

Get to see Christopher Fry's 'Thor, with Angels'. Not only is the play one of the very best, but the Cue 'n' Curtain deserves your support.

The finest advice to young men: "Get the money, boys, get the money!"

—Damon Runyon

# 'Thor, with Angels' at Gym Friday, Saturday

## DEBATERS WIN 5, LOSE 5 AT BROOKLYN; SEASON RECORD 23 OUT OF 36 DEBATES

By PEARL ONACKO

At Brooklyn College last week-end the Wilkes debating team won five and lost five, making the season's record twenty-three victories in thirty-six debates. According to coach Dr. Arthur N. Kruger, some sixty-six schools were entered in the Sixth Invitational Tournament, the world's largest.

Our team of Sally Harvey, Roxy Reynolds, Jim Neveras and Mike Lewis defeated Utica, LeMoyne and Canisius, twice, downing the national champions of '51. Vermont. Our squad lost twice to West Point and Merrimac and once to Dartmouth. One of the Dartmouth debaters was Rodman Rockefeller, son of Nelson Rockefeller.

A banquet held in connection with the tourney afforded participants an opportunity to garner considerable first-hand information on FEPC. Banquet speakers were Congressman Adam C. Powell, "father" of FEPC; Dr. Harry Gid- onse, president of Brooklyn Col-

lege of the City of New York, who presented a strong case for the program.

In the near future the Wilkes squad will appear before Y's Men of Wilkes-Barre and the Dallas Rotary to discuss the national intercollegiate debate topic for 1953—"Resolved: That the Congress of the United States Should Enact a Compulsory Fair Employment Practices Law."

Harvey, Lewis, Neveras and Onacko will represent Wilkes in the final tournament of the season, the Eastern Forensic, which will be held at Temple University in the latter part of April.

DIRECTOR



ALFRED GROH

## CHRISTOPHER FRY'S PLAY CUE 'N' CURTAIN'S MAJOR PRODUCTION OF THE YEAR

By PEGGY WILLIAMS

Tonight at 8:30 the curtain will ring up on the official primer of Cue 'n' Curtain's production of Christopher Fry's 'Thor, with Angels'. Despite many production hazards, including the shortest rehearsal schedule, two and a half weeks, that the Thespians have ever encountered, casting problems, and the perennial obstacles presented by attempting to use the Gym as a theater, 'Thor, with Angels' is ready for the boards.

Although 'Thor' did much to establish Christopher Fry's prominence as a playwright, his 'The Lady's Not For Burning' and 'Venus Observed' are better known in this country. 'Thor, with Angels' has never been performed professionally in the United States. Its only previous production was on the campus of Catholic University in Washington, D. C.

Set in a Jute farmstead near Canterbury, England, in the year 596 A. D., the play concerns the conflict and ultimate triumph of Christianity over paganism. The capture of a Saxon Christian by a group of pagan Jutes results in a conflict of ideologies. A romance between the Christian Saxon and a Jutish maid complicates the plot. The noble and tragic theme of 'Thor, with Angels' is enlightened by the device of including comic servants in the cast. The character of Merlin, the seer, is used by Fry to express much philosophical thought.

Peter Margo, president of Cue 'n' Curtain, plays the leading role of Cymen, the Jutish warrior. Ben Cook co-stars as Merlin, and Carol Ann Gardner and Leo Kelley portray the Jutish maid and Christian Saxon, respectively. Others in the cast include Terry Turissini, Helen Brown, John Williams, Sheldon Schneider, Allen Lieberman, Ronnie Fitzgerald and George Schelgar. Assistant director is Margaret Luty.

Father Nahas and the Syrian Choir of St. Mary's Syrian Orthodox Church will also appear in the play.

The backstage committees have been active for the last week. Helen Hawkins and Basie Mieszkowski have torn up the closets at Ye Olde Chase Theater in search of costumes, while David Shearer has been dangling from the Gym ceiling putting up lights. Shirley Williams has been digging up properties and Herman, the carpenter has made some fine swords for our Jutish warriors. The maintenance crew at the Gym, who have been piling

sandbags on high to imitate English hillsides, has become the staging committee of this production. Bob Nass is handling sound effects for 'Thor'. Georgia Tomasetti is chairman of the House Committees and Peg Williams is play executive.

The curtain rings up on 'Thor' tonight and tomorrow night at the Wilkes Gym. Students of the college are reminded that each student pass will admit a student plus an escort free. Admission without a pass is \$1 for adults and 35c for students.

## Ballplayers Note

Weather permitting, all candidates report to Kimby Park at 4:00 Monday. No material will be supplied until April 1. Come prepared to shower in Gym or at home and bring own equipment.

Pitchers, catchers, infielders, and outfielders desperately needed. Coaches we have plenty of.

THE

## BEACON'S BEAT

Mr. Symonolewicz: "I'm going to read a very interesting article by Sheldon - not Schneider."

Creator Sam Snee: "When I get done with you, Beers, you'll be the best journalist to ever come out of this place."

