



Army Nurse Corps and Lieutenant

State's first woman student to in the Armed Forces, Mrs. Jennie Casey left for Fort Dix May 1. Mrs. Casey, after even previous attempts, has been accepted as a second lieu-



MRS. JENNIE CASEY

nant in the Army Nurse Corps. Mrs. Casey was able to finish her college course since she took part in the accelerated program and unofficially graduated March. She took her R.N. in the Paterson General Hospital several years ago. She practiced nursing as her profession until she entered State in 1939.

After finishing her college course, Mrs. Casey taught for a few weeks in Warren Point school. She taught arithmetic to the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades.

Always active in State Mrs. Casey organized the Robert Morrison Chapter of the Future Teachers of America. She served as president of the newly-formed club for the first year. Her other job was that of chairman of the Budget Revision Committee of the Student Council. Her committee is responsible for the standard budget now used by the Student Council.

When asked for a statement, she said that she'd always had a good time and she expected to have a good time doing her army job now.

Six Scholarships Available For Camping Institute

A resolution asking that the Student Council sponsor partial scholarships for six students at the National Camping Institute at Sussex, New Jersey, was passed by the Council in their special meeting held April 22.

The council set aside \$60 to be divided equally among the six students chosen. This amount accounts for one-third of the total tuition. The administration plans to provide the other two-thirds of the tuition, so the students will have full scholarships.

Dr. Sharp, National Camp Director, spoke about Camping Education in Assembly, April 20. He showed a motion picture taken by the March of Time at National Camp to give the students a view of the activities carried on at the Institute.

Fifteen students applied for the Institute scholarships. A committee of the faculty will choose the six students who will receive the scholarships.

De Leo Writes From Wisconsin

Dear Editor, Faculty and Fellow "Statlers",

"Sustineo Alas," two Latin words meaning "I sustain the wings," is the pledge of every ground crew man of the air corps. He is responsible for the care of our fighting ships, he's to see that nothing goes wrong with any of the planes and also, he is to see that they remain in tip-top condition at all times.

I'm in the radio section of the ground crew, which in turn is sub-divided into operators and radio mechanics. I'm attending the operators school.

I came here at Trux Field on New Year's Eve. Boy! What a cold day; the snow was a foot deep; it must have been 20° below for my hands froze up below.

(Continued on Page 4)

Geography Club Presents Fiesta

A typical day in the life of a Latin American market place is the theme of the assembly program to be presented in School No. 15.

Morning scenes will depict the natives coming to the market place and displaying their wares. Music will be supplied by Catherine Barne, Gwendolyn Llewellyn, and Geraldine Armerding; folk dancing by the ensemble. Even the typical Latin American fiesta will be participated in. During that time singers will entertain their audience. After siesta comes the evening's gaiety—the fiesta features, solo dancing, playing and group dancing.

This final project carries out an annual tradition of the Geography club in presenting assemblies to School No. 15.

Giordano and Miskovsky Chosen Co-Editors of 1944 Yearbook



NORMA GIORDANO



FLORENCE MISKOVSKY

Yearbook plans are underway under the capable co-editorship of Norma Giordano and Florence Miskovsky. The editors were appointed at the Junior class meeting, April 30 by Josephine Basinski. The other editors and committees of the yearbook will be appointed by the editors.

So that the accelerated Juniors will have a part in planning the yearbook, they will plan their share of the work this summer to be approved by the other class in the fall when the regular Juniors will start their work on the publication.

The class of 1943 under the leadership of editor, Evelyn Foote have planned a mono-

graph about the problems of assembling a yearbook which will be available for future classes' use.

Norma Giordano has had many years of journalism experience. Before she came to college, she worked on the Central High School Tatler for four years. She served as editor for two years and was also editor of her classbook. At State she is completing her third year on the BEACON. She started as a reporter, soon became news editor, and is finishing her Junior year as editor-in-chief.

Florence Miskovsky has worked on the BEACON for three years. She writes both news and feature articles and is best known for her poetry.

Christopher Writes Children's Book

One of State's first authors, Jane Christopher has written a children's book.



JANE CHRISTOPHER

The name of the book is "Skeeter". It is the story of a monkey written for small children.

When asked how she came to write a book, she replied that it had been started as a project for her children's literature course, but she became so interested in it that she developed it into a book. A friend, Sergeant O. Marchina illustrated it for her.

Miss Christopher now faces the task of interesting a publisher in her work.

The Marines Are On The Job

I completed my "boat" on March 26 and arrived at my new transfer station on the 27th which happened to be a Marine Air Station, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

Well, you can now realize how fast they do things in the Marine Corps. Also I add the fact that I am now a member of the Marine Corps Aviation. While at Cherry Point, I had my choice of about twelve technical schools to attend for training. I chose quartermaster.

