

THE STATE OF THINGS

We of the BEACON wish to express disgust with almost every student activity now taking place at State. We are fed up with the way the S.G.A. is forced to operate with a few of its many members carrying the entire load. We are sick and tired of listening to the student body moan continually about one thing or another. If they have any real complaints let them voice them. That's what our S.G.A. is for. Who is your representative? You elected him; now see that he does a decent job.

With sixteen members on the Assembly Committee, four representatives from each class, you would think some sort of an assembly schedule could be arranged. It not only could be, but would be, if the student body took an active interest in these affairs. It seems to us that a repeat performance of the student body forum could be scheduled without too much difficulty for those persons involved. Why should we let something drop that had real future and could possibly bring about a closer understanding between students and faculty?

If you don't like the BEACON why don't you say something about it? Write an article—we will publish it. Maybe you have a longing for something a little more artistic; dig it out if you want to see it in print. We are open to any new ideas but if you keep them to yourselves don't blame us for not printing them. We admit we can do better but we need your cooperation to improve.

What about the clubs we have in school? The president of every chartered club is an S.G.A. member. Why don't they show up at the S.G.A. meetings? If they don't want to fulfill these obligations why do they accept the office? Is it asking too much for them to attend a meeting once every two weeks? Aren't the club members capable of electing responsible officers?

Of course there are always the certain stalwart few who carry the load for the rest of the slackers and they deserve a real hand, but even these few lose their interest because of lack of support. If you don't want these organizations it is a simple matter to do away with them, but if you do want the clubs let's make them live as active student enterprises.

You complain about the smoking room conditions but you are too lazy to put your butts in the cans. You tore the coverings on the new furniture that was put in there for your use—it had to be removed because it was a fire hazard. Who do you blame for that? Why don't you start with yourself?

We stand a good chance of losing all smoking privileges we now have because a few of us can't be bothered going to the smoking room to smoke. Guess who will scream the loudest when the privileges are taken away?

At the present moment there is within the organization of the S.G.A. a committee known as the "gripe committee" to carry such complaints as the students may have to the source where it will do the most good.

You have your voice to express your thoughts and if you don't express them you have no one to blame but yourselves.

We of the BEACON feel it is about time each and every student put forth a little effort to attain the things we have been crying for even if it is only in the form of seeing that our elected representatives do the job they were entrusted with.

—TED LANGSTINE

Alpha Chapter to Attend Convention

The sixteenth Biennial Convention of Kappa Delta Pi, Honor Society in Education, will be held at Atlantic City, N. J., February 24 at Hotel Madison.

The Zeta Alpha Chapter at Paterson State Teachers College, sending two delegates, Miss Myrtle E. Wiegand, President, and Miss Edith C. Coyle, Vice-President. Miss Wiegand is a teacher in Fairlawn, and Miss Coyle teaches in Little Falls.

Miss Louise E. Alexander, co-treasurer of the Chapter will attend the banquet which is to be held at the Hotel Madison on Wednesday evening, and a luncheon on Friday at which Chapter Council members will be guests.

Other officers of the Paterson Chapter are Miss Doris M. Nebes, Treasurer, Miss Myrtle V. Wiegand, Secretary, and Mrs. Alice

Good News, Vets

Pressure from a number of student and veteran groups from coast to coast, including the National Student Association (NSA) was largely responsible for passage of the Meade bill for increased veteran student subsistence.

The bill, which passed the Senate last summer, provides for \$75 monthly for student subsistence for dependents and \$105 for those with one dependent. It also provides for a \$20 monthly subsistence for veterans with two or more dependents. It passed in the House overwhelmingly, 370-6.

To Release Foreign Study Data
"Study, Travel, and Work Abroad," a booklet published by the International Activities Commission of the NSA will be released this month.

The book attempts to provide the answers for American students who intend to go abroad this summer and who are seeking information about foreign travel and study.

Langstine, Bello Receive Beacon Staff Positions

Ted Langstine, feature editor of the BEACON last term, has been appointed Co-Editor to fill the position left vacant when Carol Greydanus transferred to Calvin College, Michigan. Ted, a Liberal Arts sophomore, is a graduate of Hawthorne High School. At PSTC he is an active member of the SGA.

Also appointed to a staff position was Tunis Bello, popular BEACON columnist and author of "Without Malice." Tunis will now assume the title of feature editor.

Keys Awarded

At a recent meeting of the editorial staff, silver Key awards were presented by former editor Mary Lobosco to reporters who had been active in newspaper work for two years. Those receiving awards were Helen Potash, Sarah Luciadrelo, Winifred Kennedy, Joan Rauschenbach, Carol Greydanus, Jean Pasinska, Mary Lobosco, Margaret Lisnack and Rose Adams.