Mr. Kanner: "Where else besides his boss can a person go for more money?"

Voice from back of room: "To Household Finance."

'White Settlers and Native People,' Anthropology course, p. 17, "In 1871 the kindly Kingsley wrote that he had had to use his 38 caliber revolver to shoot children as his 56 caliber rifle 'tore them up so bad.'"

Dale Warmouth: "Foxlow is wearing tweed diapers on little Davy now."

Ape Dannick: "Christine Jorgensen makes a very nice couple and she should be very happy together."

Of Sam Snee: "He is presumably human, though the evidence is not yet conclusive."

Joe Kropiewnicki at the Senior Spectacle, dressed in Isabel Ecker's slip: "I'm not going even close to Denmark again."

Confusion in the Library: the new signs read: "If you must talk in here - please whisper."

In 'Public Opinion and Propaganda', a Mailey course of the same name, p. 224: "Communication perhaps has reached the point where thinking, if possible, must be carried on against great handicaps."

## PLANS FOR APRIL SHOWERS BALL COMPLETE; TICKETS SELLING FAST

It's right around the corner now. If you don't get a date soon you'll be left behind. The orders for tickets have already started to pour in for the April Showers Ball which is to be held on April 17.

A new idea is being put into use this year. The Lettermen decided that there would be no corsages at the dance. Although it is customary to supply corsages to your date when attending a semi-formal dance, the Lettermen felt that this extra five or more dollars put a hole in the average college student's pocketbook and thought that by eliminating this expense more couples would be able to attend the dance.

April is the perfect time of the year for a semi-formal. It is the first spring dance held at Wilkes and one which has always been looked forward to by all. Since the season is perfect for the dance and there will be no corsage expense, there aren't many obstacles in the way of anyone who wishes to attend. The attractiveness of the affair has been enhanced by other features as well as those mentioned. The ticket for the dance will cost only \$2.80 (per couple that is) and there is no burden of renting a tuxedo as the dance is semi-formal. Of course the girls will get a chance to show off their spring formals too. A dance is always more fun when "everyone you know" is there, and this promises to be one of the largest attended dances ever held at Wilkes.

To top the evening off every female present has a chance to be elected queen of the April Showers

## TDR GIVES TEA ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Last Tuesday, March 17, Theta Delta Rho entertained the high school senior girls from this area at the Sorority's annual St. Patrick's Day Tea. The girls who did not attend the George Washington Day Tea were invited to the affair. Girls from the following schools attended: Sacred Heart, Coughlin, Nanticoke, Meyers, Plymouth, G.A.R., Larksville, Exeter, Newport, Kingston, St. John's, St. Vincent's, Marymount, Hanover, Ashley, and Edwardsville. Jane Carpenter served as general chair-

## TDR FASHION SHOW; IS CO-ED MODELS

The women of Theta Delta Rho are making plans for their Fashion Show to be held on April 21, in the College Gym. Ann Azat and Jane Carpenter are co-chairmen of the affair, being assisted by the following committee heads:

Publicity, Barbara Evans; tickets, Helen Brown; refreshments, Marilyn Cresswell, staging, Libby McQuilken; clothes, Elsie Guiliani, and house, Denah Fleisher.

The fashion show held two years ago, with the theme, "A Day in the Life of a Coed". It was very successful. However, this year the girls have some terrific ideas to make this show something new and different. The theme selected is "Summer Holiday" and it is going to be more of a dramatic production, with a musical background.

The co-eds chosen to model these new spring creations are: Jane Carpenter, Alice Green, Connie Kamarunas, Isabel Ecker, Helen Krachenfels, Delores Ostroski, Barbara Evans, Carol Ann Gardner, Gayle Jones, Nancy Brown, Helen Koelsch, Nancy Batchler, Lucille Reese, Nancy Schooley and Helen Brown.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO THE STUDENT BODY

# Lettermen To Uphold Letter Policy

## CLUB AFRAID THE WEARING OF LETTERS HAS BECOME A FAD; ONLY WILKES "W" THE RULE

At a recent meeting of the Lettermen's Club the question of wearing athletic awards other than those granted by the college was discussed. Several of the Club members noticed that high school awards were very common on campus, as are athletic club jackets. Then, too, it was brought up that some individuals were wearing Wilkes "W" who were not entitled to athletic awards. An appeal to the students for cooperation and an explanation of athletic award policies seemed the best way to meet the situation.

First, it is usually a policy of all colleges and universities that only the athletic award of the institution be permitted to be worn on campus. That regulation prevails throughout the nation and was at one time printed in the Wilkes College Student Handbook. However, it was omitted from the last few printings of the Handbook, and possibly that is why so many stu-

dents wear awards from other schools or groups.

Many students wear sweaters and jackets because they are good, warm clothing, and it is only proper that they do so. They have earned them, but the "letter" should be removed. After all, the students are attending Wilkes College now and owe their allegiance to their new Alma Mater.