I was then given a classification test, recommended for

(Continued on Page 4)

Experiences In Naval Air Service

Easter morning—services in the Arboretum, (a lovely park) with the carillon chiming out hymns. It's a grand day today, so we'll be flying this afternoon.

I'll say a few words about my training here, and the various phases that may be anticipated.

The majority of Naval Aviation Cadets undergo a long and thorough training which has been increased as to length. The additional training is a pre-flight course, followed by Civilian Pilot training, and then entry into pre-flight school.

Pre-flight is generally for high school boys who need some "brushing up" in academic work. Men with college background start directly in C.P.T. C.P.T. is a two-month course of ground school and flying instruction. Ground school is composed of the following subjects: Navigation, Meteorology, Code, Military Science and Drill, Physical Training, Civil Air Regulations, Physics of Aviation, Math, General Servicing of Aircraft, and Aircraft Identification.

The courses in Pre-flight school are patterned on the same material, being essentially a thorough review. Application to courses in C.P.T. simplify the whole training.

Most of the boys solo their planes (small cribs) in about

(Continued on Page 4)

Juniors To Hold Prom in Gym

Well on their way towards making graduation plans the Junior class has arranged to have a Junior Prom in spite of wartime problems.

However, the Prom will not be the usual expensive formal held out of town but a wartime dance to be held in the college gym. Clothing is to be informal to facilitate transportation problems.

Although the date has not yet been set the Prom will probably be held the last week in May or the first week in June.

To cut down the finances, the decorations and orchestra will not be as ornate as usual but will be carried out with a little money and a lot of cleverness. However, plans are afoot to do away with the manpower problem, so this wartime dance may be as successful as one held at the most exclusive country club.

Josephine Basinski, president of the Junior class has chosen partial committees. They are: Decoration: Lanell Turner, Jeanne Smyth, Harriet Burger, Ruthann Shagin, Harry Lister, Tom Templeton; Publicity: Norma Giordano, Louise Woodruff and Harry Lister.

Private Hall Requests Shannon To Share Letter From Him

Dear Dr. Shannon:

I can imagine that right now you are thinking "Well, it's about time I heard from that boy," and I guess it is. However, I hope that some of the letters I have written have been shared with you in the same manner in which I am sure that you will share this with the faculty and my classmates. Otherwise I am afraid I should never reach anyone.

Here I am on my second post and you can never imagine the difference from the first. Do not think that I am finding fault with Atlantic City, for under the conditions, most of which I am not at liberty to tell you, I think that the officers did a very good job. I think that I was even a little sorry to leave. But I compares very poorly with my new home.

We had quite a trip coming up here. We boarded the train at 2 o'clock on Friday and left Atlantic City at 2:30. We were

given no clue to our destination and therefore spent the largest part of the next 17½ hours guessing where it might be. It was the queerest feeling to be riding merrily on our way without the slightest idea of where we were going. Most of us had the idea it would be Rutgers, a college in Eastern Pennsylvania, or in N. Y. C. However, Rutgers and N. Y. C. seemed eliminated when we passed the switch for Trenton and continued across the Delaware to Philadelphia. I guess it took us more than an hour to get thru the city and during this time factory workers all along the line came out to wave and holler at the train. I received quite a kick out of that for they treated us like conquering heroes, when in reality, we were the most bewildered group you have ever seen.

We continued West and when we passed thru Paoli we were

(Continued on Page 4)

The State



BUY
UNITED
STATES
SAVINGS
BONDS
& STAMPS

Paterson Beacon

NORMA GIORDANO
Editor-in-Chief

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TIME GOES BY

Any of the faculty will tell you that this term the students are late to almost every class. Sometimes too, classes are let out before their time. Most of the time they are let out after the class hour. The troubles are all due to one cause. Every clock in the school runs on a different time schedule. Some are fast, some are slow, but only one or two are right.

Students complain that classes are kept overtime, the faculty complains that they are late, but neither are actually to blame. Can't the clocks be set all together once? If the air raid drills interfere with the time-pieces, why not bring back the old system of ringing bells when periods begin and end? Although the chief objection to the bells was that they made the classes seem too regimented and took away from the students' responsibility of getting to class, the students would prefer to have the bells ringing on the proper schedule and would not be continually at odds with some member of the faculty about being late or being kept overtime. We feel, also, that if the bells were put into use again that the quota of actual tardiness, (not depending upon the clocks), would be lowered.

Time is more precious than ever these days, so let's not spend it arguing about whom it belongs to.

A LINE A WEEK

Have you ever been away from home and your friends for a reasonably long period of time? Perhaps you were at camp—or maybe you were at home but all your friends were away.

You summer campers realize the disappointment of mail call that doesn't include your name. Remember how blue you felt that day there was no letter for you? All your friends stood around reading and exchanging bits from their letters. You felt lost and out of place.

