

STATE BEACON

VOL. XV.—NO. 7

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE — JUNE 14, 1949

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY



The new president and her aides — left to right — Bill Wisenborm, Ruth McGuirk, June Perins, and Robert Stack.

Faculty Honors Dr. Wightman

The faculty and staff of Paterson State Teachers College honored Dr. Wightman at a dinner held on Wednesday, June 1 in the manor house of the new campus. The occasion marked the faculty's recognition of the great effort Dr. Wightman has put forth during the last ten years to secure better facilities for PSTC.

Dr. Wightman was presented with four framed photographs of the new campus site and the manor house. He in turn paid tribute to the college staff and to the civic organizations in Paterson and vicinity for their great aid in making it possible to secure a new campus.

Dr. Wightman then surprised the faculty by showing them the architect's drawing for the new classroom building to be constructed on the hilltop.

General chairman of the affair was Mr. Robert Baker, assisted by Miss Emily Greenway, mistress of ceremonies; Dr. Kenneth B. White, presentation of gift; Miss Dorothy A. Abrams, chairman of food committee. The dinner was a cooperative affair, in which all the faculty had a part. Dr. Louise E. Altender arranged the flowers. Miss Edith Jackson assisted with the arrangements. Mr. Stanford Hendrickson carved the turkey. Mr. Eugene Vivian and assistants made the coffee. Seen in the kitchen preparing celery was Miss Christine Stroop; arranging meat on the platters, Miss Juliette Trainor; buttering rolls, Mr. Irving Sunshine. Serving the dessert were waitresses Olga Dombrowski, Elizabeth Rinkoff, Juliette Trainor, and Lillian Adams. Miss Marguerite Tiffany made the place cards. In fact, the whole faculty could be named as assisting with various phases of the dinner.

Outgoing president of the faculty association is Dr. Mark Karp. Incoming president is Dr. M. Herbert Freeman; vice-president, Raymond Miller; treasurer, Eugene Vivian; secretary, Mrs. Olga Dombrowski.

Dr. Gilbert Guest Speaker

Dr. G. M. Gilbert, psychologist, was guest speaker at the May 29 assembly. He spoke on *Mental Disease and Social Conflict*. In the course of his talk he mentioned the lack of facilities for the mentally ill. Various key notes that he stressed were the number of mental breakdowns following a war; that a large percent of veterans will need mental care; and that still others will lose their ability to guide themselves. One other main point stressed by Dr. Gilbert was that "social status is the very essence of our security."

Dr. Gilbert, who is at present associate professor of psychology at Princeton University, was a prison psychologist at the Newburg trials. Here he had the opportunity to make an intensive study of Goering, Hess, von Papen, Ribbentrop, Streicher, Schacht and others. From the information collected here he wrote "Newburg Diary."

Debits & Credits Has Annual Picnic

The Debits and Credits Club held their annual picnic at Garret Mountain last Thursday with a record breaking crowd of club members and faculty attending. The high-spirited Business Education group had the traditional hot dogs, soda, and other refreshments that go along with a gala time in the open woods.

At the last meeting of the year held Tuesday, Frank Zandine was given the award as being the most outstanding of the organization. Joan Reed gave the treasury report for the year, and president Joe Decker adjourned the meeting until next September.

Students Art Work Presented to PS 24

The kindergarten class of School 24, with Mrs. Hazel Paulson, their teacher, received the faculty of PSTC as their guests at a social hour Wednesday morning, June 1. The occasion was an exhibit of large-sized pictures illustrating nursery rhymes, made by students in Miss Tiffany's Junior class and presented to the kindergarten as gifts.

This is our Literary issue and it's finally out . . . Amen. Here's some interesting information about it. At first call everything that was submitted was extremely Nationalistic and was written by the Male genus. . . . At second call everything was humorous and was written by you've guessed it the Female species.

Zeta Kappa Chi Elect New Officers

On Friday evening, May 20, Zeta Kappa Chi Sorority of Paterson State held its annual dance at the Meadowbrook. An enjoyable time was had by all who attended the affair.

At the last monthly meeting of the sorority the following officers were elected: president, Joyce Trinkle; vice-president, Regina Denneky; recording secretary, Margaret Healy; corresponding secretaries, Catherine Becker and Claire Courney; treasurer, Joan Borneman. These officers will be installed at the June meeting.

Dr. Louise E. Alexander is advisor of the sorority.

Educating the Right People

Last year hundreds of thousands of American boys and girls of compulsory school age never saw the inside of a classroom. Countless thousands more came to school irregularly, or did not attend at all. These conditions which kept them from learning as much as they could. Now, for the problems of these children, a new kind of trouble shooter is at work—the "visiting teacher."

The visiting teacher is usually a first-rate teacher who has supplemental classroom experience; a special study of child psychology, mental hygiene, and family case work. Her most valuable contribution is in bringing about closer cooperation between the child's school and home. Had the classroom teacher, for instance, known Johnny Jones' parents, she would have understood his sudden disposition and stubborn refusal to work.

When the visiting teacher called on Johnny's family she found a partially paralyzed father brooding in his invalid's chair. He took out his frustrations on Johnny, snapping at him and ordering him about until the boy had rebelled against all authority.

Community Agencies

The visiting teacher, proven in American education, sometimes travels a rough path. All too often there is no recreational school at which one can send the 14-year-old boy ashamed to sit in class with third graders. No family council bureau to lend expert advice, and no community agency to find clothes, glasses, or hearing aids for needy children.

But there are rewards. After working more than a year on bringing a particularly maladjusted little boy back to normal, a visiting teacher in Detroit finally told him that she wouldn't be seeing him any more. "Others need me," she explained.

"Gosh, that's right!" he agreed, almost triumphantly. "Are they really as dumb as I was before I was mad?"



Left to right — Dulcie Grosskurth, Carol Graydams, Don Edinger, Don Raffetto, Dorothy Dietrich, Joe Serra, Francis White, Evelyn Muller, Betty McDermott, Joan Doyle, Gladys De Coussemaeker, and Jean Pasinski.

National Honor Society Inducts Twelve Staters

P & Q Club Visits Lake Valhalla

On Sunday, May 29 the P & Q Club of Paterson State Teachers College visited the home of Miss Emily Greenway, the club's advisor, at Lake Valhalla.

The girls spent a wonderful time admiring Miss Greenway's lovely house which has a bubbling brook in its back yard. Some of the girls came home from her travels, and three housewives occupy . . . two catnaps and one feline.

They led on by the veteran assistance of Miss Greenway and her roommates, Miss Eleanor East, we blazed some new trails to the Valhalla district. On being informed that the fountain was closed and the Hopedale Act repealed, the girls again returned to Miss Greenway's house in hope of seeing there for a while.

Our hostess surprised us with a wonderful feast of hot dogs and potato salad which we ate by the outdoor fire place, conveniently located near the brook.