In regard to those individuals who obtain a "W" for themselves or from a Wilkes group, some sort of qualifying marks should be placed on them to distinguish them from the W awarded by the College. For instance, band and cheerleader letters are conspicuously marked. We have worked hard for the privilege of wearing the gold "W" and we would like to see it continued as a privilege and not as a fad.

We, the Lettermen's Club, hope that the student body will understand that we are not dictating any new policies. We also hope the students will cooperate with us in trying to build a little more school spirit and loyalty to Wilkes College.

Thank you,  
The Lettermen

# Wilkes College BEACON

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## Editorially Speaking

### ON THE REBOUND

The Lettermen's present campaign to prevent the cheapening of the Wilkes athletic "W" award is just another sign of the reinvigorated spirit that has been suddenly breathed into the Club this year and has stimulated it once again to its old position as a campus leader.

The last couple of years the Lettermen's Club has been withering on the vine. Lack of interest and lack of strong leaders has rocked the Club out of its lush throne of the 1948 and 1949. Those were the days when the Club was king of the clubs, had plenty of money, had tons of talent, had energetic leaders and members, and was an active, driving force at Wilkes College. Those were the days when the Lettermen could throw an original musical with home-grown Club talent like "All In Fun" and set the Valley on fire. This town hasn't seen a show like that since. Those were the days, too, when the Club had its own little activities and particularities that made the wearing of the "W" as something more than just keeping warm.

But since then the Club has stumbled and tumbled along, not going anywhere in particular and accomplishing very little altogether. Last year when the Club hit bottom the jar was enough to set a few choice people thinking. Anymore of this, they figured, and the Lettermen would wash right out of the picture. A renaissance was planned.

A comeback has been tremendous. Under the leadership of adviser George Ralston, the Club's one blueblood (George McMahon) who remembered the lush days of 1949, and a few flames who were around in the post-prosperity days and heard tales of those glorious times and wanted them back, guys like George Elias, President Willie Morgan, and the perpetual sergeant-at-arms Danny Pinkowski, the renaissance got going. More meetings were held and they began to be attended. Little things like the blood drive, the Red Cross drive, and school services like guided-tours and ushers at the Gym found the Lettermen right behind them.

In the big things the Lettermen hit out hard. The Christmas Formal was as good a formal as ever held at Wilkes. The coming April Showers Ball is being worked on furiously and should be the social highlight of the spring semester. And for the Club's own future the new lettermen were hustled out to meetings and whisked into activities. Old Club traditions were revived and the little distinctions that once made the Lettermen king of the clubs came back into play.

The comeback still has difficulties to surmount. Important problems like getting new leaders to take up where the old puritans like McMahon, Elias, Morgan and Pinkowski leave off at the end of the semester must be tackled and conquered, or the Club could very easily slip back into its soft chair of nothingness. But the present action of the Lettermen in upholding an old school law of the wearing of the "W" is a sign of better things to come.

The Lettermen's Club has rebounded.

### MERELY SHOOK-UP

Faulty things can usually be attributed to faulty people, like last week's BEACON. For loud foul balls the issue was a whip, and it was also quite a knock to our new reputation of infallibility.

All week long the Editor was pulling off an old trick of his of walking into himself. He was completely shook-up most of the time and unconscious a good deal of the rest. The stuff he wrote started from the middle and worked its way to the end by means of the beginning, and the things he said were meaningless and ran on like a hack driver's dream. Why the Editor was in such a shuffle is a complete mystery, but possibly some of it may be attributed to the coming of Spring, eighteen lines of Chaucer, or maybe it was nothing more than the ecstasy of all the shook-upness in him anyway. The results of his state of being may be had in black in white in the BEACON.

Both banner headlines were wrong. The seniors were reported to have an affair on Friday night, when the story in its very first line clearly said Saturday night. The Colonelettes and Azat were to make a comeback, but the game was postponed.

## Letters To The Editor...

"In Defense of Poesy"

March 17, 1953

Dear Editor:

It has come to our attention (although there is only one of us; being schizophrenic, we feel entitled to employ the pronoun our) that the Poet's Corner has shrunk to a mere niche. Notwithstanding the brilliant defense penned by this noble group in last week's Beacon, they have dwindled. In the name of justice it should be noted that this abominable shrinkage is one of quantity alone. "Why?" you ask. Why should such a worthy institution be doomed to extinction? As a matter of fact, just a month ago the junior senator from Wisconsin asked us: "Why should such a beacon (distant relative — editors note) of liberty be allowed to wither in the grasp of communism?" We assured him that communism was not concerned. Undaunted, he continued, "such a cherished group (he used the phrase — "one hundred per cent American" —) shall not perish from this earth. I may investigate."

And so it was, in light of this further menace, that we began a quiet survey on the downfall of poesy. Lo and behold! (inseparable companions somewhat akin to alas and alack, and red and herring) we have come upon an unconscionable plot of subversion in our very midst. We might say that when our investigation became known our lives were threatened; however, by so splitting our personality as to hide in two different places at once we have become immune to violence.

