KOLUM LEFT

By Joseph Alco

The other day a friend of mine was taxing down to his 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 seemed to be having a bad dream. Accidentally, but not quite, I overheard what he said.

"All in terms of expectant waiting for the ordeal that I knew was to come. My breathing was already as strong and deep as if it was a fact. Incessant, I was before the face. I was bound to the spot; every felter of steel or hemp. By this time I was leaning in front of the mirror and preparing for the ordeal, I was sure I knew."

I suddenly froze, immobile as a statue. What was this? Was it? Yes! Yes! It was. I was just watching myself. And then it was over. It was a dream.

Later that day I learned that the Freshman who narrated this event was rushed to the hospital, believed to be suffering mental shock.

My instructor in Dr. My course, incidentally, a pretty nice fellow, touched one day upon the subject of falling asleep in class. I was unable to doze off awake at the time he heard my story.

"When I see one of my students dozing off, I think of things I might do, but I know I would never do to him or her as long as I live and then I am sorry for him or her."

"It is true that trying to listen to a lecture is a very trying matter and you will need to recall 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 slumping on his instructor, would stagger, the last next him, "Mr. Jones, please at least Smith gently in the ribs, and Jones would do so until her buddy woke."

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

"Sir, u been complai. (Continued Page 3)

FROSH FASHIONS and follies

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 tale, (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 hearing of the Sophos and the self-styled upper Freshmen. And there's Euh-rythmics. Ah, yes. Euh-rythmics. 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 being distinguished from us by the appellation of "Sophos." A short time after arriving at B. U. C. someones informs us by the way of instruction sheets in assembly. About our coming dozen. Oh, the agony of those Daisy June and Gnome get-ups. Those giggles, those signs, those weeds. (Serious, I wonder who thought that one up?) Those heavy gloved, O'Malley's hicket and Joe Alen's bird cage, and list, but not least, those high heels and socks. Yikes! Yes! Yes!

We were supposed to learn the song song. I assure everybody we faithfully did it. I'm sure that very few people frequented the vicinity of Chase and Kirby Halls at that time did not go on with sadly waging 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 tinkle through doorways and back doors, if you had to walk by a bunch of Sophs sprawling desperately to appear unconcerned, and having the distinct impression that you haven't succeeded.

Follows an esteemed report of what wicked souls thought up for us defenseless sufferers. Hem—Gone line between gutter and sidewalk. This for the whole Freshman class. Ask 'em! Item — walking backwards up the stairs of Cougham Hall in what the Arions want 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 Mytila 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

Summer Assemblies

At the first student assembly of the summer session on June 21 Dr. Farley expressed the philosophy and fundamentals of college life and expressed his opinion on what a college student needs and why. Those Sangvallou, Dr. Rief, and Prof. Ginn talked briefly on their particular departments. Represent-...
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 instigated here and an increasing number of students are enrolled.

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. Uniforms and the danger of 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 complete and true picture of any problem that may arise. From time to time there will be issues and news which will be of no use if the paper is not to be made complete. 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 be of standard size and cording to define 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.

By The Light Of The Bunsen Burner

It must be true devotion when one of the high-minded upper Freshmen is virtually repeating and incanting to assist a beautiful blonde freshman in her lab, work. In case you are still wondering what we mean by this, let us go to the halls from Glen Lyn, and then to the back of the lab, where we find a small, almost invisible pin of a famous tutor’s last name.

Ask either Miss Larding or Mr. Nelson Chapman of THE YEAR OF THE DEATH. Speaking of deaths, I might add, we have lost one of our perfect ones and a minimum of her. This element also helps on the assembly line, making the work of pitch-pickers easier by lubricating the pick so that the pitch fits into the pick-out with ease.

This is accomplished by the miraculous formula which is now released to the public for the first time. The formula can be calculated by finding the cube root of the pound of pitch used in the pound of cloth; then the mean cube root multiplied by apple PI. For this accomplishment, Mr. Brennan must be given a degree in Pitch-Picking and an O.R.O. or Pitch Patters Fraternity, I.T.A.-PI.

There is another and yet more complete formula.

I speak of, of course, the Glen. A character, whose one and only pastime is pushing broken, gapping, and, in general, obscuring the greatest joy in life in run-down tubes, thereby causing disturbance and much glass break. Miss Larding, two of her friends, Mrs. Shepard and Miss Harding.

I'd rather not go into vital statistics, but that's the purpose of this paper the first paper of this year, and I'm sure that you are plenty of incoming freshmen, and that we won't be wanting many this year.

Qualty, not quantity! Ahem!

We proudly boast of our Phillip Smith, '46, and his long-time companion, the child. From Plymouth and very, very very, very, very,very much a child, she hopes to be an authoress, and has a knack for making her fiction stories come true. However, let her tell you about some the other things.

Then there's Floinnie MacWickie, the goomb gal. She's cute and very, very, very, very much a goomb gal, and she hails from Glen Lyn. Confidently, her character is love-able.

