out of a possible six.

It is the duty of the Student Council to plan the social activities of the college, budget the student activity fees, and meet with the faculty each month to facilitate the relationship between the faculty and student body.

Ask Dr. May

Several weeks ago, in New Castle, Indiana, a family named May introduced to the world a charming son, whom they baptized George.—Bucknell Beacon, September 25, 1942.

thing is silly. It is no fault of mine. The people with whom I associate are so-o-o-o serious they never mention anything but their hopes and ambitions. So I really couldn't write any other kind of column. See what I mean? You do? Good! Now go ahead and explain it to me.

Summer Assemblies

At the first student assembly of the summer session on June 21 the new students were formally welcomed to Bucknell. Dr. Farley explained the basic fundamentals of college life and expressed his opinion on what a college student should represent in the community. Miss Sangiuliano, Dr. Rief, and Prof. Gies talked briefly on their particular departments. Representatives of each club of the college were present to outline the activities of their organizations. The meeting closed with the singing of the Junior College song.

The next week Dr. Gage was the principal speaker in assembly. He spoke on the college library, urging Bucknell students to haunt the library in their spare time as well as to use it for study. "In books treasure lies, preserved from age to age."

Stimulating was the discourse of Dr. May as he examined the philosophical bases of scientific knowledge and expounded the values contributed to this age by science, particularly the physical sciences. One came away with a clearer understanding of the materials and processes of scientific study, and of their implications for all of us. To Dr. May, science is neuter; it is neither good nor bad in itself; but it becomes good or bad as particular persons employ it for good or for bad ends.

Professor Paul Gies had charge of assembly in Dr. Farley's absence. Helen Bitler gave the assemblage the pleasure of hearing her rich voice when she rendered "Let My Song Fill Your Heart," by Ernest Charles, with finesse and beauty of tone.

Rev. Martyn Keeler of the First Presbyterian Church discussed good sportsmanship and the ability to adapt oneself to any situation on July 19. Mr. Keeler is well known to Bucknell students, having addressed them several times before, and they are always glad to have the opportunity of hearing him again.

Nominations for election of representatives to Student Council were held at the close of assembly.

After the election on July 26, Dr. Farley gave an informal talk on hospitality as a standard of judgment of a college. What future lies ahead for our school depends entirely upon each individual student and the impressions he makes upon guests as well as upon the community as a whole.

It is hoped that the assembly programs of the future will be as interesting as those that have already been enjoyed.

**PATRONIZE
THE CAFETERIA.
THE AIRMEN DO!**

EDITORIALS

THE BUCKNELL BEACON

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THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST

Like every other college in the United States, Bucknell University Junior College is affected by the war. During the two years since our country entered the world conflict, there have been profound changes made in the field of higher education. An accelerated course has been instituted here and an increasing number of students are enrolling in it.

Along with the pleasures and informality of school usual to a summer session, all of us need to remember the reasons for such concentrated courses and the necessity of preparing ourselves as speedily as possible for the serious business of helping to win this war and the peace that is to follow.

We should need no further incentive to spur us on to greater effort than to think of the Bucknellians now serving in the armed forces of our country at home and abroad. Unfortunately for the college, more and more students are being called on all the time to take their places in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Corps, and other branches of service.

Those of us who are fortunate to remain behind must strive to carry on despite any difficulties and maintain the high standards of the past. The Beacon urges every student to do his best for Bucknell and the things for which it stands.

GIVE YOUR BEST

This is the first year that Bucknell University Junior College has had a summer session of semester length. Last year the summer session lasted only six weeks. Therefore, the present staff of the Beacon are attempting to try out a novel idea, that is, to publish a summer edition of the Beacon. Even though the enrollment this semester is small, we feel that there will be an advantage in having a paper.

Any paper has several definite functions. They are to inform and entertain the readers and also to present a complete and true picture of any problem that may arise. From time to time there will be issues and news which will be the Beacon's duty to present to the student body. We feel that a paper this summer will prove of great value.

Probably the summer editions may not be quite as large as the regular ones, nor will they be published according to definite schedule. Some of the staff are new and need training. However, this summer's experience will enable them to produce a bigger and better paper in the fall.

