

KISTLER CANCELS SPRING VACATION

Thunderous applause resounded throughout Taylor Chapel last night when Raymon Kistler, dietitian of Beaver College, announced that the Spring-Easter vacation would be cancelled.

Yes, fellow students, now it can be told. It was with deepest regrets that Ray was forcing his harem to vacate his domain. And it was such a sad, somber group of girls who were almost ready to leave. Only one person wanted to leave and that was Miss Hennessey and she left last year.

A symposium interview was conducted. The question: "Would you care to have a Spring-Easter vacation?"

SENIOR: I have only three more months of this heaven, please let me stay.

JUNIOR: I'm sure my room and board money covers this proposed vacation week. I simply refuse to leave.

SOPHOMORE: Why be bourgeois peasants and go home for Easter? Let's stay here and show Alma Mater where our heart really is.

FRESHMAN: Go home? No, I mean

really, it's been too, too divine and actually what can I gain? Come on, Ray, shape up, sit back and relax, I'm here to stay. Zooty.

But Raymon insisted, "No, you've got to take a break, kids. You look completely haggard and worn out. Anyway, we want to do a redecorating job in the dorms and this would be as good a time as any to do it.

But those of us who work intimately with Ray know the real truth. Raymon Kistler, dietitian of Beaver College, was afraid of a food shortage. And something had to be

\$1000.00 Will Be Given Away, Easy To Win

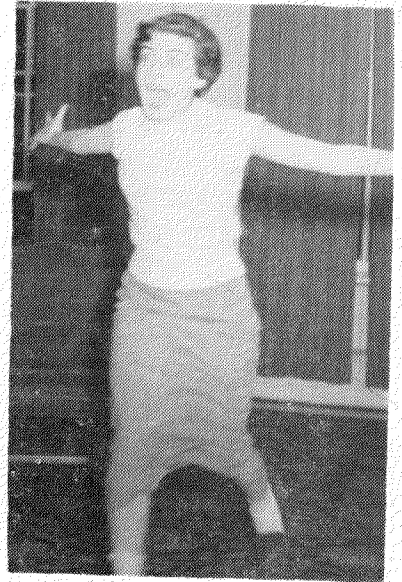
Sorry, we didn't get the story.

done.

The girls were rebellious; it did look as if they would not leave. No one was wiring home for car fare. Not one girl made out her Spring vacation card. The situation was getting desperate . . . and then it happened.

A. J. Whiting, president of Beaver College, was taking one of his daily tours through the catacombs under Beaver Hall when he found it. Found what, ahh . . . the long lost shipment of Dorothy's Relish and several boxes of frozen camel meat. "I must tell the honorable dietitian," said president A. J. Whiting, "I must tell Ray."

It was 2:00 in the morning but a fire alarm summoned the girls to a special SGA meeting in Taylor Chapel. Ray hopped up on to the stage. "The Spring-Easter vacation is cancelled, I believe," he exposed to his rapt audience, and thunderous applause resounded throughout Taylor Chapel etc. etc. etc.



After Hearing that vacation was called off.

1950, Saturday, April 1, 1950 BEAVER COLLEGE, JENKINTOWN, PA. VOL. XVI, NO. 15

Beaver News

Grab A Napsak, John 'n Jack Say

Plans are being made for the thirty-fifth annual Hathaway-Wallace trip to Glenside, Pa. The excursion is one of the many summer school courses offered at Beaver (listed in the catalog as B. S. 739 "We'll Be Back With John and Jack.")

Because of the growing popularity of this annual tour, John W. Hathaway, art professor and authority on the commercial aspects of art in the Glenside shopping area, and John Wallace, professor of economics and the cost of argyle socks, have announced that the trip will be divided in two sections. The Northeastern route, via Greenwood

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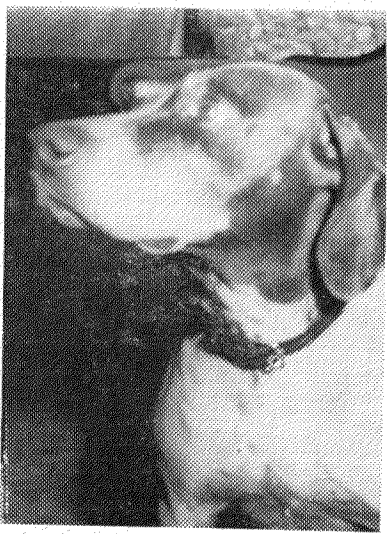
Avenue, will make stops at the Wyncote Grammar School, the housing projects, and Curtis Arboretum. Those students taking the Southwestern tour, via Easton Road, will make studies of the Pizza Place, Glenside Grammar School, Glenside Delicatessen, and the Keswick-on-