Press cards were also distributed at the meeting. Reporters who were not present to receive their cards may obtain them from the co-editors, Ted Langstine and Ruth Halsted.

Careless Staters May Lose All Smoking Rights

A campaign against smoking in the cafeteria or halls is being conducted by the S.G.A., to help students become more cognizant of a regulation here at "State," that smoking is not permitted in the cafeteria!

The campaign has been found necessary due to the increasing number of students who are continually smoking in places where smoking is not allowed. The smoking room has been removed and painted and new cigarette urns have been obtained for student use.

The committee selected to conduct this campaign includes: Mary Jane Jertlinski, Joan Reed, Doris Lane, and Angela Romanelli, chairman.

—Let's face it, we stand a good chance of losing all smoking privileges, if we do not abide by present regulations! And remember—the smoking room and locker rooms are "State's" only permissible smoking places!

STATE BEACON



Vol. XIV.

State Teachers College, Paterson, N. J., Feb. 24, 1948

No. 5

'It Could Happen To You' Will Happen Feb. 26, 27

"It Could Happen To You," a musical comedy, will be presented by the Senior Class of Paterson State Teachers College, on Thursday and Friday evenings—February 26-27—in the college auditorium.

Commissioner Replies To Open Letter

Mr. Richard B. Worth, President, V.E.C.

Dear Mr. Worth,

This is a reply to your good letter of January 14, 1948.

Our Assistant Commissioner, Dr. Robert H. Morrison, is now back with us. My instructions to him upon his return were that the first and most important problem for us to solve is that of taking care of the college juniors and seniors mentioned in your letter. He is now busily at work in your interests. We shall keep at the problem until it is solved as well as we can solve it with present equipment and facilities.

The purchase of the Hobart Estate is proceeding quite rapidly now. . . . The remainder of your letter reminds me of reports, newspaper articles, and addresses all emanating from this department. If there is any cause for the conditions which you report in regard to lack of facilities for higher education in New Jersey, you will have to seek elsewhere to find the cause.

I agree with you that there is great need for higher education in New Jersey. I am very sympathetic to your needs. This Department is doing all that it can to solve your problem as one of the many serious problems of public education.

The more people who know of our grave needs in higher education, the sooner we shall arrive at a solution.

Yours very truly,

JOHN H. BOSSHART
Commissioner of Education,
State of New Jersey

IN THIS ISSUE

The State of Things	1
'It Could Happen To You'	1
Smokers Beware!	1
Commissioner Replies	1
Why Move Teachers	2
Without Malice	2
What's Wrong With Our Extra-Curricula Activities	2
State Basketeers	3
A Piece of Mine	4
Personality Plus!	4
'A' Students Only	4

This hilarious satire of four years at Paterson State, under the direction of Claire Barth and Angela Romanelli, and written by Helen Potash, promises to be one of the highlights of 1948 here at the college.

It is impossible to enumerate in detail the plot of the two-act revue, but many surprises and many minutes of howling entertainment are in store for those who plan to attend. Ticket sales are overwhelming and there are no reserved seats, so it is the duty of every college-conscious student here at State to purchase his or her ticket in advance of the anticipated rush for last-minute seats. Prices are slightly higher for non-students and the student's price is only fifty cents.

Skits, songs, dances of all types and other scenes are being rehearsed so as to insure enjoyment on the part of all present. Willard Smith, a "teaching" Senator, will act as Master of Ceremonies for this comedy.

Many of the Seniors who will participate are from Business Education and General Elementary. Irene Perugini and Grace Van Orden will reveal some novel types of dancing; Annette Pezzano and Winifred Kennedy will share the singing honors; Marilyn Zakim has a great parody in store for you; Marie DeRosa and Antoinette Ciaramella have featured roles as monologuists; and music will be shared by Frank Costa, Phil Pine, and Virginia Fraser.

The committees in charge are Sarah Luciadrelo, tickets; Joan Rauschenbach, publicity; Rose Adams and Myrtle Pavlis, properties; Marilyn Zakim and Helen Potash, lighting.

The officers of the Senior Class are Joan Rauschenbach, president; Claire Barth, secretary; Max Lapitsky, treasurer.

French Art On Display In Library

Have you seen the exhibit of reproductions of contemporary French paintings in the Reference Room of the Library? Sent through the courtesy of the French Embassy, this exhibit will be up through the month of February. It was planned and arranged by Mr. Rubio-Vergara of the Modern Language department, and presents an excellent group of well-known paintings by Picasso, Cezanne, Matisse, Degas, Braque, Vlaminck, Utrillo, Dufy and others.