One thing that we wish to make clear is that the Beacon and its staff will welcome any contributions made by the students, such as letters to the editor, and such material. Very often the student body do not feel that they can assist in publishing a paper. We wish to correct this false conception. This is your school and your paper. We ask for any contributions that you may have and also seek your support for the summer edition for the Beacon.

July 2, 1943.

Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Dear Editor:

Thank you a lot for sending me the "Beacon," and I hope you continue to do so for a long while.

However, you have my address incorrect, so I'm sending you the up-to-date "version."

Please address my mail to the following camp until further notice:

Cpl. Benj. S. Davis, Jr.
Battery C, 93rd Armored
Field Artillery Battalion,
Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Though there has been no comment from the persons involved, the Beacon reflected upon a question which arose recently regarding the class schedules. The administration regrets the fact that certain classes must be scheduled at assembly time, 11 a. m. on Monday. Under present circumstances another arrangement is impossible and the matter must stand as it is.

This is regrettable for the fact that these people miss not only the entertaining and educational programs, but that they are also deprived of due representation in matters like election.

It is hoped that the problem will be solved in the near future.

By The Light Of The Bunsen Burner

It must be true devotion when one of the high-and-mighty upper Freshmen is virtually repeating Chem. 113 in order to assist a beautiful blonde Freshman in her Lab. work. In case you are still wondering, we'll tell you that she hails from Glen Lyon, and that his nickname is the first half of a famous inventor's last name.

Ask either Miss Harding or Mr. Hart about the BIGGEST SMEAR OF THE YEAR. Speaking of Hart reminds us of his recent discovery as reported to us by Max Wilson. We quote:

"Mr. Hart of Kingston has just discovered a new element, FOORANIUM. This element is a great help in the manufacture of shoe horns. For the first time Mr. Hart has produced shoe horns with a perfect tone and a minimum of shoe. This element also helps on the assembly line, making the work of pickle-pushers easier by lubricating the pickle so that the pickle fits into the pickle-jar without friction. This is accomplished by the miraculous formula which is now released to the public for the first time. The formula may be calculated by finding the cube root of the quantity FOO to the third power multiplied by apple PI. For this accomplishment, Mr. Hart has been awarded a B. S. degree in Pickle-Pushing and an honorary membership in the Pickle Pushers Fraternity, I-ETA-PI."

There is another and yet more famous character in the Chem. Lab. I speak of Homer the Gremelin. Homer is quite an eccentric character, whose one and only pastime is pushing beakers, gas bottles, etc., off the tables, and whose greatest joy in life is running cold water over very hot test tubes, thereby causing disturbance and much broken glass. Homer's two greatest enemies are Miss Shepard and Miss Harding.

Air Crew On The Air

It is appropriate that Air Crew Students should take to the air whether for flying or entertaining. This they did (for the latter reason) for several weeks during which they presented their variety show called *Matinee in Khaki* on WBAX.

Their purpose was to repay in this way all of the kindnesses rendered to them by local residents. A vast amount of versatility which resulted from the varied backgrounds of the students made a fresh, sparkling show inevitable. Considering the strenuous schedule of classes and drill to which the Air Crew Students are subjected daily, it is amazing that they were able to write, direct and produce an entirely new show every week.

The program was presented before an audience in the Victory Ballroom of Hotel Redington on Sunday afternoons from 3:30 to 4 o'clock. Dick Morehouse and his orchestra were the outstanding feature, and stirring melodramas presented by the Mountebank Players struck the dramatic note. All of this was interspersed by the clever chatter of the master of ceremonies, Nelson Chapman, and a fellow named Kelly, ably assisted by a local young lady, who was mistress of ceremonies, Janet Bell. The vocal selections of Phil Corby and Evelyn Lawlor, another local performer, added to what was a very good radio show. We hope that something of the same nature will be continued by the new group of students so that all of us will get to know them better.

THE BLARNEY STONE

War is striking B. U. J. C. straight down to the Frosh as they toddle out of bed these warm July mornings bright and early with anything but shining faces to listen to a beaming prof. dish out the homework.

As one of the nineteen Freshmen to enter this wonderful institute of knowledge, I wearily turn off my alarm clock, sympathize with the rest, and start off with Shakespeare's "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." Maybe so! He had something there.