Bucky Makes It As Chapel Roars Approval

J. Reginald Buckworth Taylor, known familiarly to the girls here at Beaver as Bucky, spoke in assembly last week. Having attended many assemblies without being able to unload his mind, he was given the opportunity, according to William Neely, chairman of the maintenance committee.

Bucky, who spoke on the subject of his narrow escapes from the present spinach and spare-rib wars here on campus, has attended Beaver for many years. Besides working for his B. S. degree (Beat Slaters), Bucky also doubles as a vacuum cleaner and traffic circle in Beaver lobby and a garbage incinerator in the Chat—thus earning his own tuition.

The theme of Bucky's talk was justifying the ways of the dining room system to the girls—at least we think this was it—the melodious romantic sounds of the 2:18 drowned out a good part of the keynote sentence. A minor flaw in the program was the fact that the loud speaker system picked up the



Bucky makes an important point.

Felta Sorta Hi Tosts Members

FESH, the campus society for the preservation of ancient tongues, will incite three scholars of lower Latin cultures today.

Beebee Bergenstuenen, sexy Prexy of FESH (Felta Sorta Hi) at the last meeting in 19 roaring 20 B. C. divulged Sinnie Minn'e, Citargethill, and Weasel Neezel as the most probable suspects for the 1950 inquisition.

The two new unmentments which were posted for a period of 2000 years according to the FESH institution will go into effect at the meeting. They are: all members of the FESH 1000 and I night life group shall wear ankle length hemations not less than two feet above the fibula-tibia; and all FESHES shall take the three minute course in Sanskrit before taking the Felta Sorta Hi bar exam.

The high purpose of FESH is clearly indulgence. Provoking the ideals of temperance and scholarly ineptitude, this antique clique will continue to activate.

John 'n Jack and Bucky Taylor all took a walking trip over to page 6.

GOING HOME?

Give them our best.

SAR Searches For CT on BC

We received a letter not so long ago from the Sons of the American Revolution asking us to report to them any apparent or unapparent communistic activities going on in the college, or any communistic doctrines being spread, via lectures, in classrooms. This is a very noble gesture on the part of that elite group to offer to help Congress out.

Of course, our guess is that they want to stay elite. Communists advocate revolution, and if that should happen the SAR's would have competition . . . to say nothing of the confusion it would create. How mortifying it would be for a dyed-in-the-wool SAR, or even a DAR, to be asked, "Which revolution?"

But it did start us thinking. First, there is Dr. John Wallace, Ec prof, and his red tie which he wears quite frequently . . . and he's been going back and forth to Europe riding behind skirts every place. Then there is Mr. Benton Spruance, Chief of the Art department, and his red tie. Also Spruance has slides, which he shows his classes, of all the major works of religious architecture, which edifices he may be studying so that he can blow them up.

Then we found Dean Fowler favoring the suggestion that there be one major drive for a campus community chest, the funds to be divided equally among the major charities. We also overheard Dean Higgins talking with a department chairman and she said something about getting Marx in before the end of the quarter. And then we thought of the hullabaloo made around here about a May Day celebration. And then Dr. Matheson made a remark in an English Novel class that went like this, "All these books should be Red." Then there are the more obvious things like the Russian dressing we get in the dining room, and the students who are here on a five-year-plan, but don't find it out until the end of the fourth year.

We thought over all this information carefully, realizing that it is in these subtle ways subversive and evil doctrines seep into a free way of life. So we sent the above report to the SAR's. But we deleted Dr. Wallace's name . . . they'd never investigate him, once he showed them his capitalistic argyles.

Da Theater

We attended the movie version of *Paradise Lost* last week. This story is adapted from a poem by John Milton, a newcomer to Hollywood, whose success there is dubious. The story is, for one thing, highly unoriginal. When you see the picture, you'll have the feeling that you've heard the story someplace else. However, despite the trite plot, Alan Ladd, as Satan, is adorable.