The end of a perfect day came at 5 P.M. when we dashed out to catch the every 2 hour bus. But not until we had threatened Miss Greenway with rumors of our return. Notice to readers! Do not hold her any "MAD DOG" signs.

Sophomore Class Elects Mickiewicz

Doris Mickiewicz, James Lutz, Joanne Morris, and Stella Cohen were chosen President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary respectively of the Junior Class of 1950 at a meeting of the Sophomore Class held Monday, June 6.

At this same meeting Mr. Haas also suggested that each Junior be assigned to two or three to-becoming Freshmen and be "BIG BROTHER OR SISTER" to them by telling them of the courses, professors, and activities available at Paterson State, and helping them in Registration Day by introducing them to their Faculty Advisors.

The Kappa Delta Pi Honor Society in Education inducted twelve outstanding students from Paterson State into its membership last week at the closing meeting of the year held at the Alexander Hamilton Hotel.

The Kappa Delta Pi Society is an organization eager to promote a closer bond among students.

into more intimate fellowship with those dedicated to the cause of teaching as a profession for which special preparation is deemed imperative. The national society invites only those people who have attained excellence of scholarship and distinction of achievement as students and servants of Education to join.

This year the Zeta Alpha Chapter opened its doors to Dulcie Grosskurth, Carol Graydams, Don Edinger, Don Raffetto, Dorothy Dietrich, Joe Serra, Francis White, Evelyn Muller, Betty McDermott, Joan Doyle, Gladys De Coussemaeker, and Jean Pasinski. These students were carefully chosen before being admitted. They each had to take the oath of allegiance during the very impressive ceremony and then enjoyed a delicious dinner. Doctor Alexander is the faculty advisor for the Chapter at Paterson State.

P. T. A.

The Future Teachers of America attended their annual dinner on May 11 at the Free Tavern. William Gorman, president for 1948-1949, conducted the election of officers. Officers are as follows: president, Carmela Carls; vice-president, Eleanor Pochter; secretary, Della Lipson; treasurer, Roslyn Landman; and Treasurer, Ruth Ann Clark. Plans for next year were also discussed.

Dr. Karp, the club's advisor, and Mrs. Karp also attended the dinner.

This suggestion was immediately accepted by the class and Mr. Haas said that letters with the names and addresses would be sent out during the summer.



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MARY DIAMONDIS MARVIN COHEN
Co-Editors-in-Chief

TUNIS BELLO.....Feature Editor
LAWRENCE J. OSSI.....News Editor
JOSEPH TRIGONE.....Sports Editor
DON RAFFETTO.....Business Manager
VIRGINIA MORAN.....Exchange
PAT MORONE.....Photography
HAROLD STEINDLER.....Cartoonist

Faculty Advisor
JULIETTE TRAINOR

— Reporters —

Richard DeLucia, Joseph Glorcia, Charles Sheratsky, Rose Mary Snyder, Lorraine War, June Dandier, Gerda Lerner, James Leach, Joan Garaventa, Louis Passeretti, Joan Henshall, Gloria Bevalqua, Jackie Baker, Pauline Gelfinea, Bob Hilton.

EDITORIAL . . .

This editorial will serve as a condemnation of what we consider the average student in this college. There have been many incidents that have led us to this writing, and we'll cite just a few for you.

Take the Smoking Room incident. Dr. Wightman likes to think that the disgusting condition that existed in that room was due to the neglect of a mischievous minority. That is the reason we still have the smoking privilege. We know better, don't we? Fortunately we are blessed with a president who has the welfare of the students in mind.

Then there was the play "What a Life!" and the very excellent concert by the Madrigal Singers. What happened to our little Staters on those nights. That is the \$64 question! Perhaps they had run to the local cinema for a showing of a horse opus, featuring one of Hollywood's leading "reefer" smokers—a splendid example of American manhood. Or was it that they were at home, listening to a jazz concert by one of the leading "musicians" who has a record of marriages Ripley wouldn't believe.

Of course, there is the matter of State's baseball team. The State laughs at his ball club. The coach is no good, the players are a joke and the whole thing is a waste of time. These four of the student body has yet to see its first game. It's a downright shame.

Take your nose out of your books! And, judging by the intelligence you've shown in these matters, we doubt if you ever open your books!

If you don't like your ball team, go out and make it better; or, at least, give the team a fighting spirit.

Get into the school program: the plays, the concerts, the S. G. A., the frats, the sororities and clubs. Wake them up and wake up your school! The faculty and the minority can't push you any harder. Somewhere in life everyone learns that Mother cannot lead them around by the hand and make every decision for them. Now is as good a time as any to learn that. If that is all you ever learn in college, you may consider your time well spent.

We'd like to know what you intend doing when you secure a position as a teacher. What school spirit will you ask of your pupils—the same as you've shown and given to State?

You may not like this, but there is little you can do about it. You see, we fought to get into this position, whereby we could say what we think. If you don't like it, let's see if you can take our place on this paper. It should be easy: all we offer as competition is an average ability, and a little more "go ahead" than you have—an unfortunate situation for the school, but a lucky break for this editorial! Goodbye friends and hello to our new enemies!

H. S.

I Am A Teacher

I wish I could persuade every teacher in the elementary school to be proud of his occupation. Please notice that I did not say conceited or pompous—I said proud. People who introduce themselves to me and to others with the shameful remark that they are just an elementary school teacher or only a teacher of first grade—such people give me despair in my heart, confusion in my brain, and a pain in my neck! Did you ever hear a lawyer say deprecating that he was only a little patent attorney? Did you ever hear a physician say, "I am just a brain surgeon?" I beg of you teacher to stop this miserable humiliating habit of apologizing for being a member of the most important section of the most important profession in the world. You, as teachers, can face anyone in the world without a feeling of inferiority. You should begin now, to do that very thing. The grandeur of your profession can, if you will let it, clothe you like a splendid cloak. Pull it around you, draw up to your full height, look anybody squarely in the eye and say, "I'm a teacher."



They Did It! . . .

With this issue we, the editors, joined the ranks of those who learn back and speak in reminding tones of the good old hours spent in the back room of the library.

We can remember way back in September we were just starting out and all we ever talked about was the "Beacon." We were going to put out. It was to be full of new ideas and naturally, the best that could ever be. Well, of course Vol. XV, five as we think it is, is not the best. There will be better issues in the years to come.

However, we did have something that is going to be pretty hard to beat. Amid all our rushing, worrying and praying we

had one wonderful staff and about one million wonderful laughs.

We shall never forget how Joe would rush in the last possible minute with his sports or how Larry and Pat in the midst of anguish would just laugh and pass the Webster's sampler.

