Cue ‘n’ Curtain Plans to Present Student’s Play

MIRIAM LONG
My Leading Lady, a one-act light comedy written by Ed Tyburski and student-directed by Paul Shiffer, will be presented in the middle of May by the Cue ‘n’ Curtain Club. This play will be the first original script to be presented at the college.

The play shows what happens when two women, Cathy MacDonnell and Stella Dell, desire the same role in Ellyre Haywood’s production. Complications arise when the playwright and the director cannot agree as to which woman should have the leading role. The women rivals are played by Marilyn Broadt and Shirley Salisbury. Tony Popper portrays the role of the playwright. Bill Griffith acts the part of the director, and Ned Magre the part of the producer. Ed Tyburski, the author, is a freshman at Wilkes College. He has served in the Army Air Force in the European Theater of Operations. He graduated from Wyoming Seminary after his return from the service, and became interested in the theatre through the encouragement of Mr. Grob, director of the Cue ‘n’ Curtain Club. Paul Shiffer, student-director, is a Wilkes College freshman. He was the assistant director in this year’s major production of The Cat in the Hat by T. S. Eliot. He has been active also in many musical events in the campus.

THE COLONELS’ QUEEN

Assembly Program To Be Conducted As Student Forum

A lively discussion is expected when the debating team, under the direction of Dr. Kruger, presents the theme, “Meeting the Needs of Our Students?” The forum will be held in the Baptist Church next Tuesday, May 10, at 11 A. M. The speakers are: Don Konmeyer, Tom Morgan, Gene Bradley and Joe Kanner. They will express their views on teaching, curricular, psychological needs and various problems in the educational field. Jack Fanick will act as moderator. After the brief talks by the speakers, the forum will be open to questions from the audience.

NOTICE TO SENIORS

The Registrar has announced that a schedule of final examinations for seniors will be posted on the bulletin boards today. Only graduating seniors are eligible to take their examinations early. A senior who wishes to be free from the regular examinations should contact their instructors about a conflict in their schedules.

Theta Delta Rho Mothers’ Day Tea This Afternoon

Theta Delta Rho is holding its second annual Mothers’ Day Tea at 4 o’clock in Weckesser Hall.

Cinderella Candidate Will Appear At Sport Dance This Evening

VANCE MACRIMORE, JR.
A sport dance, featuring the music of Reese Pelton’s six-piece combo, and introducing the Valentine Cinderella candidate to the student body, will be held tonight at 9 in the Crystal Ballroom of the Hotel Sterling. The affair is being sponsored by the Student Council.

IGC at Harrisburg Attended By IRC Members of Wilkes

By James Tinsley
Joseph Radio and Dolores Passeri were the Wilkes College representatives at the annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Conference on Government, which was held last weekend at Gettysburg. The conference featured a model state legislature.

Graduating Co-eds Will Be Honored At Buffet Supper

Girls of the Junior class will honor the graduating co-eds at a buffet supper in the College Cafeteria on Wednesday, May 18. The annual Senior Supper for Men and Senior girls is also scheduled for that evening to honor the graduating class.

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Moran Receives Army Commission

Tom Moran, Director of Public Relations at Wilkes College, has been given a second lieutenant in the Reserve Corps of the United States Army. To date, he has been affiliated with the headquarters of the 772nd Field Artillery Battalion in Wilkes-Barre.

A former BUCON editor and former member of the Wilkes Barre News, Tom was appointed Public Relations Director in February of this year. He has been doing public relations work for the College since 1944, and graduated from Wilkes last January. While serving in the Army Air Corps, he worked in the Public Relations Department.

Social Calendar

May 6
 Theta Delta Rho Mother’s Day Tea
 Sport Dance, Hotel Sterling

May 7
 Baseball, Ithaca here.

May 11
 Baseball at Keystone, 5:30 p.m.
Baseball at Triple Cities.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

This column is open to any and all readers of whatever opinions. Views expressed here do not necessarily receive endorsement from the BEACON. All letters must be typewritten and signed. The authorized and current Friday issue, all letters must be submitted to the BEACON office by no later than noon of the preceding Wednesday.