We've seen many such pictures about frontier life and trail blazers but this one really got us. It was a howl the way Satan pranced around full of the Devil; the way the mayor acted so Holier-than-thou; Eve was a pain in the side; and Adam acted as if he was the first man to ever fall in love. It's all rather dull because life just isn't like that.

Satan is the cowboy from Down Yonder who upsets things in the frontier town of Eden. Particularly bothered by him are Adam, played by Clifton Webb, and his wife Eve, played by Betty Grable. Arthur Treacher is starred as the mayor of the town Above. It seems that the mayor kicked Satan out of town to Down Yonder, and set up Addie and Evie in Eden. Satan makes them drink the forbidden apple jack—(The mayor is Temperance) — and thenceforth they have to wander the prairies. We leave them about to go out on the prairie to raise Cain.

Beaver News

Published Bi-Monthly by Doubtful Members of the student (Pardon the expression) body.

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The "Beaver News" is a publication by and for the Beaver Students and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the administration (bless their little hearts) but once in a while their viewpoints come seeping through.

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Pest-In-Chief . . . Barbara Reinhold. Managing Everything but the "Beaver News" . . . Suzanne Cooney. Contributing her 2 cents . . . Nat Brooks.

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Faculty headache . . . Belle Matheson

Business headache . . . Elaine "Moneybags" Gravino

Get Careless Answers To Care-Less Question

In a recent survey, conducted recently by our recent news reporter, only one person answered a definite yes when asked the world shaking question "Could you care less?" Most persons interviewed didn't care less about caring less and were unable to express a definite opinion. The following are some of the answers received.

Miss Mary Fowler, Dean of Students—I am unable to answer this question at the moment as it is not on the calendar. I'll have to think it over. You understand don't you? I mean, you have to look at both sides of the question. However, I'll call a meeting of the Could You Care Less Committee and send you a report in your mailbox. And in the future, would you stop in my office a few days ahead of time so that I can put it on the calendar? You do understand, don't you? Let me think about it for a while.

Dr. Raymon Kistler, President of the college—It doesn't matter to me if you believe you could care less or you believe you couldn't care less, as long as you believe something, but you've got to have a belief.

Dr. Belle Matheson, professor of English: Coming now to the question of could you care less, I didn't sleep all last night thinking about it. Of course, everybody in the whole world must be wondering about it.

But I simply don't know how people have lived this long without knowing the answer. Don't go without finding out. Do you think it's going to snow?

Dr. Frank Scott, college pastor: That's a very interesting point, very interesting. When I was in China the Chinese had an expression "toy" which meant "frankly, I don't know." What do you think about this? It's very interesting, isn't it? I just mentioned this for what worth.

Mr. Carl Schwartz, Postmaster (this interview is not exactly word for word as the interviewed spoke too rapidly; in fact, we caught at a busy time when he was changing a dime for one of the students so his answer, though rapid, very brief.) Come back when you're not so busy.

Natalie Brooks, '50, president S.G.A.

April Welsh '50, our own Theta Beta—That's an intense question. It's, it's, it's bigger than all of her side. It's it's too vast a problem to be sure. The answer must come from the very depth of our souls. It's it's (I don't know) time and space do not permit.

Phyllis Joan Mayer '50, 'Log' Epsilon — According to parliamentary

April First Comes, Can't Last Forever

You are sleeping soundly. Far off in the distance you hear your roommate's voice saying, "Arabelle, awaken! You have three minutes to make your first class." Without opening your eyes you spring out of bed, wash, and dress in two minutes flat.

Then you open your eyes and notice your roommate lounging and laughing hysterically. You look out the window and are faced with pitch darkness. You look at the clock and it says 5:01 o'clock. Before you have a chance to ask any questions or demand an explanation your roommate screams, "April Fool," rolls over and goes back to sleep.

Let's face it. April 1 has arrived. Practical jokesters creep out of their holes like ground hogs only to drag you down with them. And so the ball starts to roll for the day. There are many who probably wouldn't stoop to such pranks, but once they have been made the butt of a joke the bug bites them and they off.

