

## Constitution and By-Laws Govern Bureau Dates., Board Holds Executive Power

On the first and second meetings of the student board of directors of the Date Bureau, a constitution was drawn up. Here it is and keep it in mind, but its rules don't have to be applied too strenuously.

**Preamble:** Object of said agency is not matrimony.

**Article 1:** Executive power is vested in the Dean of Women and in the board of Student Directors. It is the duty of the Dean of Women to hold the fish bowl as each participant draws a name.

**Article 2:** Judicial power is vested in all married or engaged girls, whose duty it is to chatter and gossip about the latest dates their friends had.

**Article 3:** Legislative power is vested in the student body of this institution, whose duties are to carry out the following laws:

All dates are dutch treats and must have a duration minimum of one hour.

Boys must take out their quota, more if they wish to.

Date bureau doesn't function at school functions.

Professed man-haters are not required to put their names into the bowl.

Each date must have a minimum of two participants.

Elastic clause: To kiss or not to kiss.

## Student Council Elects L. J. Pier Editor of Praeco

On Thursday night, May 3, the Student Cooperative Council held its regular monthly meeting in the Library. President Harbach called Praeco Editor. After several nominations and recommendation by the Council, a vote was taken, and Le-June Pier was elected.

Although the editor has the privilege of appointing the assistant editor, the Student Council held some discussion about a suitable person for this position. They are naturally interested in this because the assistant editor is usually a candidate for editor the following year.

The council representatives also talked about this year's Praeco and commended the excellent work done by the entire staff of the year-book, and its able editor, Gladys Detwiler.

## Phys. Ed. Classes Present Program

On April 27, the usual Friday assembly took place in the girls' gymnasium. In this assembly, girls' and boys' gymnastic classes and the junior high boys presented a program of dances and physical feats to a capacity audience consisting of the entire training school and the college.

The program began with exercises done by the Gymnastic Activities II class. The girls and two boys marched in and out to the Marine Hymn.

Rose Minnie Akeley and Frances June Slenker composed and danced the "Pickniny Dance." Then a group of girls did a quadrille, "Gathering Pea Pods," an English country dance, was executed by both men and women.

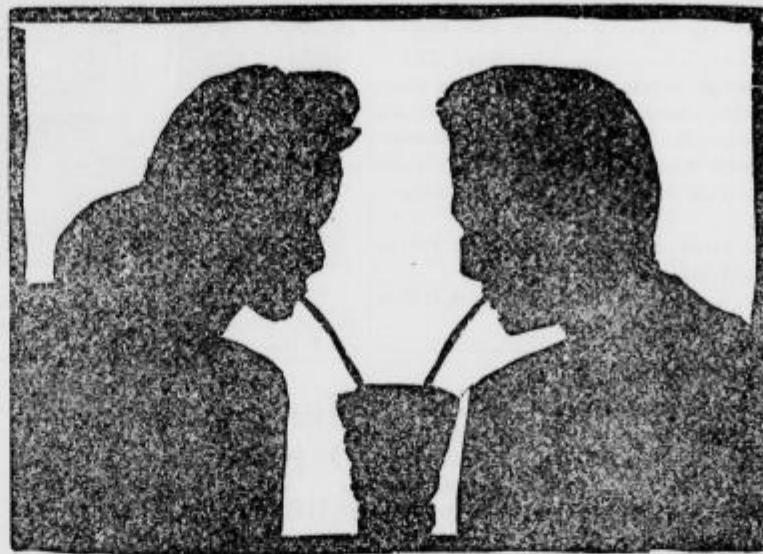
The boys from the dormitory presented an English chorus dance. Their clothes were touched up a bit by the addition of red paper around their necks, two handkerchiefs in their hands, and bells on their legs.

Franklin Yeager demonstrated how to pitch a baseball properly. He showed all the throws used by a pitcher. Steve Heinrich acted as catcher.

The Gymnastic Activities II class gave an exhibition of tumbling. The junior high boys demonstrated the use of the Swedish box and the spring board. With the use of this equipment the boys did some daring somersaults, back flips and head dives. They also built breath-taking pyramids.

The grand finale of the program consisted of two Swedish dances performed by the girls in colorful costumes.

Music for the entertainment was furnished by Grace Davis and Marjorie Rathbun.



## History is Manufactured In T.C. Date Bureau Share-The-Man-Plan Provides Fun

Attention, Washington, D. C., Lock Haven State Teachers College men have invented a new kind of furniture co-eds are mad about. They gad about the date bureau, a revolution in what the well-dressed college room contains. This object, however, has two legs instead of the conventional four, and does not, we hope, have a wooden top.