The same thing is true in an Army camp. Mail is always welcome—especially mail from back home. It is one of the biggest aids in building morale. It means so much to the soldier; it is so little a sacrifice for you. All you give is a few minutes of your time, interesting tid-bits of news from around home, and a trip to the post office. Is that asking much of you?

In this issue we have printed experiences written by the fellows from State who have entered the service. Many of them have expressed their desire for letters from former fellow-students. We hope that this issue will arouse your interest. How about dropping a line to those fellows you know. They'll be glad to hear from you, and I'm sure you'll get interesting accounts of army life from them.

Let's make our slogan: At least a letter a week—and live up to it. If you wish an address that doesn't appear in this issue you are permitted to refer to the file of addresses in the reference room. There we have about 125 addresses. Surely you are acquainted with at least one.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

Several more of State's men are leaving this month. In addition to the decrease in enrollment, all phases of the school's social life will be hit and hit hard. The most recent change occurred when the Junior class voted to hold its Prom in the school gym. Next year the changes will be even more noticeable.

So, girls, it's up to you. Are you going to let all of the activities die out due to the lack of men, or are you, going to show that you are clever enough to substitute duration activities that will keep up State's good name as a school where a good time can be shared by all?

Excerpts of Letter Of Lt. M. Lobosco To Miss Abrams

... This "officer job" of mine was difficult at first because I could not readily adjust myself to the new status. Now, however, I'm a little more at ease though at heart I still feel for the enlisted man who used to do KP or guard duty and then used to worry about nothing else till the next day. Second lieutenants, though, are the most expendable items in an army and very seldom is their work ever done.

During this initial phase of training, the bulk of orientation, drilling, hiking and instruction of the recruits falls to the lot of the "shavetails".

Along with this work, however, comes a keen sense of satisfaction in seeing these men gradually become soldiers in the true sense of the word. And they're so earnest and eager to learn that it amazes me! Their fine respect and unquestioned obedience to us officers make me, for one, want to be twenty times as good as I should be in everything that I teach them.

I believe, and I think it is being proved daily all over the world, that the American soldier is the finest of his kind in this was despite the fact that "we" are the amateurs and the enemy comprises the professionals in this game. My hope is that the officers measure up to their job in leading them. We cannot, and most not, let them down.

As I read part of this over, I feel not a little guilty—complaining of my work and problems while thousands just like me are fighting and not a murmur from them. Every once in a while I feel this way and I wish our unit would get in there and do its bit toward ending this thing. Mind you, I'm not anxious to get into trouble but I know of many places where help is needed badly and then, on the same page in a newspaper you read of a guy named Gibson calling a mass meeting in an aircraft factory. In the army it's called desertion in line of duty and for an offense not nearly of such widespread treasonable nature as halting airplane production. Yes, Americans are funny people. And others, also Americans, do their utmost to make or carry those same planes at risk of their lives to points of need. I can't reconcile the two types, can you? Enough of that for now.

I fear, Miss Abrams, that I haven't been very informative so far, so a word of me and my work. My primary job is motors. As in all armored units, the chief concern is the vehicles, be they tanks, trucks, ambulances or jeeps. Though the medical battalion has no tanks we drive them and care for all other types of vehicles of lighter armor than a tank. Of course, besides the motor work, I have many menial administrative, supply and mess duties about the company which quite naturally fall to one of the officers of the company.

I'm looking forward next week regarding one of my duties—that of drawing rations and fuel for the battalion. In order to simulate battle conditions, I must operate at night under blackout conditions with two trucks and find the ration and fuel "dumps" which are going to be changed

(Continued on Page 3)

SERVICE NEWS

April 6, 1943

Dear Norma,

Enclosed is some marine slang that you might like to put in the special edition of the BEACON.

I can't tell you of my immediate duties since they are of such a military nature that it is necessary not to disclose them. It would be dull reading to the average person anyway.

The most interesting part of being out here on the west coast is spending liberties up in Los Angeles and Hollywood on week-ends. The town is overcrowded with would-be actresses and servicemen always have a good time up there. San Diego is about the worst liberty town in the country, too many servicemen there, mostly sailors.

The scenic beauties of southern California are really marvelous to see. The snow-capped mountains, fertile valleys, palm trees, orange groves, the ocean side, etc. are beauties all their own.

Our post is located on top of a mesa and completely surrounded by mountains. When a fellow goes "over the hill" out here he really goes "over the hills".

Well, I'll close with thanking you for the card and also for sending me the BEACON.

Yours truly,

SGT. LEONARD E. DECKER
Ordnance Company
Hdq. Bn. T. C.
Camp Elliott,
San Diego, California

A Brother's Complaint

Sis is going with a Marine, At first it didn't faze us, But now the family's talk is full Of Marines' salty phrases.

