

## FRATERNITY ACTIVITIES SUMMARIZED FOR YEAR

### Four Fraternities Complete Successful Year From Professional and Social Viewpoint

### BALL IS OUTSTANDING EVENT

#### PHI SIGMA PI

On Monday night, May 15, the Iota Chapter of Phi Sigma Pi brought the year's events to a close when they held a meeting in Professor Ream's office in which the revisions to the Constitution and By-Laws, made by the Constitution Revision Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Potter, were submitted and adopted. Officers as follows were elected for the ensuing year:

President ----- Ernest Valente  
Vice President ----- Fred Jaffin  
Secretary ----- Stanley Heimbach  
Treasurer ----- Arden Roan  
Chaplain ----- Alfred Vandling  
S. A. A. ----- Carmer Shellhammer  
Historian ----- Alfred Miller

Plans were discussed for a meeting to be held during the summer to which all members are to be invited. A special invitation was extended to the outgoing members to return. There are twelve active members leaving this year through graduation. They are William Edgar Artman, Thomas Coursen, Charles Hensley, William James, John Lewis, John McHugh, Miles Potter, Carl Riggs, Walter Stier, Leo Yozviak, Walter Kreitzberger and Samuel Sacus. All of these men have been prominent in school activities as well as fraternal affairs and it is with a feeling of great loss that Iota Chapter bids them "adieu."

During the year Brother Yozviak, our president, has provided various events besides our regular meetings

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## ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED FOR THE ATHLETIC DINNER

### Dr. Maroney of Columbia University Will be Guest Speaker; To Present Awards

Arrangements have been completed for our Third Annual Athletic Dinner and Dance to be held at the college beginning promptly at 6:30 tonight. At his time all athletic rewards will be made.

The speaker of the evening will be Dr. Frederick W. Maroney, of Columbia University, a national figure in the field of Health Education and Athletics. Members of the Board of Trustees, Faculty, all Day Students and former Lettermen are invited.

Music during the dinner will be furnished by the college symphony orchestra and there will be group singing with Miss Moore leading.

## MARGARET O'HORA ELECTED PRESIDENT OF LATIN CLUB

The officers of the Latin club were recently elected who will assume their duties next fall. The President will be Margaret O'Hora; Vice President, Miriam Froh; Secretary, John McGraw. The club decided to give up plans for the establishment of a local chapter of the national Latin fraternity until next year because of the small group that would be eligible to join this year.

## STUDENT COUNCIL MEETS

The newly installed Student Council and the out-going group met at dinner Monday evening in the college dining room. After the dinner Mr. Hensley presided at a short session of the old body at which time Miss Reng gave a resume of the year's activities and accomplishments. Mr. Hensley introduced Mr. Vandling, the recently elected president of the C. G. A., who briefly addressed the group and conducted a meeting of his council. Mr. Vandling outlined his general plans which will go into effect next September.

## MAROON AND GOLD OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

### Miss Thalia Barba Will be New Editor; Elmer McKechnie Business Manager

Next year's Maroon and Gold will be edited by Thalia Barba, of Scranton, and Elmer McKechnie, who was elected business manager. Mr. McKechnie served on the staff as Circulation Manager and is a member of the Maroon and Gold Band, the Orchestra, Men's Glee Club and is a Neophyte to Gamma Theta Upsilon. Miss Barba, a graduate of Dunmore High School, edited its publication in her Senior year and has served on the college staff as a Frosh reporter, a Feature Editor and Managing Editor. She is a member of the Girls' Chorus, "B" club, Kappa Delta Pi, and the Latin club.

## Commerce Club Presents Trophy to Contestants

Prof. Hinkle Accepts Awards at Chapel on Monday; Unique Program Staged

The Junior Chamber of Commerce had charge of the Chapel exercises on Monday morning, May 15.

At this time the cup which was won by Berwick High School at the third Annual Commercial Contest held on May 6 was presented to Professor A. M. Hinkel, principal of Berwick High School, by Dr. Haas.

Mr. Andruss presented the individual charms won by two members of the Berwick team. Miss Norma Harmon received a gold medal for first place in the Typewriting Contest and a silver charm for second place in the Gregg Shorthand Contest. Mr. Randall Clemens received a silver charm for second place in the Business Law Contest.

The second half of the program was devoted to a scene in a modern office. During the course of the demonstration, many office activities were performed—dictation and transcription, cutting and running stencils, addressing envelopes, filing, the operation of adding machines and comptometers, and noiseless typewriters.

The purpose of the demonstration was to show the industry and efficiency of modern business people and office machinery.

Winding the clock of the campanile at Iowa State University requires lifting three weights by a windlass. The lightest of these weighs 400 pounds, and the other two, about 1,200 pounds each.

## SENIORS BEGIN WEEK OF ACTIVITIES; PROGRAM FOR VARIOUS EVENTS COMPLETED

### Senior Banquet

The Seniors' activities will begin on Wednesday evening, May 24, when the Annual Senior Banquet will be held in the college dining room. The Class President, Howard Berninger, will preside. There will be several outside speakers and music will be furnished by the College Symphony Orchestra.

### Senior Ball

The Annual Ball this year will be on the night of May 25. Music for the occasion will be played by Joe Vancucci and his orchestra from Williamsport. Very striking and novel decorations are being planned by the committee and will be of black and white crepe with varying effects.

### Ivy Day

May 26 is Ivy Day. The program will be held in the Chapel and on the lawn surrounding Science Hall. Mr. Tom Beagle is the orator this year. During the Mantle Oration, Howard Berninger, president of the Senior class, will present the spade to the president of the Junior class, Mark Peifer.

### Class Night

On the evening of May 26, the class will present a musical review, entitled "College Days," written by George J. Breuckman. Miss Moore, Miss Murry and Miss Johnston are working with the class on this project. Each Senior has two tickets for Class Night and additional tickets may be purchased from Mr. Hartman or at the door for 25 cents.

### Alumni Day

Returning Alumni will be welcomed back on Saturday. The usual meeting will take place in the auditorium at 11:00 A. M. Special meetings of classes will be held at 9:00 A. M. A baseball game between the

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## SECOND MUSIC RECITAL PRESENTED BY STUDENTS OF MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Students of the Department of Music presented their second recital of the year in the college auditorium at 2:30 Sunday afternoon. The participants of the program included not only the college students but also the grade and high school students. Piano, violin and voice compositions made up the attractive program which was arranged by Mrs. John Ketner Miller, head of the Department of Music.

The program was as follows:  
On Wings of Song—Mendelssohn; Gavotte—Scotson Clark, Charles Bomboy, Howard Fenstermacher, James Hummel, Jack Schlauch.  
Polish Dance—Scharwenka. Janet Reisen Weaver.  
Simple Aveu—Thome. Anna Orner.  
Valse in D b Major—Chopin. Mary Betty Conner.  
Meditation—Bach-Gounod. By Jack Schlauch.  
Dance of the Indian Maidens—Strickland. Mary Haas.  
Song of the Brook—Lack. Kathryn McNamee.  
Amarilli—Caccini; Andie Musik—Schubert; Pierrot—Roberts. Kathryn Van Auker.  
Mazurka—Leschetizky. Harriet Kocher.  
Tone Poem "Dead Leaves"—Debussy; Scherzo in E Minor—Mendelssohn. Vivian Yenny.  
A Short Story—Gershwin; Tango—Albeniz-Elman. Karl Getz.  
"Wienor Blutt" Waltz—Strauss-Hughes, Robert Hartzell.

## Berwick Is Winner of the Third Annual Commercial Contest

## CHANGE OF STUDENT RATINGS APPROVED

### Faculty Accepts Second Plan Submitted by Committee of Student Council

## ELIGIBILITY RATING LOWERED

The Faculty Committee has received and considered the three plans submitted by the Student Council to determine a student's eligibility for office. Of these three plans the committee approves the second, namely:

- An eligibility rating of 1.3 for the previous semester and not less than 1.0 cumulative rating shall be required for all elective officers and governing boards of the following organizations: Community Government Association, Women's Student Government Association, Men's Student Government Association, Day Girls' Association, Day Men's Association, all Class Officers and Editor and Business Manager of the Obiter and Editor and Business Manager of the Maroon and Gold.
- For all other elective officers and student managers of Athletic Teams a candidate must have a 1.0 previous semester rating and not less than 1.0 cumulative rating.
- The 1.3 rating for the previous semester and the 1.0 cumulative rating shall be the exact minimum rating as above.
- This plan insures a candidate whose work has been consistently average or better.
- As expressed in Council Meeting, this plan excludes the indifferent, careless student from deliberately planning his work for a semester to qualify for office.

## Y.W. AND Y.M. REVIEW YEARS SUCCESSFUL ACTIVITIES

### Two of Outstanding Organizations on Campus Realize Purpose of Association

The aim of the Y. W. C. A. is to promote Christian fellowship among the entire student body. This has been the standard toward which the organization has been striving, and great strides have been made toward better cooperation on the college campus.

This year the Y. W. C. A. can boast of the largest membership in its history. During the first semester its approximate membership was 170, and about one-third of that number the second semester.

Among the outstanding activities during the year were:

- Helping the W. S. G. A. welcome and care for the Freshman girls at the beginning of the year.
- Making posters for Home Coming Day.
- The Y. W. and Y. M. formal dance.
- Aiding a needy family at Christmas.
- Chapel program illustrating Christmas customs.

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### Collingdale and West Chester Tie For Second Place With Ten Points Each

## MANY HIGH SCHOOLS COMPETE

Berwick High School won the Commercial Contest Cup for 1933 with eleven team points at the Third Annual Contest held here on May 6. Collingdale and West Chester High Schools were tied for second place with ten points each.