There is no cure for this disease even in an Atomic age. You must grin and bear it, the day doesn't last forever. And as April comes to a close you undo your knotted pajamas, climb into your "frenched" bed, put your head on your pillow which has sneezing powder on it, and good night—Gesundheit!

cedure we must have a quorum before we can move the previous motion. It's out of order, anyway. Lollie Illingworth '50, chairman of parties for the Key and Cue

— Yes, I could care less, because I care so very much now. We would all have spirit and pep, we would all care a great deal, because after all, it's biggest, it's bestest, it's the best. That's all.

— Ed. note: She dined on for three days, then said and walked off.)

GA Haggles Over Clothes

Campus dress was the most debated subject at the F.G.A. Faculty Government Association meeting last Wednesday evening at the home of Dr. Symon Kistler, president of F.G.A.

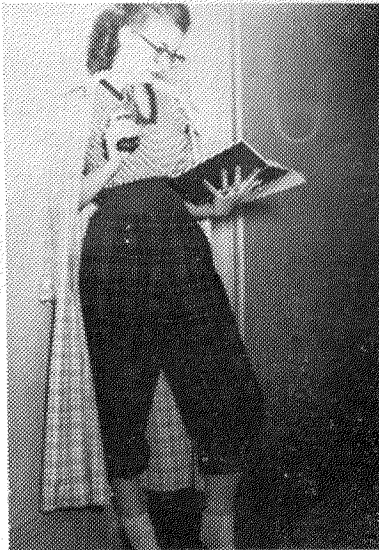
The majority of the opinion favored skirts, blouses, and socks for the women faculty, slacks and sweaters or sport shirts for the men. Another popular suggestion was jeans and tailored shirts for both sexes. However, campus dress code number 107 of pamphlet 52 in which Miss D states that "neither teachers nor students are permitted any garment on campus that is conducive to real comfort."

Miss Mary E. Wheatley, librarian, spoke in favor of sneakers for teachers as well as for the entire student body.

Candy and pop-corn sales, an entertainment night (with admission charges!), dances, threatening letters, forgery, and blackmail were suggestions submitted to the F.G.A. to raise money for the new building, to be completed in 1953. It was decided that the first method to be adopted would be the "threatening letters" to Beaver alumnae, friends, and parents of students.

A new point system was presented to the faculty. Under the present plan students are requested to sit ten minutes for a teacher, 15 minutes for the head of the department, after the bell has rung before the class is legally dismissed. The new plan, submitted by the students, requires the teachers (and heads of departments) to wait ten minutes for freshmen and 15 minutes for upperclassmen, after the bell rings before starting recitations. After a lengthy discussion it was decided to amend the motion and sit 15 minutes for all freshmen and 20 minutes for all upperclassmen after the bell, before taking attendance.

Dr. John Wallace, foreign correspondent for F. G. A., gave a report on Beaver's economic status in relation to that of other U. S. colleges.



The Well Dressed Girl On Campus

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Senior Art Majors Live Together In Highland

All the senior art majors moved into Highland Hall for the remainder of the semester. They are (in no particular order, art majors never are): Peg Mitchell, Kathy Faggen, Mollie Illingworth, Norma Perkins, Jane Willis, Libby Flanagan, Betty Bunjevac, Emma Gant, Shirley Mills, Mary Lou Morris, Phyllis Konvalinka, Connie Schaengold, and Jane Wearn. This dangerous move is to fulfill the requirements for the fine arts curriculum. Mr. Benton "Pithy Lithy" Spruance, head of the department, and his wife will supervise.

The girls will all share the responsibility of taking care of the house and meals. Says Mr. Spruance, "Since Beaver graduates are supposed to know not only how to live but also how to make a living, (or is it just the opposite) we want the girls to be full-fledged artists before they leave. Six weeks of living together and sharing the duties will prepare these girls more than adequately for life as artists. They will see what it is like to be a starving artist living in some hovel, far removed from everyone. Yes, I can see it now, they will be prepared for life, and Mrs. Spruance and I for . . . a rest, shall we say?"

Beaver Swim Team

WINS!

The Fenton-coached swimming squad swamped the Swarthmore team 50-1. The Swarthmore phys. eds. just didn't stand a chance against the varied group of Beaver mermaids at Beaver's new pool on the Grey Towers campus.

Star of the meet was Dolores "Dilly" Halteman '50 with her cannon-ball. Dilly won first place on this difficult dive (degree of difficulty 3.6) with especially high rating from the judges, breaking an all-time high record in the height of the splash which reached 20.5 feet as compared to her last year's record of 20 feet. Swarthmore's Jill Morrel made only a 10-foot splash, and very low rating on her spotty diving. Morrel got only a rating of 3 on her full twist with a layout as she forgot to point her toes.