WHY MOVE THE TEACHERS?

In the last issue of the BEACON there was published "An Open Letter to the Commissioner of Education in reference to a four-year curriculum." In this letter the Veteran's Executive Council asked the Commissioner of Education why there has been a delay in answering two questions. The first was "When will the third and fourth years of Business Administration and Liberal Arts be offered by PSTC?" and the second was "When will the million dollars be put to use to provide adequate facilities?" In addition to these two questions we would like to add another.

Why must the teacher education division be separated from the proposed new college?

Time and time again educators have said that we need more and more teachers. Now the State of New Jersey's Legislature and Administration have banded together to abolish not only the teacher education facilities of Paterson but also of Jersey City and Newark. The excuse for this action, according to the local newspaper, was to economize. We admit that this move will economize but only insofar as short range planning is concerned. If the state hasn't the foresight to see that there is an increasing and not a decreasing demand for teacher education facilities, they are not only being foolish but unworthy of being our elected representatives. Foresight in this matter is an absolute necessity. We may save a pittance now but we will spend that saving over and over again in order to provide for the increasing need in the future for facilities to replace those abolished.

Has the government of New Jersey given consideration to how the students feel, or are they trying to save money in amounts that will look pretty in statistical form next election? We students not only pay the taxes of the state but we vote too.

Some legislators are of the opinion that we are so inspired to the teaching profession that we would go through any obstacle in order to get our teaching certificate. The distance some of us will have to travel makes it necessary for us to devote time which we could use to study or to live like human beings instead of cattle following the whims of our masters. If we haven't an automobile, and who would have time to work to earn the upkeep of one, we would have to travel over complicated, over-crowded and time-consuming bus routes. For the low salary scale that the state provides for its teachers, four years of hardships of this sort will discourage the most inspired student. We would find it much easier to leave the state to teach or to enter into some other line of work.

Wouldn't it be more sensible and more practical to continue the teacher education at Paterson either along with the new liberal arts and business administration courses or separate from them? Let's stop kicking our future teachers around like footballs and give them a helping hand. Other states do. The time for action is now. Is our state going to fail us? If they do, next November and every November after we will remember it.

George De Causemacker

MONTHLY EXPENDITURE STATEMENT

of S. G. A. SPENDING AGENCIES

Expenditures for the Month of January 1948

Social Committee	\$ 875.00	\$ 8.60	\$ 866.50
Assembly Committee	725.00	None	725.00
Athletics:			
Varsity Sports	2,640.89	984.44	1,656.45
Women Intramural	300.00	None	300.00
Masque & Masquers	238.85	None	238.85
Beacon	623.62	73.79	549.83
Publicity Committee	25.00	None	25.00
Expenditures Payable			
out of Reserve Fund	580.75	None	580.75
Totals	\$8,009.11	\$1,068.78	\$4,942.33
Total Expenditures			1,068.78
	\$8,009.11		\$6,009.11

Respectfully submitted,
A. RICHARD CORALLO
S.G.A. Treasurer

...THE POETS CORNER...

by ZANY ZAN

The snow was falling
thick and fast.
The snow was covering
all the grass.
I bent my knees and
knelt to pray,
"Lord, don't let it fall
on my driveway!"

While I was walking
down the street,

I suddenly slipped, and
left my feet.
Flat on my face I fell
on the ice,
And said some things
which weren't nice.

Ruth sat down in fiver,
Seating close by to me.
I took a bump at sixty,
And rode on Ruthlessly.

WITHOUT MALICE

by
TUNIS J.
BELLO



Once upon a time there flourished in the distant land of New Jersey an institution of higher learning by the name of Panacea College. Here among the shadows of venerable tradition walked the masters and charges in somnambulist bliss. At propitious moments the members would converse on the over-loaded tables of knowledge and feast until a proper degree of satiation. Ancient documents reveal that the banquet was ordinarily concluded with a dessert nourished by the contents of some popular novel.

Now one day there appeared from out of the green clad mountains of Vermont a new leader by the name of Augustus Vasblinder. This purveyor of wisdom was a very realistic individual. It was obvious, therefore, that the house of knowledge and dreams would be awakened from its long slumber and dressed in the garments of practicality. Each student, who did homage to the gods of art and science with pencil and paper, was now expected to punch the time clock before and after each class. As an added offering to the goddess of realism, the administration instituted the practice of paying the students to weather the torrent of polysyllabic lectures. The students, in turn, were expected to slip a few coins in the hands of a waiting faculty. This revolutionary policy produced a most conciliatory and cooperative behavior in the part if the instructors. Survivors of those golden days report that the humility displayed by the teachers as they passed the collection plate from row to row was touching and inspiring. One wag comments that Christianity became a living issue with the passing of the hat.