At this contest twenty-two high schools throughout the state were represented by one hundred and twenty-five participants who were accompanied by thirty-five high school teachers and administrators.

Individual winners are as follows:  
**Gregg Shorthand**—Eleanor Leh, Collingdale; Norma Harmon, Berwick and Esther Ream, Quakertown.  
**Bookkeeping**—Kathryn Smith, of West Chester; Doris Colley, West Chester, and Robert Law, Lower Merion.

**Business Arithmetic**—Marie Moore, Collingdale; Julian Newhart, Northampton, and Robert Penman, Bloomsburg.

**Typewriting**—Norma Harmon, of Berwick; Mary Weigner, Sellersville-Perkasie, and Anna Kramer, West Chester.

**Business Law**—Lawrence Borse, Wyoming; Randall Clemens, Berwick, and Ernest Gay, Wyoming.

The student placing first in each event received gold charms; second, silver charms, and third, bronze charms.

The enthusiasm and support shown by the students and faculty of both the high schools represented and the college assures the future growth of this annual contest.

## MUSIC WEEK OBSERVED BY OUR COLLEGE ORGANIZATION

### Glee Clubs and Orchestra Present Fine Musical Program in Chapel Friday

The college musical organizations contributed toward Music Week in the form of a musical presented in Chapel on Friday, May 12. The student body expresses its thanks to the organizations and their sponsors for the opportunity to hear the organizations once more before they disband for the year.

The program presented was:  
Triumphal March of the Boyards—Halvorsen. College Orchestra.  
Two Songs From the Cantata "A Day in Venice"—Ethelbert Nevin. (a) In a Gondola; (b) Farewell. Girls' Glee Club.

Andante From the Surprise Symphony—Haydn. College Orchestra.  
High Barbary (Chantey)—Arranged by Hall. Vocal March—Brackett. Men's Glee Club.  
Norwegian Dance—Greig. Marchemilitaire—Schubert. College Orchestra.

## HOLD ANNUAL LAWN PARTY

The annual Faculty-Trustee Lawn Party, given by Dr. and Mrs. Haas, was enjoyed by the families of the faculty and trustees on Saturday, May 13. Amusements and entertainment, including baseball, was provided for all during the afternoon.

## MAROON AND GOLD



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FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1933

## A Word of Thanks from Maroon and Gold

WE KNOW OF no better time to thank the student body for its co-operation in helping to make this publication, The Maroon and Gold, a success during the past two semesters.

The co-operation this year indicates that more interest is being shown in the journalism of our college, and all we ask is that the student body continue showing interest in such work in the future. We hope, however, that the interest will not manifest entirely destructive criticism, as much of it now is.

More suggestions and criticisms from the students directly to the staff of this paper would certainly be appreciated. Under such a plan, all suggestions worthy of attention would be carefully considered, and the editor and his staff would be relieved of much pressure from erroneous criticisms passing here and there and, in fact, every place but the logical place—the Maroon and Gold office.

## Stand By For Corrections

RECENTLY A RUMOR was started in the student body which soon gained considerable impetus—it concerned absences from classes. The story circulated was to the effect that a statement had been handed out from the dean's office informing all teachers that a system had been established whereby students with more than a certain number of absences couldn't hope to ascertain a high grade.

We are very happy to assure the student body through the medium of this column that no such system has been put into practice nor has it even been contemplated. The rumor started when some students heard that our Dean of Instruction had been investigating situations in some other colleges.

Wise students in the future will not become panicky until they have definite proof that a certain thing is in existence. All changes and innovations are handled directly by the administration with a formal statement given out. Unofficial notices and rumors should be disregarded.

Students who have been doing good work but have a number of absences can rest assured that these will not be counted against them under any but the present system concerning unexcused absences. Because it concerns us too, we are very glad to share with you this correction of a misunderstanding.

## Wanted! More Journalism

WHEN LOOKING OVER the list of extra-curricular activities we find that although there are several glee clubs, dramatic organizations, and numerous athletic societies, we fail to find any provision for literary work except through the Maroon and Gold.

Members of the staff of this paper have long felt the need of a journalism club that would rate as an extra curricular activity or better still, a course in journalism included in the curriculum. Hopeful literary aspirants find their chances of receiving proper training meager when it is considered that there are just two outlets for their talent: the classrooms, and this publication. The first lacks motivation and the latter gives opportunity only to a few.

With the institution of such a club would come organized instruction from members of the faculty, talks from newspaper men, trips and the working out of problems by club members as a group. This club would work in conjunction with the present publication and would further strengthen it. We feel that something should be done about this and hope that next year will find a realization of our hopes.

## To The Graduating Class

"JUST A FEW MORE days and then we will be through," so said some seniors a day or so ago. No, you are not through, you are not finished; you are just beginning. It is true that you have completed the final stage in your school life, but instead of being through, you are just starting a new phase of your life. You are upon the threshold of a great adventure. You are about to embark upon a voyage which will prove to be one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting, journey that you have ever taken.

Even as you have successfully reached your last year of school life and are about to graduate, so shall you achieve such success after you have be-

gun your great voyage. Of course you will encounter some storms and high waves upon your journey, for you will be traveling upon a much bigger ocean than you have ever sailed before, but you will soon conquer all such difficulties and will then have clear sailing the remainder of the trip.

We, the members of the student body, are sorry to have you go, but we know that you are leaving us eager to attain success and well prepared to overcome all difficulties. We know that you will give your best to the world just as you have done for your school. Perhaps you are sad because you are leaving, but think of the wonderful trip before you, and the good you can do after once being launched into this great sea of life. So, good luck, seniors and "bon voyage." Remember that:

"To every man there is a way—and ways.  
The high soul follows the high road,  
And the low soul follows the low;  
And each man shall choose the way  
His soul shall go."

—B. Y.

## A Questionnaire For All

WE WERE CONTEMPLATING congratulating the members of the senior class upon the successful completion of their work here, when we, on Monday, came across a senior inquiring of a junior just where the post office happened to be located. It seems that obiters were being given out to seniors there. Discredit should not be attached to a group because of a few but we do feel that before the senior class graduates and leaves the school, a tour—probably sponsored by one of Dr. North's introduction to teaching classes—should be staged. Thus every member of the class would be assured that he had seen all of the physical plant at least once.

If a questionnaire were given out to members of the student body concerning the various features of our college plant and its activities, the results would in all probability astonish the professors of this school. And should a test be given to the professors, the students might begin packing to go home—disillusioned.

However, in a college the size of this one we feel that every member of the student body, as well as the faculty, should know nearly all there is to know concerning the physical plant.

If there is something you do not know about, we recommend that you ask someone before the end of this semester.

## Congratulations Seniors

THE STAFF OF THIS PAPER in behalf of the students congratulates members of the senior class upon the completion of work at this institution. We have enjoyed working with you and sharing with you the pleasures that go to make up a successful life.

You are going out into your profession at a time that calls for much additional courage. Our profession is being subject to continuous attacks because of the great economical depression. We of the undergraduate body feel that anything you can do to correct some of the misconceptions of the value of teaching will distinguish you among your fellow workers and those who will follow you. We hope that you will carry with you the ideas and ideals that have been formulated here and that the coming generation will see them incorporated into a much better society. The results of your work will then be permanent.

Good Bye! Good Luck!

## CONVERSATION OF THE SILVERWARE IN DINING ROOM AT B. S. T. C.

Plink! Suzie Spoon joins her friends in the drawer, having served successfully for one more meal.

"Oh, dear! Another dent on my face! That boy has such sharp teeth! And he hasn't any sense of propriety at all! I guess maybe he had enough food to eat, without trying to eat me. At least he loaded me down so heavy every time I thought my back would break."

"There, there," comforted Mother Table Spoon, "lie down, and rest and maybe you won't be used tonight."

"Do you think so, Mother Spoon? I'll hide back here in the corner, and pray they miss me—e-e—Oh, Gracey, you landed right on my stomach! You're so rough and boisterous!"

"Sorry, honey, I couldn't help it. The dumb gink threw me on you. What a laugh I had! I was in the biggest cavern you've ever seen! My, what a big mouth he has! Why, I almost got lost in it!"

"You're getting quite tarnished, my dear," murmured Lady Fork to her husband, "I hope spring cleaning is not put off too long this year. I'm quite ashamed of you. And Johnny, poor child, gets into the awfulest messes. He fell into the milk pitcher today, and was almost drowned."

"Mother, mother, there's a splodge on me! Take it off, take it off!" cried Sally Spoon quite hysterically.

"Child, don't be so upset. Of course, those nasty people don't clean you very well. But you must get used to that."

"Whatja smiling to yourself about, Mr. Knife?" asked Tom Fork.

"I was not employed today, Tommy, you know, girl on a diet, so I just sat on the table and looked. Those love glances exchanged by that couple! It's enough to smile about. My cousin, Jacob, also had a new experience today. He winked at me just

before he went into the mouth of one of those sword swallows, loaded down with peas. He jiggled all he possibly could in that iron grasp, and did succeed in rolling off a couple peas; and then he tried his best to poke the man in the throat. But the sword swallower merely remarked that his hand was not very steady since the Beer Act. How dumb!"

"I know a secret, I know a secret," sang out Rosy Spoon.

"Tell us, won't you?" chorused the little Knives and Spoons and Forks.

"The guy who ate with me didn't clean his teeth today. And he has some false teeth!"

"Oh, I know a better one than that! sneered Patty Butterknife. "I discovered where the vinegar's going. I overheard a girl say she was going to wash her hair, and then she took the vinegar for a rinse."

"'Twere better if the girls were to use a sugar water rinse, I would say," declared Grandpa Butterknife, the philosopher.

"Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I ever do!" wailed Mrs. Alma Table-spoon. "I fell in the tomatoes today, and it's ruined my permanent wave."