The inventors of this wonderful phenomenon are rumored to be Mr. James Hartle and Mr. William Brown followed in a close second by all of the inhabitants of the men's dormitory. You know how things get around. Well, now the girls get around. Miss Spikings and several of the other members of the fair sex were also in on it as a sort of advisory council. Engaged girls (lucky things) make up the majority of the board.

But girls, there is a sad side to all this. The inspiration was unearthed because of your thoughtlessness in repeating over and over, "There are no men on campus." Now you know. By taking every girl out who is sport enough to do it, they hope to prove to you that you are all wrong. We do have men on campus and good ones too. So mind your p's and q's and they'll forget and forgive by helping you point the town red or any other color you choose. What about it, girls, are we going to allow this invention, this colossal date bureau to fall into splinters or are we going to help the men keep it in tip-top shape, polished and shining? It's good publicity and the boys expect to keep it going next year—history will repeat itself.

Are you entitled to wear a "target" lapel button? You are if you are investing at least ten percent of your income in War Bonds every pay day. It's your badge of patriotism.



## Millheim Chorus Sings Here

With Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stover, their director and accompanist, respectively, the Millheim Girls Choir presented a program of religious music in the assembly on April 10.

The music was based on parts of the church service. Mr. Stover discussed the division of the service and the choir sang songs appropriate for each part.

While the choir descanted "America the Beautiful," the audience sang the words. The program ended with the choir's singing Old Hundred.

## Men Plan for Future Dates

Such is the life of a reporter—running after men and asking them, "What are your plans for your future dates?" Now if these gentlemen had been impolite and had not even one "speck" of social grace they might have responded with, "How's your nose?" or some other tart remark. But I can assure you and this is official and confirmed by the proper authorities) that the T. C. men were co-operative and appeared to be one hundred percent (not a confirmed percentage) behind the Date Bureau.

As Nathan Hale said so nobly, "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country," Joe Bernas said just as nobly, "I regret that I have so little time to give to my dates."

When I talked to Jim Hartle he pleaded with me on bended knee and with tears streaming down his face to "Please, please make it clear that all dates are 'dutch.' So start saving your pennies in your piggie banks, girls. Mr. Hartle was quite enthusiastic about his dates and said, "I've enjoyed the dates I've had so far and expect to enjoy

## Two High School Days Planned By College

May 12 and 13 have been officially set aside as high school days. Students will be coming in all day Saturday and will remain all night in the dormitory.

The following schedule has been set up for Saturday: Registration will take place from 8:30 to 10:00 o'clock for all high school students. Following registration there will be a tour of the campus including the library, gymnasium, campus school and auditorium, including a special tumbling and synchronized swimming demonstration in the gymnasium and field house, respectively. Before lunch at 12:45, there will be dancing in the social rooms.

Assembly will be held after lunch from 1:45 to 3:00 P. M. Dr. Parsons will welcome the visiting students, and the Bel Cantos will sing several selections. Mr. Sullivan will discuss the curricula and courses, and Rose Minnie Akeley will talk on extra-curricula activities. Last, the College Players will present a one-act play.

All high school students interested in aeronautics are to be given a ride in a plane at the airport.

From 3:00 until 5:00 o'clock there will be a recreational period including swimming for the college and high school students. Dinner will be held at the usual time, 5:50.

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## Veterans Urge Participation In War Work

On April 10, Russell Burd, of the War Manpower Commission, presented in a special assembly three men who are veterans returned from action. The men were Captain Fainsbeigh of the Rangers, Lieutenant Crosby of the 8th Air Force, and Paratrooper Mickey Lorenz. These men spoke on the importance of civilians getting into defense jobs and staying with them.

Captain Fainsbeigh discussed the value of defense work. He said that there is too much absenteeism and complacency among war workers. He urged the girls here who do not have defense jobs to get them.

Lieutenant Crosby, who has a distinguished service record, lost an eye in bringing his damaged plane to his base and saving ten men's lives. He said he hates this "hero stuff" but allows himself to be presented in this role because now it is the only way he can help win the war. He urges people to hold their jobs and keep up production.

Paratrooper Lorenz held the audience spellbound with his breath-taking story of how he became a paratrooper. Many hands nervously clutched the sides of their seats when he did a daredevil dive from the stage into the orchestra pit to demonstrate his first jump from a parachute. At the conclusion of his talk he thanked all the girls who

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## Naturalists Hold Breakfast and Party at Cabin

Would you believe it that there are people who are actually willing to get up at the wee, early hour of 5 o'clock in the morning, and most amazing of all, on Saturday morning? Wouldn't you for a tantalizing breakfast of pancakes and sausage or aren't you the true Naturalist type?

The breakfast was prepared by the new members including Mary Bossert, (who was chief cook), Frances Kilsdonk, Carolyn Banghart, and Hope McCartney. Everyone ate to their very greatest capacity even though some were still half asleep. The Naturalists were glad to have with them former members Alice Bubb and Jean Maddill which made everything seem like old times.