We shall remember with gratitude Tunis' promptness in handling in his wonderful column and Louis' eagerness in filling in four-inch lines. And as for Harold S., we promise never to misspell his name on our front page again—Steindler, isn't it? And while we're throwing bou-

quets we'd like to thank Don and Charles, without whom, this paper just couldn't be.

And in reminding, we can still see Miss Trainor's worried gulp and "Oh No!" expressions when she read the editorials and we'll never forget the times we had Rutgers, the Education Department, and Frank Zandino sending us fiery letters. That we don't wish on anyone.

What we do wish through, is that every present and future "Beacon" writer have the fun we had. In spite of the grilling we edit, like to do—it's well worth it.

M. D.

An Open Letter

Dear Dr. Morrison:
Recently I read a report made by the State Department of Education and found that the report was based on your estimations. I was quite surprised to find that New Jersey will need approximately 22,833 teachers within the next eight years. You stressed the need for elementary school teachers due to the increased enrollments and said that high school enrollments were dropping, but would start to increase in 1953.

However, your solution to the problem was most interesting, suggesting that the shortage could partially be overcome by operating state teachers colleges at capacity and that about 50 per cent of the amount could be furnished in this manner. You also said that the remainder could be recruited from out of state sources and from liberal arts schools.

Suggestion

If I may, I would like to offer a further solution. Instead of operating teachers colleges at capacity, couldn't our present capacity be expanded to accommodate the increased number? We here at Paterson State know what the word "expansion" means and are hopefully looking forward to the time when we move to our new campus. It is very difficult to train first class teachers in a college with limited room for instruction and experimental purposes.

Teachers that are recruited from liberal arts colleges have one strike against them before they start and they don't have the needed training which competent teachers must have. Our state sources will be few because most who commute will find transportation a costly item on a teacher's budget.

Finally may I suggest that if only more attractive salaries were offered to teachers, the costly job of procuring needed

Letters To The Editors

Dear Editor:

I should like to take this opportunity to answer the questions posted in your recent issue of May 18, 1949.

The first question is: Is it true that the stage props which belong to the school are housed in a garage on 18th Avenue in Paterson for the fee of \$15 per month when they could be stored at the Hobart Estate at no expense to the school?

No, it is not true. First of all, the rental fee is \$5.50 per month, not \$15 per month as was erroneously reported in your editorial. Furthermore, under the circumstances, this equipment could not have been stored at the Hobart Estate at no expense to the school or even at less expense to the school.

The second question is: Is it true that the chairman for the Hobart Estate volunteered in his calculations for our new library? According to an inside tip, the new library will be about space by 20,000 books because of this donation?

No, it is not true. To begin with, there are no calculations for a new library. Then, even more so, at this time, there are no "inside tips" in regard to anything concerning the New State. However, it is common knowledge that present plans call for the temporary housing of the library in the mansion house. At the present time, one of the best architects in the State is doing a superior job of utilizing whatever facilities are available in the mansion house for library purposes.

P. J. LANFING

competent personnel would only be half as difficult.

Shoreline,

R. HILTON

Michaelowski WAA President

Clara Michaelowski, Jean Ward, Joan Bernstein, and Rosalie Garabrant were recently elected officers of the Woman's Athletic Association for 1949-1950. At a recent WAA Dinner Clara was presented with a small "r" for acquiring 25 points in nine various sports during extra-curricular periods.

Blue Danube

By MICHAEL HARASIMOV

A song of admiration I sing to Radiant stream of heavenly blue, you.

I see you flow through pastures green, Through scrubby woods and valleys serene.

Through forgotten hamlets small and humble, Where deaf to the world's confining rumble.

You wind on to cities of splendor Over borders and earth which time surrendered.

Roll on, Blue Danube, God speed to you.

Soon you will be grace to men.

Added:

My Paradise

By JOEL THAW

The water was calm as I sailed a small island rising from the sea, all ridged, foam-fringed at its base, with innumerable sand dunes hovering along the cliffs. A rowboat might have pulled around this fragment of land in two hours or less, but the friends of scattered ocean palms rose above rich vegetation in the valleys and on the upper slopes, and at one place a slender cascade fell into the sea. Peace, beauty and utter loneliness were here, in a little world set in the midst of the widest of oceans—the peace of the deep sea, and of nature hidden from the world of men.



WITHOUT MALICE

by
TUNIS J. BELLO

I said I didn't care when she phoned me and told me that she was suffering from a headache and would be unable to keep our date. Something whispered that she was lying, but I convinced myself that she was ill and spent a good five minutes advising her of the many remedies that could possibly be used. I thought I heard the gruff laughter of a man and the sprightly music of a gramophone in the background. But I pretended I heard nothing and ended the conversation by repeating the customary words of endearment that are the farewell property of all young lovers.

Foresbadow

I said I didn't care when I saw her ride by in his brand new car. There was a joy of living in her gayety and a streak of sunshine in her hair. I thought of a hundred reasons for her presence in the car. He was another worker at the bank taking her home after a tiresome day at the office. He was a relative from a strange city. Why, there was no harm in getting a ride. Certainly, there wasn't. I whistled to myself and tried to restore the faith that was seeking to betray me.

I said I didn't care when I met him that night in her home. I realized he was more handsome than I was, and he certainly had plenty of charm. But, she had told me she loved me, and that was good enough for me. She was trying to make me jealous. Yes, that was it, she was trying to make me jealous. I watched her melt in his arm as they glided magically over the parlor floor. The ticking of my watch beat in unison with the growing uneasiness, hostility, anger that crept through me. I detested the way she looked at him with eyes of temptation and smiles of ownership. Suddenly I could stand it no longer. I hastened an excuse to my lips and plunged disconsolately down the long, dark street. I told myself I would never return. I wish I hadn't.

Heart Break

I said I didn't care when she flung the engagement ring in my face and told me what a fool I was for thinking she would ever marry me. Her harsh laugh ran like hot steel in my ears. I put my hands on my head and tried to shut out the torrent of malicious scorn that snarled from her blood-red lips. I wanted to silence that fountain of derision that drowned me with its unceremoniousness. I struck out madly with both hands at that taunting face and its mask of cunning betrayal. Once, twice, I lost all count and all reason.

I said I didn't care when the judge sentenced me to death. I heard his ponderous voice toll out the news of doom. I saw the stony indifference of personified justice beckoning me to eternity. I saw and heard, but felt nothing but an empty numbness embrace me. Couldn't they see I didn't care.

Why?

I said I didn't care when they tied me in the electric chair. But I wanted to cry for mercy. Please, please postpone it for another week, another day, another hour. The paragon feasted on my clothes and ran in rivulets down my arms and legs. Memory after memory echoed persistently from the recesses of my mind. Questions beat continuously for answers. Where am I going? Will I be alive? Why? How? Where? But when they asked me if I had anything to say, I snarled, "I don't care. I don't care."