The Greenstone twins '50, Joan

and Lois, placed first in the 150-yard sidestroke relay. With Joan swimming the first leg, Mary Fisher was scheduled to swim the second leg and Lois to swim anchor. The Swarthmore swimmers got a little ahead of Joan who lost her nose clips and had to submerge to find them, thus losing time, but she recovered them in time to finish the leg just ahead of Dottie MacHaines, Swarthmore's anchor man. The judges were a little confused by the twins, and gave Beaver first place.

Ginny Fulmer '51 and Eleanor Butzko '51 were first and second respectively in the free-style, using a unique form of the doggie paddle. In the foam and fervor of their splashing, the Swarthmore swimmers lost their way and were disqualified for swimming in the wrong lanes. Fulmer and Butzko, in a true artistic fashion, kept in a straight line the entire length of the pool.

The sad part of the meet, for Beaver, was the breast-stroke. Jane Kennedy '50, Beaver's star, dived in and made her two laps in the record time of 10 seconds. Janie climbed out of the pool, groped for her glasses, and discovered—she'd swum the width of the pool instead of the length.

The most exciting part of the meet was the aftermath. The jubilant victors tossed Coach Doris Fenton into the pool in true aquatic fashion only to learn she couldn't swim.

Coach Fenton struggled furiously as her high-top sneakers and her knee length gym bloomers filled with water and threatened to pull her down for the final time. The swimming team, with tear-stained cheeks, watched helplessly — they had already let the air out of their water wings. Then, as the struggling coach sank for the third time, Mary Jaynes, the 15 year old daughter of one of the judges, whipped out her Junior Life Saving Badge, jumped into the freezing water, and heroically rescued the victim.

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Music Notes - (Get it, Music . . . Notes)

A senior music major, identity unknown, will present her recital in Taylor chapel next Friday. Her first selection will be a piano piece by Cole Porter. She will be accompanied by the steam pipes in Taylor.

Her second arrangement will be for a cello, but since she doesn't play the cello she will try the violin, accompanied by the Reading Railroad.

Her third arrangement will be an aria from La Boheme . . . the audience will move to the Chat for effect and background.

This particular music major has had many requests to sing so low, especially "Far, Far Away."

For Autographs



Dr. Scott Calls For Blind Dates.

Rickey Brawl Boasts Fine Fun For Fee

Rice cakes and cranberry juice will be free for the begging, borrowing, and even pleb'an stealing at the faculty-sponsored St. Vitus Dance

which will be held Sunday evening, April 5, in the Lower, not Upper Chatterbox. Dr. Frank Scott, professor of Purl 1 and Knit 2, has been announced as chairman of the dance, which is held triannually for the benefit of aged homo sapiens and animals of Beaver.

Dancing will begin at 10:30 p.m. and continue until the first toots of the 8:25 a.m. bus are heard. Music, music, music, will be provided by "Hot Lips" Curry and his divine dozen.

Mr. "Romeo" Hathaway, instructor in art of Fashion in North America, is in charge of entertainmen, which will feature a chugga lugging contest between 2, 4, or even 6 prominent members of the faculty.

Mr. John Slater, culinary genius, will be in charge of refreshments which besides including the aforementioned beverages will include rice cookies, and for an extra special, delicious, delightful treat, rice, yes rice pudding.

The highpoint of the evening will be the pinning of the new queen—bowling pin, that is, by last year's queen, Mrs. "Dorothy Hart" Matz '25, instructor in French "culture."

Chaperones for the evening include Mary Barnum, Dorothy Dutcher, and Sally Slye.

Dress will be semi-formal, with the majority who have already bought their tickets deciding that clothes would be most suitable for the occasion, but of course everyone can make his own choice.

Door prizes consisting of one free ride on a Beaver bus, an extra apple whip dessert, and permission to wear tap shoes in the library will be offered. Tickets will be on sale from now until doomsday, so get them while you can.

Calibre Of Events

THEATRE

The Noel Coward Story — Noel Coward Theatre—under the inspired direction of Noel Coward—Stars Noel Coward.

The Playboy of the Western World —any Penn fraternity performance, any Saturday night about 8:30.