Nevertheless it is with great trepidation that we point out the following facts to that poor but proud remnant of our intellectual aristocracy, the poets. The gradual absorption of the "Beers Mob" to which you refer, is in reality, a deliberate plan of infiltration on the part of that base group. Ah yes, you generous, unsuspecting poets have warmth in your hearts for this once friendly band. We say to you, beware! accept their overtures "cum grano salis". They, like the Greeks, have arrived bearing gifts, but in the background there lurks a force depraved, so sinister, and so set on your destruction that only the support of the free world has saved you from open attack. Poets! Scorn us not! We know whereof we speak! Just ten days ago, completely by chance, secret files of the Beers Mob fell into our hands and we were able to trace the diabolical plan of action which ultimately will lead to your domination by this corrupt, conniving clique. When control is complete, you are to be used as a sounding board to promote their nefarious schemes. Finally, when the last vestige of respectability has faded, you will be liquidated!

Shocking? Yes. But true.

These are the times that try men's souls. Arise poets — transform your pens to swords — strike down this calumnious coterie! Duty calls — your course is clear — marshal your forces — take to the field of battle and overwhelm the horde intent on your destruction. Signed,

Cassandra

Editor's Note:—The violent reaction of "P. C." to its editorial obituary is pleasing, or is it all merely a swan song? Perhaps their hearts now pump deep red blood besides pasty amour grog.

Johnny Rapacz, the former Oklahoma All-American who has played center for five years in the pro leagues, passed up a promising baseball career because the diamond sport "doesn't give you a chance to express yourself".

Satellites in one head was misspelled, but the student body never picked it up. Dr. Kruger was once called "Dr. Gruger". The right ear gave faulty information about the Senior Spectacle. And the real topper, a story that read "not later than March 9" was tossed into the issue.

Such it is when the editor of a paper gets shook-up. Perhaps we've got it all out of our system now. Goodness knows that such foolishness cannot be tolerated.

BEERS, editor

# THE BEACON'S BEST

### ALL RIGHT, NO WISE-CRACKS

"Would you like to drink Canada Dry, sir?"  
"I'd love to, but I'm only here for a week."

She was only a Communist's daughter, but everyone got his share.

"What do you think of the Museum of Art?"

"Oh, the pictures are okay, but there ain't no good jokes under them."

The waste involved in investment without research is illustrated by the man who spent two hundred dollars on a cure for halitosis and then found out that no one liked him anyway.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad train started on its \$6,000 mile trip from Warsaw to Vladivostok. In the compartment were a Soviet lieutenant and a girl from a collective farm. As the train pulled out of Warsaw the lieutenant turned to the girl and asked:

"Do you go to Pinsk?"

"No", the girl answered.

There was silence. Two days and 2,000 miles later the lieutenant again turned to the girl and asked:

"Do you go to Omsk?"

"No", she answered.

Again there was silence for forty or so hours, as the train began its long pull through Siberia.

Finally the soldier asked: "Do you go to Okhotsk?"

"No", was the reply.

The soldier jumped to his feet. "Enough of the bourgeois love-making!" he stormed. "Kiss me!"

Drunk in a telephone booth: "Number, hell! I want my peanuts."

She: "How about a date, big boy?"

George McMahon: "Can't. Gotta go to bed and get some sleep."

She: "Why?"

George: "Tomorrow's my tough day. Gotta shave."

"Is this ice cream pure?"

"Pure as the girl of your dreams."

"Give me a pack of cigarettes."

A soap-box orator who reached the argumentative stage sat down next to a clergyman in a bus and yelled, "I ain't going to heaven, there ain't no heaven."

Getting no response he repeated, "I ain't goin' to heaven, there ain't no heaven."

"Well," replied the clergyman, "Go to hell then, but be quiet about it."

A little boy talking to his mother of his recent trip to the circus: "There were tigers and tigresses, monkeys and mokeyesses, elephants and elephantesses and bears."

Old Lady: "You don't chew tobacco do you, little boy?"

Little Boy: "No ma'am, but I could let you have a cigarette."

A bopster went into a restaurant and asked for some apple pie.

"Sorry sir, but that apple pie is gone," said the waitress.

"Gone! That crazy pie! I'll take two pieces."

The father of a pretty co-ed asked her boy friend over to see TV. When the boy arrived, he brought a jug that obviously contained a mixture involving alcohol, and during the programs he took a nip now and then. At last the father could stand it no longer.

"Young man," he said, "I'm fifty-two years old, and never in my life have I touched liquor."

"Well, don't get no ideas, pop," the student snarled. "You ain't gettin' any of this."

"Well, Jerry finally married that redhead."

"What got into him?"

"Buckshot."

I hate the guys who criticize  
And minimize the other guys  
Whose enterprise has made them rise  
Above the guys who criticize.

First Drunk: "Shay, know what time it is?"

Second Drunk: "Yeah."

First Drunk: "Thanksh."