Naturalists had also planned their vesper program for the cabin but due to weather conditions they had to adjust their program to the Y room.

Monday evening, April 23, found the girls trudging up the trail again, this time less weighted down with skillets and milk cans, but each one carrying her share. The girls gathered around a blazing fire and roasted wieners, minus the marshmallows. Wait till the war's over

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# COLLEGE TIMES

MEMBER OF N. A. S.

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Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 3, 1923.  
 Entered as Second Class matter November 6, 1925, at the Post Office at Lock Haven, Penna., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN

The Seventh War Loan is a triumphant war loan. We're getting somewhere now. We can see the results of the money we have lent before, and it proves to us that our money has been fighting—fighting in the hands of the men we love. Victory in Europe does not mean that only half the armed forces will be used in winning the war against the Japanese. Neither does it mean that only half the money here before expended is needed. Every fighting man available will head into the Pacific to finish up that other war, and every cent we can spare must go with them.

I realize we're all a little hard up at times, especially right before payday, but every bit of money we can do without should go into war bonds and stamps. Sure, we're helping out by working in a war factory, but I hate to think of how long it would take to win the war on a little four hour shift at Sylvania. We've got to give all we can, and it still won't be half as much as those guys are giving.

But there's no use telling people what they already know. Almost every one of us has a personal interest in the war, and we don't have to be told we want them home—safe—soon. Everybody has heard about the war and the sadness and horrors it has brought. Everybody in the world wants it to be over as quickly as possible. That's number one wish in the world today, and to make it come true in our favor, we've got to make it our number one purpose—personally. We've got to do everything we can, and one of the biggest things we can do is give our money. If you could buy anything you wanted, wouldn't you buy peace?

Spring is house-cleaning time, and now that we've got half the rooms cleaned up, let's fill up that scrub bucket and start in on the others. We'll need all the soap and water and elbow grease and house-maids knees we can get. And remember—it's going to stay clean this time!

—oOo—

## COMPLIMENTS OF THE TIMES

This year's orchids go to Gladys Detweiler and the rest of the PRAECO staff who, working under strained wartime conditions, put out one of the best yearbooks the college has ever had. Congratulations and thanks.

## Hook, Line And Sinker

All history majors stand by—April 16, 1945, has been added to the historical dates of World War II—The drawing of names from the historic fish bowl. No one must go to war, no one must spend a year in an army camp. All you have to do is spend an hour with some beautiful damsel from L. H. S. T. C. This historic event did not take place in Washington, but right in our own Teachers College.

Mr. James Hartle of Driffton, Pennsylvania, was the first to reach into the bowl and was fortunate enough to draw the name of Miss Marion Burkhardt of Shamokin, Pennsylvania.

The men's dormitory was canvassed and every eligible man was included. Mr. Stone and Steve Heinrich were not eligible because they were over the draft age. Paul Banoock and John Solensky were young. All the men wore smiles when Miss Spikings brought the bowl into view. Each drew a name

## NATURALISTS HOLD

(Continued from page one)

—oh boy! Hot weiner sandwiches, even though slightly charred, plenty of onion and mustard, soft drink and home made cook's made up the menu. Even after everyone was full, the girls were reluctant to leave and sat around the fire and chatted until the last embers glowed down.

At the next Naturalist meeting, new officers were elected for the year 1945-46 and are as follows: President, Mary Bossert; vice president, Janice Sackett; secretary, Francis Kilsdonk; treasurer, Sally Zubler; student council representative, Hope McCartney.

Let's hope Naturalists have as much fun and success in the future.

from the bowl with one hand, and crossed his fingers on the other, hoping to receive the name of his favorite girl. Bob Curria was fortunate enough to hit the jack-pot. Jumping a foot into the air, Bob yelled, "Gee! Dottie Heston."

As the final name was drawn from the bowl, Miss Spikings returned it to her office for future use. The historic event was over. It seems to come, children will read about it in school and will probably remark, "Gosh, it was through that Date Bureau that my dad got mom."



This snap was taken near the old brewery—before the ascent up Peter's Steps. That's why they still look energetic. Those smiles lasted until the end of the day, though, even with muscles aching.

## Men React to Date Bureau And How!

By Diz Zeiders

The Share-the-Man Plan left most of the fellows speechless. However, Jim Hartle was quite willing to make the following statement. Of course Bernas and Royer have their two cents in it.

I quote Hartle: "I think it is a wonderful idea. It is true the men have been a little lax lately, but is only because of their extra-curricular activities. I think that because Campusology is a regular course it should be taken care of first. If the Date Bureau is handled properly it should become one of the most popular organizations on our campus."