A camera? There's Rita Wertz, with her in eye's. Rita goes in for the camera game, and they screech at afterwards and go over it. We're not regarding the two, we hear has a few killer diller's. She's quite a character, and someone who is to forgive her even for a picture that would make our faces look sick.

We can't elaborate on Claire Harding. She's one of those cute kids who go off on WBAX every once in a while and collaborates with Hart in producing "The answer of the year." Claire Rogers. Now that's a kingstonian, of course, the one with brown's or brown eyes, shall be one of the best. When Lorraine's a nurse, I'll pray for her. She is next to impossible to succeed of all the girls that are hailing from Glen Lyn.

When it takes—we can all be proud of the situation.

We've all seen Marion Ganard. She's a petite lil' miss who is very cute and very, very, very much fancied on the last syllable. And always when we think of vitamins we can't

The BLAIRNEY STONE

WAR is striking B. U. C. straight down to the Frosh as they are trying to do a little outside work and catch a few rays of sunshine just before they head for the homework.

As one of the nineteen Freshmen to enter this wonderful institute of knowledge, I wearily turn to the paper. Of the many things that fill my mind, the cost, and start with off the shelf, it is the one thing I wince is, "to folly to be wise." Maybe so! He had something for all of us.

By this time these beaming faces have gotting to the point where they don't think one Freshman ever will forget what the upper classes did to him in the way of making him feel ridiculous. Even when driven to the breaking point during Freshmen Week, I know, I came taddling in clothe 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 be- tween stopping the onrushing vehicle or no. I'm a lower classman bearing a sign, a Freshman, a lot of weeds, and all in a good spect- rum for Burnum and Bailey.

Well, perhaps these lines remain now and we can settle down to book learnin'.

Speaking of engineers, we have quite a few of those things floating around the campus. We have Lorraine Gage and Max Wilson, and a Watson and a Finn. I believe Max is the one with the mustache.

We have an interview with Mr. Dana, who is the most famous member of the Blairney Stone. He hails from the Sunny South and blossomed right into the heart of the French Pitches.

We never forgot that march Donnelly made from Chase to Cynongym, lookin' back at every one left behind. There's a secret. Not only was he sporting a back pocket, he was sporting a list right on top of his coat. So far it has only been a success.

Well, perhaps these lines remain now and we can settle down to book learnin'.

The full-blown Blarney, but this, this Jimmy O'Brien. Mrs. Brennan must see him person, and think of him as Lorraine's son, duodinary on South Spanish with a Coke in one hand, a book in another, a heart full of love and a whole lot of teeth. Note, only say "pro- blemy." This is the reason for being in college. One of our noted engineers, Lonnie's a quiet, you don't know him very well, that man can do anything, from playing an air- and sometimes chemical, dis- appear, they find you repainting in a new place with Mr. Reed in the background.

Our school, you see, is another of those people who come and go without even a whisper over what would, say, or do. (The "do it" seems to be the expres- sion of this summer.) This is a里的, along with the rest of those brainstorms from North and South.

Well, this gradually drives me crazy. If you are still with me, and you are 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 Charisi, the much-talked of in the insignia of a Flight Surgeon, in the Medical Corps. Not for military reasons, she says. (Strategy of woman?) Pythia Smith divides her time between writing letters to a certain aviators name, and talking with George from the Freshmen.

Renee S. explains her excite- ment last week was due to receiv- ing a large picture of her beloved. Annette Charisi gives us an argument as to which is better for a boy friend: an intellectual, or a boy friend who is an intellectual. The subject is under consideration.

One of the dewy-eyed Freshman thinks that Charles Rifenbender is the most handsome fellow she knows. Her name? Heh, heh!
THE HIT PARADE
By George Papadoplos

The time has come when it is rather difficult to get many of today's popular songs on records. Since radio stations are becoming harder to come by any recordings of recent songs of apparent success.

The next best thing to do nowaday's is to listen to several of the new songs appearing each week. Many of these new songs are appearing on our charts, and as many new songs appear for the first time on the programs which these orchestras appear.

As far as the song writers are concerned, they are producing many new works each day, and there seems to be an ever-lasting line of them. Let us get down to the main point of this column.

The next best thing to do nowaday's is to see some of the top songs in the Hit Parade. We shall tell some things about them. We shall give the names of the songs and then the artists who sing them. The songs will be on the week's charts, and we will tell you how they have been doing for the past two or three weeks. These are the best of the week's new songs.

Here is the latest list of the Top Ten songs:

1. "Come, Follow Me" by the Philadelphia Orchestra
2. "I'll Be Seeing You" by the London Symphony Orchestra
3. "The Nightingale" by the New York Philharmonic
4. "In the Mood" by the Glenn Miller Orchestra
5. "The Man with the Golden Arm" by the Benny Goodman Orchestra
6. "Body and Soul" by the Duke Ellington Orchestra
7. "The Tender Trap" by the Tony Bennett Orchestra
8. "On the Ledge" by the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra
9. "What a Wonderful World" by the Louis Armstrong Orchestra
10. "(I'm Afraid) I'll Miss My Sweetheart Tonight" by the Arthur Lyman Orchestra

August Activities

"Do you like that kind of sandwich, Tom?" I asked my father.