## LORUSSO DOES APRIL SHOWERS POSTERS

Part-time artist, business man, and night school art instructor Samuel Lorusso has lent the Lettermen's Club a mighty hand with his poster drawing. Always a difficult problem to get fancy, striking posters, the Club found a willing aid in Mr. Lorusso.

Mr. Lorusso, former president of his class at Coughlin and now a

credit manager at a local store, has taken art as a hobby. Quiet and unassuming, Mr. Lorusso uses his basement as a studio and does art work of all kinds.

The Club is grateful for Mr. Lorusso's eagerness to be of help and for his talents.

## ACTIVITIES SCHEDULE

Tuesday, March 24—Orchestra Practice 7:45 Lobby;

Wednesday, March 25—Nurse's Cancer Institute 3-6 7-10;

Thursday, March 26—Assembly.



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# Season Opens April 10 For Colonels

## COACH RALSTON FINDS GEMS AMONG FROSH HOOPSTERS; WATCH FERRIS, ENNIS, VANDYKE

By PAUL B. BEERS

The new crop of freshmen that got its start on our court this year is one of the finest ever for basketball coach George Ralston. Not since 1950 when Len Batrone, Eddie Davis, Joe Sikora, John Milliman and Jimmy Atherton made their appearance has the new rookie bunch looked so good. This year's gang might go on to be the very best of all.

The 1950 crop of freshmen came in a lean year and was thrown immediately into varsity competition. Very few oldsters, such as Parker Petrilak and Bobby Benson, were around to give the boys any rivalry for starting positions. This year the freshmen found a box-car load of old-timers, experienced ball-players, to give them a hard time. As a result, the frosh saw little varsity ball. Their deeds, though, on the varsity and the Jayvee team has given them the stamp of approval.

The kid right now who looks to be the gem of the freshmen gang is Jimbo Ferris. Ferris, a baseball player also, may very easily fall into the unofficial Rookie of the Year. Jimbo, a Kingston boy, is just about the fastest thing we've ever had around here, and we've had Len Batrone and Bobby Benson. Ferris is small, but clever. His style of play is to set them up and drive. As a rookie, he led the freshman gang in varsity ball with 61 points in 16 games for a 3.8 average. In one contest he connected for 15 points. The kid is so classy that the fans would hollar to see him get put in the game, a feat which didn't occur often enough for Jimmy. He's one to be watched.

Second high man among the frosh in varsity ball was big Frank Kopicki. Kopicki scored 19 points in 9 games for a 2.1 average. Frank is a faker. Of the John Milliman school, Kopicki can fake you mad, though the Plymouth boy is not as experienced as the old mast-

er and cannot always capitalize on his fakes. Kopicki is one excellent rebound man. He would have seen much action, but he was injured in mid-season.

Joe Popple looked good the one game he got into. He tallied 8 points in no time at all.

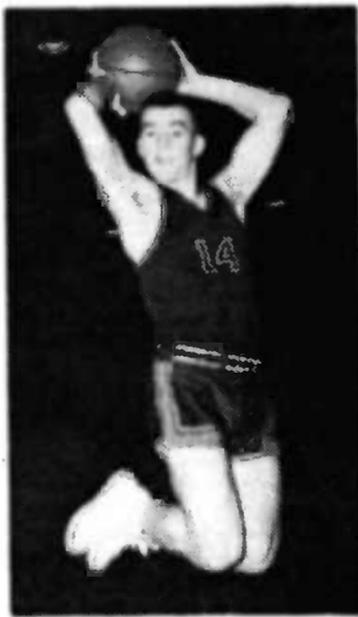
Ferris' old sidekick at Kingston High, Joe Jablonski, showed a lot this year. Joe's average was a poor 0.4, but he has a lot on the ball as a playmaker and a scorer. His time in the 7 games he figured in was very little, though he did manage to score 4 points. Joe could very well be the dark-horse of the freshman lot.

Three other men did not see any action, but showed plenty for the Jayvees.

Six-foot Harry Ennis is a prize package transfer from Penn State. Skinny, a distant relative of Wilkes' immortal half-pint Skinny Ennis, is another Kingston lad with plenty to show. The big guy knows his basketball thoroughly, he can move around, grab rebounds, has a nice eye, and can play the pivot with class. Ralston could have used him in varsity this year, but Skinny had to wait out a season. He should be one of the top seven men next season.

Carl VanDyke starred for the Jayvees. Carl is a kid with a crew-cut, a hunger for basketball, and a nice all-around hoopster. He came out late for soccer this year, but he soon turned into one of the boys

### BIG JIMBO II



JIMMY FERRIS

that Partridge is banking on for next season. Quite possibly Carl, as hard a worker as you'll find anywhere, might squeeze into a near-starting position next season. He has the stuff.

Ed Troutman is the seventh freshman find. Very little was heard of Ed this year, but he is an up-and-coming hoopster.

Ralston was exceptionally lucky this year with his freshman team. The boys are good, there's no doubt about that. The one sad fact is that they'll have to crash a team next year that has at least nine two-year, experienced men returning, including five unmoveables in Batrone, Davis, Sikora, Petrilak and Milliman. The frosh will have hard sledding.