The warden turned slowly away from the stiff, still body of the young man. Calmly lighting a cigarette, he muttered to one of the guards, "Yes, sir, as hard as they come. He just didn't care."

"Who's the Boss?"

By GUY LOTT, JR.

Away back there in the '30's
When women wore dresses with bustles too
And ankles were things that were never seen
No wonder men were considered "mean."
This was a thing that could not be
What are eyes for if not to see?
So the daring ones finally gave in
And from the end of the skirt they began to trim.
Clip—one inch and finally two!
But those high button shoes would never do
So silver slippers came into style
And those who wore them no longer were vile.
Then to the ladies' delight they found
Since this is done they could stand their ground
Is was not long till the knees were shown
And all silk and satins and bustles were gone.
Now men were pleased, but what did girls do?
Skirts kept getting shorter. You know that's true.
Men got scared and started to plan
To all get together and leave this land.
Then women said, "well we don't care."
And they did something that I can't bear.
The began to walk, or strike, or prance
Down the street in man's own pants!
To prove that man was still the boss
Many a pair of slacks came off
And down came the skirts to below the knee
Who's the boss? You tell me!

On The Spot



JOHN DONALD

It is seldom that we, in any column, dare our praise to an individual student. We feel, however, that the time has come to do just that. And the boy at the receiving end of it is the present President of the Student Government, John Donald.

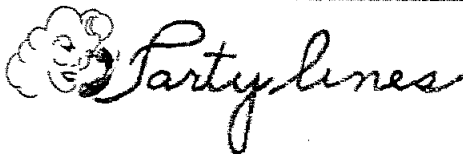
John, whose gift of leadership has really brought a good deal of remarkably able administration to State's SGA, is responsible for the many worth while projects developed and passed by the student body during the past year. Not only was the assessment fee raised so that the various activities could grow and expand with the long needed extra capital, but the budget for the next academic year has already been allocated.

But his achievements do not end with his work here at Paterson State. As a result of his dominant personality, fine character, high scholastic rank (A average), wonderful sense of humor and many other assets, he was recently elected to "WHO'S WHO IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES."

A member of the Delta and Omega Club and reporter for the State "Beacon," John's column "Gags and Howls" featuring original jokes and quips, has sent many a student into peals of laughter. When we approached him he greeted us with "Did you hear the church burned down?—Holy smoke!"

In a more serious tone however, John would like to thank everyone who worked with him on the Student Government—the Students themselves, the Section Representatives, the Executive Committee, and especially Miss Jackson, SGA Advisor.

★
Happy Vacation
To All
from
The Beacon Staff
★



By PAULYNE GOLFINOS

Hello again everybody. I'm here to tell you all about the news and views of the students and their activities When Adelman drinks everybody drinks, and when Dick "Torchy" Adelman paid even the coke machine broke down to provide free cokes for all in the caf. The sky was the limit when Richard innocently put a nickle in the machine. Soon the doc came and quarantined the sick machine with an "out of order sign" George Schroer's "Pride of Willow Wun" is back in circulation again, so if you are either a motorist or a pedestrian, beware! "C'mon George tell us about it" Another victim of autoitis is Phil "Flip" Fili-pone, who can be seen snuggling nervously behind the wheel of his '49 Buick as he rides around the school. Flip has been unable to get insurance for his car and passengers because he is a student. As we go to press he has succeeded in tracking down a policy in New York, and we are all keeping our fingers crossed that the company won't fold up Julius "Gonzales" Corn is heading back to his hacienda in Rio, Brazil with his friend, Adios muchachos Congratulations to Joseph Canova on his forthcoming marriage to Marilyn Florence Werner, on Sunday, the nineteenth of June.

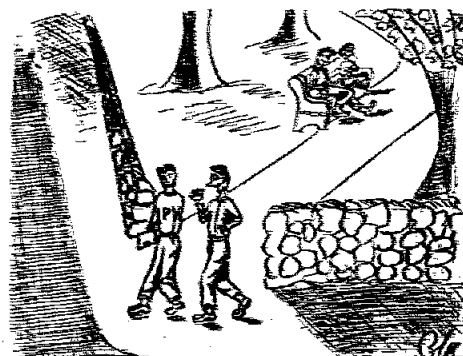
SITTING PRETTY

Gerda Lerner's newborn nephew arrived just in time to make sure that Gerda will be home every night to study for exams A chaperone but on old crone is lovely Concina de Vecchi who was over-seer at a church affair for the younger social set recently Ann Federhoff, Mary Diamondis, and Mary Ochipinti satisfied their wanderlust by driving down to Washington, D. C. for a glorious weekend Add look-alikes Joan Lamela and Joan Fontaine, the swimming instructor at the "Y" and Lew Ayres, Stewart Walker and Buddy Johnson, Helen Weber, Barbara Dwyer and Donald Kaye, William Atwood and French actor Louis Jourdan, and Frank Borzine and the Austrian pretender to the throne Prince Otto of the Hapsburg dynasty The latest to join the "knit one pearl two" circuit is Bob Clark who can be seen making like Mme. de Farge in the caf On Guard! Lorraine War is now captain of the Fencing team. Kudos to Helen Varriscus who was chosen to compete in the Fencing Nationals

CASUALTY LIST

The vernal equinox never fails to bring in its wake, a long list of victims of the elements Maureen Minsky was hit by two harbingers of spring Frank Zanfino's face reminds us of a Browning poem, the lines are so deep from cuts and gashes he suffered while on a field trip Victims to the new campus died in terror at the sight of a rat on the premises Bill Holley says that as a golfer he is a good bowler No ten o'clock scholar is Harry Silver who reports to school promptly at nine every day regardless of his time schedule Borne Anniversary was celebrated by Bernie Meyer with a surprise party given to him by friends. Really MEMORIAL Memorial days were planned by Ethel Herman who went to Wamawass and Rosemarie Snyder who went to Manasquan with Pinky O'Donnell and Nancy Lawler Goodbye for now

Did This Happen To You?



She had to do his homework for a week or he wouldn't have taken her to the Senior Prom.



Photo memorializing a memorable moment . . . Dr. Wightman administering the oath to the first members

Delta Omega Epsilon Has Formal Inauguration

The formal inauguration of Delta Omega Epsilon Fraternity was held at the Swiss Chalet on Saturday evening, May 28.

Dr. Clair S. Wightman, President of P.S.T.C., acted as installing officer and administered the oath to the charter members.

In his address to the assembly, Dr. Wightman cited the new Fraternity for its well organized advancement and for its adherence to non-racial discriminatory principles.

Mr. Lawrence J. Ossi, Pre-Dental Sophomore and News Editor of the "Beacon," was inaugurated first President by Dr. Wightman and Mr. Herbert Callesano, Faculty Adviser. Mr. Ossi then installed the following officers: Richard DeLucia, Vice-

The Wonderful Sea

By MIKE HARBULANEC

For many, the sight of the sea is one of extreme beauty, delightful memories and longing anticipation. This anticipation was born from a desire to return to this gigantic phenomenon which spreads its liquid arms, embracing much of our planetary world.