By this time these beaming faces have gotten down to a glare. I don't think one Freshman ever will forget what the upper classmen did to him. In the way of making him feel ridiculous. Even bus drivers wouldn't stop for us during Freshman Week. I know. I came toddling into class hours late before I discovered the knack of getting into the driver's line of vision and line of inertia, putting him in a fix, having to choose between stopping the onrushing vehicle or making a grease spot of a lower classman bearing a sign, carrying tons of books and a few weeds, and all in all a good specimen for Barnum and Bailey.

Well, praise Allah, it's over, and now we can settle down to book wormin'.

I'd rather not go in to vital statistics, but that's the purpose of this article. Well, there is a goodly number of incoming Freshmen, nine women and ten men. (Quality, not quantity! Ahem!)

We proudly boast of our Phyllis Smith, who is really a brain child. From Plymouth. And very, very entertaining, too. She says she hopes to be an author, and has a knack for making her fiction stories come true. Sounds zany, but let her tell you about it sometime.

Then there's Flossie Mackiewicz, the oomph gal. She's cute and loveable, this blond, brown-eyed lass from Glen Lyon. Confidentially, have you seen Goldberg?

A camera! There's Rita Wertheimer, with fire in her eye. Rita goes in for taking people in poses they screech at afterwards and swear it's a nightmare. Not correlating the two, we hear she has a few killer-dillers. She's quite a character, this Rita. To know her is to forgive her even for a picture that would make Micky Mouse look sick.

We can't elaborate on Claire Harding. She's just one of those cute kids who goes off to New York, comes back to Chem. class and collaborates with Hart in producing "The smear of the year."

Lorraine Rogers. Now that's stuff. A Kingstonian, of course, Lorraine's out for nursing, and she'll be one of the best. When Lorraine's a nurse, I'll pray for a sore toe. She was voted the most likely to succeed of all the gals at Kingston High. She's got what it takes—we can all be proud of her.

We've all seen Marion Ganard. She's a petite lil' miss who is very cute and hates to have her name accented on the last syllable.

And always when we're counting calories and vitamins we can't

miss Effie Yaremko and Ruth Birk. Ruth is one of those products of Myers. She's crazy about Math. Some woman!

Effie, on the other hand, is strictly on the arts. She can write, she can get marks. Effie, honey, what more do we want?

And now we move on to those big, handsome (well, anyway) males. Take Chuck (please note it's C-H-U-C-K) Nicholson. A hulk of a he-man who prefers to devote his nearby future to being the answer to Uncle Sam's prayer. But I can think of all the gals who would just swoon. (Now, now—sometimes my pen just runs away.)

Another Coughlinitis with an eye in a camera is Aleo. Grand boy! He's there in kolumn left. Kids, take a gander.

They say red hair means temper, but not Hoffard. He's a whizz on figures—I mean "analyt," if there's any doubt in your mind.

Have you seen John Dzwileski sporting a nice new slip stick? Engineer? That's just exactly it. Here's a secret. Not only was he sporting a slipstick, but he was sporting a lipstick right on his jacket. So far it's been his mother's, sister's, lady on the bus, anyone but—

Speaking of engineers, we have quite a horde of those things floating around the campus. There's Dave Hart and Max Wilson. Wilson is a musician by second nature. But have you heard Hart's accent? He hails from the Sunny South and blossomed forth with the rest of the Georgia Peaches.

We'll never forget that march Donnelly made from Chase to Conyngham, locomoting backwards, with sign stating hobby, ambition, etc., hanging on one side while he tried to make his way with a bucket over his head. Yes, it was funny, but if for no other reason all who saw it will forever remember Donnelly.

He's full of the Blarney, but a cute kid, this Jimmy O'Malley. Mrs. Brennan must see him perpetually in her sleep working industrially over Spanish with a coke in one hand, a book in another, and probably a pencil between his teeth. Note, I only say "probably," because to Jimmy the coke is the reason for being in college.

One of our noted engineers is Louis Reed. Although I don't know him very well, that man can get his Chemistry experiments done. Whenever Chemicals disappear, you find them reappearing in a new place with Mr. Reed in the background.

Mr. Snyder, Joe, is another of those people who come and go without even a whimper over World Lit., analyt, or do it. (The "do it" seems to be the expression at Bucknell this summer.) He's a nice boy, along with the rest of those brainstorms from Nanticoke.