## PARTRIDGE CLAIMS NO POSITIONS TAKEN SO FAR; TEAM SHOULD BE STRONG

By WALT CHAPKO

April 10 is a day that many a Colonel is looking forward to. That is the day that the Wilkes baseballers take on Moravian College at Moravian. Coach Bob Partridge has quite a job on his hands to mould a winning outfit by that time, considering the fact that he will be lucky to get two weeks' practice outdoors before he opening game.

Monday of last week Coach Partridge issued a call for candidates for pitching and catching positions to report to the gym for exercises and general loosening-up. 10 pitching candidates have been working out in the gym. John Milliman and Joe Sikora are the only veteran hurlers. Rookies must come thru if we are to have a successful season. Nothing can really be known of the abilities of these pitching aspirants until they sport their wares in an intra-squad game. One of the veteran hurlers, George 'Moe' Batterson left us last June to enter the Army. The loss of Batterson was hard to take, but there might be some promising yearling to take his place.

This coming Monday, March 23, the coach wants all baseball candidates to report to Kirby Park with their own equipment. If the weather permits, outdoor practices will commence on Monday; if the weather is unfavorable, all candidates will report to the gym. See Monday's bulletin for instructions.

If the turnout of pitching candidates is any indication of the interest in baseball, last year's veterans will have an eager bunch of rookies trying to beat them out for their positions. Although Partridge has many lettermen returning, all players will have to fight for their positions. The coach says that no one has his position cinched. Practices will begin at 3:30 on Monday: candidates will be able to change at the club room at Kirby Park but must go to the gym or home to shower. This condition will prevail only for the first week of practice, because the Park officials will not permit use of the showers until there is no danger of water freez-

ing in the water pipes.

Wilkes will play a sixteen game schedule this year, six home and ten away. Local fans will not have much chance to see this year's team in action, but when they do, they will see them in classy surroundings. According to latest reports, the Wilkes-Barre Barons will be playing during May and will permit the Wilkes outfit to use Artillery Park for its three home games in May. Included in these home games will be a night contest on Tuesday, May 19, with Lycoming College at Artillery Park.

## Colonelettes Done; Finale Postponed

Just to keep the records straight, the comeback plans of both the Colonelettes and Ann Azat were disturbed some when Marywood cancelled their last Saturday tilt with the team. The season is now over.

The Colonelettes finished up with a 1-3 record, but with high hopes for next season. The whole team, with the exception of senior Carol Jones, will be returning. Great things are expected from such rookies developed this year as Freckles Schooley, Gayle Jones, Shook-up Krachenfels, and Georgia Tomasetti. Coming back also will be Flea Green.

The status of Ann Azat is not certain. She had quit the game of basketball, but then before the intended Saturday game she decided a comeback. Much, it is supposed, hinges on whether she'll be back in school next season. She has been here pretty long.

## 'MISSING LINKS' INTRAMURAL CHAMPS

The activity in the Gym is finally over as the Intramural basketball games came to an end last week. All during the second semester these games were played with teams from every club on the campus participating.

This year the games were exceptionally well organized and the spirit ran high among the participants. This can be shown by the fact that out of 90 games played, only 8 were forfeited. The teams ended the regular season with a four place tie for fourth place, the Biology Club A team in third place, and the Missing Links and the Bar Rags in a tie for first place. Each of the first place teams won 8 and lost only one. In the play-offs the Shawnee Indians ended up in fourth place, the Biology Club A in third place, the Bar Rags in second place, and the Missing Links in first place. The final game between the Links and the Bar Rags was played as a preliminary to the Ashley-Luzerne game, with the Links winning out in the last two minutes of play by a 41-38 score. High for the Links were Sandy Yelan with 15 and Phillips with 13. Bill Morgan of the Bar Rags was high for the evening with a total of 20 points. The winners will be presented a trophy as a reward for their efforts.

## THIS 'N' THAT...

by ludwig

Hi, Sometime when the minutes lie heavily on your hands, sit back, relax, kick off your shoes, light up your pipe, and see if you can imagine:

Mr. Farrar sitting sedately in a chair before his class talking about how nice the farmers are and how much they deserve to have from the government.

Mr. Chwalek without a deal on his hands and a spot to place you if only you had other qualifications.

Dr. Farley at a great party smoking a cigarette and singing "Sweet Adeline."

Mr. Partridge walking across the floor of the gym in hobnail boots.

Mr. Ralston getting married or, better yet, Mr. Ralston's wife.

I don't know how many of you got to the Senior Spectacle last Saturday night but everyone who was there will agree that it was a fine show. The publicity was good, the entertainment was fresh, different and enjoyable, and I believe that a good deal of the credit goes to Miss Connie Smith the chairman of the whole affair. Take a clue classes and clubs and get away from the conventional.

This Friday and Saturday the Cue 'n' Curtain will present their big production of the semester. I wasn't going to put myself out especially until I got a look at the cast. If Ben Cook and Peter Margo are going to be two of the performers I wouldn't want to miss it for the world. It sounds like something great and it's free for you students, you just can't lose.