Like the Garden of Eden, amidst the grapes of science, the peaches of art, and the apples of mathematics there twisted an arthritic snake called Neoplatonism. If one of the fair youths or maidens happened to be perched on the same twig of genealogy as one of the deans, he was assured of a superfluity of high grades and respectful genuflections. For example, if one of the more noble students happened to be the great-grandfather of the college president, he was treated with the obedience and respect of a visiting potentate. Gimp the shrimp was one of these fortunate aristocrats. The story of his encounter with a professor called Rasmussen Vermilla will live as long as Panacea College remains a memory. On the eventful day of September 24th the said Rasmussen Vermilla, being totally unaware of the blood coursing through the veins of Gimp the Shrimp, rashly gave that student a large blue "B." A stunned silence fell over the assembled gathering as the impact of the indiscretion crept from person to person. Some say that a clash of thunder was heard in the distance. Others swear that the sun momentarily lost its light. Both appear plausible. Slowly Gimp the Shrimp raised his head. A scowl of ferocious intent scampered across his handsome features. His lips trembled in word.

(Continued on Page 3)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR EXTRA CURRICULA ACTIVITIES?

By FRANK ZANFINO

"By their acts ye shall know them." This old adage seems to hold true in regard to the present state of extra-curricular activities. Few clubs are taking an active part in the affairs of the school. Everytime BEACON asks for a report of club activities, we get a list of "plans." Very seldom do we

get reports that certain clubs or groups actually do something. Obviously, something is radically wrong with the setup of our extra-curricular activities.

Real interest in an activity is shown by the amount of work that one is willing to put into it. At the present time, it is always the same few who seem to be talking on all the burden of the work in our extra-curricular activities. The majority of us are content to sit back and "gripe" and shoot our mouths off, but few of us are willing to lend a helping hand. Why?

In the first place, it seems that the "joiners" are accorded the same recognition that the "work-ers" get. It is a big joke to thumb through the last few yearbooks studying the photographs of the various clubs and groups at Paterson State. Many of these individuals who turn out to "see the birdie" should receive a medal for sacrificing their valuable time in order to have a picture taken. Evidently, their time must be very valuable, for they never seem to be able to attend regularly scheduled meetings.

If we expect to get any place with our extra-curricular activities, we must first of all do something immediately about the poor attendance at meetings. There is a very practical way of going about this; simply limit the membership to those who actually attend meetings. Unexcused absences should not be tolerated in the least. Individuals should not receive credit for participating in an extra-curricular activity on their official school records simply because they happen to be on the membership roles. Records should be kept by the various clubs and groups which will show whether or not the individual is entitled to such credit on the official school record.

Many of our school clubs, originally organized for the purpose of contributing to the school or to the education of the individual in some manner or other, have now degenerated into mere social groups. Indeed, some clubs confine all their activities to occasional trips to New York City to see the latest play

or show. Of course, there is nothing wrong with this in itself but then there is no reason why the school should sponsor such activities.

Something should be done about interesting the undermen in our extra-curricular activities. We understand that during this semester, the new incoming Freshmen will be acquainted with the various activities of the school through special orientation programs. This is a step in the right direction. However, there is something which the various clubs can do themselves. We can actually go out and ask entering underclassmen to join our ranks.

Crowded conditions and adequate facilities make it possible to improve on the scheduling of our extra-curricular activities. At first it may be difficult to get much done semi-monthly or monthly meetings, but there is a remedy for even this. Much can be accomplished through the appointment of committees. How many of our clubs actually have committees which are operating?

At the beginning of the year the SGA was mobbed by clubs who were demanding consideration in the SGA budget. Many of the clubs, whose budgets were approved by the way, had scarcely had a meeting since the beginning of the year. The allotments remain untouched. Other clubs which could use the money, were forced to accept a cut in their budgets. Members of the Debating Club representing Paterson State Teachers College, paid the expenses of a trip to Fordham University out of their own pockets. Other groups in the school have doubtless done much.