"Aw prune juice," growled Casey Picklefork, the tough guy of Silver-town.

"And that reminds me," simpered Suzie Sugar-spoon, "of the cutest story I heard the other day. Bobo Knife fell in a can of prunes in the kitchen, when one of the waiters was stealing some, and got drowned!"

"Serves them Knife's right, getting so stuck up and adding a 'y' to their name," muttered Casey.

"I'm so dizzy," sighed Lily Soup-spoon. "That horrid girl pushed me through the soup the wrong way, and quite upset my equilibrium! I wish people would have good manners and stick to them."

"I can quite sympathize with you," comforted her sister, Alice. "Just the other day I was in the hands of one of those pretenders to good manners, and every once in a while he forgot;

to pretend, and took in the soup toward him. Why, he had me so that I didn't know which way I was going. The worst was when he turned me bowl down at the end, and the soup lay in my bowl until it was cold, and I swore I'd have a cold."

"Aw, that's nothing," bragged their mischievous brother, Butch. "The guy that ate with me almost deafened me, the way he sucked in the soup."

"Oh my, oh my! I'll never be the same again!" this from terrified Patsy Teaspoon. "A big brute got excited and bent me almost in two. I yelled, but he paid no attention. The kind waitress tried to straighten me out, but that hurt as much as the bending."

"What's the matter, Mr. Fork?" inquired Timothy Knife.

"Just seasick, my lad, or rather, air sick—a huge fellow waved me around in the air so much, when he got in a heated argument with an enormous girl, that I might as well have had an airplane ride."

"Silence in Silvertown," proclaimed the chief justice, H. Pemberton Butterknife. "Is Mr. Harold Fork present? Mr. Fork, you are accused of sticking your prongs into the seat of chair No. 33. What is the verdict?"

"Guilty," echoed and re-echoed through the crowd.

"The sentence is that you serve for three meals continuously as a pie fork."

"Whoopee!" cried Harold, "I won't have much work—not with that crust!"

"Did you drop some silverware?" asked one waitress of another.

"No, they just seemed suddenly to settle themselves in the drawer."

—E. A. L.

## Y. W. AND Y. M. REVIEW YEAR'S ACTIVITIES

Continued From Page One

6. Effective installation services for new cabinet members.

7. Sending the new cabinet to the annual Y. W. C. A. conference at Shippensburg.

Aside from these activities there were devotional meetings every Wednesday night, the opening of the Y. store in Waller Hall every night, joint meetings with the Y. M. C. A., and a social meeting once a month.

The Y. W. C. A. for the next school term hopes to succeed as well in performing its functions and to continue the spread of comradeship.

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Y. M. C. A.

With a conscientious and hard-working leader, Howard Fauth, the Y. M. C. A. has gone on to greater heights among the extra curricular organizations of the campus.

Receiving training at the Fall conference held in Harrisburg, the officers received encouragement for the year's activities.

Returning from this conference, the president was full of fire and made committee appointments. Daniel Sallitt, chosen chairman of the Program Committee, immediately began programming and his achievements for the year are quite commendable.

This year's program included two joint meetings of the Y. M. and the Y. W. in the Valentine and Easter parties respectively. Here the spirit of both organizations harmoniously blended.

The Y. also instituted a new feature in the Poor Children's Christmas Program. In this event every member of this organization cooperated by bringing a poor boy to the party and providing him with a game or toy.

Speakers secured for this year's program were exemplary of the Y. M. C. A. spirit. They included Dr. Rainey, President of Bucknell University; Dr. Emmons, of Kingston, who spoke in Chapel; Mr. Hartley, of the Bloomsburg High School faculty; Mr. Bruce Barton, lawyer of Bloomsburg; Mr. Bruce Albert, president of the Alumni Association of Bloomsburg Teachers College. From our own faculty we received the cooperation of Professors Koch, Andrus,

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## BOOK REVIEW

## "LUCY ANDERSON"

By Helen R. Martin

"Lucy Anderson," by Miss Martin, a Pennsylvania writer, pictures for us the depressing life of the wife of an idealistic author, Archie Anderson. The story opens with Archie, Lucy, and their small daughter, Sally, living in a small scale in Radnorsville. At this time Archie is attempting to write several books, but due to the fact that he refuses to include in his story any human bits that would appeal to the ordinary reader, he persists on making them strictly, what he calls "classical." As a consequence, his books are rejected time after time. Lucy takes care of their home, and supports the family by baking, and doing other household work for the people in Radnorsville. This drudgery passes entirely unnoticed by her self-centered husband until the health of Lucy fails, and she is unable to continue her strenuous work. Lucy finally secures a position as tutor for some children of the town and in this way is able to meet the inevitable bills.

Lucy realizes what is lacking in Archie's writing and finally asks him to allow her to touch up his books, and make them "best sellers." Archie is horrified at the idea, because he considers her mind to be on a lower plane and much inferior to his. However, she rewrites one of his books without his knowing of it; it is accepted and is a tremendous success. Archie is very angry when he first learns of this, but when he realizes how handy the money is, he cools down and desires to move to Barchester.

Although Archie shows little affection for his wife, he is very fond of his little daughter, and idolizes her so completely that he is ruining the little girl entirely. Lucy is unable to reprimand the child for fear that she will lose the little affection the child shows toward her. Watching her worthless, self-confident husband, and the spoiled willful child, she becomes very despondent.

Archie's half-brother, John, a manly, courteous fellow, the direct opposite of Archie, arrives home from a prolonged stay in the Indies, and brings a ray of sunshine to Lucy. She falls in love with him, and they see each other constantly. Archie is entirely unaware of this, as he is shamefully neglectful of his wife, openly flaunting wealthy, frivolous women in her face, and deriding her in public at every opportunity. Lucy confides her troubles to the sympathetic John, who is very fond of her.

John finds it necessary to leave again, but tells Lucy of his love for her before leaving, and asks her to

accompany him. Lucy fervently wishes to go with him, and leave all her troubles behind, but her love for her unfortunate child forces her to remain at home.

Archie receives an offer to go to Russia for eight months to study situations there and to write editorials for a magazine concern. He leaves, taking little Sally with him, and leaving Lucy alone in New York.

For eight bitter, lonely months, Lucy is alone in New York, doing writings of her own, rewriting rejected novels of Archie's, and doing some private tutoring. She even rewrites Archie's editorials that he sends from Russia in order to put a little human touch in them. At the end of eight months she discovers, from a casual remark of an acquaintance, that Archie is back and has placed Sally in a select girls' school but is unable to pay her fee. Lucy goes to see her child, and finds that the little girl is bitterly homesick for her mother, and that she has discovered a greater love for her mother than she ever had for her father. Lucy takes the subdued, grateful child home with her, and begins the belated task of making a worthwhile child of her. When Archie runs out of funds, he comes back to Lucy, but she steadfastly refuses to return to the old life. She finally secures a divorce, and she, John, and little Sally, find a very happy congenial home together.

Archie's sister, Florence, adds a humorous touch to the story. She is a cynical, artificial woman of the world, who snubs Lucy very markedly when the Anderson family is living in Radnorsville in poverty, but when they move to Barchester and become recognized by the society of that community, Florence becomes an ardent admirer, supposedly, to Lucy.

The shrewd, calculating editor, Mr. Merker, proves to be a true, worthwhile friend to Lucy during the time of Archie's and Sally's stay in Russia.

Michael and Mildred, a dashing young married couple of New York, add a little complication and color to the plot.

Helen Martin tries to show the actual home of an author. Not as an idealistic home, where there are no arguments and no ill feelings are aroused, but a home where the people are human and have their ups and downs as other families have.

The background is colorful, and emphasized just enough to make it have an important connection with the story. The scenes are laid in Pennsylvania in the section near Lancaster, where Helen Martin's home is located, and then toward the end of the book shifts to New York.

## Incidents in the Americanization of an Italian

"I am an American." This, from my grandfather, a native of Italy, when asked his nationality. Born in Italy; reared in Italy; educated in Italy—yet he cast aside his Italian background in favor of calling himself an American. Such was the accomplishment of my father's father.

In the little town of San Salvo, a small farming town a few miles from the west coast of Italy, my grandfather, Michael —, was born in November, 1858. He was the sixth child of the family and the only one destined to a future in America. His childhood was typical of that of any Italian child of that day.

It was, however, full of romance from the time he was able to walk until adolescence. The street was his teacher. Home meant little to him; in fact, home was, to him, in his early childhood, "the place where mother and father stay." As he grew older, however, his home became a place at which to spend refreshing evenings in singing and drinking grape wine made from the grapes in his father's large grape vineyard. It was, therefore, his childhood environment that instilled in him that fond liking he now has for wines—though I cannot say this for singing, because I have never really heard him sing.

When he reached the age of nine, my grandfather was apprenticed to a shoemaker, the only one in the small town. There, in a small shop, he spent his next five years learning to make and repair shoes. But this was not all he learned; he heard, for the first time, mention of a continent called America. The old shoemaker, it seems, told my grandfather many well-padded stories of life in America, which proved very stimulating to his future. America was portrayed as a beautiful country of birds and trees, a paradise so he thought. (Paradise, by the way, is one of the most beautiful words to an Italian.)

This rapidly growing conception of a Utopia in America dwelt in my grandfather's mind for several years. It was with him when he served his year's term in the Italian army. Finally, his vision of that continent of birds and trees became too strong for his will power, and he decided to go to America.

Wearing his only suit of clothes, he went to the house of his girl friend across the street and, with a fictitious story, borrowed money for meals for a few days. This accomplished, he walked to the nearest shipping port where he entered the clerk's office.

"What is it, son?" asked the shipping clerk.

"I want to go to America, but I don't have any money," answered my grandfather.