Joe Bernas' reaction was in the form of a new frontier opening for him. Joe was convinced that he should be a paratrooper. He would get an idea like that on top of Peter's Steps. I don't think this would be too healthy for Joe. His question in an Air Age Education test was "What would be needed for a parachute jump." Joe answered, "Goggles." See why it wouldn't be safe?

If Currin had his way, he'd like to keep his first date the whole way through. Dot Heston must be all right.

Bernas is playing a tuba. Did you ever try to write when someone is playing a tuba? He wants to be in a paratroop band.

The rest of the men are speechless. They just stand around with their mouths hanging open. Bill Brown's answer was a weak "Ugh!" Volansky is quiet. He's sleeping if you want to know the reason why.

Johnnie Wyland has something new in the way of a reaction. "Praise the Lord, and pass the ammunition (girls)."



Sharp couples in their "Sunday-go-to-Meeting" clothes pose long enough for the TIMES photographer, Sally Zubler, to snap this. Left to right, they are Betty Clark, "Diz" Zeiders, Marion Burkhardt, Jim Hartle, Joe Bernas, and Jo Paolo.

# DRAMA CORNER

By Josephine Pavlock

## The Fate of the Three Plays

After the audience had wiped away the last tear shed for Berky and Ethel Johnson Pepperman and Betty Lorigan after the presentation of the three one-act plays on Tuesday, May 1, the casts rushed backstage and sighed. No one said, "Is this a relief!" Every one said, "I'm sorry they're over."

But not Mary Curran. She was still wiping the tears from her face, (a true actress really feels the parts—hers and those of everyone else in the cast) when she was already cooking up a plan to take she has to stick up for merely be the plays to Renovo, that big city cause she was born there.

Berky said sadly, "They laughed. On those beautiful, serious lines they laughed."

Pat consoled her with, "Oh those were just the kids in the front row."

Between plays there was a good deal of commotion and those who were coming off the stage had sympathy for those going on. Bill Brown, especially, went around shaking the hands of all the unlucky still-to-be performers. He has a nice handshake—long—and with a good deal of feeling, especially for girls that happen to be his dancing partner. He gets around, however. He escorted his leading lady out. Kitty and Bill are a good-looking couple—from the audience's point of view.

Doris Greene was the chief make-slapper-oner. She did a very good job of it, and though none of the actresses were really satisfied, (she added twenty years to their faces with a few deft strokes of a black pencil) they had to admit that she did her job well.

The meeting on Monday night, May 9, elected the officers for next year. Pat Bodle is president and more about the rest of the officers in the next TIMES.

## Vespers

On Sunday evening, April 22, the Naturalists conducted the vesper service in the Y. W. C. A. room. Janice Sackett was chairman. The program consisted of several songs sung by the whole group, a trio by Mary Bossert, Sally Zubler, and Hope McCartney, and poems read by Jean Drye and Nancy Rockey. Janice Sackett read the scripture lesson and Hope McCartney led in prayer. The entire program was devoted to nature as the handiwork of God.

At the vesper service on April 29, Rev. R. W. Olewiler, pastor of St. Luke's Reformed Church in Lock Haven, was the guest speaker. He spoke on the subject "Heading Toward Spiritual Shores." The program also included a vocal duet by Hope McCartney and Doris Greene.

## ST. PETER

(continued from page four)

Bill Brown had a hard time keeping track of Marjorie Haduck, but then that's easily understood when you consider size.

Pioneers Heston and Curran, Montross and Wyland, and Badick and Royer tried to find a new way to get back to civilization. After following several paths which weren't, they decided what was good enough for the others was good enough for them. So back down the steps they went to meet the others in the brewery. (It's an old deserted place, no longer in operation).

The date ended with a pause for refreshments at Tim Bulger's and another hike up to the school. It was loads of fun from start to finish, but it wasn't very romantic. Why, there wasn't even a moon!



Bag lunches and conversation make a pleasant rest after the long hike up Peter's Steps. Margie Haduck and Bill Brown are in the foreground and all around are the familiar faces of the ducky first-daters, most of them with their mouths full. Not shown is the dog Jo Paolo fed with potato chips.

## T. C. Co-Ed Weds Local Yokel On First Date

FLASH! New York papers please copy . . . We are happy to announce the wedding of a lovely Lock Haven T. C. belle to one of the most eligible bachelors of the season, Mr. Diz Zeiders of Scuttlebutt Manor, better known as the Men's Dorm. The marriage was solemnized (?) in a lovely outdoor setting, with the exquisite spring foliage the only decoration.