Well, this gradually drives me crazy. If you are still with me, you, too, have been driven. But all in all, I hope we've become a little better acquainted with you all.

KATTY KORNER

Our reconnaissance squad has arrived with what they call news. Annette Pincus, who is wearing the insignia of a Flight Surgeon, in the Medical Corps, will not divulge his name. For military reasons, she says. (Strategy of woman!)

Phyllis Smith divides her time between writing letters to a certain aviation cadet in Alabama and talking with George from Plymouth.

Renee S. explains her excite-

ment last week was due to receiving a large picture of her beloved.

Two Freshman girls are having an argument as to which is better for a boy friend: an intellectual gentleman or an intellectual wolf. Opinions on the subject are solicited.

One of the dewy-eyed Freshmen thinks that Charles Rifendifer is the typical college man. Her name? Heh, heh!

THE HIT PARADE

By George Papadopoulos

The time has come when it is rather difficult to get many of today's popular songs on records. Since the Petrillo ban it has become harder to get any recordings of popular songs of recent appearance.

The next best thing to do nowadays is to listen to the radio and to be always on the lookout for the time our favorite bands are on the air. Many orchestras still carry on with programs calculated to advance some popular songs, and many new songs appear for the first time on the programs in which these orchestras appear.

As far as the song writers are concerned, they are producing many new works each day, and there will continue to be an everlasting line of them. But let us get down to the main part of this column.

The next best thing to do now—column some mention of the ten best songs in the "Hit Parade." We shall tell some things about them and shall try to predict which songs will be on or near the top of the list in the future. The Big Ten, as I shall call them, change from time to time as the people lose interest in one and look for newer and better ones. The songs in this list are chosen by people in all parts of the United States.

Here is the latest list of the Big Ten: At the top we find the song, "Coming In On a Wing and a Prayer." This song has been on the Big Ten list for a long time and is very nice to hear when the vocal is done by Frank Sinatra.

No. 2 on the list is "You'll Never Know." This is a beautiful song which became very popular after it was presented in the musical motion picture, "Hello Frisco Hello." It held the No. 1 position for a period of four weeks.

No. 3 is the beautiful song, "In the Blue of the Evening." It has kept this position for a period of two weeks.

No. 4 is "It Can't Be Wrong." This song made a jump from tenth place to fourth place in one week.

No. 5 is that lovely song, "All or Nothing at All." This song is especially good to listen to when the vocal refrain is by Frank Sinatra. By the way, you may purchase a recording of this song if the record stores have not run

out of it. It came up from eighth place to fifth place in one week.

No. 6 is "As Time Goes By." This song has receded from fourth place to sixth place within the last week.

No. 7, "Let's Get Lost," which also dropped from the sixth place in the last week, was once at the top of the Big Ten list.

No. 8 is "In My Arms." It is the first time this song has appeared on the Hit Parade.

No. 9 is "Johnny Zero." It has remained in this place for a period of three weeks.

No. 10 is "Don't Cry," another newcomer which has appeared on the Big Ten list for the first time.

This is the present list of the most popular songs, chosen by the people. In the future some of the songs that are on the list now will not be there and other songs will take their places. As these changes occur, I will try to keep you informed through this column.

Here are the predictions of the future Big Ten list: This week's No. 2 song may make a comeback and reach the top position again, remaining there for another week or two. As far as predicting how long the No. 1 song of today will remain on the top, it is hard to say. It seems that it may last for another week at the most. No. 3 is sure to hit the top position and stay there for a while. No. 4 has a weak chance of getting to the top, but you never can tell what will happen. No. 5 will surely hit the top, in fact, it may reach the top before the No. 3 song does. No. 6 is on the downgrade. It left the top of the ladder a few weeks ago. It may remain on the Big Ten list for about two more weeks. No. 7 is also receding, but it may remain as one of the Big Ten for two weeks. No. 8 may start climbing for the top, but so far there has not been much enthusiasm for this song. No. 9 is also receding and may be off the list by next week. No. 10 is an up-and-coming number, and should reach the top sometime in the future.

So long now until a future date when I can again bring you your Hit Parade songs.

(Editor's note: May we next hear from some who are not Sinatra fans?)

It's a Date

Mon., Aug. 9—Barter Luncheon, Chase Lawn, 11:00.