Last we be accused of taking up a lot of space and of not saying anything, let us summarize a few of the points which we have made. (1) Let us not have "joiners." (2) An accurate record of the attendance at club meetings should be kept. (3) Credit on the official school record should be given only to those

(Continued on Page 3)

The Paterson State Beacon



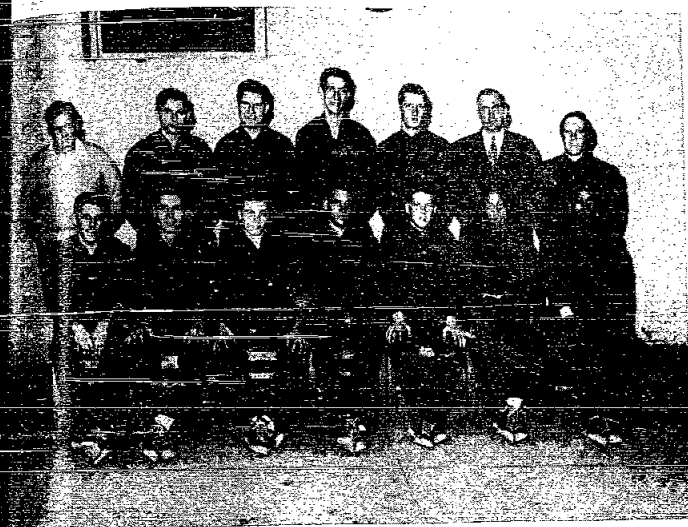
RUTH HALSTED CAROL GREYDANUS
Co-Editors

TED LANGSTINE Feature Editor
MARY JANE JERLINSKI Exchange Editor
DON RAFFETTO Business Manager
BILL MONTGOMERY Sports Editor
JOEL THAW Photography

Faculty Adviser
JULIETTE TRAINER

— Reporters —
Joan Pasinska, Mary Lobosco, Joan Rauschenbach, Winifred Kennedy, Don Raffetto, Tunis Bello, Elizabeth Andait, Christina Pepper, Frank Zanfino, Richard Worth, Fred Camo, Andy Frank, Herman Harris, George Brown, Joan Kennedy, Richard Woudenberg, James Mazzarino, Rosalina Raff, Greta Lerner, Eugenia Pendlall, Sheldon Schwartz, Marie De Rosa

P. S. T. C. BASKETEERS



ated: William Shiffman, Max Friedman, Lenny Seiden, Pete Simon, Tom Donnelly, Cody Thom- and Norm Chase. Standing: Bill Montgomery, Manager, Gus Gasciora, Warren Sargent, Joe h, Bernie Murren, Coach Henry Schmidt, and Harvey Hagedorn, Manager.

THE JOHNNY-COME-LATELY

By NORMAN FINK

We're not sure whether we are the third or fourth set scribes to inherit this column but we will do our best continue the fine work done by our predecessors, notably at "Prune" Horowitz, who has transferred to Upsala for purpose of playing football. (Watch that Upsala team stall!) We know those of you who have had the pleasure knowing Burt will not forget him easily. (How much the take you for?)

But seriously, this is a sports column and so we would like to review the progress of the basketball team since the season mark. This point was reached when we traveled to Jersey City to face a strong St. Peter's team who won a close hardfought three-point victory from the tiring pioneers who had led most of the way. The disappointment of losing this game has been lessened by the knowledge that St. Peter's turned the trick on the powerful Rider college team a few days after our Pioneers had given the rider club a terrific contest before bowing in the last minute play.

Next we played host to the Rhode Island State—styled as Bedford Textile Five—who gave the home crowd a real exhibition of wild and wooly basketball. The steady, deliberate play of Coach Schmidt's charges proved to be the in-the-ointment for the clothing salesmen from Massachusetts as the Pioneers walked off the court on the long end of a 59-53 score.

After that we were again host to that long-to-be-remembered Rider game in which the smart ball handling of Krautblatt, ace of the Rider squad, in the last minute play, was the only thing that kept the Pioneers from taking the winning baskets. The Rider coach was heard mumbling to himself as he left the building that night. (What did he say?) And we guess his team was also affected by the terrific pace set in that game because they needed to drop their next two ball games. So you see, even if Paterson State can't win them all, we can make our night felt all around the circuit.

On the other hand, the Pioneers had a natural letdown after pointing for the Rider game and were soundly beaten by a well-coached University of Newark team in the second day-collegiate double-header of the season at the Armory; since then we have engineered another winning streak leading a scrappy Arnold College squad, trouncing an inept Newark State Teachers team and turning in a beautiful nine point win over the tall Trenton State Teachers aggregation.

Taking count we find out that State has four wins and three losses since midseason and an overall record of 8 wins and 11 losses. With six games remaining on the schedule the Pioneers still have a good chance of finishing the season with a .500 record. They still have return engagements with St. Marshall, Rider, Trenton State, and University of Newark, all away from home, and encounters with Becker and Panzer, the former being the final home opponent of the season and the latter team closing out what still (we hope) may be turned into a very successful season.

Good luck boys!