The Hairy Ape—The Bronx Zoo —by P. T. Barnum—Stars Lassie (who doesn't go home).

Lawnmower Becomes Electric—Public Lighting Works—It'll mow you down.

CINEMA

The Trial — Your neighborhood movie—occurs every performance.

The Upright Statue—Prince — a moving psychological melodrama packed with suspense, foreshadowing, irony, denouement, satire, epic similes, digressions, procession of mourners—it's "good theatre."

MUSIC

The Zither Society— Rendezvous —Where's the "third man"?

The Chamber-maid Society of Lower Basin Street — first selection will be "Rag Mop."

A. S. Farenwald

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See You Around THE CAMPUS

Dr. R. Kistler has promised 30 acres and a mule to anyone contributing to the fund to bring the Grey Towers campus over to Jenkintown.

And, while we're talking about the new campus, a fellow called us the other day and volunteered to carry the other campus over here piece by piece with his bare hands. We didn't pay any attention to him because we knew he was a crank... said his name was Hercules or some such.

Student Council has decided to do away with all of its paper work. Henceforth students may tack themselves up to the Bulletin boards for no longer than one hour if they wish to say anything. A student who is campused will be notified by a patrol which will be stationed at strategic dors... just as the student is about to leave for her weekend.

Of course, the more we think about it, we realize just how involved this lack of paper is going to become. But the situation will be alleviated, because announcements will be made in the dining room. And to insure quiet while they are being read, (pardon, recited from memory,) no talking any of the three meals will be permitted. And this is where we wish to make our devastating point.

WE ARE GOING TO BECOME
A RACE OF MUTES.

Look at the situation. You get up in the morning and you're tired to say anything. You go to breakfast and no talking is allowed. After breakfast you dash off to class, where there is certainly no talking. Then lunch and no talking. Then more classes and guess what you can't do. Then dinner and more announcements. Then Chapel and everyone knows that talking has always been forbidden in chapel. And after chapel it is quiet hot for the rest of the night.

We think that Student Council has gone just a little too far in their search for simplification. Everything is so simplified around here that it's getting to be that we just can't live. Oh, for the old days when a couple of things took a little effort.

And then, we really can't ignore the economic implications of the move. If this idea is given over to NSA, and if the NO PAPER WORK PLAN should go into effect, it will knock the bottom out of the paper business, to say nothing of what the lumberman's union is going to have to say. What will they say? Why T-I-M-B-E-R, of course.

Yr. Is Offered n Foreign Land

La Dee Dah, Men's Club Tea

Shhhhh...

Hey! Any of youse goils gettin' tired of the boring life at Beaver? Youse're thinkin' of spendin' your senior year in a foreign country, youse can learn some peachy things in Tenement U., in Brooklyn. Youse gals know where Brooklyn is, right? It's a suboib of Coney Island.

We'll show youse a typical day at T. U. Youse'll be awake in the ayem by a police siren, and youse'll have a neat breakfast of bread and butter. (Editor's note: Why trans-?)

Your foist class will be Focket Cracking 703, led by Tommy G. Bar- v. Once a week youse'll have a

The Men's Club of Beaver College held their monthly tea on Wednesday, March 29. Much important business was discussed. But, that's really secondary!

Dr. Kistler, while pouring tea, was dressed most appropriately in a stunning navy serge suit with a beautiful wine silk tie. His white on white shirt was a joy to behold. Mr. Anderson, of advertising fame, stated in most adamant terms that it would behoove all the gentlemen to adopt similar dress habits. The military dress was also in attendance. Mr. A. J. Whiting's (Whitey) outfit featured a jaunty

Some one shouts "fire" and you get ready to spit. Some one shouts "library" and automatically the cotton goes into your ears. What to do about that infernal bedlam in the so-called study sanctum? Who's to know? This is definitely a problem, now stated but yet to be solved.

Have you perchance tried to invade Wild Wheatley's Ward recently? First, figures out a way to climb up those steps with an armful of overdue books. They are constantly being kicked out of your arm by the flying legs of stately seniors who spend leisure hours charging up the steep steps and then sliding back down to the ground floor via the hand railing. (Many missed this pleasure in their youth—their childhood dwellings lacking banisters.)

Finally you make it to the top, minus a book and a confiscated "Life" magazine. You open the door and cheery bells play "Hail, hail the gang's all here" and you're in.