The Editor:

When I started to write this letter, I had good intentions of resolving to write a neat paragraph, wherein with a few deft and succinct strokes I would provide the solution of every political and economical problem to the satisfaction of not only the global politicians among us, but even the building PHILOSOPHERS. Fortunately, immediately upon taking up the Royal, I realized the weight of infinity greater moment to say, greater because it is more personal, more immediate, and perhaps more concrete than abstract world concepts.

I offer the following in the naive hope that I will not be branded a sophist for this attempt, who refuses to bear the responsibility of the actuality of his highly educated shoulders. You have your troubles and I have mine. I am aware that I have been breakfasting on Jost's Toast in the drizzle of northern flakes. Much as I appreciate the lettered vitamins, I find to (my delight) that I would rather be more pleased with the thrilling new conclusion of which is en- closed in each Family Size package of this cereal. No box tops, no signatures, no dimes to cover the cost of postage and handling—could there ever have been a more enticing "come-on" for flake eaters? Those wonderful, wonderful Post's Toppings and King Features Syndicate people!

My ring collection began auspiciously. First I got Henry, the little bald boy, who rarely says a word, but is very funny in his silence. In shame I'm forced to admit I bought the first box of Toast in order to get on with my collection. The second ring was a prize, the Captain of the Katz-en-jammer Kids. What a glorious feeling, when Post's ring was so tulip, what Humphry was to Dumpy these rings were to me. The third has carried in its seeds of my downfall, a wonderful, wonderful Wimpys, Pappy's hamburger-worshiping friend. I was so proud. I admit it most reluctantly, but it is true. I was so proud, so proud that I began to look down on my ringless fellow man.

I should have expected the opposite weight of Olympian workouts; I should have, but I didn't. I bought my next box of Post's Toasts with the same keen anticipation as before. I hurried home built as best as I could. I even poured the contents into the same huge bowl as always. To my amazement the heap of flakes lay the stern rebuke of the gods—a duplicating Wimpys.

Completely shattered, I stumbled into the worm's nest under my own nose and dropped down my face. My collection for the rest of the year.

The cast of THE POT BOILER is shown in the final scene of the play, a one-act satire on "hammy" acting and directing. Three performances have been given on campus, and next Tuesday night the play will be presented in Scranton. Members of the cast, from left to right are: Phil Nichols, Jack Vale, Charlie Williams, Joan Walsh, Evan Sichier, Mabel Faye Richards, Andy Evans and Art Delienmander. W. Thomas Littleton, a student at Wilkes, is the play director.

The POT BOILER CAST

WILKES COLLEGE BEACON

WILKES COLLEGE

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GEROTHE WILLIAMS

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GREAT STAFF


A paper judged weekly by and for the students of Wilkes College.

Phone 3-3148 Ext. 19

Member

Inte-calcolate Press

Vince Macri, Editor

WHAT, NO NEWS?

For the past few months, student leaders of various activities and faculty representatives have been meeting to discuss problems that arise on the campus, and to evaluate the welfare of the college.

It is now discovered that the biggest problem is cooperation. Many people refuse to cooperate at all, while others do not want any cooperation, reasoning that they can run the whole show themselves.

Now all of us know that an affair such as a play, a dance, or a party cannot be produced with only a few workers. Every- one on campus must cooperate to make the undertaking a success.

Essential to the success of any affair is publicity. Since the BEACON is a principal source of public information on the campus, it is imperative that we receive material, and inform the students as to what is being done.

Yet almost every time something new develops, the BEACON is the last to hear on the campus to receive their news. The person who should give the information, seems to desire a pleasant pleasure by "keeping it under his hat." The BEACON cannot publish what news and yet when the BEACON does not come out, these people who have the information, are the first to cry "whynot? There’s nothing news, I have no swell story for you."

Such is life.

Students Discuss Language Problem

With Instructors

By Frank Anderson

With the beginning of the second term, many members of a college faculty and students sit down and discuss general ideas of what groups of both students and faculty arrive at satisfactory conclusions? A group composed of the Modern Language Department faculty and several students of Wilkes College proved the success of such an experiment Wednesday night, April 27, at Chase Hall.