WITHOUT MALICE

(Continued from Page 2)

Jess anger. Surely the Olympian gods themselves would be incapable of more menacing majesty. The class waited. Slowly hand to his pocket. Shades of Jesse James. Once more the hand of destiny moved. This time it clutched a gilt-edged certificate announcing to the world his kinship with the weavers of school administration. Rasmussen Vermilla's face flitted with the whiteness of new-fallen snow and the green of kitchen-made pea soup. Hurriedly he intoned dirges of mournful apology, eagerly he looked for some sign of forgiveness on the frowning countenance of the betrayed, and savagely he renounced himself before man and beast as the most base of all living creatures. A church bell tolled in the valley. Slowly Gimp to Shrimp relented. Eagerly he murmured words of forgiveness. Finally he raised the trembling sinner to his feet and magnanimously bestowed complete pardon. Somewhere there stands the round table of King Arthur. Somewhere the knights in shining armor gather to tell of their heroic exploits. Somewhere Gimp the Shrimp is sitting at that table. Somewhere Gimp the Shrimp is relating his achievements.

The textbooks at Panacea College were in perfect harmony with its ideas and ideals. Each page of every book had a series of perforations that ran vertically from top to bottom. In case the majority of the student's decided democratically that a particular page was guilty of subversive plotting to induce fatiguing work or time-consuming concentration, it was summarily torn from the book and dispatched to the writing basket. It

(Continued on Page 4)

Phantom Five vs. Varsity Club Or "Survival Of The Fittest"

By BILL SHIFFMAN

Judgment Day is to take place Friday, March 5, at P.S.T.C. gym when the Varsity Club take on the highly vaunted Faculty in what promises to be an epic struggle. The faculty has run up an amazing record in the past performances against the Varsity Club—they haven't won a game. However, this year the Faculty is going all out to win this game. Coach Henry Schmidt, who'll lead the Wonder Five into battle has been burning the midnight oil with his cohorts in an effort to stymie the Varsity's efforts.

Meanwhile at the local tavern the Varsity Club team has been holding secret sessions on how to beat the Faculty with the least amount of bloodshed and without repercussions against the players concerned. As yet, the Varsity Club hasn't submitted a line up, but from inside reports the line up will be chosen by the fairest means possible—the first five aces of my deck of cards.

As far as the faculty line up is concerned, they have a star studded squad, as follows:

Position	Name	School
Forward	Robert "Jet" Baker	Podunk University
Forward	William "Shoulders" Parish	Illiterary Prep School
Center	Howard "Stretch" Haas	Noaccount Seminary
Guard	Eugene "Sparky" Vivian	Hypothesis Tech.
Guard	Henry "Wonder Boy" Schmidt	Tech Torture Inst.
Reserves	Irving "the Moon" Sunshine, Earl "the Fingers" Weidner, Jankelumas; Scorekeeper, Mr. Califano—without a slide rule. Blood plasma has been donated by the Red Cross for the occasion and the services of Feeney and Sons has been promised gratis. All bets on the game will be covered by the firm of Seiden, Simon and Watchman.	

Date: March 5.

Time: 8:15 P. M.

Event: Varsity vs. Faculty. 40 minutes a side game. Plus dancing till 12:00 Midnight—Admission 50 cents.



INDIVIDUAL SCORING TOTALS

	Games	Field Goals	Points	Totals	Average
Murren	18	70	50	190	10.6
Donnelly	19	66	36	168	8.8
Simon	19	60	34	154	8.1
Friedman	19	45	25	117	6.2
Seiden	19	39	36	104	5.5
Thompson	18	40	18	98	5.4
Leishman	5	17	6	40	8.0
Chase	19	13	12	38	2.0
Schroers	5	7	1	15	3.0

WHAT'S WRONG?

(Continued from Page 2)

who actually have contributed to the activity in some form or other. (4) Underclassmen should be encouraged to participate in the extra-curricular activities. (5) Committees should be appointed to carry on the work which must be done between meetings.

'A' Students Only

By AL HAMPEL

You know, some of my best friends are teachers.

When I was younger I used to think that teachers were very superior individuals, intellectually, physically, and otherwise, but now I know different. A lot of the kids in this college will be teachers someday, yet they have the same joys, peevs, and worries as you and I, and in the future they will go out and mold the character of thousands of youngsters. They're a human bunch and are doing a great job.

All of which reminds me of some of the staff of a certain grammar school in Paterson, upon whom I looked as statues on high pedestals. I don't know if this is still so, but in my day it was customary for the pupils of the class to bring gifts for the teacher at the end of the term. You weren't forced to; you were just left back if you didn't. I can still recall very clearly the end of the fifth grade with "young Miss Malone," she always made it a habit to try them on.