The bride, our own Ginny Williams, wore a dainty pair of sparrow-brown slacks, and a shirt of soft plaid with a V neckline. Her groom looked more than ever his part as the "best-dressed-man-on-campus" in his dazzling white saddle shoes and dungarees of midnight blue. The minister officiating was the Reverend James Hartle, in conventional clerical garb. (Okay, so he did have his coat on backwards!) Miss Jo Paolo sang a solo (tune unidentified) and Robert Dietz gave the bride away (said he couldn't get a cent for her, even in the black market!) Maestro John (Straight A) Wyland played the piano to accompany Ginny's triumphant (Excuse ME!) march. This was especially interesting, as the piano was obviously made of lucite or a reasonable facsimile, being completely invisible to all but Mr. Wyland. The bride's ring was of soft grass green, of a novel design, having knot on top . . . symbolic, probably, of the splicing.

May we add, coyly, that this happy couple feel that all their blessings are a direct result of the famous "Share-the-Man Plan" instituted at this-er institution. Best wishes to the bride and groom from all of us!

## After the Date Was Over . . .

When the eighteen happy fellas and gals, first results of T. C.'s new "Share-the-Man Plan," staggered into Social Square after a strenuous hike up Peter's Steps, two TIMES reporters were on hand to get their first words. After collapsing in the middle of the floor and then arranging themselves in comfortable positions, the daters gave out with these words of wisdom:

- Margie Haduck—"I'm tired."
- Bill Brown—"Big deal."
- Laura Belle Mowrey (the only one still on her feet)—"I sat in the briars!" (No wonder she was standing up).
- Bob Dietz—"Don't tell them EVERYTHING."
- Kitty Kelley—"Honeysuckle, a snake, and a man, and my hair's still in perfect condition."
- George Volansky—"Boy, I had a good time."
- Doris Montessor—"Oh, my aching back!"
- Johnny Wyland—"That was a wonderful way to spend an afternoon."
- Dottie Heston—"I recommend Currin."
- Bob Currin—"Let's go again—right now—it's getting dark."
- Jo Paolo—"My bones are cracked."
- Joe Bernas—"Whee! I'm a paratrooper."
- Marion Burkhart—"Me for a shower."
- Jim Hartle—"Burkie's ancestors must have been mountain goats."
- Ginny Williams—"Sigh."
- Diz Zeiders—"Yi!"
- Marty Badick—"Where's the band?"
- Kid Royer—"Nothing. He was speechless."
- There was a little trouble with Marty. She kept insisting her first words were "Goo goo." Oh, well.

## Eye-Strain

(Official Organ of the Delta Rho Beta)  
By Bob Williams

**My Day (Frat Version)**  
In the comparatively wee hours of the morning, when most dorm students are still sawing the cellulose, I stepped under the ancient portals of the Delta Rho Beta—sole remaining fraternity of the old Greek Empire. Entering, I gazed upon the Senator's anatomy draped in to toga of sleep. Sounded like a two-stroke cylinder engine. Just the intake and exhaust. Where the other two strokes (power and compression) got to, I don't know even though there was plenty of power there.

I turned my attention to the other room. The Clown greeted me in his typically Marxian manner—by hurling epithets. After catching them, I tore them into little shreds and deposited them in the wastebasket. Examining him a bit more closely, I found that his eyes were unusually bright this morning—bright as a rabbit's. Maybe it was the result of writing that "I wanna date" which he slipped into his book when I came in. In a paternal way, I warned him against communication by writing. Kingdoms have been won and lost by a letter. Legible, tangible evidence—wee-eel, in his case, tangible anyway.

The Sheik entered the fraternity this morning in his usual way—through the window. We are still trying to figure out whether he forgets his key every morning—or if he's just in the habit of using that method. (What do YOU think, dear reader?)

Some time soon, drop into the Frat if you're at all interested in pin-ups—four British models (Pictures, only!) For more variety in this line, I refer you to Padre James Hartle (also President of the Y. M. C. A.) He has so many stars plastered over his room that the electric bill has been slashed drastically. needless to say, it's sheer folly to try to study in such a room.

Ode to the Senator and other Seniors:

Ha! Ha! Ha!  
I'm out of college  
But what am I to do  
With all this knowledge?  
So,

Adieu, adieu to little Fraternity wireless whose peculiar tapping sounds like—"Huba-Huba-Huba."

## Dr. Hoberman Speaks to Hygiene Class on Cancer

April is Cancer month. The students of Mr. Bossert's Community Hygiene class have been studying this disease for the past two weeks. On Friday, April 27, Dr. Edward Hoberman, a local physician, gave a lecture on cancer to a large group of college students. The class expected to have movies on cancer, but they failed to arrive.

Few people realize the insidiousness of this disease. In Pennsylvania, 6,904 women died of cancer between the years 1936 and 1940, cancer is the second largest killer of human life; it kills about 150,000 citizens each year.