Wheatie is in her sound proof cell at the far end of the library, typing out personal memos to gals who wanted to read their books twice but just forgot to renew them. She does not hear the resounding rampage.

Two political science majors are

engaged in a heated discussion at the newspaper table (wooden table with newspapers on it), something about the price of pants in France—a crowd is gathering. I drop my books on the desk. Dr. Scott is taking care of things at the desk today.

I go to the shelves and get "Bobby and Jane at the Circus," and the "Kinsey Report," having first exhibited a pass from Miss Shields, assistant professor of education, which states that I may borrow these books for my student teaching.

I had planned on doing some studying here but breathing was difficult because the cigarette smoke was stale due to improper ventilation. Also the spring issue of "Humor" and "Esquire" came today and many students were enjoying glee at the magazine table, (wooden table with magazines on top).

Wheatie opened her door and shouted for someone to answer the phone but no one heard her. "Shut-up and answer the phone!" she said. But it had stopped ringing, and she crept back into the cell.

Someone wanted me to be a fourth at bridge but I declined saying that I had to go to the Chat to study. What to do? Who's to know...



actice period on Flatbush Ave. students can keep all they get.

Next class is Safe Cracking 12. arley (Fingers) Dugan, who has gae of the longest police records per the country (Sing Sing is his wisma Mater, and he did graduate ik at Alcatraz) is the prof. Stu- ants must provide hairpins, jim- es, etc.

But, goils, we don't have a strict-academic program—youse'll also a charm course, led by B. C. erce. In this rat race, err—class, use'll loin perse, poisonality, how fall gracefully when shot, etc.

After this tough morning, youse ly n's're bound to be tired, so there's hour off for eats. Gruo ain't ved on campus, but each student s a gat, and he's on his own.

he afternoon is taken up with Chap- op Lifting 1785. This'll most likely a snap, 'cause yer pop's prob- y in the racket.

ocial life at T. U. is keen, kids. ce a week there's a dance with brother school, Slop Hill Re- n School. The fellas at S. H. terrif—no kiddin'.

ouse might have guessed by that T. U. ain't no low class, nary, run-of-the-mill establish- nt. Our applicants are carefully ened. With your application, d in two pictures (front and side y), and a letter of recommenda- from your parole officer.

o come to T. U., goils, and the ld is your erster. Tenement Uni- sity is a fine-type finishing ol, and believe us, youse'll be shed when youse leave here!

slouch hat tipped debonairly over one eye. This was a real challenge to the more sedate dress of say

... Mr. Hoffman who, by the way, gets our vote for the well-groomed male on campus. Dr. Dugan, who has recently achieved fame by taking a group, made up of the most part, of E. Z. Ed. majors, to Atlantic City, was seen chatting with Drs. Scott and Cutright. Mr. Golden, the original family man, was showing pictures.

Oh, yes, the business meeting! The Men's Club of Beaver College will sponsor, sometime in the future (men are so indefinite) a cookie sale. It will be for the benefit of ... (ah, they haven't decided). The place where it will be held is ... (I'm sorry, that's to be discussed at the next meeting). However, there is to be a cookie sale. Further information may be received at some later date.

Dr. Wallace was kind enough to consent to bring in his lace collection. The club has been after him for the longest time. At the May meeting, election of the new officers will be held. Anyone who is really interested in the names of the officers at present may inquire at the Alumnae Office or ask one of the members of the club!

ANY RESEMBLANCE IN THIS PAPER TO REAL PERSONS, PLACES, AND THINGS IS INTENTIONAL.

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Lectures will be lectured every morning from 6:00 a.m. to 6:23 a.m., and for the rest of the day the students will make their own studies. In this way it is felt that each girl will earn the 128 credits given for this course. At the end of the trip, each student will be asked to write a thesis on the subject "Why I Like This Town Better Than Any Other Town," in seventy-three thousand words or more, and submit it, with their passport, to John and Jack for grading.

Other faculty members touring Glenside will be Mary Fowler, dean of the Calendar, Big Ed Anderson, professor of Advertise Yourself, and Betty Snyder, Freshman house-mother.

Alums Gather From All Over The Universe

Beaver Alumnae from all over swamped the Beaver campus for a grand and glorious weekend at their Alma Mater.