Fri., Aug. 13—Dessert and Theatre Party, Chase Reception Room, 3:30.

Thurs., Aug. 19.— Buffet Supper and Dance, Chase Hall, 5:30.

Thurs., Aug. 26—Hike and Corn Roast, from Chase Hall, 3:30.

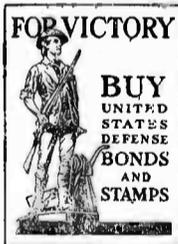
Fri., Aug. 27 — Girls' Tea, 3:30. Men's Smoker, 7:30. (Why not clip this and keep it to remind you?)

August Activities

"Do you like that kind of sandwiches?" "Yes, don't you?" "Well I don't know. Now I think . . ." Two girls talk together in low tones like guilty conspirators. The reason? Why, nothing else but the Barter Luncheon, which starts off the social activities for August.

In an effort to try and forget their school work once in a while and have a good time, despite such things as mid-semester exams, B. U. J. C. students are beginning a series of social affairs. One reason for the summer program is to make the students who came in June better acquainted and more active for these activities are for everyone.

The members of the Student Council will assume the roles of chairmen at these events. Heading the Barter Luncheon are Florence Mackiewicz and David Hart. Ruth Tischler is in charge of the Dessert and Theatre Party, and with Carol Ruth she will also undertake to manage a Buffet Supper and Dance. Florence Mackiewicz is also in charge of a Tea to be given by the Bucknell girls, while Harry Hochreiter and David Hart will conduct a Smoker.



Best Bets On Books

By Phyllis Smith

This month we recommend: Wendell Willkie's "One World," which everyone either has read or is reading now. It's an interesting account of his special mission for President Roosevelt.

If you desire light summer reading, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." This is a delightfully funny story of a first trip abroad by Coarnelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough.

For students and all those interested in world affairs, "U. S. Foreign Policy," by Walter Lippman, the current Book-of-the-Month selection.

Best of all is Captain Ted W. Lawson's stirring, graphic story of "Jimmy" Doolittle's daring raid in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." This is one of the best of the war books.

If you haven't read Lloyd C. Douglas' great historical novel, "The Robe," it should be a "must" on your reading list. Douglas has written a fascinating, moving story set in a background that is of interest today.

(Editor's Note—One or more of the books mentioned above will be reviewed at length in the next issue of *The Beacon*.)

Mission To Moscow

By Katherine Freund

Warner Brothers' picturization of Ambassador Joseph E. Davies' best-seller, *Mission to Moscow*, is truly a controversial film. Scores of motion picture critics and students of world affairs have debated its issues extensively. Perhaps the liveliest of these debates appeared in the "Letters to the Editor" columns of the New York Times in May. It was begun by a letter from John Dewey and Suzanne La Follette, who were chairman and secretary of the commission of inquiry into the Moscow trials of 1937-38. They declared that the picture "is the first instance in our country of totalitarian propaganda for mass consumption—a propaganda which falsifies history through distortion, omissions or pure invention of facts, and whose effect can only be to confuse the public in its thought and its loyalties." They were promptly answered by Arthur Upham Pope, director of the Iranian Institute and School for Asiatic Studies and director of the Commission for National Morale. Mr. Pope defended as necessary to him technique many of the criticisms of the picture, such as the synthetic condensation of the three secret Moscow trials into one trial, which was open to reporters and newsreel cameramen and conveniently conducted in English.

He defends the personal introduction to Mr. Davies of Radek, Bukharin, and Jagoda, which actually never took place, as being a necessary means of introducing characters before their major appearances. The presence of a host of Chinese refugees in a Moscow hospital without explanation of how they got there, he says, is merely symbolic of the material help Russia gave China in her war with Japan. To these remarks, Mr. Dewey and Miss La Follette replied in part that since the introduction made by Mr. Davies himself said the picture portrayed the "truth about Russia," it could not be defended as fiction, and to Mr. Pope's call for "a cool objectivity" in judgment, they asked, "Who is objective—those who insist on historical veracity in a historical work or those who defend falsifications in history?"

Your reviewer would tend to agree with Bosley Crowther, motion picture reviewer of The New York Times, who calls the film "a political argument." Any reaction to it is necessarily individual, depending upon one's point of view.