Many people ask, "What is cancer?" Cancer is the uncontrolled growth of body cells. What gives these cells the stimulus to grow is not known. However, most scientists have agreed that friction will help promote a growth of cancer. Any mole that changes color, any irregular bleeding from body openings, any lump or sore that does not heal, and any thickening of the skin are symptoms which should be brought to the attention of a qualified physician.

Cancer spreads through the body by metastasis, which simply means that a piece of cancer is carried by means of the blood stream and the lymphatic system. Cancer is not inherited, but the tendency toward

## Campus Chatter

By LOIS O'NEILL

As this is a special issue of this TIMES—this will be special chatter. After all—could you call these events commonplace?

—Kay Johnson is now Mrs. Jack Tate. T. C. was well represented by a number of students; some of the faculty, and Pop and Mrs. Nevel. It must have been lovely. Those who know said it was worth anything just to see Kay's face as she solemnly said, "I do." Both she and Jack simply radiated happiness.

—After the wedding, Sally and Jim couldn't resist carrying on a grand farce with themselves as bride and groom. They were ably assisted in this by the rest of the T. C.'ers.

—The wedding cake didn't result in what it should have. We all slept on pieces of it and had varied dreams ranging from Dr. Walk to students in the campus school.

—Now for Ruthie Rollin. We're all so happy for our Ruthie. Of course, by this time you've all heard of her lovely wedding. Mrs. Robert Stahl is a very happy little girl. Also, rumor hath it that we'll get a glimpse of Lieutenant Stahl in the near future.

—We all extend our best wishes to both of you girls and to your respective husbands.

—Also, this isn't just idle chatter.

—Kitty Kelley's man arrived on campus on Thursday, and (note, girls) he brought another man with him. It was so cute to see Kitty piloting them around the campus while the rain drops showed off for the Navy.

—Mary Jane Marshick was a happy girl last week. Her Air Cadet, Red West, was here for a few days. It was his own fault that he arrived to see her limping around on a sprained ankle, with her hair in pig tails. On Sunday (the day he was expected) she was perfectly healthy and had pretty curly hair.

—Minnie Belt also enjoyed his

visit. Now, don't get me wrong, she isn't trying to ace-out M. J. It's just that she had a wonderful time all week-end with Red's buddy what came along "just for the ride." He prolonged his visit after meeting Minnie. He was that rugged blond in navy blue that you drooled over—remember?

The male element of T. C. certainly deserve a Purple Heart or something for having the courage to appear in our chapel program doing that dainty little folk dance. They were good, too. More power to you, boys.

—Slenker and Rose Minnie were adorable in that Pickaninny Dance—as also were those slick chicks doing all the tumbling. You don't realize what a good school this is until we have some sort of exhibition. It was certainly an example of cooperation and excellent supervision (meaning Miss Smith and Mr. Jack, of course).

—The three one-act plays were all successful, thanks to Pat, Kay, and Peggy (and also MacPhee who took over for Kay.) There was a lot of hard work put into those plays, but they were worth it. We really have some talent here. Burkie was very good, as also were Ginny Speaker, Faye Bronson, and Nancy Zimmerman. But then, we could go on and name everyone in the cast, they all deserve special notice.

—Bev Walls is quite excited this weekend. She is meeting her dream man for the first time—in person! They have been corresponding for some time. From his picture, I'd say that he is plenty all right.

—I was supposed to write all about the Date Bureau for this issue—Josie and LeJube insisted. So—I'd better write something about it or get fifty lashes from the Editor's whip.

—I repeat (quote)—the Date Bureau has proved to be a huge success. All of the daters say that it proved to be a huge success. It was a huge success. (Unquote).



One Hour Parking. Minimum is the ward missing on that little sign. Just to prove it, Marty Badick and Bill Royer and Diz and some of the other T. C.'ers prolonged this Sunday afternoon date with a welner roast that night. (Not pictured!). Clarkie, Margie Haduck, and Bill Brown are the other happy people "parking."

It is. A germ does not cause the disease.

Surgery, X-ray, and radium are the only ways that it can be cured. Accept no offer of a "quick cure" by taking pills, bathing in salt water, drinking axle grease, or any other "good for man and beast" medicines. These are methods used by the quacks.

A person who has a suspicion that he has cancer should go to a doctor immediately. Cancer does not let its victim know when it has its tentacles around him. For with cancer there is rarely any pain except in "far beyond control" cases.

The only way that cancer can be treated is to visit the doctor early. The only way that it can be prevented is through research and education. It is up to the schools to educate the young people in prevention so that there won't be any need of a cure.

## MEN PLAN FOR

(Continued from page one) the future ones even more."

Is there a doctor in the house? When your reporter beckled Bill Royer about his plans for the future (just with the Date Bureau) he grinned (as only "The Kid" can do) and replied, "I'm speechless."