We found it rather hard at first To follow all his speech, Since talk is different on board ship

Than it is "on the beach".

For when the time to eat comes round,

He sings out "chow" for food, And always "stows it down the hatch."

Which Grandma says is rude.

When talking during dinner, He talks like other boys,

Except he calls the lettuce "grass"

And celery just plain "noise".

His "salty" talk is slangy, And hard to understand,

He calls the canned milk "iron cow".

And sugar he calls "sand".

His many names for coffee Are certainly a joke,

He calls it everything from "mud",

To "Jo" and plain "Jamoke".

The spinach he calls "Popeye", And Grandma always squirms

For when he have spaghetti, He says, "Throw me the worms".

The chicken he calls "sea-gull", The ketchup is "red-lead",

The waffles are "collision mats", While "punk" is mother's bread.

Fried fish is "Pedro pork-chops", "Sea-dust" his name for salt

When he calls the pepper "fry specks",

Ma nearly called a halt.

He sat beside my father, And looked at Dad and said:

"Say, Mate, Rig in your s board boom. We finally caught on, tho, now are doing fine.

We say "six bells" for th o'clock

When we are telling time, When Ma goes to the city runs down to the stor And someone asks us wh she is, we say s! "Gone ashore".

Sister calls a floor a "deck", To hear her talk is sport,

To her, a roof's an "overhead A window is a "port".

Then, too, if someone g gets "fouled-up"

Or some new trouble come And Dad starts to complain, says:

"Now Pa, don't beat yo gums".

Dad doesn't tie his tie now, Instead he "bends it on,"

While Grandma says the id "shoved off."

In place of "They have gon Ma says Dad's suit is "shl shape"

When the fit is real tip-top, But if it's not so neat she say "That lash-up ain't so hot".

When Pappy goes to work ju now,

We say he's "turning to", Whilst mother "swabs" a never scrubs,

As once she used to do.

The place sure has gone sail Which makes me lots o' trouble,

For when Ma says, "Come her chop-chop",

I go there "on the double".

I wish that Leatherneck woul "weigh his anchor",

And do what I oft think "Point his bow" and "trim hi jib",

And go jump in the drink.

I'm through "bating the breeze And "singing the blues", I'm sure,

So for the once, I'll just "ceas firing",

"Train-in" and "secure".

Albert Reaches West Coast

Dear Norma and Students:

I am now living in Bing Crosby's horse stables at Camp Santa Anita. This place was formerly a big race track, and also was an internment camp for Japs. It is now an Ordnance Training Center. I am detached here from the Air Corps to learn about Aviation Ammunition Supply. I go to school from 7:30 to 5:30 daily, except Sunday and a half day on Saturday. It's not an easy thing going to school in the Army. California hospital-ity is exceptionally wonderful. I've been to see many stars of screen, radio, and stage in near-by Hollywood, Los Angeles, and Pasadena. I will write an article on Army life. So far it is okay!

Respectfully,

SEYMOUR ALBERT
32769100
Co. B 30th Ordnance
Training Bn,
O.T.C. Camp Santa Anita
Arcadia, California.

Beckwith States Job We Can Do

I was pleased to receive your letter concerning a special issue of the BEACON. Perhaps, fortunately, for you all, it is impossible for me to find time just now to supply you with an article . . . If I remember accurately the Spirit of State, you are probably much more interested in what yourselves can do than in what we have to say. Perhaps I can help you there.

My job here is as Medical Supply Officer for the Second Infantry Division. It is a gratifying job in spite of its many headaches. It has given me some little understanding of the difficulty of supplying an army in the field. You undoubtedly know that every battle is a battle of supply. You probably have heard, too, of General Somervell's Services of Supply and the splendid job they are doing in providing ammunition, equipment, food, etc., for our fighting men all over the world. As far as we know, there is only one weak link in that chain of supply and that is where you may help.

Blood plasma is vital to our armed forces—that is clear. It is probably not as clear that the Red Cross blood banks are probably the sole source for this plasma. Become blood donors and see what you can do to increase the rolls of men and women working with the Red Cross in this effort.

Yours very sincerely,
Lt. Robert R. Beckwith
P.S.—Sorry about that snapshot. Cameras are "verboten" here. Perhaps sometime after we get to a new station, if you will remind me, I'd like very much to have a copy of your BEACON to see where my old schoolmates are and what they are doing. My regards to any of the faculty who remember me—perhaps Miss Trainor, Dr. Williams, Dr. Unzicker, Dr. Altender, Dr. Baker and Mr. Karp might. Perhaps also Dr. Jackson and Dr. Thomas.

LT. ROBERT BECKWITH,
2nd Medical Battalion
A.P.O. No. 2
Camp McCoy, Wisconsin

Johnson At Albright College

There are two hundred air students enrolled here at Albright College, Penn. We have taken the girls' dormitories and they have moved into the boys' "Frat" houses. That didn't exactly please them.