To this fortunate group is entrusted a gift which no many of our contemporary society can claim as their own, and certainly, not I.

It was my less than fortunate plight to be a passenger for the Orient a few years ago. Less fortunate because of my inability to interpret glowing travel folders correctly, with their heart touching accounts of romance on the high seas and cool, sunny nights. Indeed, it was not long before I heard the sea speak in its true tones—harsh, roaring, heaving; and I must admit that I was a bit of "heaving" not with the motion of the ship, but rather as a result of it.

You can just imagine my relief as we finally came into view of the "Mystic Orient." (Travel Folder No. 101), and with a little more imagination my delight as I stepped ashore amidst a howling, sniffling populace, which may have appealed to the others, but as for me, the greatest appeal of all was in the firm compact earth that came to rest not a moment too soon, beneath my slightly less than steady feet.

"T-YI"

By WILLIAM KNOLL

"South of the Border,
Down Mexico Way."

I was never "south of the border" but I'd been been down Mexico way." San Antonio, Texas is where I was. It may not be Mexico but it's down that way.

What country, wide, vast, beautiful—clearly all of it.

"That's where I fell in love."

What woman, wide, vast, beautiful—clearly all of them—Except mine—She was a sweet, little Mexican chick. You know the kind, dark hair, dark eyes, dark complexion? Ah!

I met her while she was working. She had a job in the steam room of the "G. I." laundry.

"While stars above came out to play—"

What fun we used to have. I used to send her a note every day. I'd either put the note in a dirty sock or I'd pin it to my—well, I used to send her a note every day.

"And sometimes I wonder—"

Say, you know she was quite the kid. You know how Mr. Evey says, "Now one of the most unpleasant things for a Latin is to have your 'NO' to you?" That was her all over. She had mastered plenty of large words in English, she was having trouble with the short ones' that's all. The smallest word she knew (and used it often) was "TEN."

"Why I didn't say—"

Why I didn't say. That's a laugh on top of half the Air Corps, she had a husband and six kids—

"South of the Border,
Down Mexico Way."

Video

By ANDREW PECORARO

Phenomen polidactors from a steel ribbed tower flow
Into the tube, whose mine guins
Sculpts the image from shadow and light
Upon the crumbling pedestal of an instant.

PLACEMENTS — MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS, JUNE 1949

Gen. Elec. and King-Primary

Name	Where Placed
ACKERMAN, DOROTHY MAY	River Edge, N. J.
ARDITO, ADOLFADE EMMA	Cresskill, N. J.
BICKER, EVELYN B.	Lyndhurst, N. J.
BROWN, LOIS	Tenafly, N. J.
COFFI, JOSEPH MICHAEL	Bloomfield, N. J.
COLL, ANITA JOHANNA	Bloomfield, N. J.
DE CATSEMAKER, MRS. GLADYS	Fair Lawn, N. J.
DIERICH, DOROTHY MAE	Bloomfield, N. J.
DOYLE, JOAN LILLIAN	Bloomfield, N. J.
GERMAN, HELEN	Englewood, N. J.
GREYDANUS, CAROL	Wayne Township, N. J.
JARNALIN, MARIE	Parsippany, N. J.
KOVAL, FRANCES MONICA	Park Ridge, N. J.
LANCIA, VITA C.	Bloomfield, N. J.
LAUD, ALFRED BARNES	Parsippany, N. J.
LIPINSKI, ELEANORE	Lyndhurst, N. J.
LOBOSCO, MARY MARGARET	Bloomfield, N. J.
LOMBARD, MARGARET EDITH	River Edge, N. J.
LUCAS, MARILYN GERTRUDE	Saddle River, N. J.
MICHOPIA, VINCENTIAN NANCY	Parsippany, N. J.
MILLER, GWENDOLYN	Ridgewood, N. J.
NICHOLS, ADELINE AUGUSTA	Saddle River, N. J.
PAPINSKA, JEAN MARY	Garfield, N. J.
PEPPER, CHERISTINA M.	Wayne Township, N. J.
SIEMSKA, IDA ELIZABETH	Wayne Township, N. J.
STERSON, DORIS MARIE	Wayne Township, N. J.
STEEL, JANE ELIZABETH	Saddle River, N. J.
SWANN, MIRIAM BETTY	Wayne Township, N. J.
VAN VELTHOVEN, EMILY	Parsippany, N. J.
WERNER, MARILYN FLORENCE	Riverside, N. J.
WOLFE, DOROTHY RUTH	Wayne Township, N. J.
WORTH, BETH ELAINE	River Edge, N. J.
	Coalinga, California

PLACEMENTS — MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS

Business Education Curriculum

Name	Where Placed
DELLA, TUNIS J.	Morristown, N. J. (H.S.)
DE CATSEMAKER, GEORGE	Edgewater Park, N. J. (H.S.)
OKERMA, MILO	Parsippany, N. J. (Eastern Academy, Prospect Park) (Began teaching in February)
PITEA, MRS. VIRGINIA GILBERT	Haledon, N. J.
PERRY, NORMA	Saxton, N. J. (H.S.) (Began teaching in February)
LAZICKI, JULES	Garfield, N. J.
RAFFETTO, DON	Reed City, Michigan

Cupid By A Knockout

By JOE TRIONE

People see my missus decked out in a mink fur coat, and figure she is lucky being the wife of a fighter. What they don't see is the torture she goes through watching my face get battered in a tough scrap. I kept thinking of these thoughts and others as I was getting a rubdown after a work-out. Then, I got to thinking about the two young people sitting in the front booth a week ago at the Oxford Cafe where the wife and I generally eat.

The wife and I sat down and didn't have much to say to each other. That's how we happened to hear the young couple talking. I didn't pay much attention to what they said, until I heard him mention my name.

"He's a cinch to win, honey," the young fellow says. "The guy he's fighting is a pushover."

"I hope you're right, Bill," she says. "If you want to bet on him, it's okay with me."

"It's our only chance, darling," the young guy says, his voice sounding real worried.

The wife doesn't say a thing about what we hear. She just gives me a look. She never asks me about my fights, and I never say nothing to her about them. Pretty soon, the two young people get up and leave, and then my missus smiles, sort of sad.

"They seem like nice kids," she says. "I sure hope they win that bet."

I see she's hintin' around, but like I said, I never tell her nothing about my bouts. I do feel sorry for them though, because my manager, Howie Rosch, has told me not to extend myself, and you know what that means.

When I hit the sack that night, I couldn't get to sleep. I just kept thinkin' about them. The wife was sort of restless too, and she kept lookin' at me. I guess she knew there was going to be something phoney with the fight and she was probably wonderin' what I would do.