Seriously though, the fellas are intending to carry out their plans for dates with the girls whose names they have drawn. Since, however, tempus fugit it may be that they'll go in large groups, but, nevertheless, they aren't going to let you down.

Horseback riding, bowling, tennis, and swimming are but a few of the good times in store for some of you gals.

Three cheers for the T. C. Date Bureau and let's NOT hear anyone say, "I don't give a fig about a date."

HOW'S FOR A  
DINNER DATE AT  
DAVIS'

## Dayhop Bedlam

Grayce Chambers

Have you read the expose of American College life? "Barefoot Boy with Cheek." If not, you now have the opportunity to read L. H. S. T. C. famous expose "Dayroom Girls with Shoes."

**Entrance Exams:** Sis Smith passed with dragging colors the Kindergarten I. Q. test to the pleasure of the administration.

**Physical Exam:** Frances Sienker launched her career as a Phys. Ed. Major when they told her she had Athletes Foot.

During my internment on campus I met some characters I want to share with you. In fact I'll give them all to you.

**Doc Kilsdonk** who is so short that she has to sit on the book case to reach the table.

**Emily Day Smart** who plans to spend the rest of her life in the twentieth century.

**Anna "Banana" Brown** who took a week to find her way to classes. Anna, this isn't the University of Pennsylvania. In Psychology class, there is the case of "Hack-saw Dick" who has returned to society, but may return to the institution because she is quite the cut-up.

**Pat Bodle** spent a day in the library. She heard there was a wealth of knowledge in books. She's still looking.

**Dot Millward Finance**, the capitalist is making the seniors sweat blood to pay off.

**Jeanne McCloskey** was told that the dayroom girls resided in the cellar. You can find her there anytime swinging on the pipes.

**Peggy Swope** may be seen sitting on the grave at the bottom of the steps begging pennies to buy a marker for the poor old cleaning woman preceding Mary.

To my comrade **Chico O'Neill**, with meat so hard to get, don't shoot the Bull in the courtyard.

When I caress these ivy-clad walls for the last time I can hear them say "Cling to me; I want to remember you like this always."



President of the Date Bureau, Jim Hartle, seems to be doing all right. The picture above shows what his date was really like (what fun), and to our right we see T. C.'s post-war dating dream. Marion Burkhardt is one of the smoothest dates that anyone could pull out of a fish bowl.



## ST. PETER WELCOMES DATERS

If the first date of the Date Bureau is a sample of what is to come, the whole idea will be a grand success. The bureau began operating with a matinee date on Sunday. Pictures were taken first with the ladies and gentlemen wearing the "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes. Immediately after the pictures were snapped, the guys and girls returned to their rooms and changed into something more suitable for hiking.

A group of nine lovely couples went swinging and singing down Water Street. Some of the boys were bie-u-tiful daisy boutonnières, and the girls wore corsages of similar flowers tied with porgeous wrapping cord.

Jo Bernes and Jo. Paolo, our drum major and majorette, led the way to Peter's Steps. Over the bridge, past the brewery, and then up and up and up we climbed until we nearly reached heaven. St. Peter must have taken in the last way steps when he saw us coming.

The Phys' Ed. Majors had arrived at the destination and had almost finished their lunches by the time we frail English Majors reached the scene. We kinda sorta forgot about Emily Post and her rules of ettiket when we fell to our grub, but we knew there was no one around except perhaps St. Peter

and we were already mad at him.

The air on the mountain top seemed to have a bad effect on some members of our group. Ex-drum Major Bernas began to think he was a paratrooper. He eats wheaties every morning). Scientific Hartle tried to talk Paratrooper Bernas into jumping down the side of the mountain—purely in the interest of science you understand. However the air hadn't had that much effect and the scientist failed in his attempt to serve mankind.

Catherine Kelley got quite a bit of competition from a lowly little snake. Poor George Vilansky couldn't make up his mind whether to keep Kitty or the snake. The snake didn't have much trouble. He seemed rather happy to wiggle away from his protectors.

James Hartle almost had a heart attack because Burkle would always sit too close—not him, to the edge of the cliff. Bob Deitz had the same worry about Aviator Mowry. She looked as though she might take-off at any minute and she hadn't practiced that kind of landing.

Zeiders and Ginny Williams perched on a little stone which protruded from the side of the cliff. How they got there or how they got back no one knows. I'm almost certain I've seen them around school since then.