We will receive schooling in Aviation plus ten hours of flying time. This is a prelude to Pre-flight School. Our group has been divided into five flights. They are graduated according to their length of stay here.

All new cadets must go to school now. The reason is obvious, too many have washed out at Pre-flight.

The people of Reading accepted us with open arms. We were the first troops to march into Reading since the first World War. We have been under a two-week quarantine since arrival but it will be up this Sunday, then we can stroll thru Reading's streets.

Yours truly,
EDWARD JOHNSON,
7th Training Det.
Albright College,
Reading, Pennsylvania

Todd Finds Army Life Comparable to Civilian Life

April 17, 1943

Dear Norma:

I wish to thank you for the copies of the BEACON (if you were responsible for them). They provide fine reading material and bring back memories of the first three years of my life. Even though the names of students have changed, the faculty and places are still the same.

I have been stationed at Camp Davis since June 1942. From June until August, I was studying for a commission as Second Lieutenant, which came August 21. After a ten-day leave, I returned as an instructor of mathematics in the school and while many changes have taken place, I still manage to remain fairly stable.

The mathematics taught here is of the high school variety, so I sometimes wonder if I am really in the Army. My life here is very similar to my former civilian life at Hawthorne.

I hear from a few P.S.T.C. men and two of them were in my class here at Davis. (Charles Lyons and Ronald Engelhardt). Send my best to the class of '40 the faculty, Gus, Harry, and the fraternity.

Sincerely,
JIM TODD,
1st Lt. C.A.C., Inst.

Pvt. Piccione Builds Soldiers' Morale

I'm in the Finance Detachment, so nothing ever happens to me. Outside of pistol practice, judo lessons, obstacle courses, and 5:00 A.M. reveille, it's pretty tame. In between those activities we have a breathing spell. That is computing and auditing payrolls, discharges, and other financial matters which I cannot discuss with civilians.

Yes sir, the Fighting Finance is the unofficial morale division of the Army. We're the most popular outfit in camp—especially near pay time.

You know it's really great getting the BEACON. It's swell to see so many familiar faces and read the service experiences of some fellows I went to school with. Regards to everyone at school and keep those BEACONS rolling.

Pvt. Joseph J. Piccione,
Finance Office,
Camp Wood, N. J.

Letter From Lobosco

(Continued from Page 2)

nightly at a concealed spot in the woods. The only clue I'll get will be a pair of coordinates on a map which I'll not be able to see at night! My hope is that we get some clear moonlit nights at first, because we can't get too much practice at night work. My last experience at night tank driving is still fresh in mind, and I don't ever want to repeat it—running head on into the side of a concrete bridge and crushing a good deal of it before the tank stopped, is bad enough, let alone hitting something of that nature with a truck . . .

★ STATERS OVERSEAS ★

EXCERPTS OF LETTER FROM SGT. NICHOLAS BEVERSLUIS

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Wightman:

If you can picture a fellow sitting on a chair with his feet dangling in the mud, with several small streams of water running both in the rear and front of his tent, trying to concentrate on a letter destined for the good ol' U.S.A., you have a vague glimpse of yours truly writing this. Less than an hour ago, one of the heaviest rains we've had since we've been here, ceased.



NICHOLAS BEVERSLUIS

There's one thing I've noticed about the weather here in Africa, and that is that it is either hot or cold. There is no in-between, such as we're accustomed to in the early fall or spring. When the sun shines, the heat and glare are terrific; on a gray day there's usually a cold wind accompanied by dampness. Nights are always cold, and in the early morning at reveille, your clothes and equipment are practically wet. Of course, I realize too, that in a month or two we'll be wishing for a cool breeze now and then because people tell me that the heat is intense during the summer time. But then, we may be pushing into France or Italy by that time . . . who knows?

I often think of all of you at school and almost wish I were still there as a student instead of being a prospective teacher. The friendships I acquired during the four years I value highly and one of my big wishes is to meet up with those same people again soon. Three years ago at this time we were up to our necks with the opera, which is one performance I'll never forget. Little did I realize then that at this time I'd be winding up my second year in the army, and at that, some four thousand miles from home. However, I don't regret that one bit either. I rather feel I learned a lot during that time, not so much about teaching, but along other lines of practical experience that you're bound to be faced with in this business.

Right now I am a member of an armored division and am acting as company clerk for its headquarters company. Formerly, we were part of the Western Task Force, which was one of the first to land in these parts. We have been here since about the middle of November, but already our experiences are many. Undoubtedly you have read of our arrival and perhaps know more about some of the highlights than we do. We experienced our first touch of the war by marching and sleeping in heavy mud. In fact, we had not been here more than three hours, having just set up our

bivouac area, when we were greeted by our first real taste of African rain—and how it came down! Curiously enough, we took it, laughed at the conditions, and joked about home—the entire trip over on the boat was made under very adverse conditions, and we laughed then—why not now? That was the common feeling among the men, and that spirit hasn't changed today.