Then I entered the sixth grade and was fortunate in having the prottiest woman in the school for my teacher. All day long I would sit and admire her. I'll call her Miss X, for she's married now and I wouldn't want to start a scandal. I'll never forget the time Miss X told me to fill all the little ink wells. They laughed when I dropped the big ink bottle; they didn't know I'd have to stay after school and mop up the floor with Miss X. I mean we were there alone.

I guess every school has its so-called "mean teacher." Well, my alma mater was no exception and I caught her in 7B. Miss Arm-twister didn't like me very much and the feeling was mutual. I really shouldn't have put that bubble gum on her chair, because that stuff was hard to get even in those days. It was such a nice chair too; Miss Arm-twister was stuck on it. Try as she did, the old girl couldn't get anyone to confess to the crime, so she decided to take each pupil into the cloakroom separately for a rough and tough third degree. The class gasped as they heard "oi! Arm-twister" shriek, "You'll never chew again!" and the first kid came out of the room without teeth. Next to go in was a cute little girl. A pang of pity and sorrow hit me at the thought of this little girl losing her pearly white tooth; it was the only one she had in her mouth. So I jumped up from my seat and yelled, "I did it, I did it—and I'm glad I did it!"

The next day I came up before the principal and he reprimanded me seriously—for chewing gum in class. He let me go after I gave him two sticks and I forgot the incident, but after this I settled down and I again became interested in my studies. In fact when I graduated, the class voted me, "Most likely To Waste It, Lose It, and Do It." They meant "time."

But, like I said before, teachers and schools are okay. Why, six years after I left that good old grammar school I went back to see my old friends and reminisce. First I went to visit "young Miss Malone." She was well advanced in years by then and her eyesight was failing. In fact she couldn't recognize me till she felt the

A PIECE . . . OF MINE

By MARY LOBOSCO

I was helping the librarian one day when a young lad approached the desk. I picked up the date stamper automatically and when no book was placed before me, I looked up. In amazement I stared at the pathetic figure that shadowed the desk. His disheveled hair put brackets around the most soulful eyes I had ever seen. His clothes were shabby; his collar turned up at the points and he had no tie. I breathed heavily and then asked in as natural a tone as I could manage, "May I help you?" He just looked at me, his face expressionless. Suddenly I heard something tinkle to the floor. The lad stooped down and picked up a small pin. Then, breaking the silence, he said, "Got a hole in my pocket," and put the shiny object back in the same pocket.

My courses in psychology were getting the best of me. What complex was this? Or call it a hundred other names. What was it? Once more I asked in a soft voice if I could help him. This time he gave signs of reaction and rested a nervous hand on the desk. "May I have peace of mind?" he asked in a weakened voice. "Did you say Peace of Mind?" I replied, thinking that perhaps that was most appropriate for him. He nodded his head. "Well, we have a number of copies of that book but they are all out. If you wish to put a reserve—" "Book!" he exclaimed. "I don't want a book, I want peace of mind. They told me I could get it here." It was getting very warm and I hated to think of disillusioning the poor boy. However, I tried to explain it to him as clearly as I could and beckoned him to sit down at the table. He stumbled over to a chair and sat down as though in a daze.

I was soon relieved of my post by the assistant librarian and I joined the lad at the table. He still looked bewildered and I wondered just what I could do to help. "Tell me, is something wrong?" I asked sympathetically. "Wrong?" he turned toward me. "Wrong? What's right?" This introduced his lengthy soliloquy and I sat in the wings prompting him with an occasional word.

"Look at me! A tragic picture isn't it? I started to get this way when I decided to go to college almost three years ago. To get 'educated,' you know. That was when I entered into the noble profession of teaching. Gee—I'm tired. I look tired and I am tired. Yeah, tired of books, tired of school, tired of teachers. Ha, ha, teachers, that is a laugh. I thought I was going to be one. I'm tired of all the big talk. To think, I fell for the line when I was a freshe. . . . I've sat through classes, half asleep listening to the hum of the Professor's voice telling us that motivation is the most important thing in teaching. . . . Yes, the

bump over my left ear. She had put it there in the fifth grade. Then I spied that charming Miss X. She was still as beautiful as ever. Somehow I thought I still had a chance and I felt very sentimental as I greeted her. "You know Miss X," I said, "You were instrumental in making me what I am today." She stared at me a long time, speechless. A week later I read in the paper that she had attempted suicide.

PERSONALITY PLUS!



DORIS LANE

Photo by E

This is the first of a series your State BEACON will run on the lush pulchritude floating around ye olde campus. Due to the nasty weather we were forced to pass up the crowning of a snow queen, hence we bring you a few of some of the would be feminine contenders. If you enjoy these pin ups as much as the staff and its photographer, Orville Estler, enjoy producing

them, we are sure the column will be quite a success.