The arena was really packed the next night, but what a rotten show they got for their money. Me and this Tommy Krowbooth do a nice little walk for seven rounds without landin' one good blow. The crowd started hollerin', callin' the fight fixed and phony. But I couldn't hear them, I could feel those two pair of eyes watchin' me though, and I start gettin' butterflies in my stomach.

So I says to myself, "Hell, I might as well tick the bum. If I let this punk beat me, I wouldn't be able to sleep with myself."

So I put the punk to sleep in the next round with a hammer of a roundhouse right if I do say so myself.

You're supposed to feel good when you win 'em like that, but when I see the look on Howie Rosch's face, I wish I was somebody else. He walks along side of me as we go towards the dressing room. What he says in my ear is spoke real soft but the words he uses are all the wrong ones.

The next night I'm still thinkin' about the rotten things Howie had said to me and I was feelin' soured-up on life, when the wife and me strolled into the Oxford. We no sooner sit down at a booth, when the young guy comes in. He is alone and goes to a booth across from us, studies the table cloth and pokes at it with his fork.

I'm gettin' so curious that I can't stand it no more, so I tell my wife to sit right and I get up and go over to where he is sittin'.

He looks up at me, gives me a queer sort of grin, and says, "Hello, aren't you the guy who beat Krowbooth last night?"

"Yeah," I say, sittin' down in his booth, "did you do okay?"

"Never believe anything you hear," he says. "I should know. You see, I spotted you and your wife going in here yesterday, and I followed you with my girl. It was no accident that you heard us talking. I grabbed the booth next to yours to make sure you'd hear me. I figured that if you fell for our old story, you'd try that much harder to win. But when I got to the arena, I heard the fight was fixed, so I bet the hundred on Krowbooth."

"In a way I lost," he smiles. "but in another way I won. After the fight I couldn't get up the courage to even look at Jennie, but she just smiled and said, 'Never mind honey, we'll find some way.'"

"That," the young fellow says, "is a girl. With a girl like that you can't lose. So I'm giving up gambling. Since I came out of the Navy, I've done nothing but gamble. Tomorrow, I'm going to get a job and I'm waiting here to tell Jennie about it."

While him pavin' the bill, the wife pulls a roll of bills out of her purse. She peels off a few hundred bucks and gives them to Harry.

"See that couple over there?" she asks. "Well, give this to them and tell them it's a gift from Cupid."

With that, she blanches out with me right after her, yappin' about money not growin' on trees.

"Relax, relax," she snaps. "I only gave them half of what I won."

"Have you been gamblin' again?"

"Listen," she says, "when I saw you twistin' and turnin' in bed the other night, I knew you'd win that fight. So I bet a couple of hundred on you. I knew you'd win, so it was no gamble at all."

You know, sometimes a guy can't even figure out his own wife.

One Life

By LOU PASSARETTI

...one life we live to wander into unknown whereabouts—amidst the clay from which we spring.

The pulsating veins of all the universe stand mystified against the barrier of darkness which guards the gates to the celestial pastures. Powerless and helpless are we in the hands of the Divine Decider . . .

LOU PASSARETTI

To Farleigh Dickinson College

Dear Steve,

As I place before you this hastily written note, may I warn you, that being a "true son of Paterson" relieves me of the necessity of saying that which you, the conventional person, might expect in the course of a normal letter.

Your most welcome inquiry as to the nature of my progress in college affords me the rare opportunity of informing someone, by request, or less, of my activities.

In the first instance, I must agree with those who maintain that college is a deciding factor in one's education. For from the day I first entered this "Stockpile of Knowledge," I have felt my mental capacity expand, and wish it my share for the finer things.

Truly, nothing drives me in my pursuit of higher education, that is, weaker souls might, indeed carry in the corridors, gathering groups, and often sweating to secrecy, busy on to disseminate the most choice bits of information, and quite possibly, add a bit for the sake of emphasis. Still others, less determined, might be swayed by the local crowd, but not I. This you may find hard to believe, but it is the truth—well more or less.

At this time, I must pause a moment to reflect and consider. Yes, college life is wonderful. A few short months ago, I entered this " Citadel of Learning," lacking those fine points which would someday qualify me to be portrayed, in all my glory, as a "Man of Distinction," my picture to adorn the billboards of America, and most important, the local beverage ads. Now, that fear has been dispelled for I feel the scholar and gentleman developing in me.

I have but one obstacle to overcome in the immediate future, and that, in itself, will inform me as to the degree of success that I have attained here, at college. No, I shall not have to enter the local "H.Q." or pass a quiz for the Rhodes Scholarship, but I will have to face that which strikes fear into the hearts of all college students, the final exams for the final semester. Having once navigated the sea of questions which, I hope, the ship of correct answers, I will be able to sail forward into the latter part of the school year, with confident anticipation.

I trust that your college life has been equally enlightening and entertaining as has been mine.

May the time be brief, fruitful and inspiring before we are brought together again, through the magic of the pen.

I remain, your aspiring colleague,

MICHAEL HARBULINEC

Adelphit Student Writes Beacon . . .

Shells Berman, a former State now attending Adelphi College, writes: Last week I caught a fish and placed it in my roommates bed. Her surprise in finding it made the whole damn night and after a pillow fight we went to sleep. I thought she had forgotten it, but alas, the other night as I slipped into bed I landed on the aromatic remains of Mr. Fish. At that same same minute I heard a creak from the Bureau drawer and investigated and found a frog. And then to top it all off I found a baby chick in my darling P. S. Please address all mail in care of "Zoo Hall."

Easily Influenced

By JOE TRIONE

Slug McDermott stood outside the door of his house, tensely drew his twelve-year-old frame up, then entered the house.

His father's voice greeted him as soon as the door closed behind him.

"You're a little bit late, aren't you, Slug?"

"Shut your jaw," snapped Slug. "I'm sick of your sob stories."

Slug brushed past his mother and walked into the living-room. She followed him anxiously into the room.

"Slug, is that any way to talk to your father?"

With a disdainful look at his mother, Slug replied, "Stop crying in your beer, woman."

"Slug."

"Burton your lip, woman or else it gives lead."

Mr. McDermott came to the doorway and peered into the room. His eyes bulged when he saw the gleam in his son's eyes. It was a fanatical gleam.

"Slug, what are you doing?"

No answer.

"Slug, this foolishness has gone far enough. What the hell is the matter with you? What's on your mind?"

Slug still did not reply, but sat and sharpened the knife as though he was hypnotized. Suddenly he got up, left the knife on the table and walked unseeing past his father into his bedroom.

Mr. McDermott snapped his fingers as a thought came to his mind. He went to the telephone and dialed the number of "Angelpuess." Slug's best girl, Slug had taken her to the movies that night.