"I don't know. I just don't feel like it," was his reply.

Two girls talk together in low tones like advisory conspirators.

The reason? Nothing else but the Barron Lecture, which starts off the social activities for August.

In an effort to try and forget the "Oxen's War," we have decided to have a good party, despite such threats as those. Dr. and Mrs. William, B. U. C. students are beginning a series of social affairs. One reason for the summer program is to make the students who come in June better acquainted and make pleasant memories for everyone.

Members of the Student Council will assume the roles of chairman at these events. Heading the list of names are: Janet MacKeevich and David Hart. Janet was the chairman of the Desert and Theatre Party, and David is one of the Desert and Theatre Chairman.

Mission to Moscow
By Katherine Freud

Warner Brothers' picturization of Ambrose Bierce's classic book, "The Outlaw-Mission to Moscow," is truly a controversial film. Scores of motion picture critics and students of world affairs have dealt extensively its issues. Perhaps the lireiest of these debates appeared in the "New York Times" column of the New York Times in May. It was begun by a letter from John Dewey and another by Mr. G. H. C. The chairman and secretary of the commission of inquiry into the Russian trials of 1937-38. They declined to comment on it, but it was the first instance in our country of disallowing propaganda for mass contemplation, an issue which raises history through discussion, and must be Judgmental, of this issue.

There are many letters that have been written on this subject in the last year, and it would seem that the most sensible solutions are of little help to the Feminine student.

"Girls, did you know that "Dooddles" is sometimes called something in common?"

"No, I didn't know that. What do you mean by it?"

"It's a term that has been handed down through the family. It goes in families. They only hold that they are coming home from a party with a willow branch, and they will go down and it won't come out."

"That's a good one. I wish I had known that."

"I bet that you'll think it's funny too."

Do You Remember?

Our crippled condition after that first hurricane had not been bad. How heavy these buckets were! The fresh water is just as plentiful as it was, but it is more difficult to get. Thenext day, the farmers and the town were busy clearing out the debris.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

The events, the crises, the battles, the memories, all of these are gone. But the experiences of that time are still with us.

The Glee Club Reorganizes

The Glee Club under the direction of Prof. Paul Gies, has reorganized for the summer term. In the spring, the war," says Wesley E. Bucakel, still find some time to practice. This year the Glee Club is having a little difficulty in getting a full complement of singers, but we hope that by the time the next meeting comes around, the club will be more complete. The group plans to hold a concert in the near future, and all members are invited to attend.

Best Bets On Books

By Phyllis Smith

This month we recommend: "Wendell Willkie's "One World," which will be published next month. It is a revealing read for everyone interested in politics and social issues.

Walter Huxley and Ann Harding, playing the roles of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, were well chosen and made the most of their roles. The characters they played were such as Stanley, Lillian, Timoshenko, Churchill, and Roosevelt, and they were all well represented. The painting and costume design were quite well done, and the acting was highly praised. Though the acting was excellent, it was evident that the directors were not enough of the country's best and most important features. Starting with the picture's ending, it was clear that the subject was covered in such detail that it was not possible to show the relevant aspects of the story. The actors did not give a good performance, and the picture's ending was not as thought-provoking as it should have been.

The sacrifice was not enough for the film to be a success. The Moscow were not effective enough for the film to be a complete entertainment picture when it failed to be a truly historically directed film. In the course of each person's individual arrangements, some might condemn or extol it as fine entertainment or an expert. The world is divided, and one can say to see it as self and make your own judgment.

The Sacramento News, Aug. 11, 1943.
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 stalls and high heels are bad enough, but yesterday she wore black stockings. I’m sure 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 seemed a bit harry, 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 wickedest look I ever saw. It was then that I realized something was in the air. Right away I was in a dangerous position. Someone told me once that one should honor such people; so, seizing the bouquet she was carrying (just between you and me), I exclaimed, ‘What lovely ferns and green grass you have’ and I saw she was sad, and only this time she looked at me. It was the cue I thought I would get.”

“After that my curiosity was aroused, and I asked the trolley girl I met at River Street what a fellow she was. ‘Just as far gone,’ he said. I was carrying a bouquet and wearing heavy glasses—In June, mind you! His pants legs were rolled up, revealing—what do you think? Two different colored sox! Well, they stepped and, looking furiously into my eyes, he held up picket signs which they placed on their backs. I never read the signs because I was keeping my distance. Someone 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 College! Yes! Frankly, I think they made quite a misdirection.”

Old Stuff’s New Form

A boy—a book, a girl—a look, a music—Flunk expected.

Tip for a Full Turtleneck

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