Walter Huston and Ann Harding, playing Mr. and Mrs. Davies, were well chosen and made the most of their roles. The characterizations of such notables as Stalin, Litvinov, Timoshenko, Churchill, and (in voice only) our own President Roosevelt, were well done and startling in their resemblance to the actual persons represented. The casting and makeup departments are to be highly praised. Though the acting was excellent, it evidently was not enough to vindicate the picture's less attractive features, for too many people left the theatre before the end of the picture.

The sacrifices to truth that lost so many admirers for *Mission to Moscow* were not effective enough as film techniques to make it a completely entertaining picture when it failed to be a truly historical documentary film. Of course, each person's individual sentiments and prejudices may condemn or extol it as fine entertainment or an exponent of truth. All one can say is to see it yourself and make your own judgment.

Dr. ----- Says

A few years ago the name of Confucius and his sayings were on everyone's lips. This fad has passed, but it may interest you to know that we have another "Confucius" in our midst at B. U. J. C. He is none other than the great Dr. ----- With this in mind, we hereby have managed to sneak past the printer's nose some choice bits of -----ian humor—otherwise corn.

"I'm a Victorian of the worst type," says Dr. ----- "I'm not against woman suffrage, but woman's place is still in the home. I'll still allow them to go horseback riding once in a while."

He also cautions: "Don't let coming to school interfere with your education."

Speaking of alcohol, for which they spend \$66,500,000 in one year in Minnesota, "it's a good thing most people pass out before they pass on."

"I don't see how the people sleep in Wilkes-Barre. The belles (?) don't bother me, but the heat does. This place has more humidity than any other place except the Atlantic Ocean . . . while back in Minnesota." (You know the rest.)

"Eurythmics somehow takes away the girls' humor," says he mournfully, after futilely attempting at least one titter from his feminine students.

"Girls, did you know that Doodlebugs and you have something in common?" says Dr. ----- "That's where women got the idea of talking so much."

"State the food value of lard," barks the master in one of his simple little quizzes, "and don't tell me only the lard knows."

"One rule in typing is, never hit your typewriter in the (i)." Dr. -----

Back in Minnesota, ice cream is their specialty, claims Dr. -----, a native Minnesotan. "Milk shakes are so thick that you can turn the glass upside down and it won't come out."

This is a story that has been handed down through the ----- family. It goes as follows: "My grandfather and four other men were coming home from a party one morning when they found a glass snake in their path. Now a glass snake, you know, will live even if it cut up into pieces. So my grandfather thought of the idea of having each of them take a piece home for a souvenir. When he was finally ready to go to bed he heard a knock on the door. Opening the door, he saw the snake, who had come to ask for its head. After that I always suspected him."

The following thoughts are dedicated affectionately to Dr. -----:

Dr. ----- of B. U. J. C.,
A mighty walker is he,
And a famous fisher, too,
He's fished the summer thru.
Rain or shine, day and night,
And still has yet to get a bite.
Though his tests are long,
His humor queer,
Still we'd miss him
If he weren't here.

To quote the good Dr. again,
"Am I keeping you awake?"
THE GRUESOME TWOSOME.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is what makes the world go round.
A round is something you sing.
Sing is half of a prison.
Prison is where you go if you're bad.
Bad is what you sleep in.
Inn is where you eat.
Summer 'eat makes you perspire.
Perspire is something fish don't do.
Do's are what you pay at club meetings.
Club meetings are get-togethers.
Therefore, love is a get-together.
—"The Calumet Herald, Indiana.

KOLUM LEFT

(Continued from Page 1)

better wake him up . . . you put him to sleep!"

The other day I had a bad accident in the Chemistry Lab. I was forcing a piece of glass tubing into a rubber stopper, when all of a sudden the tubing broke and cut my hand. It's been hurting me very badly, but the doctor told me it will not hurt when the pain goes away! So I'm relieved.

Abraham O'Brien sent me a letter yesterday. The draft board classified him 2B. "To be" there when the war is over. He said that one doctor looked in one ear and another doctor looked in the other ear. They said since they saw each other, he'd be deferred.

Ignatius Cohn, a friend of mine, decided to get married. He said he was accustomed to getting bossed and that he might just as well get ordered around by something that looks good. Ignatius is so dumb that he thinks the China Clipper is a Shanghai barber.

DO YOU REMEMBER—

Our crippled condition after that first Eurythmics class?