"Fill this out and give it to the captain of the next boat."

It was that simple. My grandfather's passage was assured. The next boat to that port was an old freighter loaded with bamboo which was being sent to the United States. Presentation of the form given him by the shipping clerk resulted in his being placed on the boat as a stoker. Though built very large and muscular, he minded the strain of shoveling coal ten hours a day in the hot, dark holds of a small steamer, and it was a matter of but a few days before this ambitious young Italian weakened and became exhausted. His boss, sympathetic as he was, immediately ordered him to the main deck, where available care was given him. It was there, in better ventilated and lighted sleeping quarters, that my grandfather spent the remaining twenty-one days of the long trip.

He often remarked of his feeling when entering New York harbor. The Statue of Liberty first appeared on the horizon. This, to him, was the most interesting spectacle in his life, and from the time he first saw the

statue on the horizon to the time the steamer made its way into port, my grandfather refused to take his eyes from that large form of metal denoting liberty. He was completely paralyzed to all that was taking place in the harbor. The statue, it seemed to him, reminded him of his mother back in Italy, and for the first time since leaving home, his thoughts dwelt on San Salvo and his departure unknown to his parents. He felt the impulse to shed tears as he stood on deck looking at the statue. But the interruption by his "boss," who pointed out several features of the harbor, restrained all such thoughts and actions, and my grandfather became interested in the United States of America, now only a few hundred feet before him.

America! The United States! At last his conception of Utopia succumbed to reality. His feet on American soil imbued in him a spirit inexplicable by him. So absorbed was he in his new environment that he refused to think of "what next?" as a problem confronting him. Nightfall still found him observing the curiosities of this country in New York City.

At midnight, however, he became weary and realized that he must find a place to sleep—not a room and a bed, but a suitable park bench where he could lie down and sleep without being disturbed. A policeman asked him whether he might do something for him, but the language of America was as new and curious to him as was the environment in general. Consequently, the policeman left him, and he sought and found a suitable park bench, where he slept during his first night in the United States.

When he awakened early the following morning my grandfather's eyes rested upon a short, stout gentleman sitting on a bench across the path from him. From this gentleman his eyes turned to what was lying on the bench beside him—a cornet! It was the first musical instrument he had seen since leaving San Salvo.

His attention was no sooner attracted by the cornet than a few other men appeared before him. They, too, carried musical instruments, and at the sight of these, my grandfather arose from the bench and stepped a little closer to the group, that he might get a glance at the sheet of music one of the men was holding. One of the musicians noted his interest and said something to him in German. Though my grandfather understood no German, he became quite friendly with the men who—as was later learned—composed a German band. He traveled with them that day, and the next day—and, indeed, many days after, because he was given a cornet to assist the band in its concerts on various street corners.

In fact, it was while waiting for the remainder of the band on a busy corner one day that my grandfather received the opportunity to journey into Pennsylvania, where he now lives. He was eating his breakfast—a handful of baloney—when a rather well-dressed gentleman stepped up to him and asked him whether he wanted a job. Naturally, my grandfather was interested, and inquired, in broken English, concerning the work. (He had learned to speak very little English to that time.) The gentleman explained, as clearly as he could, that it was a laboring job for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which was placing tracks through Pennsylvania along the Susquehanna River. After but a moment's hesitation, my grandfather accepted the offer to labor for twelve cents an hour in Pennsylvania. But what about the cornet and the band? He had the gentleman who offered the job write a note to the band saying that he would not see them any more because he was going to Pennsylvania. This note he placed in the bell of the cornet, which, in turn, he placed against a post at the

corner where the members of the band assembled each morning. Whether or not the cornet ever got into the hands of the band my grandfather does not know. He thinks, though, that he was well repaid in taking the chance of abandoning the instrument because he did go to Pennsylvania and her birds and flowers.

He was placed on a crew in the vicinity of Mifflinville, where he helped place railroad ties and tracks in place. The crew worked from Mifflinville towards Nescopeck, and it was in a small general store in this village that another interesting incident began in the life of my grandfather. In the evening, the members of the crew collected in the store, where they talked and smoked. Though my grandfather usually did not go in the store because of his inability to speak intelligible English.

Seeing a cornet on a shelf, he pointed to it and brokenly asked for it, but the store-keeper, unimpressed by my grandfather's foreign appearance, refused to recognize his request. The other fellows, desirous of seeing what he wanted with the cornet, finally persuaded the clerk to give it to my grandfather "just for fun." And it was, indeed, fun—for he immediately showed remarkable talent in playing a difficult selection. He even played direct from the book, an American march which he never before had seen. This incident ended his career as a laborer on the railroad; an interested band leader from Berwick heard of his talents and sent for him.

Upon his arrival in Berwick, he found, not only a place in a band, but also a job in the railroad car shops waiting for him. In these shops, he worked for three years; in that band he played for the same length of time. But, upon going to New York City with the band one summer, he had the occasion once more to look at the Statue of Liberty, and he once more thought of home, his parents, and his old girl friend. This time his emotions at the sight of the statue were evident, not in tears as before, but in action; he did not return to Berwick with the band but went back to Italy.

Once in San Salvo he lost no time in going to his home—but he met with much disappointment and sorrow when he learned that his family had mysteriously disappeared from home two years before that time. In vain he tried to think of them as living somewhere in the vicinity; in vain he sought them throughout Italy, but he didn't even have any idea where they might have gone.

Therefore, disappointed and tired, he returned to the United States the following year—but not alone, and not entirely disheartened. He had married his old girl friend, Rosa, and was at last bringing her to this "Utopia" continent also. In Berwick, his job and place in the band awaited him. Now, the two of them, though filled with inherited Italian background, have adopted the customs, language and practices of America.

—H. P. Bevilacqua

## A THOUGHT

The deeper the darkness,  
The brighter the morn;  
The spirit's rare gladness  
Of sorrow is born.  
The fiercer the tempest,  
The sooner the calm;  
The sharper a wound,  
The more soothing the balm,  
The brightest of blossoms  
Lie close to the sod,  
The lowliest hearts  
Are dearest to God,  
The heaviest cross  
That to earth bows us down  
If patiently borne,  
Wins a glorious crown.

—Unknown.

## RAIN

You could not know that rain can mean  
Nor how I hear it;  
You could not see me through a dream  
And you not near it.  
The rain is wet, would spoil your frock  
With its soft patter;  
So I must sit and watch the clock  
And hear dreams shatter.

Friendship, my friend, is like the weather,  
Sometimes for days and days together  
There's not a cloud; the sun will shine,  
For I'm your friend, and you are mine,  
So let's cheer up, forget and smile,  
It can't be sunny all the while,  
Look up and laugh through tears and rain,  
Forgive, and let's be friends again.  
—Unknown.

## BE THE BEST

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill  
Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the hill,  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.  
If you can't be a bush be a bit of grass  
On some highway to some happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass  
But the liveliest bass in the lake.  
We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here,  
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is the near.  
If you can't be a highway, then be a trail,  
If you can't be a sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fall—  
Be the best of whatever you are.

## SHORT STORIES

### KENNETH GRAHAME

### An Incident in a Coal Mine

Mart Quin left his house that early morning on his way to work in the coal mine. As he went out the walk, he anticipated the customary "good-bye, daddy" from his son at the bed room window. Mart had on a new pair of boots this particular morning. Joseph, his son, recalled how he had played around the kitchen floor with them the night before. He remembered their red soles. He watched the figure of his father go down the pathway to the mine. After his daddy's figure had grown dim in the early morning blackness, Joseph could still see the rhythmic motion of the white boots.

When Mart arrived at the mine, he found the other men, about sixty of them, ready to be lowered into the chambers below. Mart was among the last to reach the bottom of the mine. A stream of joking men was formed, moving from the bottom to their respective workings "inside." It did not take long for the men to reach their destinations and settle down to the day's work. Everything was following the regular routine when suddenly from far inside came a low rumbling sound. "Must have been a fall of -" he stopped, for he was struck in the face by a gush of wind. "An explosion," exclaimed an old miner. Boom! Closer now. The men farther in screamed, "Gas!" Boom! Boom! Explosions in rapid succession. "Lie down!" someone yelled. Mart Quin was already down. He knew what a gas explosion meant. He buried his face in the mud. The gas was upon them. He dared not move. Boom! Boom! Boom! Mart heard only the first of these last three explosions. He felt himself being lifted out of that soft, cool mud. His brain, during this hour of doom, worked rapidly. He thought how hard he would strike the ground. While being carried through the air like drift wood on the crest of a wave, he imagined he found a safety opening—blocked with the debris from the explosion. He tore savagely at the wreckage. If he could only get out and struggle home to his dear ones. His head felt large and swollen. His body heat was intolerable. He was conscious of a stabbing pain in his lungs. He thought of eight-year-old Joseph waving good-bye from the bedroom window. My God! would these flames never cease? He would dig and dig at this wreckage if it took days. He had food in his pail. He would make it last as long as possible. All that day he dug towards the surface. By what he thought was nightfall he was fatigued and hungry. He ate sparingly of his food, and slept. Next day he resumed his digging—again that pain in his lungs. Had he inhaled that fire? About noon of the third day he heard the thud of a hammer and the rattle of a shovel. He stopped digging—and listened. The sounds grew from a tinkle and thud to distinct sounds of men working. Towards evening the squad broke through. He tore through the opening, looked at the men and rushed past them out into the cool night. How queer the stars looked. He didn't care, he was going home. He ran all the way, over roads he had never known before. How fast he could run! He thought he heard someone call. He had no time to listen. He arrived at his own gate, and hurried up the brick walk. There was Joseph at the window with a sweet smile on his face. He entered the house and found his wife waiting for him. He moved towards her—red-blue flames hissed in front of him. He struck the ground with a terrific jolt. He murmured feebly—"Joseph,"—then—silence.