"Hello, Angelpuess? This is Mr. McDermott. What on earth is the matter with Slug?"

"Gosh, I don't know," replied Angelpuess. "Everything was fine tonight until we came out of the movie. Then he gave me a nicker, told me to buy myself a beer and left me."

Mr. McDermott thanked Angelpuess, hung up and then sat down to think.

The following evening after supper, Mr. McDermott gave Slug seventy cents and told him to see the "western" at the Bijou.

"Wait and see the results for yourself," said Mr. McDermott.

A few hours later, Slug entered the house walking as bow-legged as possible. He walked over to his mother, grabbed her around the waste and in his best western drawl, inquired, "How's mah best gal?"

Ellis Rides Again . . .



Santiago, 1949

To The Beacon—

I am enclosing with this, a picture which I am sure the publicity department of the college will want to use. It shows me and my partner, the other Delivery Fellow in Chile, in our moment of triumph in the Rodeo of Rancagua for the Grand Championship of Chile. In the sacrifice which was not presented to me, it might have paid tribute to my mastery of the highly immobile beast on which you see me mounted, as well as my intrepidity in the face of the imminent peril from the dangerous morillo confronting me.

As you are undoubtedly aware, among us Chilean *financeros* and *hacendados*, it is a matter of honor to subdue the wild range animals without use of a rope, but rather by sheer force of our personality, plus a certain amount of cooperation from a well-trained horse. I attribute my own inconsiderable success in this new field of endeavor to the excellent experience gained at Paterson State in dealing with the writhes and visions of my animals of the menagerie which inhabit the darker corners of the campus.

To be perfectly truthful, the combined effort and nature is a product of the side-show of the rodeo at Rancagua, taken last Sunday, and approach so close to even a painted horse upon me so much that the soap ladder on which the photographer posed me very nearly threw me. So great is the force of psychology and my painful memory of certain past situations that, although I was standing throughout the performance, I could swear I have saddle-sores as a result. Of course they may be some more of the horses which have plagued me since I arrived.

Felicitous Family

By GUY LOTT JR.

Peter Wolfers sat contentedly behind the wheel of his new Studebaker. The smell of spring drifted from the mountains into the car. He smiled and thought how happy he was. He had a good job, a home, a new car, and above all, a devoted wife whom he loved very much. He had been married two years ago, and how happy these two years had been! And after today all would be happier: his life would be complete.

A Woman's Thoughts

Zelma, his wife, sat beside him. She too was day dreaming. It had been only a few years ago that she was in Nazi Germany—a Jewish woman. She had been sterilized and sent to the various Gestapo quarters. She had passed from one S. S. man to another, and finally had been sent to the Russian front to be used as an asset to the typical German soldier. Then Peter had come with the rest of the American soldiers. He had been one of the liberators. She remembered how all the women in the concentration camp ran to the American soldiers, hugging and kissing them while tears of joy and gratitude ran down their pale cheeks. But she had only sat down on the cold ground, crying to thank God, whom she never now existed. Peter had come over to her and helped her to her feet. He had given her a Hershey and offered her a cigarette.

America

It had not been too long before she had been on board ship coming to America—so Peter. They had been married and it was undoubtedly the happiest of marriages. But it lacked a son. She was afraid Peter would be disappointed because she could not give him a child, but it was he who suggested they adopt one.

And now they were on their way on their way to the orphanage. All the past would be forgotten and only happiness was ahead.

"Asleep, Zelma," Peter asked!

"No."

"I think that's the building up ahead."

Zelma looked out the window and saw a spacious house with a large, well-kept lawn. To the right was a playground and the sound of happy children's voices blended in harmony with the singing of the birds.

Together they went up the stairs to the office. They were led to an indoor playroom where several boys and girls were playing contentedly on the floor with blocks, guns, dolls, and countless other toys. Peter looked longingly at a little boy whose face was all smiles. He was a handsome lad and one that any father would be proud to call his own. Zelma too had noticed the boy, and immediately knew that he was the one.

Felicitous

It was then they noticed a small girl in the far corner all alone in a playpen.

"Nurse," Peter called. "Who is that girl?"

"Oh that is Collette," the nurse answered. "She is blind."

Peter's eyes met Zelma's and she nodded her head. And as they left, Collette walked hand in hand with her new parents who would be her eyes forevermore.



in Chile starting a rear guard action in the war which has kept me constantly on the defensive.

GUY LOTT JR.

A Friend to the End

By FRANK BEZINE

It was a cold wet night on the southside of Chicago. It had been raining for almost four hours and as Harry Jennings stumbled up the street, he could feel the freezing rain soaking through his frail body. By now he could no longer control the shaking that was rattling his whole frame.

There was no one in sight, but just as he was about to turn into a doorway a new gray convertible swung wide around the corner. Harry recognized the car immediately. He quickly ducked into the doorway, his heart pounding inside his consumptive chest. He was hoping they did not see him as he pushed himself along the dimly lighted hall, out the back door and down an alley, finally stopping in front of a cellar window. His bloodshot eyes pierced the darkness to see if he was alone and then with a nod of satisfaction he opened the window and lowered his wet and tired body onto the basement floor.

"Is that you Harry?" came a course whisper from out of the blackness.

"Who did you think was?" asked Harry as he began to cough.

"Did you get any food?"

"Yea," Harry wheezed out as he lighted a small candle that was on a wooden box in the middle of the bin.

"Is the window covered, Harry?"

"Of course it is, relax you'll be all right," Harry said as he started to take some of his wet clothes off and hang them up over the little oil stove that was burning.

"Jeez, Harry, what happened to your face?"

Fingering his face tenderly Harry looked up and was just about to speak when a cat started to mew.

"You didn't forget the milk did ya?"

Harry reached in the pocket of the dripping coat and then down into the lining; the finally pulled out a can of milk.

"Got something I can open the can with?"

"Here," Harry said, handing him a pen knife.

Soon the can was open and the little kitten was lapping the milk, looking up once in awhile with its big green eyes to see if there was any danger of losing its new food meal.

"Just look at that beast eat, bet it didn't have norten to eat in the last week."

"Eat this and forget that animal for a while," said Harry through a mouth full of food.

"How come the rolls are so wet?"

"I spilled over some smoked up bum. There was coffee too but that ended up in the gutter."

"Is that how you banged up your face?"

"That's right."

"I was thinking maybe they saw you. No one did see you did they?"

"Not a soul," lied Harry, then he added, "Have a cigarette—it's good for your nerves."

"Not me, you know I never use them, they're bad for your health."

Harry's laugh turned into a series of coughs that jerked his body forward until he almost toppled from the box he was sitting on. He spit in the corner after he had stopped coughing, wiped his watering eyes then leaned forward and asked:

"What do you expect to do in the future?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe I'll start a little business or a farm. That's it! I'll start a chicken farm. What the hell! People always eat chicken."