The 15 Alumnae from three different cities, Philadelphia, Trenton, and New York, representing all parts of the United States, gathered here to relive their college days.

Said Ethel "Honey-Bun" Madid 1898, "It's just soo much fun to see all the girls again. We girls never have a chance to get together to talk over those foolish foolish college days. And we each slept in our own beds, and you know, not a thing has changed a teensy bit. I still found that cute little hole in my mattress to stick my feet in, and there's still that broken spring that I just never would let the carpenter fix because it kept me from sleeping on my back and snoring."

The Alumnae had a meeting in the morning followed by a tempting little luncheon served in the dining room. The menu included: eskimo's delight, spinach and cold potatoes a la king on toast tips, assorted breads, and surprise pudding. "Yes," sighed all the nostalgic alumnae, "things haven't changed a bit".

Engaged!



Completely Lost Her Head.

Win And Get Beat, Or Lose And Get Burned

A new and simplified method of voting has been devised by Nominating Council. On the day of elections candidates will line up in front of the fireplace in Beaver Hall. As each student strolls or runs through the lobby, she will only have to point casually at the candidate of her choice.

As each candidate gets the finger, she will advance progressively. The first one to hit her head on the door opposite the fireplace will be the winner. She may then take office immediately, and can just keep banging her head against the door or any convenient wall. Of course, if she's smart, she'll just open the door and keep walking . . . down the hill and onto the first train.

Losers will, for the first time in Beaver's history, be compensated. A fire will be going in the fireplace and they can stick their heads into the fire. This will give them all the effects of winning, even though they have lost.

The old system of balloting, whereby a voter checked her choice numerically (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 9½, etc. etc.) was done away with when it became evident that it was conducive to dirty politics. This was first suspected when a large group of voters listed their 605th choice, and it was discovered that there are only 604 students in the school.

The change in election methods naturally required a change in the constitution, and any similarity that document now bears to the original

is purely an oversight and the result of poor leadership. There has been a special committee at work, going over the document with a fine-combed tooth, and any original clause which has not in some way been altered, will be worked upon.

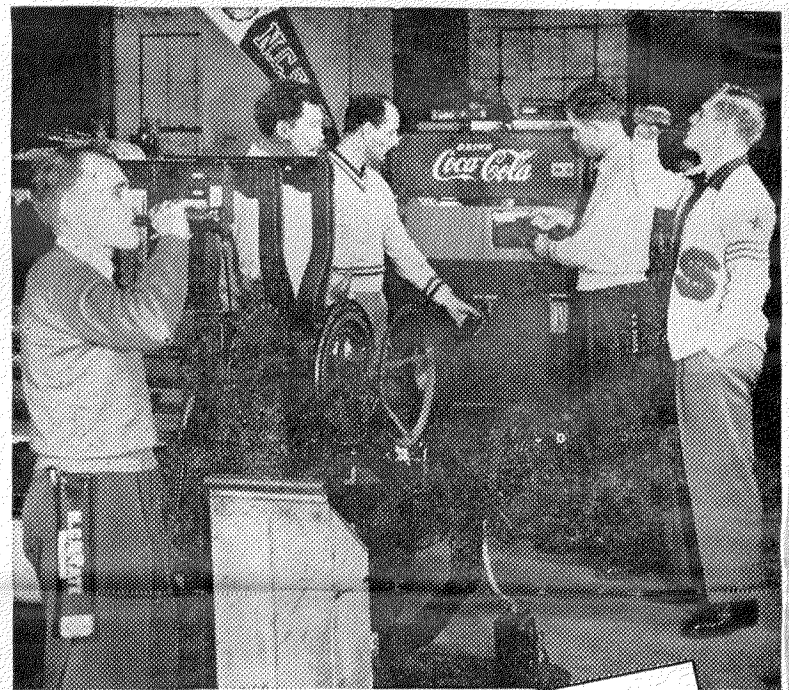
CUPON!

Cut out and Send.

LOOKING FOR BUCKY'S SPEECH?

rhythmical thud of the speaker's nervous habit of beating the floor. Also Mr. Taylor was not quite sure what the use of the microphone was, but after these adjustments, the speech proved spellbinding.

A prominent figure on the campus, Mr. Taylor is chairman of the lobby reception committee, and is always willing to move an ear or foot to preserve someone's equilibrium.



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