Oh, yes, one more thing to add to the beginning of the column where we're imagining things:

Could you imagine the Registrar without a comment of one kind or another?

By Ludwig

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# ROAMIN' WITH GLOMAN OUT WEST

By  
PRIVATE CHUCK GLOMAN  
Denver, Colorado

All things, they say, eventually come to an end. The same adage applied to my 16 hectic weeks of two days before I would have.

Of course, the end of training meant leaving all my old messmates. I refer to them as messmates because they're all in the same mess — the Army.

At last a 10-day furlough! A chance to escape from the tobacco-infested wilds of southern Virginia and go out with my girl. I'll never forget that ring in her voice as she answered the phone.

"I'm home!" I shouted gleefully. "Think of it! Four months in the Army and now my first liberty."

"You mean furlough," she corrected. "Liberty is what a sailor takes. Soldiers don't take liberties."

"Oh yeh?"  
What a girl! No wonder I'm crazy about her. Her heart is as big as the Army — open to any man between 18 and 38. Yes, she's an old-fashioned girl — drinks nothing but old fashions. She tells me she tips the scales at 118, but she probably doesn't tip them at all. Just bribes them.

Since most of my school chums are now snagged in the matrimonial web, I figured the furlough would afford an opportunity to pop the question. But asking the girl's father was no simple task. I recall vividly the night I managed to blurt, "Sir...I...that is...well...I've got something to ask you."

"Well, well, out with it!" he commanded fiercely.

"You see...well, after all, sir, I've been going steady with your daughter for four years now."

"What do you want?" he snapped. "A pension?"

"No, I...well I'll be perfectly frank. I want to marry your daughter."

"And what are your intentions — honorable or otherwise?"

"You mean I got a choice?"

"No no choice. You couldn't marry her even if you wanted to."

"Why not?"

"She's only 19, that's why."

"What if she is 19?"

"She's a minor."

"A minor. You mean I gotta ask John L. Lewis?"

On January 21, this reporter boarded a troop train and headed southward over the Mason-Dixon Line, the geographical division between you-all and youse guys. A day later the train roared across the Oklahoma border into the spacious ranges of nothingness known as Texas, and proceeded southward to the state's oldest city, San Antonio, home of such historic shrines as The Alamo, Randolph Field, San Pedro Park, and the fabulous metrical romance "Life Begins At Sixty" by that noted Mexican journalist Mickey Spillane.

The train jerked to a stop and a crowd of khaki-clad forms peered through the dust-covered window.

"Chuck, look!" one exclaimed. "Out there in the field. A group of cows!"

"Not group of," I corrected. "You mean herd of."

"Herd of what?"

"Herd of cows."

"Certainly I've heard of cows."

"No, no, I mean the cow herd."

"What do I care. I didn't say anything to be ashamed of. What kind do you suppose they are? Jersey cows?"

"I don't know. I didn't see their license plates."

As this reporter descended from the platform an olive drab bus screeched to a halt next to the station and hauled the horde of GIs to Fort Sam Houston, the largest military installation in the United States. What amazing weather they have there. It never rains during the day, only between the hours of 1 and 3 A.M. (I suppose

the Chamber of Commerce had something to do with that.)

Texas terrain differs sharply from that of Pennsylvania. Not only is it mountainless, but in some sections the land is so flat they have to put up signs to tell the water which way to run.

But Texas is noted for its beautiful scenery. Everywhere you go in this state you find gorgeous sights — blondes, brunettes, and medheads.

Our new sergeant is a great guy, but his interests are primarily cultural. He sees nothing but operas. I don't care for opera myself, everything happens so illogically in those things. The hero gets stabbed, so instead of bleeding he sings.

The beast in stripes has had a fabulous background. Upon graduation from high school (by the time he got out he was older than the instructors) he was employed as third assistant guesser at the Weather Bureau, and then spent two summers as life guard in a car wash.

Last year he worked with a circus as a tightrope walker. Everything went fine until one day he showed up tight when his rope wasn't. And the guy isn't what you would call lucky in love. In fact, this week he's been turned down so many times he looks like a bedspread.

One day, while making out his annual income statement in the barracks, the two-headed "training director" began humming "Deep In The Heart Of Taxes." Suddenly he threw down his pencil, stomped over to where I was writing a letter and in a burst of unleashed emotion upset my bunk.

Crawling out from a stack of papers I mumbled, "Hey, what's the trouble? You look like you just saw a lieutenant or something."

"Aw," he sighed dejectedly, it's this confounded stack of bills."

"Oh, don't let bills worry you," I said cheerfully. "Just remember, Sarge, times are tough all over. Even the miners are in the hole. Why, do you realize the cost of living has gone up three dollars a pint?"

## AMERICAN STUDENTS ON "THE MEANING OF ACADEMIC FREEDOM"

### Editor's Note

The National Council of Jewish Women recently announced the results of their nation-wide contest, "The Meaning of Academic Freedom". The contest was open only to college seniors and the rewards were extremely luring. The winner received \$2,500.