Continued on Page 2

## SHRINKAGE

By LE JUNE PIER

That's gratitude for you! I invite Kniff to write Shrinkage and what does she do but slander my little reputation. So I can't hitch rides from anything but taxis, huh? Listen Kniff, your own roomie was in on that deal, too, but you kept her name out of print. How much do you pay for protection. Speaker? Plenty, I bet, but why quibble? The great problem that has brought on all this hitch-hiking is the fantastically over crowded busses, and, of course, certain financial conditions, sticulated by end-of-the-term notes from Mr. Hunt. (You get into this column more than any Sylvania worker, Mr. Hunt, but it's the only why I can get back at you.) Every day more and more girls take their thumbs out of storage and get to work faster, more comfortably, and more economically. Thumbs up Sylvania! Company 'tenshun—forward hitch!

Some people have money to burn, but Lois O'Neill would rather throw her checks in the push can and use her matches for something else. She and Mrs. Kauffman surely had fun searching through the push cans in the auditorium for the check she threw away when cleaning out her billfold. If Push Can Stabler had only been there to lend a helping hand!

The poor bus driver (here we are, back to the transportation problem again) waits and waits and waits outside the school for his busy little passengers, and when they all finally do jam in and crawl over him to sit on the heater, he gets cookie crumbs in his hair and back-seat driving instruction. For instance, Hecker's yelling, "Take it slow and easy when we come to the Flemington bridge. I have a phobia for that bridge." The people in Heckert's department seemed to have a probia for her when she dripped in to work that rainy night, but that's beside the point.

In the interests of all idealists who dream of a painless trip to Mill Hill we publish this want-ad:

**WANTED:** A second-hand car, station wagon, coal truck, or bicycle, with tires, steering wheel, and accelerator included. (Brakes, too, if you have any on hand, but don't make them a point.) Call 3223 Lock Haven. Thanks, and don't bother driving it up. We'll call for it ourselves and pay cash.

Minnie Belt says she doesn't hitch hike, she just stands near the road and looks wistful. Marty Eadick insists she doesn't approve. "There's something cheap about it," says Marty, "but I've done it before, and I'll do it again." Budash merely yells, "Have any bus tick-

ets? Neither do I. Well . . . " Betty Lou ("Pardon-me-but-your-insignia looks familiar") Thompson has different tactics from anyone else. Naturally, she picks on servicemen. Need I say more? Burkle and Hank almost met disaster one day in a truck with iron pipe across its door. They were nearly late for work, too. Burkle has sworn off hitch-hiking—till tomorrow.

Once the college kids get to work, foremen are troubled with getting the work out of them. Thompson, Zeliff, Bonnie, and Pat practice tumbling on the lawn; Kitty, Edie, Heston, Pepperman, and all the rest of the actresses memorized their parts for weeks; and of course Bonnie and Carpie (and a few more) sleep. Nevertheless, the Mounting Department reached top production on Saturday, and are we proud! Thyra McClain says the Grid Department is still in the plant, but I haven't heard of their doing anything lately. As Josie Pavlock (Mounting, of course) would say, "Let me shake the hand that shook the mounts—right down the table!"

Irene Bailey and Margie Haduch had an argument (involving half their department) on Saturday night. The question of the evening seemed to be what Army General Patton was in. Talk about war! The foreman had to negotiate peace.

A late bulletin from Jo Paolo reveals her life secret—how to hitch-hike rides for yourself and all your friends—everyday! Paolo waits for the bus—then catches all the cars that are lined up behind. Brains are better than thumbs these days.

Bar says if I don't put Clarkie's name and hers in here somewhere I'll get brained for typing into the small hours of the night! Someone can't get in the paper any other way, but Bar is a Phys. Ed. Major, so here you are—BAR, CLARKIE. No hard feelings, Coates—don't hit me again, please!

This paragraph is devoted to a couple of old has-beens—two girls who worked at Sylvania this summer, but quit before they went crazy (well—not quite in time). Anyway, Doc Neuhard "did time" at the Montoursville plant, going from one job to another until they finally decided she couldn't do any of them. Then she came back to S. C. Don't ask me what she's doing here—but she washes dishes pretty well! Another summer Sylvania was Grace Davis. She says, "They hated to have me leave. I just had to stay at home and send my padge and my bass in with someone else. That's the only way I could get away." You should have saved your padge and your bass, Grace. The war may need you again this summer.

Now here are three things for everyone to do this summer: Read page six of the "Sylvania Beam," buy lots of bonds for the Seventh War Loan, and patronize the Date Bureau. With that I leave you.

### West End Service Station

BING YOUR DATE IN FOR A COKE

Gross W. Mark

### Campus Corner

TO THE DATE BUREAU SUCCESS!

from MARTY

### BOYS!

DRESS UP FOR THAT DATE WITH SPORT CLOTHES FROM

THE HUB

### SMITH and WINTER

Lock Haven's Shopping Center

"THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP AFTER ALL"

Try

Newberrys

First

### GIRLS

FOR YOUR NEXT DATE

GET A SMOOTH

HAIR-DO

AT

FRANCIE's Beauty Shop