Let me give you a few riffs about the country itself. The cities are curiously modern, the streamlined apartments are nothing short of marvelous—very similar to parts of Florida that I've been in. The Arabs usually wear indescribably dirty rags; soap is unknown to most of them, rationed to the French and Spanish living here. The rich Arabs (very few of them) are clothed in opulent robes with lace cuffs and highly ornamented gold embroidered slippers. Arab women wear veils and ash-colored marks on their foreheads and chins; the children have one long braid of hair on their otherwise shaven heads, so that Mohammed may grab the hair and haul the youngster into heaven at the proper time. Such words as 'good, chewing gum, shoe shine, bonbons, cigarettes', etc., are steadily creeping into their everyday vocabularies, and how they can use them to advantage! Wherever an American soldier walks, he is surrounded by Arab children begging for candy, matches, chewing gum, and other things which to them are luxuries of the highest kind.

The French anticipated our arrival, and have since welcomed us warmly after initial hostilities had ceased. Invitations to visit with them at their homes are many for all soldiers. I have visited several times with a retired colonel of the Spanish army (served with the Republicans during the Spanish Revolution) whose wife is French. With their fair knowledge of English, and my dozen words of French, we have a good time to be sure. This man has told me several times, that just prior to the American's landing, he could sense something was in the "wind"; that some great event was at hand, ready to strike at any time. To think that I was a part of that "feeling" made me rather proud, although my contribution was meager to be sure. Speaking of language difficulties reminds me of one other point. Upon arriving, we all thought that by being totally submerged in French we would be forced to learn the language, but other than what little we have acquired through osmosis, we still speak very little or no French. There is no more embarrassing question than the one, "If you studied French in school, why can't you speak French now?" An answer to that is difficult. Almost everyone here speaks French, Spanish, Arabic, and English—even youths of teen age.

Seriously, I didn't plan to write a book when I started this letter, but there is so much to tell, and so little time to tell it all, that one thing just led to

Excerpt of Letter From Lt. W. Daley To Dr. Wightman

I have received a few "Beacons" for which I am very grateful and I think that publishing letters from ex-Staters is an excellent way of keeping the alumni informed as to the doings and locations of the men in the service. It is most interesting to read those letters. I have received a card from the Editor-in-Chief asking for a letter or article. But since I am neither author nor penman that is a very difficult task. And with your kind permission I will enclose a little information or news which might be interesting to the students. Don't expect much as the censorship is very rigid here.

To the men that are going or will soon enter the service, I say that the Air Force is by far the best branch of the service. Perhaps I am a bit prejudiced, but I think I've a right to be. And being a pilot has many advantages but also disadvantages. It's mostly a game of chance. Some (like myself) are lucky and others lose. The weather here is the worst enemy we have. It's unpredictable and very undependable! . . .

I have seen no enemy action, not because I don't want to but for reasons I can't divulge. It gets rather boring to sit around and wait, and read in the communiques about other pilots I know just raising "hell" with the Japs. But that's part of the game. My turn will come soon. . .

I am also looking forward to visiting you and the College. So keep your fingers crossed for me. Please give my regards to those teachers and others who were unfortunate enough to have me as a student.

WILLIAM C. DALEY,
1st Lt. AAF

Jones Writes From India

Sgt. George Elwood Jones, Jr. writes from "Somewhere in India" to Miss Jeffries:

"I am now entering the season that inspires the best Hindustan poetry. The moonsoon is coming. It is the month of Shrawan and the trees are blossoming. I see rain clouds over the mountains. Hundreds of years ago Kalidas sang of the rain clouds."

Evidently Elwood's keen interest in poetry and sensitivity to beauty has not been dulled by his war experiences.

Before going to India, Elwood spent a year in training at the Army Air Base, Hunter Field, Savannah, Georgia. He went overseas in November, 1942.



★ Buy ★
War Bonds

(Continued on Page 4)

Private Hall Writes To Dr. Shannon

(Continued from Page 1)

sure that we were headed for points West, perhaps Ohio or Indiana, as we recalled the hint of the corporal, who said he had taken a group there three weeks previously and we knew that colleges in that vicinity were being utilized. As we neared Lancaster we became aware of the great difference in soil and terrain from that of southern New Jersey. Instead of flat sandy wasteland, we now saw productive soil and hills. We passed thru Lancaster and Harrisburg and then swung north. Then we were completely puzzled; we even stopped guessing.

We passed thru Summery eating some bread and meat that were called sandwiches, and then thru Williamport in the dusk.