Mart Quin was found dead, some

thirty-five feet from his place of work, about eighteen hours after the explosion had occurred. He was carried from the mine, one of a procession of blanket-wrapped, horribly-burned bodies.

When he reached the surface his face was covered. A pair of new white boots with red soles protruded from under the blanket's edge.

"It's—Mart," gasped his wife. "Daddy," whimpered his child. A silent crowd watched a tight-lipped neighbor lead them home.

—Harold O'Brien

### Moonyeen

An original fairy story written for "Children's Literature"

Once, a great, great many years ago, there lived in the city of Vienna a big, ugly man named Patri and his little dancing marionettes. In an effort to become rich, he made his little jointed dolls work very, very hard. At last one of them, Moonyeen, could no longer stand it, so very early one morning she stole softly from her box and, after making sure that Patri was fast asleep, scampered from the tent which had been their home.

All day long she wandered through the forest chasing butterflies and picking tiny wild flowers, but when the day began to grow dim, she became dreadfully frightened, where should she sleep that night?

She gave up all the pleasant things she was doing and hurried on looking for a place to lay her tired head for the night. Finally she became so thirsty that she just had to stop at the next spring she came to, to drink. As she bent over, she saw the Last Two Sunbeams of Day dancing on the ripples. They were the first persons she had seen since she left the town, which was now far behind, and she greeted them happily.

"Hello, dear Sunbeams. I have run away from home and so I have no place to live. Please, please may I come and live with you?" she begged.

The Sunbeams looked at her with great pity in their eyes and sadly shook their heads.

"Poor child, you would never be happy with us for we never stay but a minute in one place, and you would get very tired indeed, following us about. Father Mole needs a servant in his household though, so if you hurry you may be the first one there."

And so saying, the Sunbeams glided off after the rest who were just disappearing over the top of the nearest hill.

Happy and not frightened by the fact that she knew not a thing about housework, Moonyeen started off in a hurry—the Sunbeams had indeed been very kind.

After walking what seemed like a long time, Moonyeen made up her mind that the Sunbeams had been fooling her because she had not seen so much as a single mole in all that time. A little farther on, however, North Wind came blowing around a great oak just in front of her. My, but she was glad to see someone again.

"Hello, dear North Wind. I have run away from home and so now I have no place to live. Please, please may I come and live with you?" she begged.

North Wind was filled with sadness and he shook and trembled with sorrow because he could not help the little jointed doll. So he said to her:

"Poor child, you would never be happy with me for I never stay but a minute in one place, and you would get very tired indeed, following me about. Father Mole needs a servant in his household though, so if you hurry, you may be the first one there."

And so saying, he blustered off

through the woods at a great rate.

The poor little thing was so very tired that she was almost sure she would never reach Father Mole's house. Just as she was about to give up, very suddenly there appeared in the forest a clearing, and on the clearing (which sloped down to a pond) was a quaint little house—Father Mole's house. Not until then was she sure that the Sunbeams and North Wind had not been teasing her. She was happy, but so very tired, that she reached the doorstep, only to crumple up upon it.

When Moonyeen awoke she was in bed with a hot-water bottle to keep her feet warm, and the whole Mole family standing around looking at her. As soon as she felt rested, she told about her life and how cruel Patri had been to them all. Father Mole felt very sorry for Moonyeen and would have nothing but that she become one of them.

The very next day Father Mole built a great big trap, large enough (almost) to catch a whale, for old Patri should he come snooping around looking for Moonyeen. It was a trap which would hurl the mean old man right into the pond and there he would meet his end. Moonyeen felt very safe because nothing had happened for a long time, but one morning the trap was sprung, and then they knew that Patri would bother them no more, that he was dead.

After Patri and his mean ways had left the earth, Moonyeen and Father Mole's family always had two visitors who before that time had been afraid to come because of Patri. They were the Last Two Sunbeams of Day and North Wind who stopped every day during their trip around the world to rest and talk to Moonyeen who was very happy with her adopted family.

### The Winged Horse

An original fairy story written for the course in Children's Literature

Once upon a time in a far-off land there lived a young man named Varney, who, upon being left an orphan after the war, went off into the world to seek his fortune. As he walked along the road, he met Prince Roderick riding upon a beautiful white horse. Varney, who had always loved horses and wanted one now so that he might see more of the world, wished that he had one like Prince Roderick's. The Prince, being very selfish and proud, when he saw Varney looking at him thought the boy wished that he was the Prince. In a very proud voice the Prince said, "My lad, why do you look at me this way?"

Varney's answer, "I wish I had a horse like yours," surprised the Prince. He was not the least bit glad because Varney was envying his horse, rather than his wealth and crown; so he played a trick on him.

"Well," said he, "you may have a horse if you work in the castle yard for a week."

Varney quickly said he would for he was very glad to get into the castle yard to see how the king and his family lived, and to get a horse to travel on.

For a week Varney worked faithfully and, at the end of the week, he was rewarded with a horse—but a very old horse. Varney was very sad and at first did not know what to do. Then he took the horse with him, hoping that he would be able to cure it. In the next village Varney did a few errands for some of the merchants to get food for the horse.

The good fairies had been watching Varney and when they saw how kindly he treated the horse, they did him a favor—they made the horse well! Varney was very happy and tried to find out what made the horse well. As the fairies did not want any

thanks, they hid themselves away in the trees.

The horse, whom Varney named Magic, was glad to help the one who had been kind to him. He now carried Varney to many places where the two roamed, seeing many strange things and doing many kind deeds for people who needed help.

The fairies were still watching Varney and Magic. One night, while Varney was asleep, the fairies came to Magic and said, "Magic, if you could have one thing to help your master, what would you choose?"

Magic answered the fairies quickly, for he had been thinking for quite a while of one thing he should like to have. He said, "Dear fairies, if I could have just one thing, that would be all I want. If only I had some way to travel faster, my master and I could get from village to village more quickly and do more kind deeds."

Lo and behold! He had no sooner finished talking than there they were—two beautiful, white wings that would carry him and his master many miles in one day!

When Varney awoke he was greatly surprised and so pleased that he shouted with joy. Again he tried to find out who had been so kind to them, but the fairies had made Magic promise that he would not tell and again they safely hid in the trees.

On their first trip through the air, Magic and Varney came upon a very beautiful castle, high up in the hills, just peeping through the clouds. It looked so very interesting that they started over toward it. When they were very near they saw in the road, just outside the castle wall, a carriage. As the coachmen seemed to be in great distress, Varney and Magic went down to help. As they neared the carriage, they heard the coachmen quarrelling about which way to go. Varney asked, "My dear fellows, what is the matter?"

They both tried to answer at once. However, Varney finally found out that they were on the way to the castle of Prince Roderick, the Prince who tried to play the trick on Varney. Down at the foot of this high mountain they had taken the wrong road. Instead of arriving at the castle of Prince Roderick, they had come to this deserted castle. Now it was almost time for the ball when Princess Diane, their passenger, was to be married to Prince Roderick. They didn't know what they were going to do. Varney offered to take the Princess Diane and fly to the castle that she might be there in time for the ball.

They started off as quickly as they could and were well on the way when Princess Diane said, "I do not care if we are a little late. Maybe we should let Magic rest a while."

Varney allowed Magic to rest on a mountain top and was making ready to go when the Princess spoke again and said, "I wish you would go and leave me here on this mountain top for I do not wish to go to Roderick. He is so selfish that I fear he will not allow me to go about among the poor people as is my custom."

When Varney heard this, he was very sad and did not like to think that he was taking this beautiful Princess where she did not wish to go. He then asked her if she would like to go back to the Castle in the Clouds and live there with him and Magic. She said quickly, "Oh, yes, yes, I would!"

They went on to the Castle of Roderick and into the castle-yard, they dropped a sword bearing a note that told of the Princess' delay. Then they flew back to the Castle in the Clouds where they were married and lived happily ever after.

And the little fairies at the bottom of the mountain turned the sign-board back to its right direction.

—Dorothy Lewis

Kenneth Grahame died on July 6, 1932, at the age of 72. At that time every nation was politically busy, and little notice was given him. Yet he is claimed by some to be the last great master of English prose, and was considered by those who knew him well, the loveliest of Great Britain's living souls. Since his death several critics in current publications have praised Grahame highly. Aside from these, little material is available concerning his life and his works.

At fifty, Kenneth Grahame was a tall, massive man, with white hair, above a beautiful young face, rosy cheeks, and complexion as clear as a healthy child's. Clayton Hamilton says, "One could see at a glance that he was one of the rare people in the world who look like themselves."

Grahame lived a secluded life in an ancient farmhouse—Boham's—which a clever man had made comfortable with modern conveniences, while still preserving its antiquity and Elizabethan atmosphere. He spent as little time indoors as possible. On the moors and in the forests he could think and construct—in the house he felt cramped.

The Literary Digest entered upon the subject by naming its article "He Knew Childhood Better Than Lewis Carroll," and pointed out the fact that we celebrated Carroll's anniversary at the same time that we mourned the death of his "Kindred Spirit," Kenneth Grahame. At one time his books were quoted as frequently as "Alice in Wonderland."

The New York Times entered into a comparison of the two authors. Grahame's mind is more sensuous, more romantic, while Carroll's is more sentimental. "Grahame had thought his way much deeper into the mind of childhood than had Lewis Carroll."

Alice was a very good little Victorian, conscientious about her lessons. "The Golden Age," however, reveals the conflict regarding lessons from the children's point of view.

"That book is not a book for children, but a book about children, and, unless it be Mr. Christopher Morley's story called 'Thunder on the Left,' there is no book in English literature that shows so profound and subtle an understanding of thoughts and instincts which most children have and most grown-up people have forgotten."