How heavy those buckets got during Freshman Week?

Hunting for arrows in the Bucknell woods?

The perpetual lawn party of the Aircrew men?

Glee Club Reorganizes

The Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. Paul Gies, has reorganized for the summer term. In spite of the war and school work Bucknellians still find some time to devote to singing.

This year the Glee Club is having a little difficulty in getting voices for the soprano section, so if any college women are interested in music, and like to sing, don't fail to join the Glee Club. The music is of the finest kind that can be purchased, and it is not hard to learn. As far as the men's section is concerned, there are quite a few men who will be here for at least another semester.

The Glee Club hopes to appear before the students at assembly some day in the near future, and they are now striving towards that goal. No officers will be elected until the fall term. At present, every member helps with the executive duties.

Interested persons should see Prof. Gies. Rehearsals are held Wednesday at 11 in Chase Hall.

Hint for Eurythmics Classes

"Students are in poorer physical condition when they leave the University of Minnesota than when they enter," says Wesley E. Peik, dean of the college of education.

What about B. U. J. C.?

The Way They Come



Guess Who?

Trackless Trolley Thoughts

By Eva Laremko

"Poor dear, and she's so young, too. I really feel for her. It was even worse yesterday. Those anklets and high heels are bad enough, but yesterday she wore black stockings. Now in my day there was none of this. When a young woman began to act queerly she was placed under observation. Apparently, this is another point in which the modern generation has become lax.

"Just look at that outlandish plaid ribbon and that make-up. I shared a seat with her the first morning, and, thinking she dressed in a hurry, forgetting one-half of her face, I called the matter to her attention. But did she appreciate my efforts? No. She just gave me the saddest look I ever saw. It was then that I realized something was radically wrong and that I was in a dangerous position. Someone told me once that one should humor such people; so, seizing the bouquet she was carrying (just between you and me, it looked like so many weeds), I exclaimed, "What lovely ferns and greens!" She gave me that same sad look, only this time she looked as though she thought I were the queer one.

"After that my curiosity was aroused, and when she left the trolley I followed her. At River Street she met a fellow who is just as far gone. He was carrying a bucket and wearing heavy gloves—in June, mind you! His pants legs were rolled up, revealing—what do you think? Two different colored socks! Well, they stopped, and, looking furtively around, pulled out picket signs which they placed on over their heads. I never read the signs because I was keeping my distance. Somebody apparently had been chasing them, because they were muttering something about the Sophomores catching them.

"Scared as I was, I followed. And where do you think they turned in? At Bucknell Junior College! Yes! Frankly, I think they had the wrong institution."

Old Stuff in a New Form

A boy—a book,
A girl—a look,
Book neglected,
Flunk expected.

—"Bumble Bee," Iowa.

Tip for a Dull Afternoon

Buy a can of crushed pineapple and try to fit the pieces together.

★ ALUMNI NEWS ★

Air Cadet James Pearn is studying meteorology in the Air Corps at Grand Rapids, Mich. The engagement of Louise Baker to Master Sergeant Carl Clausen was recently announced. PFC Michael M. Wargo is in the Air Corps at Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina. Aviation Cadet John A. McGrane has entered the Air Force Pre-Flight School at Selman Field, Monroe, La. A. C. Thomas Owen, Jr., has been transferred from Keesler Field, Miss., to University of Pittsburgh for advance work in aviation. John K. Zwiebel was recently commissioned a second lieutenant at the Army Air Force Bombardier School at Kirkland Field, Albuquerque, N. M. Dick Bantle is in the Air Corps at Chanute Field, Illinois. Lt. Everett Davis is in the Air Corps at Monroe, La. He was a visitor at the college in June. Shirley Higgins is engaged to Lt. Russell "Bud" Brown. Sallyanne Frank is a

counselor at Camp Onawanda this summer. Lt. Ernest Weisberger visited at the campus early in July on furlough after having completed his training as navigator at Monroe, Louisiana, where he received his bars. He was a visitor at the college in July. Aircrew Member Jack Keeney, having completed his training with the College Training Detachment at the University of North Carolina, has been classified at the classification center in Nashville as a navigator. He will train at Monroe, Louisiana. Jack, a former editor of the "Beacon," called on friends at the college on July 19th. A letter appears elsewhere in this issue from Cpl. Benjamin Davis. Pvt. Joseph Sooby, who left college June 15th for New Cumberland, has been assigned to Camp Robinson, Arkansas, for his basic training. Ensign John Bush, U. S. N. R., has been writing from Oran. Pvt. Harold Daniel Smith,