Then to bed in a day coach. If I never do it again it will be too soon. I've slept more comfortably in some classrooms.

I woke up about 2:00 a.m. as the train pulled to a halt. I found that we were in Corning, where we stayed for one-half hour. Up at 5:30 and 7:50 we were told our destination which was rather obvious then. We pulled in at 8:00.

But it certainly has been worth the trip. Often have I heard of the beauty of this section, but never have I seen it before and it is all they say.

We are located at present in a sorority house overlooking a whole street of some, and the campus. Therefore, it is very easy to see that the fellows are having little trouble in obeying our present orders to "Take it easy". Everyone immediately thinks we should receive rest when they hear we are from Atlantic City.

The food has been perfect—in fact much too so, as it doesn't seem it can keep up. We are served grade "A" milk three times daily, the very best meat, and fresh vegetables in any quantity you desire, and all the trimmings.

Inasmuch as we are restricted for two weeks, no one can get to the PX for supplies, so our little room was chosen as the temporary supply room for the 120 men in the building and as a result we are detailed to make their purchases. The eyes of the clerks pop as we buy cartons of cigarettes, tobacco, and candy bars by the box. Right now I am perched on top of my upper bunk atop a heap of merchandise as a milk turmoil seethes below.

No one watches our house (barracks) as we are on the honor system and the fellows have already done much for their own comfort and pleasure. Last night we had an amateur show and tonight a wrestling match.

Just back from supper. Swell meal. The only thing I wish is that we could get rid of our fight jackets while eating. We have worn them every single day since entering the army with no chance to get them cleaned. Seems a shame to wear them in the mess hall where you could eat from the floor.

So far we have done nothing and the main diversion seems to be watching some of the 2,000 co-eds pass by. The boys tore out their hair when they heard that they could not speak to civilians for two weeks and after that can go out only on Saturday night.

This a great post for singing. Most of the original lyrics are addressed to the co-eds or the WAACS of which a great number are stationed here. The officers encourage the men to sing those ditties, and the women love them. Uniform or not I guess all women love attention. (Don't know how the Seniors feel about that statement).

This afternoon they put up a huge sign in front of the house that states "Restricted, U. S. Gov't Military Reservation." That "Reservation" makes me feel like a doggone Indian.

Was very much surprised to have Tom Teagle visit me for a minute a week ago. Was fine to hear from those at home.

I managed to see George Reiley twice and Charley Fulbeck the same number of times but on different occasions. Don't know where they are now, tho. I also received cards from Sy and Mac. By graduation it certainly appears that of the fellows who started the Junior year, a good percentage will be serving.

About all for now. Regards to all.

Yours truly,

DONALD HALL,
65 Bn CTD (Air Crew)
Graysbn, N. Y.
Barracks 41
Wing 2

Classroom Corn

While practice teaching we accelerated Sophomores and Juniors heard some beautiful boners. To you, dear inexperienced Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, I dedicate this article. Here's something to look forward to. Oh high and mighty Seniors, hain't it the truth?

A seventh grade was discussing squatter sovereignty.

Teacher: "What is a squatter?"
Mary: "A squatter is what you kill flies with in the summer time."

The fifth grade was writing a letter.

Teacher: "When we write 'Dear Sir' in a letter, what are we writing?" (Blank looks.)
Well, when a soldier meets a superior, what does he do?"

Johnny: "He salutes."
Teacher: "What do we call that?"

Tommy: "The 'salution'."
A "Normal" in the sixth grade gave a science test and was rather surprised to find that "insects who migrate are the butterfly and the crocus."

During a spelling lesson, a class was asked to use resolve in a sentence.

Edith: "Jane, will you resolve this problem for me?"

Joe: "You're wrong! The directions on the bottle said to resolve the pill in water."

In oral composition class, a student used a poor sentence. The teacher asked if the boy was correct in saying, "I have rode on a train."

"No," said the class. "He should have said, 'I have rode in a train'."

Do you think I'm kidding? Just wait you future school teachers. You'll learn to smother your giggles!

Staters Overseas

(Continued from Page 3)

another . . . Some day I hope to be able to visit State once again and see what's going on for myself . . .

SGT. NICHOLAS BEVERLUIS

Marine on the Job

(Continued from Page 1)

Quartermaster school. On April 3, I received an order to pack my sea bag as I would be leaving for New River. On April 3, I arrived here by bus. We were immediately assigned to a class and quarters the sergeant bellowed positively no furloughs during or even after the course unless we received orders after the course to be shipped to a U. S. possession. The course started April 5 and shall run for fifteen weeks. I never thought that I would have my nose in books again for awhile, but the course is quite extensive and there is plenty of technical reading. To give you an idea of how much we must learn, consider this. The course used to take one year to complete in peace time; now because of the war I must learn all details in 15 weeks, so I'm really on the go.