"Lewis Carroll's brain, far keener than Kenneth Grahame's, turns either to pure nonsense or to nonsense that shall sharpen the wits of his readers. Grahame is at heart more earnest, more intent upon conduct, and less upon language or logic, and a graver devouter servant of beauty."

An example of this very difference can be quickly seen by comparing two passages on much the same subject, Carroll says:

"The time has come—  
To talk of many things  
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax  
Of cabbages and kings  
And why the sea is boiling hot  
And whether fish have wings."

Grahame's passage is much more serious; does not have a shadow of nonsense about it:

"Praps they talk about bird's eggs,  
and about ships, and buffaloes, and  
desert islands; and why rabbits have  
white tails; and whether they'd sooner  
have a schooner or a cutter; and  
what they'll be when they're men."

The likeness is unmistakable; yet even the child will brand the walrus' talk as nonsense; but Grahame's has a meaning to every youth, and to every man who was once a youth.

The New York Times editorial praises Grahame's style and beauty of description, as well one may:

"In a single passage of 'The Wind in the Willows,' that which describes the River, he outdoes all that Lewis Carroll—he, too, celebrating in his own way the beauty of the River—allowed himself of esthetic and sons-

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**FRATERNITY ACTIVITIES  
SUMMARIZED FOR YEAR**

Continued From Page One

which have proven a stimulus to the interest of the members in Phi Sigma Pi. The Annual Dinner and Theatre Party was held Monday evening, February 20th. The group met in the lobby of Waller Hall and in a colorful procession proceeded to the Capitol Theatre where seats were reserved in the loges and where they enjoyed the motion picture.

Following the show a dinner was held at the Elks' Ball Room. Leo Yozviak acted as toastmaster for the program which followed. Short talks were given by Dr. Garwood, Superintendent Evans and Professor Reams.

Another event of great interest was the "Christmas Smoker" held at Smith's Cottage on December 19. There were smokes and eats aplenty. At this meeting Dr. Garwood was taken in as an Honorary Member after a short speech in which he gained the interest of the group to the extent that everyone entered the discussion. Dr. Garwood, however, was put on the defensive by Superintendent Evans who felt that there should be some sort of initiation even for an honorary member.

The fraternity members were never so well pleased as when they learned that all four fraternities on the campus were willing to cooperate with them in sponsoring an Inter-Fraternity Dance. This dance was held April 1, and was the first event of its kind ever staged at the college and was the crowning event of the year.

**Annual Banquet and Initiation**

Wesley Knorr and William Thompson were initiated into Phi Sigma Pi fraternity of the Bloomsburg Teachers College May 6. That evening a banquet was enjoyed at Hotel Moses VanCampen, Benton, and attended by Dr. Haas, Dr. Garwood, Superintendent Evans, Dr. North, Prof. Reams, Leo Yozviak, William James, Stanley Heimbach, Ernest Valente, Fred Jaffin, Arthur Knerr, Carl Riggs, William Creasy, Edgar Artman, Arden Roan, Alfred Miller, Miles Potter, Walter Kitzberger, Samuel Sacus and Wesley Knorr. Chicken and waffles were enjoyed by all.

After all appetites were appeased Dr. Haas gave a thought-provoking talk on "Service, State and Public Education." He illustrated the fact that education and its progress coincides with the history of the world, by displaying copies of textbooks from 1812, 1815 and 1888, each one proving the fact mentioned.

The question, "What is a Democratic State?" which is often debated by educators, was answered by Dr. Haas in saying, "It is that which insures political freedom and economic independence." But who motivates toward this goal? It is none other than the teachers of the commonwealth; it is their duty to curb and direct the child's interests correctly. But many teachers fall in the same rut of past teachings by relying solely on a textbook. Dr. Haas clearly pointed out that a textbook alone can lead to destruction—the teacher needs to do a little thinking and teach by other channels also.

This professional talk aroused much enthusiasm and activated discussion from Dr. Garwood, Dr. North, Prof. Reams and Supt. Evans.

Service keys for outstanding work in Phi Sigma Pi were awarded to President Leo Yozviak and Secretary William James.

After a well-balanced evening of physical and mental fun, "Brothers of Phi Sigma Pi" returned to their homes, determined to carry on the spirit of one of the greatest professional fraternities among teachers.

**ALPHA PSI OMEGA**

The Alpha Omicron Chapter of Alpha Psi Omega has completed one of the most successful years since its organization on the Bloomsburg campus.

The following officers headed the group during the current year:

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**FOOTBALL SCHEDULE 1933**

Oct. 7	Millersville	There
Oct. 14	Indiana	Here
Oct. 21	Mansfield	There
Oct. 28	Oswego	There
Nov. 4	E. Stroudsburg	Here (Home Coming)

Nov. 11		
Nov. 18	Lock Haven	Here
Nov. 25	Shippensburg	There

**BASKETBALL SCHEDULE 33-34**

Dec. 16	Alumni	Here
Jan. 5	Lock Haven	Here
Jan. 13	Mansfield	Here
Jan. 20	Indiana	Here
Jan. 26	Lock Haven	There
Jan. 27	Indiana	There
Feb. 2	Shippensburg	Here
Feb. 3	Millersville	There
Feb. 7	Shippensburg	There
Feb. 10	E. Stroudsburg	Here
Feb. 16	Millersville	Here
Feb. 24	Mansfield	There
Mar. 3	E. Stroudsburg	There

**Keys and Awards  
To Be Presented  
At Club Banquet**

Lettermen's Club Have Made Possible These Tokens Through Their Own Effort

Through their sponsoring of several events throughout the school year, the Lettermen's Club of the Bloomsburg State Teachers College has made it possible to distribute keys to all lettermen in the graduating class.

This organization has been very active in the promotion of clean and fine sportsmanship, and it is to be congratulated for the splendid manner in which they conducted this year's High School Basketball Tournament.

The following will receive keys:

L. Yozviak, Captain, T. Coursen, J. Davis, A. Jones, J. Drennen, W. Yaretski, Captain, A. Shepela, E. Artman, Mgr., A. Parr, T. Byers, C. Cox, W. Hower, M. Krauss, R. Parker, W. Watkins, S. Petrilla, F. Fowler, J. Lewis, C. Paulus, C. Troy, M. Liptzer, J. McHugh, T. Hartman.

T. Griffith, Mgr., J. Larish, W. Watkins, and M. Potter will also receive keys upon the completion of their course here at the summer session.

**FRESHMAN BASEBALL**

The Freshman girls' baseball season has just been completed with the following results:

Experienced Teams  
Teams A and C. Tied for first place.  
Team B. Second place.  
Team D. Third place.

Inexperienced Teams  
Team 1 and 2. Tied for first place.  
Team 3. Second place.  
Team 4. Third place.

**Y. W. AND Y. M. REVIEW  
YEAR'S ACTIVITIES**

Continued From Page Two

Reams, Shortess and Fenstermaker.

With the above array of speakers the Y. M. C. A. presented wonderful programs. But the leaders weren't satisfied; a delegation was sent to Kutztown Spring Conference for more ideas. Their first step in returning was a Retreat near Bloomsburg, in which a tentative program for next year was made.

Wednesday evening May 17, gave a delightful finale to the year's activities. Charms for outstanding work were presented to Howard Waite, Daniel Sallitt, and William Turnow. This was followed by the installation of next year's officers which were as follows:

President ..... Howard Waite  
Vice President ..... Charles Michaels  
Secretary ..... Edwin Creasey  
Treasurer ..... George Kessler

**Bloomsburg Defeats  
Lock Haven Team**

Amassed a Total of 90 Points As Against 41 For Visitors; Team Shows Real Form

Before a crowd of several hundred, the Buchheit-coached team displayed much strength in both the track and field events which carried them to a decisive victory over the Lock Haven Teachers. The final scoring was 90 points for Bloomsburg, and 41 for the visitors.

Bloomsburg, scoring in 12 of the 15 events had virtually no competition.

The team showed much improvement, and the boys cut seconds off many of the events they entered at Lewisburg.

**Coach Buchheit Completes Successful  
Year With Much Reserve Material**

**Prospects For Next Year Are Fine;  
Many Freshmen Are On All  
Teams**

George C. Buchheit, who joined our faculty in September, has carried out the sport program for the year very successfully. He acquainted himself with the physical material available, and has done much to build up a reserve that will be of use in the future.

At the end of the football season, Bloomsburg had won one game, tied two, and lost three. This was a remarkable record for, of the three teams beating the Maroon and Gold Eleven, only one of them was able to score more than one touchdown.

During this period, the team was greatly handicapped through the loss of six or seven varsity players. However, Coach Buchheit was partly able to overcome this difficulty by using light, speedy men to compete against other combinations.

At this same time, the cross-country team continued its fine work, and ended the season without a defeat.

Basketball immediately took the place of the pigskin and the country side. The season started off well, but the injuring of two pivot men and a

**A FINE TEAM**

Our track team completed last Saturday a difficult schedule of track events with other colleges and universities. Now that the season is finished, we, of the student body, wish to thank all those who in any way helped to place the name of Bloomsburg State Teachers College, in the papers as a successful participant in these track meets.

We thank, therefore, the coach, who so enthusiastically molded our athletes into a fine track team. We thank those students who each evening donned the track togs and spikes; we thank those students who so faithfully acted as managers, and finally we express our gratitude to all who followed the team's progress from day to day.

guard forced the coach to use some more strategy. This he did, and after hours of experimenting, he once again placed a winning combination on the floor.

Up to the present time, Mr. Buchheit has encountered many difficulties in carrying out the athletic program and we congratulate him for the splendid manner in which he has handled his teams.