Marvin Walter, chairman of the student group, suggested the idea of a possible meeting to Mr. Elwood Disque, Associate Professor of German and head of the Modern Language Department at Wilkes. Mr. Disque became extremely interested in the idea and they immediately set a date for the first meeting. Faculty members present were: Dr. Sylvia Dows, Associate Professor of Spanish; Miss Emma H. Higginbotham, Professor of French; Dr. Thaddeus Mieza, Assistant Professor of Modern Languages; Mrs. Boren, Professor of English; Mr. Kam, Professor of Modern Chinese; Mr. Lusat, Professor of Modern Latin; Miss L. J. Schieth, Professor of Modern Greek, and Mr. Disque. The student body was represented by Paul Thomas, Chairman of the student group, Frank Anderson and Marvin Walter.

Three general questions were discussed:

1. Why study modern languages?

In answer to this question, Mr. Disque passed out literature he had brought diagramming and explaining the major uses in which language can be employed after graduation. Mrs. Cohen pointed out that the study of foreign languages would give American students a cleaner idea of how other countries with our own language has been influenced and constructed by others. Mr. Mieza was in answer to questions from the students regarding languages and world problems stated that knowledge of each other’s languages helps the students of different countries to better understand each other. He also remarked that “I doubt there is a modern language teacher to think with mathematical precision.”

The second question was: “What is the goal of the Modern Language Department at Wilkes?” This question was broken down into three subheadings: (1) reading, (2) speaking or (3) writing, and in answering this question, there were as many suggestions as there were people present. The third question was: “What are the possibilities of new methods being taught at Wilkes?” The answer to this question will necessarily follow a discussion of new methods of teaching modern languages at the next meeting.

The (a) majority of the students did make two definite suggestions. The first element of time—this is the biggest problem in learning languages. It is suggested as a possible answer to this problem that languages be permitted five hours a week with only three outside assignments instead of the present method of three classes a week with three outside assignments.

2. It was felt by all present that language classes were too

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GIFTS AND STATIONERY

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Victory continued to elude the Colonels baseball team during the past week. In an effort to break in to the win column Coach Rabin juggled his lineup considerably, but the results were the same. At Tren- ton Saturday, Rabin inserted Richards into the lineup in place of "Old Folk" Boyd, who is in a hitting slump, and put Marty Warras in right field to replace Jack Price, but this combination fared little better than the old and Rider won the game by a ten to three score. Chef Malloy started the game for the Colonels and he was victim of the first innin g in that seems to be haunting him. After Rabin scored six runs in the first inning Chef settled down, but he was too late to save much for the Colonels to overcome. Tuesday afternoon the Colonels met the Monarchs of Bloomsburg State Teachers College, and were defeated in what turned out to be a thrilling game despite several errors by both teams. The Huskies got off to a good three run lead before Mohawk started a Wilkes rally with a three-run shot to left center field. Wilkes tied the score at three all in the fifth, and forged a tie in the eighth inning, but in the ninth inning only to blow the game when with one out a Wilkes runner came through with a pinch hitter with one on, and that my children was the closest the Colonels could get to victory during the past week. Rabin's version of the "New Look" is playing to the day he has been going Bloomsburg's way all the way. The Colonels pitched another very good game and deserved a better fate. Tomorrow the Colonels meet Ithaca College in Kirby Park. Why don't you come and lend us moral support, it will be well worth your time. From here it looks as if the Intercollegial softball league is dying a natural death. Too bad! In the meantime, however, the Russellville baseball team are in the lead with an unspoiled record. In Russellville's own tournament program that hasn't died of natural causes. It's a fine one.
Henry The VIII finds Democracy

George Brody

Shakespeare turns over once or twice, pushed his cofin lid up, and called, "Henry! Henry VIII, where art thou?" The bellman floated over and asked, "Whatta you want?"