Because this is leap year, we feel that it is only right to give the fellows a preview of what they might expect to find, should they indulge in extra curricular activities.

The thought that keeps running through my mind is what a pleasure it will be to send my kids off to school for their education knowing that they will

be in such beautiful and petent hands.

The gal above, with the petent hands, is Doris Lane, sophomore from Hawthorn. Doris is enrolled in the Education at State and is retary of the S.G.A.

If you appreciate the t we produce, you can say so by dropping a note in the BEA box. If you don't approve same box is as your dis

most important thing in teaching! Then how was he justifying himself? Or maybe teaching did not include professors, just beginning teachers.

"The result of your effort isn't the important thing, one Prof told me. It's the method and the process that counts. We all have different abilities and we must realize that. It is not the product but the experience that determines your growth. That same Prof judged our term's work by averaging the two test marks we had and getting what he called a 'fair rating.' Funny, isn't it? My head is heavy and aches from spinning around this everlasting cycle of contradictions. My mind keeps weaving backened doubts. I thought something was wrong with my eyes because I saw such distortion, but the optometrist assured me that it was only a slight case of myopia.

"I was under the impression that teachers were human. I got to know some in high school and they were pretty regular. But now they tell me teachers have to be some sort of disciple or divine being. I'm all confused. I don't understand. If there is a theory behind this madness, what is it?

"We should try to treat the youngsters as individuals, but if you try to be an individual yourself, they frown at you. For ever got to fit that iron cast mold for teachers. It's too expensive to have another mold made, I guess. But remember, when you're a teacher it is the individual child that counts. Another thing, we must not teach verbalism. Above all things we must make creative thinkers, one Prof says, while I can hear the echo of another saying—On, by the way, we're going to have a test. You've been reading the book, haven't you? Look over the first fifteen chapters. I have to have a mark for you, you know!

"I sound cynical, I know, but I don't mean to be that way. Honest, I wanted to teach . . .

and maybe I still do. But I want encouragement and inspiration . . . and I need it. Something's wrong somewhere and it's not only in the dollar sense. It is in something that makes more sense."

He got up abruptly and started off and I noticed he dropped something. It was that same pin that had tinkled to the floor before. I picked it up and read H.O.P.E. in large letters, and underneath Honorary Organization of Peanut Eaters. This was too much for me and I ran to catch up to the lad. "Here, you dropped something," I cried.

"Oh, yes, I dropped hope again. Thanks. I don't know how many times I've lost hope, but I've got it back every time," he said. I watched him carefully as he placed the pin in the same pocket again and walked away.

My head began to ache now and I went to the library desk, took out the reserve list for Peace of Mind and added my name to the list.

WITHOUT MALICE

(Continued from page 3)

was not unusual for a student to start the semester with a text containing 325 pages and finish the year with a binding of from 50 to 60 pages. It may be said in passing, that this assortment of lingering papers ordinarily included the index, preface, and pictures.

Examinations were freed from exploitation by worry, nervous prostration, and rebellious frustration. In Panacea College the students were allowed to flex their intellectual muscles by actually writing phrases by acvenues. It was believed that truth and fairness were relevant. The train of this mental activity was allowed to puff and roar in the library terminal. Here amidst the seekers of knowledge gathered to give written expression to their beliefs and thoughts.

After this chore had been lished, the rest of the exam period consisted of taking down from their appointed shelves and scrounging the questions. At a later date have been told, the student substituted the change of the necessary books placed the library tables by the instructor prior to his being blindfolded. By this progressive process the students were relieved of medieval practice of having stretch and lunge for a book might or might not furnish satisfactory answer.

At Panacea College the lecture method of instruction was conducted in a manner synonymous with his reception. Instead of ing hostile rows of yawning, gling, and whispering students the professor gazed on a sea of lavender and pink cots, while destiny was guided by undergraduate comfort. On these the students sprawled pleasantly and languorously with all trappings of an afternoon ease. The more ambitious students were granted relaxation pension to sit in a few padded chairs that decorated one side of the room. Campus tradition reveals that only one person college history ever purposed the offensive of failure. Percival O'Toole voluntarily scorned himself to arm of number ten for a period of lectures without complaint protest. It is also reported such unhear of self-porture induced by an unhappy love fair with one Marilla Smith. After these two lectures, no addition goes, even this mode Spartan found the penalty severe and resigned himself to number four on the outside. A circular received from the publishers informs me that Percival O'Toole has finally consented to tell the world of experiences in a forthcoming work of non-fiction—*I LIVE TO TELL*.