**SENIOR BASEBALL**

In spite of numerous showers and other handicaps, the upper class girls were finally able to complete their season with the following results:

Team	Lost	Won	Tied	Forfeit
A	1	1	1	0
B	1	2	0	0
C	0	2	1	1
D	0	1	0	2
E	1	0	0	1
F	1	2	0	0
G	1	1	0	0

On gloomy days we stick to pleasant subjects, to keep our spirits up; on sunny days our thoughts are far from disagreeable subjects. Hence, the American optimism. What a happy race!

**Awards For Athletic Year 1932-33**

**FOOTBALL**

**Lettermen**  
Leo Yozviak, Captain, Thomas Coursen, Joseph Davis, Gerald Harter, Fred Jaffin, Clyde Kitch, Earnest Line, William Litwhiler, Mervin Mericle, Walter Moleski, Miles Potter, Michael Sopchak, Michael Skerel, Rex Turse, Stephen Wozney, Thomas Griffiths, Mgr.

**Honorable Mention**

The following lettermen, due to injuries in the early part of the season, were forced from the squad:  
Aldwin Jones, Rostand Kelly, John Drennen, Bernard Kafchinski, Howard Kreitzer.

**Jay Vees**

James Boylan, John Beck, Joseph Dixon, Philip Elder, Arthur Harrison, Gilbert Kline, Bruno Novak, Frank Rompolo, Alex Swalinski, Sam Sacus, Daniel Sallitt, James Williams, John Yurgel, Larry Evangelista, Ass't Mgr.

**CROSS COUNTRY**

**Lettermen**

Francis Sell, Captain, Joseph Larish, James Karnes, Edward Baum, Bernard Young.

**Jay Vees**

Joe Early, Alex Kudgus, Anthony Verhovshek, Arden Roan.

**BASKETBALL**

**Lettermen**

Walter Yaretski, Captain, Alex Shepela, Edward Phillips, Dan Malone, Ernest Valente, Walter Washelski, Charles Blackburn, Edgar Artman, Mgr.

**Jay Vees**

Sam Cohen, Philip Elder, Thomas Howell, Fred Jaffin, Alex Kudgus, James Kelly, Mervin Mericle, Frank Rompolo, William Reed, Thomas Shakofski, Jack Beck, Mgr., S. Heimbach, and Rhodes Asst. Mgr.

**Lettermen**

Sam Cohen, Fred Jaffin, James Kelly, James Karnes, Joe Larish, Francis Sell, Carmen Shelhamer, Walter Yaretski, Mgr.

**Jay Vees**

Harold Danowsky, William Karshner, Earnest Line, Edward Baum, Anthony Verhovshek, Earnest Lau, William Litwhiler, Mervin Mericle, Richard Smith, Bernard Young, John Yurgel, George Kessle, Ass't. Mgr.

Because jobs are hard to find, 268 graduating seniors at Temple have been offered free tuition if they wish to continue their studies.

**SUMMARY OF EXPENDITURES — EFFECTIVE JUNE 1, 1933**

	Summer Term	First Semester	Second Semester
Fee—All Students		\$ 36.00	\$ 36.00
Fee—Summer School only per Semester Hour	5.00	Minimum Fee	15.00
Fee (Out-of-State Students—Additional)	35.00	105.00	105.00
Fee (Commercial Students—Additional)	2.00	6.00	6.00
Activities Fee (All Students)	2.00	10.00	10.00
Board, Room, Laundry (Campus students only)	42.00	126.00	126.00
Fee for B. S. Degree Diploma	\$5.00 paid once before receiving B. S. Degree		
Books, Supplies, and Equipment (Estimated)	6.00	25.00	15.00
All fees must be paid in advance of enrollment. Fees for the regular college year may be paid one-half in advance of enrollment and one-half before middle of semester.			
<b>COMPARISON OF EXPENSES 1932-33 with 1933-34</b>			
The following statement compares the expenses above effective June 1, 1933 with those in effect for the current year (i. e. beginning June 1, 1932.)			
<b>REGULAR SESSION—Students Boarding on the Campus</b>			
1932-33			
Board, Room and Laundry, 36 wks.	\$288.00	Board, Room and Laundry, 36 wks.	\$252.00
Enrollment Fees for year	40.00	Activities Fee for year	20.00
		Contingent Fees for year	72.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$328.00</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$344.00</b>
Students living off the Campus			
1932-33			
Enrollment Fees	\$ 40.00	Contingent Fee	\$ 72.00
		Activities Fee	20.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 40.00</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 92.00</b>
<b>SUMMER SESSION—Students Boarding on the Campus</b>			
1932-33			
Board, Room and Laundry, 6 wks.	\$ 48.00	Board, Room and Laundry, 6 wks.	\$ 42.00
Enrollment Fee	15.00	Activities Fee	2.00
		Semester Hour Fee (6 hrs. Cr.)	80.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 63.00</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 74.00</b>
Students Living Off the Campus			
1932			
Enrollment Fee	\$ 15.00	Semester Hour Fee (6 hrs. Cr.)	\$ 80.00
		Activities Fee	2.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 15.00</b>	<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 82.00</b>

May 16, 1933.

## SNACKS

By SNICK

Now that's an idea. To whom does the columnist address his column? There's the muse for poets, historians, dramatists, et cetera, et cetera, but no muse for the columnist. Dirty gyps. Bigger and better muses! A whole harem of muses for the columnists! Oh, for a name! What's in a name? Winchella's woman Friday—the muse Winchey! Nope that won't do. Winchey sounds too Amazonish. We gotta have something "keyholeish" and clicky. Just think all that space wasted and no conclusion reached.

Dear, Dear.

While we were trying to write up this column a group of literary critics massed in the office and made general nuisances of themselves. No wonder the quality of the column is such—but the general trend of the conversation was: Do you know what's the matter with the Maroon and Gold? We'll tell you.

"No slang in it—" "Somebody should feed the staff grape-nuts." "It's too autocratic." "English too perfect." "No news." "No jokes." "No life." "Why don't they print stuff that's sent in?"

Well, good old Snick held himself under control for awhile, and then burst into tears and cried "Gentlemen you're breaking our heart. Stop. Stop." (Just Seniors trying to revolutionize the "collitch" before they leave.)

We watched a young man mail several letters at different times and noticed the peculiar fashion in which he attached the stamp. Not upside down—oh—no nothing like that. We know the significance of an upside down stamp. Finally we inquired "What's the idea of the stamp job?" To which he superiorly replied "I'm taking a course in the International Correspondence Schools and that's our class yell."

Would you believe it?

Well then would you believe this? The language of the American Indian contains no swear words. That is easy to explain. They don't stub their toes in the dark, or lose collar buttons under bureaus or break finger nails or have scrapbooks to prepare or women drivers with which to contend.

Prof: Is there anything to substantiate the popular belief that a fish diet strengthens the brain?  
Student: Guess not, but going fishing certainly does things to the imagination.

The most encouraging news of the season: University of Denver conducted experiments which prove that even a snail can be taught.

The time has come to speak of Swan Songs—you know—farewell words—last issue—bunk, more bunk—space to be filled. No matter what the time, what the day, what the issue, space, space must be filled—regardless of the censorship, lack of censorship, news, lack of news—snacks must be snacked.

So we heave to and get snacking for the last time. (If you notice we're quite impressed with the finality of the affair). Are you? It doesn't matter much—which reminds us of a list of famous last words:

"Look down the barrel and see if it's loaded."  
"That giant cracker must be out. I'll light it again."  
"Which one of these is the third rail?"  
"Professor, you're a lot of boring hoopy."  
"My curiosity always itched to discover just what would happen when nitric acid and chlorate of potassium were mixed."

Sincerely,  
Del, Deae et Omnes.FRATERNITY ACTIVITIES  
SUMMARIZED FOR YEARContinued From Page Five  
Thomas Coursen—Honorable Prompter.

Mary E. Betterly—Worthy Playwright.

Aldwin D. Jones—Worthy Business Manager.

Alice Johnston—Director.

November 3, 1932—Initiation ceremonies were held at which the following people were accepted as members—Harold O'Brien, Rastand Kelly, Sarah Lentz, Maryruth Risho, Thomas Davis.

November 5, 1932—Alpha Psi Omega Banquet was held for active and alumni members.

November 13, 1932—Tea held for fraternity members at Miss Johnston's home.

November 16, 1932—Fraternity members went to Williamsport to see "Cyrano de Bergerac" played by Walter Hampden.

December 18, 1932—Christmas party held for active and alumni members at Miss Johnston's home.

December 22, 1932—Fraternity production "The Fool"—Channing Pollock.

January 14, 1933—High School Play Tournament sponsored by Alpha Psi Omega. Tea for participants in afternoon.

March 10, 1933—Fraternity entertained by Miss Gay McLaren, dramatic reader, at Miss Johnston's home.

April 1, 1933—Inter-Fraternity Dance. Alpha Psi Omega "open house" for members at Miss Johnston's home.

April 3, 1933—Fraternity "News Letter" issued.

May 4, 1933—Fraternity initiations. Following members were accepted: Irene Hirsch, John Shollenberger, Ralph Evans, Eleanor Clapp, Priscilla Acker, Leo Yozviak.

May 9, 1933—Election of officers for 1933-34 held. Following people were elected: Thomas Davis—Honorable Prompter; Harriet Sutliff—Worthy Playwright; Sarah Lentz—Worthy Business Manager.

May 17, 1933—Party held at home of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Sutliff for Alpha Psi Omega members.

## GAMMA THETA UPSILON

At almost every meeting there has been a speaker or some other definite item of interest. Miss Jessie Patterson described joints of geographical interest in Europe, concentrating on the delightful customs of the Scandinavian countries.