"Henry, Wilkes College has come to a pretty pass. They need some one to take care of all their queens. I tried to get the job to Louis XIV, but be said that you're more fitted for the task. Whatta you say, Henry. How about giving it a try?"

Henry grinned happily. "Willie, you foun' your man..." The fellows around Wilkes are having a hard time trying to figure who's queen of what. I'll see that the figuring is made a lot easier.

"Henry, it is said that there are a couple of fellows locked in a heated argument. One voice shouted, "I'm talking about that stuff that people want to get lost on an island with." Name after name fell on Henry's ears. "Stamer," followed a voice. "Woolcock," from another voice. Clifford! Novak! All of you are nuts. What about Pavlik! Mieczkowski! Turnar! Way! Persing! Thomsen! Zorka!"

Henry became dizzy. This was more than enough. Disgustedly he mused, "These fellows aren't picking a queen, they're just calling roll! Why in my day if I wanted a queen, I just reached out and yanked one in.

He stopped, pursed his lips, clocked his tongue, and scratched his head. "In my day, it was easy, sure, but I don't know if anyone was ever satisfied. After all, look at the things that happened in my day!"

"By gosh," Henry continued. "These people have something, just put a name on a piece of paper, drop it in a box and bang! A queen. Pretty good. Everybody satisfied, too. You know, I should have thought of that myself. I'm going back and tell Willie we'd better mind our own business. These people can handle their own queens."

The queen of the air, caught a cloud and rode like the wind back to Shakespeare. "Look here, Willie," poking his finger in Willie's chest, "I know those fellows down the road that you said were crackpots! Well, maybe we better hoots down and give a listen. They got something, Willie boy, they got something!"

The strange silence falls over the cafeteria, a hushed crowd lowers their hands in prayer, and a whisper moves from person to person. The whole scene is one of intense, dark disparity. Slowly, you woman on a hanging on his arm - the boy's dorm without a pool table - Norma Persiani and Marilyn Broad lowing - Bob Swigert in a room with a piano and not playing it - the Lettermen not active - the library quiet - Jack Cain without his usual wire-crack - "Stotty" Rutherford minus John McGinn - Jack Feeney - Milly the girl's lounge without bridge - an interesting World Lit class.

Henry sat behind a chimney on the roof of Chase Hall, lit his pipe, and scanned the area. "Look here!" he explained after a brief glance around. "Don't you see, these 'babbies aren't queens, then what do queens look like?"

Henry fitted down to the ground, tapped one of the boys on the shoulder and asked, "Can you tell me where I can find a few queens?"

The fellow turned around to answer, let out a screech, and was last seen going to West Pittston still running full speed. Some of his friends who have missed him, write him and rave it rumored that he flunked out.

Henry knew now that if he wanted to find any queens, he would have to look for himself. He started going to old friends, to old mistresses, and to old places. He first came across Marty Blair's picture. "That's no queen," he gasped. "That's evolution!" Undaunted, undismayed, and determined, he continued his search. He floated in and out of buildings; he stood in the coffee line, he sweatied out an hour in Chase Lounge, he entered others rooms and talked; the sagacious talk of the students, but he couldn't for the life of him pick out a queen.

"Maybe those fellows I was supposed to dodge - Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Wilson - knew what they were talking about. Everybody looks the name to me. Maybe I'd better go back and see Mieczkowski, he has a pretty good place. If there's a queen around here, it must be in name. Hinn, Democracy. Maybe I should have looked into that myself."

But Henry stuck around just long enough. He ran into a group of students locked in a heated argument. One voice shouted, "I'm talking about that stuff that people want to get lost on an island with."

"Henry, Wilkes College has come to a pretty pass. They need someone to take care of all their queens. I tried to get the job to Louis XIV, but he said that you're more fitted for the task. Whatta you say, Henry. How about giving it a try?"

Henry grinned happily. "Willie, you found your man."

Liltingly, dreamily, Henry sat alone on the roof of Chase Hall, lit his pipe, and scanned the area. "Look here!" he explained after a brief glance around. "Don't you see, these 'babbies aren't queens, then what do queens look like?"

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