contributor to last year's "Beacon," trained at Fort Lewis, near Tacoma, Washington, and is now at the classification center in the University of Idaho awaiting transfer to some university for extended training in engineering. He will be assigned to the ASTP. Harold called upon a former colleague of Prof. Gage, the Professor of Psychology in the College of Puget Sound at Tacoma and has written enthusiastically of his new acquaintance. Naval Aviation Cadet Stephen J. Whiteman has successfully completed in June his primary flight training course at the Naval Reserve Aviation Base, Anacostia, D. C., and is now taking advanced flight training in the Naval Air Training Center, Pensacola, Florida. He began his naval aviation career at the Navy's Pre-Flight School at the University of North Carolina.

Jr. College Song

Bucknell Junior College,
We pledge our hearts to thee;
Honor, faith and courage,
Truth and loyalty.
As we leave thy guiding spirit
To prove our way as men,
We'll take thy memory with us
To help us to the end.

Thou hast led us onward
In search of finer heights;
May we leave no memory
To mar thy spirit bright.
May our deeds and deep devotion
To one we love so well,
Stay with thee for others,
Oh, Bucknell, dear Bucknell.

Army Air Corps Song

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give her the gun,
Give her the gun!

Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar;
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Hey, nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

Here's a toast to the host of those
Who love the vastness of the sky,
To a friend we send a message
Of his brother men who fly.

We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of the men we boast—
The Army Air Corps.

Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep your wings level and true.
If you live to be a grey-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the blue.
Fighting and guarding our nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more,
n echelon we carry on,
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

They Do Come Back

Sometime this past spring a new song joined the Hit Parade, "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To," was adopted as a theme by five members of the class of '44 who had graduated from B. U. J. C. in '42 and were continuing their college careers at the campus. They decided to come back to the scene of pleasant memories for at least eight weeks of the summer session.

Three young ladies and two gentlemen make up this returning group of alumni. They are: Olive Thomas, Marian Thomas, and Katherine Freund, three inseparables, who were aptly named "Thomas, Freund, Thomas, Inc.," by Dr. Roy C. Tasker, who is now teaching at the campus; Warren Kistler, Bucknell's Eddie Duchin, whose familiar renditions once more ring through Chase and Kirby Halls, and Peter Mayock, the scientist of the group, who erroneously dubs himself a dull fellow.

The Misses Thomas are seeking Bachelor of Arts degrees with majors in Social Sciences. They are members of the Student Campus Club at the University.

Miss Freund is also an A. B. student, majoring in English and Social Sciences. She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta, national honorary English fraternity.

Mr. Kistler is pursuing the Commerce and Financial course. He is a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, national social fraternity.

Mr. Mayock is a pre-med student. He is a member of Phi Sigma, honorary biology fraternity.

Because they took advantage of the accelerated program in various ways, Mr. Mayock will graduate in October, 1943; the Misses Thomas and Miss Freund in February, 1944; and Mr. Kistler in June, 1944.

Sorority Tea

The Beta Gamma Chi Sorority welcomed the new Freshman women at a formal tea on June 25 at 3:30 o'clock. The tea was held in the reception room of Chase Hall. Miss Renee Schainuck proved to be a very charming and delightful hostess. Miss Katherine Freund poured, assisted by Miss Olive Thomas. The tea, cookies, sandwiches and sherbet served were found to be very refreshing.

Miss Sanguliano enhanced the occasion with an enlightening discussion of the social activities which are a part of college life at Bucknell University Junior College.

CHAMPS

On the afternoon of July 16, Chase Hall was the scene of much merriment as the students "got hep" at the first tea dance of the summer session. The reputation of Dr. Reif as a dancer was confirmed when he gave an exhibition for the benefit of the Freshmen.

The refreshments served consisted of root beer and cookies. Music was furnished by Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey and other maestros via recordings. Miss Ruth Tischler was hostess, assisted by Phyllis Smith and Lorraine Rogers. A good time was had by all. (They keep telling us.)

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