As some of the essays were both interesting and enlightening, besides being complimentary to the intelligence of the American student, we thought that publication of parts would do no harm.

### Winner: Stanley A. Wolpert, CCNY

Academic freedom means "... you go on unafraid, go as Prometheus went—and steal more of the fire from Olympus."

"... The scholar's work leads him to the frontiers of knowledge... he blazes new trails in thought. Instead of accepting authority, he investigates the substance of its foundations, and should these prove false or rotten, the scholar is obliged to warn the world..."

Our graduate is now "not strong with wisdom, but at best heavy with information."

"A nation suspicious and fearful of her 'intellectuals', or her scientists and educators, her thinkers and serious students, cannot retain the respect of the world or dare aspire to its leadership..."

### Richard Nelson Clewell, Franklin & Marshall College

"Those who would teach men to think for themselves seem always to be confronted by those who preach the same old gospel that 'an undisturbed life is worth everything'..."

"We are fast approaching in the realm of education a point which, I fear, we have already reached in other realms of our national life, a situation aptly described by Francis Biddle as 'the new and simplified world' where 'all is black or white, loyal or disloyal, one-hundred-percent American or dirty Communist'."

### Sanford A. Lakoff, Brandeis University

"... If there is any generalization which may safely be ventured in description of the college generation of which I am a part, it is that we are as individuals and as a group unwilling to make serious commitments. In our effort to come to terms with a world in which the rush of events can only be understood if we are willing to accept paradox as an ultimate fact of existence, it has become virtually impossible for us to develop a core of values and loyalties to which we can adhere faithfully. As a result we are suffering what I think it is proper to call an abnormal paralysis of the will."

### Jean Berke, Radcliffe College, Mass.

"We apply to academic freedom Reinhold Niebuhr's statement that although man's capacity for justice makes freedom possible, his capacity for injustice makes freedom necessary..."

"Yeh, that's right," he put in. "Food costs so much these days it's cheaper to eat money."

"Positively. The only thing you get for nothing these days is relatives. And even they're expensive."

"But after all, Sarge, just think. Money isn't everything. It cannot produce great art, great music, great literature. It cannot buy true love or rebuild the foundation of a broken home. It cannot shape a dream or buy real happiness. I refer of course to confederate money."

At this writing, your reporter is undergoing advanced training at Fitzsimmons Army Hospital in Denver, Colorado. Once again it's the wild, woolly west — where men are men and women are women — and what a perfect arrangement.

Wonderful place, Colorado. The mountains are thrilling, the people are willing, the food is filling, the sergeants are drilling, and the pace is killing, but the Army ain't willing — to let me become a civilian.

Not that it's actually cold here, but today's weather forecast read: "Today — three inches of snow and sleet; tomorrow — five inches of snow and sleet; Friday — eight inches of snow and sleet; Saturday — continued fair."

Now, since it's time for "lights out", this is your GI reporter leaving you with this thought: A window cleaner isn't the only man with a dangerous occupation. Today I read about a magazine editor who dropped ten stories into a wastepaper basket.

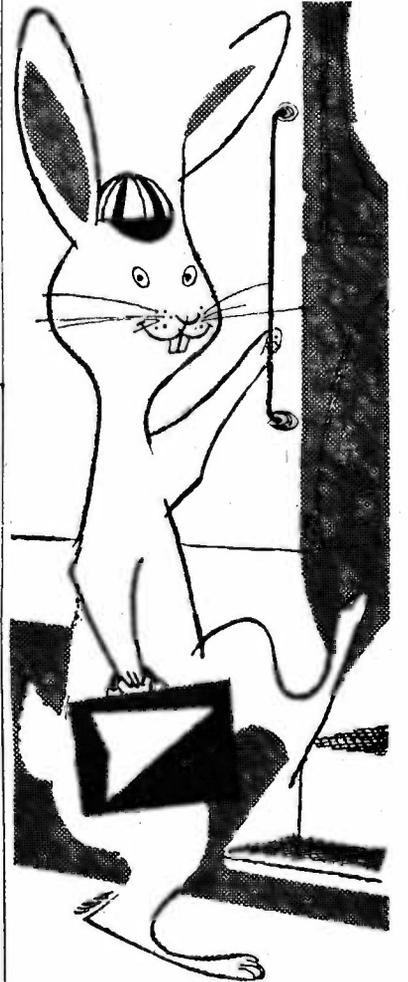
Editor's note: Humorist-fighter

Chuck Gloman, ex-Beacon big-wig, has the following address: Pvt. Charles Gloman, US52213216, Student Detachment, Fitzsimmons Army Hospital, Denver 8, Colorado. Chuck is neither a mental or physical patient there, but merely stationed on the locale.

George LeBlanche originated the pivot punch, Jim Corbett the left hook, Bob Fitzsimmons the solar-plexus punch, and Kid McCoy the corkscrew punch.

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