Camp Lejeune here is quite a place with many modern facilities. In my company A, we have a PX, a theater, and of course, a mess hall. Close by is a swell recreation hall which has bowling alleys, billiards, ping pong, a bar, and upstairs a new library.

Liberty is every other night, but I'm afraid that is merely folly. As transportation connections are relatively poor and the nearest town which is about 18 miles away is a place called Jacksonville, North Carolina—a horse town of about 6 or 7,000 people and about 10,000 Marines running through every other night so you can imagine the predicament one finds in trying to really have a good time.

But for the short time I've been with the corps, it really has been a grand experience and continues to be as each phase of training goes along. If any individual is self-sufficient and reliant, a marine certainly is. As there is no let up on relaxation, on rules and regulations, and slowly but surely it increases one's self confidence. And the events in which the marines have taken part in this war really speaks for itself.

I may sound a little too one-sided but remembering what 1st Lieutenant Butler (just returned from Guadalcanal ten weeks in thick of action with the Eleventh Quartermaster Aviation Corps) said: "The marines may blow their horn quite loud but they have every reason to for they back it up 100 per cent in any event whatsoever."

Well, I guess that's about all as school work takes up most of the day and drilling takes up some time, and whatever may be left is your own time, but you can't depend on that either for in the Marine Corps anything may happen at any time.

Well here's hoping this war ends in victory for us and that all the rest of the young fellows, like myself, can get back to college and start building our vocations again to make the after war world more secure in peace and freedom for all concerned.

Sincerely

FRANK VANORE,
U. S. M. C.



BUY WAR BONDS

De Leo Writes From Wisconsin

(Continued from Page 1)

me and I couldn't carry my barrack bag, and let it drop to the ground and a buddy of mine carried it for me. Boy, I'll never forget that day. The first thing they did to us was to usher us right into the code building, where we took tests, which decided whether we're to be radio mechanics or operators. Later, we had chow and still later in the day, we were assigned to our barracks.

For the first three days, we didn't go to school, but were put on detail, and some how I managed to goof off from them. Then we started our schooling; they started us off with basic code, and radio fundamentals and I passed through the various speeds of code until now I'm taking twenty words a minute. The highest one can go in this school is thirty-five words. As time goes along we get to study more theory on radio such as the radio compass, tuning up various sets of transmitters and receivers. We also learn telegraphy procedure, which gives us an idea of how sending is done, and last but not least we are given a course in how messages are coded and decoded, which is all secret.

Going to radio school doesn't necessarily mean one has to be an operator, there are chances here of applying for O.C.S. or further classification such as aerial gunner, communications officers school, control tower and so forth. In the air corps, there are good chances for quick advancement, we are now P.F.C. (Private First Class), and we expect to receive corporal's stripe upon completing our school and out on the line advancement comes very rapidly.

The city of Madison is friendly, which is a great moral help for we soldiers. There's a fair size, U.S.O. center in the city with a dance floor, recreation rooms and hostesses, again say "ahem". The city is built around the square where the capital buildings for the state are. At the other end of the city is the University of Wisconsin, which are filled with more girls, than can be counted. They are as thick as flies, and very friendly, oh boy!

I hope you found this bit of writing fairly interesting and that you know a little more about the air corps. I probably made it as clear as mud on a foggy day.

I have received the Beacon, and I appreciate it very much and above all I extend my thanks to those who write to me. I hope to bump in to some fellow "Staters" some day.

P.F.C. PETER

Naval Air Service

(Continued from Page 1) (or rather after) eight hours dual instruction. This is usually accomplished within a week or two, depending upon weather. Anyone anticipating entering the air service for that mat would benefit greatly studying the aforementioned subtle Ground school in service we then be relatively easy.

I did poorly the first few weeks. I had had no college physics and math, and a 1 year's course in the subject thrown at us. My head was crammed with formulas, rules and equations.

There are twenty of us in a squadron. Four are from Coast Guard Academy. All others, except two, have been taking college engineering courses, so the competition is very keen. I've caught it though, and I'm holding better than my own. I do wish that had made time to study the courses back home.

Upon completion of C.P.T., the majority of the boys go into Pre-flight School. The training there is in three phases: military, physical, and academic. Some of the boys go from C.P.T. secondary training in C.P. This involves further flying instruction. Of those who go secondary, some are trained to be flying instructors, while others finally go to Pre-flight. Upon completion of Pre-flight the cadets go to Primary School where they fly Navy trainer. Next comes a few months more advanced flying, in fast heavier planes. The cadets are awarded commissions upon completion, after which comes operational training, and finally combat assignments.

I feel that, or rather I hope I've written something about the Naval Air Service which will be of interest. Best I can do just now.

A/C JACK MADRIGAN,
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