At another meeting Mr. and Mrs. Harmon who have spent some time in Argentina, talked to us about their life there, illustrating their talk with interesting slides and many actual photographs they took. At this meeting we all had Yerba Mate, which is a sort of cross between tea and coffee and is the national drink of Argentina.

## KAPPA DELTA PI ELECTS

The Gamma Beta Chapter of Kappa Delta Pi elected officers for the coming year at its Founders' Day celebration. Installation of officers followed the admission of new members. The new officers elected and installed for the coming year are as follows:

President — Joseph Gribbin  
Vice President — Alfred Vandling  
Recording Sec'y. — Marian Eroh  
Corresponding Sec'y. — Mildred Quick  
Treasurer — Esther Evans  
Historian — Sarah Lentz

## ACTIVITIES OF K A L

Initiation of new members.

Program.  
Series of lectures on Arts delivered by faculty members—Miss Moore, Miss Murphy, Mr. Keller, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Haas.

Annual Founders' Day banquet at Lime Ridge Inn.

Charge of Chapel program.  
Presentation of awards to two Freshman Honor Students.

Mr. Shambach initiated as honorary member at Founders' Day celebration.

Installation of new officers—Mr. Joseph Gribbin president.

## KENNETH GRAHAME

Continued From Page Three

uous appreciation; and the scene in which Rat and Mole, searching for the baby otter, hear celestial music and catch the vision of the Piper, reaches heights of beauty and of emotion which are as far outside Lewis Carroll's range as Lewis Carroll's nonsense is outside Grahame's."

A lonely woman in Arizona, selling books to tourists, used "The Wind in the Willows" as a means of separating tourists from real persons. "I can always tell a real person," she said, "by the look that comes into his eyes when he sees 'The Wind in the Willows' in the center of my table. I do not need to ask his name or anything about him; but I know at once that he is one of the elect, who love the loveliness of words."

Grahame wrote largely for word effects—in sound. In his own words:

"A certain amount of what a countryman of yours called 'life' must go into the making of any page of prose. The effort is enormous. A sentence that is easy to read may have been difficult to put together. Perhaps the greater the easiness in reading, the harder that task in composition. But language—before this ancient world grew up and went astray—was intended to be spoken to the ear. We are living now in an eye-minded age, when he who runs may read and the average person glimpses his daily reading on the run. What is the use any longer, of toying with the pleasurable agony of attempting stately sentences of English prose? Apart from you and myself, who sit alone upon this ancient barrow, there are not more than six men in the United Kingdom who have inherited an ear for prose. I would set Austin Dobson at the top of the list. He is endowed with a delicate and dainty sense of rhythm. Rudyard Kipling knows his King James Bible, and that means very much—now that John Ruskin has passed away."

"A large amount of what Thoreau called life went into the making of many of those playful pages. To toil at making sentences means to sit in doors for many hours, cramped above a desk. Yet, out of doors, the wind may be singing through the willows, and my favourite sow may be preparing to deliver a large litter in the fullness of the moon."

And this brings us to an amusing—unusual—idiosyncrasy of Grahame. Animals, he liked better than he liked most people; because animals are always true to their nature—they never lie.

Several other names are closely linked with Grahame's. Stevenson also had the ability to make majestic music with his words. He also wrote recollections of childhood for the grown-ups' enjoyment. Going farther back, we arrive at the source of Grahame's work—Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality—there lies the keynote of all Grahame's writings—his theme, his philosophy—that children are the only real living people in this world.

—Emily Landis.

## YOU NAME IT!

Someone has said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But when the object is at hand any name is superfluous. It is in the absence of the rose that one gets a delightful whiff of sweet odor at the mention of the name.

Just run over casually a few names—out loud—and conscious of your nose—what do you smell? Does not a vocal roast beef dispell a little of the disagreeable paint odor so prevalent at B. S. T. C.? Does the intonation of lilacs incur no nose-reaction? Won't your nostrils fairly jump half-way to meet the sound of cedar or evergreen?

Suppose one were to point to a perfectly-made wax rose, and say "maba." Your nose would just turn up and say, "oh, yeah?" It smells like nothing to me.

Yes, names are valuable—perhaps not in themselves; but a symbol, we must remember, becomes pretty darn real and suggestive after we have lived with it for a lifetime.

SIDE GLANCES FROM SHIP-  
PENSBURG TRACK MEET

One of our acquaintances at the dance Saturday evening was none other than Miss Giles who is visiting Shippensburg. Much credit is due to her for the dancing partners our boys had. If you don't think so ask Line.

\* \* \* \*

The reason Kessler was disgusted after the dance is a good one indeed. It seems that after he had arranged to escort one of the fairer sex home he found out she lived seven miles from Shippensburg.

\* \* \* \*

Will someone please explain to the track team the difference between gravy and salad dressing. Larish, Mericle, and Karshner ate the entire contents of the salad dressing dish and then tried to explain how wonderful the gravy was.

\* \* \* \*

Somebody has to lose whenever a game is played but Litwhiler doesn't think it was right that he had to get the worst of the bargain three times during the Paul Jones dance.

\* \* \* \*

Another State Meet has passed, but the memory lingers on. All we can say in conclusion is that despite all the "boners" they made, Bloomsburg did not fail to please the girls.

## WALLER HALL

Ask any girl on third floor Waller Hall and she'll swear on a stack of Bibles that King Kong, Frankenstein and Mr. Hyde are regular Alice's in Wonderland compared to the creature that roamed through these ancient halls last week. The "Ting," a horrible specter, minus teeth and swathed in a white counterpane spread tears and hysterics from one end of the dorm to the other. Detectives have been on the case for some time trying to solve the mystery. Of course, we have our suspicions as to what it is, but none of us are brave enough to speak. Many think that the "Thing" is of Wagnerian origin. Anyone wanting a further description of it, please see Tillie. Her knowledge of the subject is amazing.

Which reminds us that a notice should be sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Try as we may, we cannot get used to seeing poor little mice dropped from third or fourth floor windows, smothered in waterbaskets, or drowned in the sink. However, we also cannot become accustomed to being wakened at 3:00 or 4:00 A. M. by Minnie and Mickey who are chewing up our best hats and slippers, rollicking in our wastepaper baskets or playing hide and seek around our furniture.

And furthermore, there should be some torture chamber invented for the ladies who delight in dropping a dead rat down your neck or on your bed.

We still hear about the Bucknell Frosh who came to a fair lady here and asked for a trophy to take back with him. We hope the Christmas wreath was satisfactory.

Also, we must warn the third floor blondes that Bucknell is well informed concerning them.

Incidentally the current song hit in the dorm is "Stormy Weather." (Credit due to Mr. Weathermen for the inspiration.)

We also wish to say that in the recent Junior Chamber of Commerce chapel program, the guide was so busy explaining the adding machines and typewriters that he quite forgot the rest of the stage set.

Acknowledgement is due the Waller Hall Office Furnishing Co., for the stenographers used in the presentation.

## DAY BOYS' NOTES

No longer does the sound of happy voices issue forth from the Day Room. Now that spring is here and the young men's fancies are lightly turning to thoughts of love, the fellows have forsaken the peace and solitude of their beloved room and are seeking "the wide open spaces." Until next year when the cold wind again starts to whistle, the Day Room will be forgotten; its chairs will remain unoccupied, and the sound of hurrying footsteps will no longer be heard.

: : : :

Troy: Do you know what your one great defect is?

Pupil: I simply can't think.

Troy: Right, but I didn't think you'd acknowledge it.

: : : :

If Uneceda is a biscuit, what is an ice-pick? A hard water cracker!

If a Marcel is a curl, what is an iceberg? A permanent wave!

: : : :

After a recent survey, it was discovered that most of the day boys' idea of a great country is a land overflowing with milk-maids and honeys.

: : : :

A professor at a large eastern college says that college students are superior in mentality to Mongolian idiots. It might seem funny, but some of our day boys (not telling who) are even disputing this statement.

: : : :

While eating lunch the other day, Bob Abbott, upon noticing that the bread eaten by Sheldon Kingsbury was buttered on both sides, questioned the consumer concerning the matter. He was very much surprised when Sheldon promptly replied, "What does it matter? I eat both sides." Perhaps Sheldon likes everything in double quantities.

: : : :

Sam Cohen and Carl Getz have announced their new song hits. Here are some of them:

"Parachuting Nellie Home"  
"In the Zooming, O My Darling"  
"My Bonnie Flies Over the Ocean"  
"After the Fall is Over"  
"The Side Slips O'er New York"  
"On a Skycycle Built for Two"  
"Nobody Knows How High I Am"  
"Moter of Mine"  
"Airly We Roll Along"

: : : :

## Recipe for Happiness

One cup of common sense  
Half cup of justice  
One and one-half cup of love  
Sift in one and one-half teaspoons of mutual confidence, two large portions of sense of humor, beaten with wit and nonsense. Bake in modern oven of warm approval, and ice with generous appreciation.

: : : :

"So long till next year."

SENIORS BEGIN WEEK  
OF MANY ACTIVITIES

Continued From Page One

Alumni and a college team is scheduled for the afternoon.

## Baccalaureate Exercises

On Sunday, May 28, the graduating class will assemble for Baccalaureate Exercises in the college auditorium. Rev. S. A. Harker, of the First Presbyterian Church, will deliver the sermon.

## Commencement Exercises

The graduating class will assemble for the last time on Monday, May 29, at 10:00 o'clock, when they will receive their diplomas. The Commencement speaker this year is Dr. William John Cooper, U. S. Commissioner of Education. Dr. Haas will confer degrees upon those who have completed the four-year courses and certification to those who have completed the two-year courses.

All Seniors will be excused from classes on Wednesday, May 24, at noon. Members of the Senior class are expected to attend a meeting at 1:00 o'clock Wednesday, May 24, in the auditorium.