"Do they?" asked Harry as he leaned back against the wooden partition, watching the smoke drift slowly toward the ceiling. His shivering had not stopped, yet and his coughing was getting worse.

"When you going to see a doc?"

"I don't need any doctor, just got myself a little cold—probably be better tomorrow."

"I still think you should see a doc."

"I don't pay you to think, so shut the hell up!"

"O.K., Harry, I didn't mean anything by it."

Harry suddenly jumped up from the box and blew out the candle.

"What's the matter?"

"Listen," Harry whispered, "I think I hear someone in the alley. Damn it they must have saw me when I ducked into the doorway!"

"You didn't tell me you saw the cops. I'm getting out of here. Come on, Harry, let's beat it!"

Harry was feeling pretty bad. His chest felt like it was on fire every time he coughed and he was cold, damn cold. Then he said, "Go ahead beat it, I'll hold them off, they're not really after you anyway. It's me they're after. Go beat it while you still have time, and take that damn cat with you. You and your ideas about luck. I'll try to meet you tomorrow at Second and Pine."

"So long, Harry, see you tomorrow."

"Yea, see you tomorrow."

You would never have known it had rained last night. The sun had been out almost all day and everything was dry, even the park benches were dry, where a thin, nervous, poorly dressed individual sat reading the headlines of the evening paper.

**HARRY JENNINGS NO. 1 RACKETEER
FOUND SHOT TO DEATH IN CELLAR
ON EASTSIDE OF CHICAGO**

I guess there's no need of me going to Second and Pine tonight, thought the nervous fellow to himself. Wonder if the new boss could use me. What do you think puss? Sure he will, what the hell, good men are hard to find.

CANDID CLIX



"Stagger" Greenaway
and "Lead Pipe"
Alcander ... Round

Family Affair

By PAULYNE GOLDFINOS

I

It's a date at eight, and time is a'wastin'.

Once more through the glamour routine I must hasten.

First for an egg shampoo rinsed with beer.

Then comes a milk bath for skin soft and clean.

II

What wonderful curlers DeG's pipe cleaners make.

And Mother can sleep off that splitting headache.

I've dissolved all the aspirin in water you see.

To keep my grandma as fresh as can be.

III

This lemon will soften my elbows and knees.

And a crackermel facial a kiss guarantees.

In the kitchen there's nothing left in waste.

So Sister must postpone her baking that cake.

IV

Brother's print he makes a fashion-right bow.

To bind up my locks and spellbind my Joe.

Oh yes there's one thing more I must borrow.

Here Sister, I'll sleep in your house tomorrow.

V

Nytens, lipstick and creams are preserved.

In the space in the box which must once reserved.

Of laughlines and wrinkles I now have to dread.

These recubes will close my pores tight, it is said.

VI

Why am I shivering? I look that chilly.

Let him keep ringing, I'll remind the bloke.

He hasn't guess I've been up on the shelf.

I'll snail him and be my true casual self.

Without Interlude

By GUY LOTT, JR.

That I would be alive to tell this story I would never have believed two years ago. How plain it all is, just one of those memories every person has and wants to forget. But some unknown power keeps beating it into the darkest pit of his brain. It's all over now, why do I keep replenishing the fire, which is but a dying ember, when I, and I alone, can put out the flame?

I can see it well, that day I wish to forget. It all took place in a court room—a blasted court room—how I hate it, every inch, every board, every nail that holds it together. Why can't I forget? I was seated in a pine wood box, which somehow resembled a bench although it had arms so I would be comfortable—so I would be comfortable. And then, "Arise ye, the Judge now enters the room." No, I mistake, the "Honorable" judge, now enters. There he was, dressed in a long black robe, his specs sitting on his nose and covering his eyes, which I thought were on me from the moment he entered the room. Soon the court room was quiet and the "case" had begun. The jury all had their eyes on me, and I knew from that moment on, I had no chance to win . . . I would be condemned to death!

After what seemed to be hours I was told I could leave the room for a while—(so could the jury—to make the decision). A guard took me to a cell and locked me in. The cell was well lighted, window on two sides which let the sun beams come running through like a brook over a small hill. A bed, or cot, was in one corner with a small, well worn mattress, and a blanket of grey, course, wool. A sink was in the other corner, and besides a table and small lamp in the center, this was all. I looked at the room but in a moment I could see nothing except bars—iron, straight bars! I was so tired that I refused the serving of soup a guard had brought me. I put myself on the hard cot, and somehow managed to go into a kind of sleep, but even in my sleep bars seemed to be running to and fro in my mind. And then I could see it well, there in the back of my mind, a hangman's knot! I jumped from the cot and immediately felt a chill running through my body—my tired body. I stood in a kind of daze for quite some time, when finally, the grinning face of the guard appeared in the doorway. Soon I was back in the familiar court room again. Then, through the silence of the large room, the members of the jury entered. Their hard, cold faces (how I remember each look), reminded me of a bull dog that I once had when I was a small boy. I remember how he would fight very dog in the neighborhood, and after his victory, a kind of cold smile would appear on his large mouth. Such was the look of the members of the jury.

The room became very still as the man in the front of the jury started to state the decision. The room was so still one could have heard a pin drop, but even so, I could not hear the voice of the man speaking. I could not hear him because I didn't want to hear him say that I was GUILTY. Soon I found myself facing the judge, and the words, "You shall be hanged by the neck until dead" rang in my ears. I don't remember what happened the next couple of hours, but when I awoke I found myself in a different room, all alone in a cold, damp cell, and I knew that it was here I would wait to be hanged.

I told myself that I would be brave. I would die like a man should die. But what about Mary, my sweet, pretty wife, Mary? And my son, Johnny? I wished they would not have to bear the shame that I had caused. Yes, I had killed him, but why not? He was suffering. Cancer was eating his throat away like water digs gullies in the soil. He could not talk or even eat. Pain was so hard that he wanted to scream, but he couldn't. Was it wrong to have killed him? I thought he wanted me to, so I did. Then I got scared and ran. The bell-hop saw me run. So did the night clerk and the doorman. Why did I run? They all noticed they saw me leave the hotel in a hurry, and then, that doctor said that he thought he may have helped my murdered friend. Could he? Would my friend be alive today with no cancer? Eating and talking like any normal individual? Normal individual. They say I'm going crazy, but I'm not, I'm strong, I don't have things like nervous breakdowns. Nor me. It's just that I got tired and my head hurts. Everybody has headaches. What's wrong with that? They can't say I'm crazy just because I have a headache every once in a while.

Why didn't I say I was guilty? They all saw me run from the hotel. I should have just told the judge I was guilty. Yes, that would have been better. Instead I said I went to a movie—alone. That was silly. I should have just admitted everything. Maybe if I told the judge why I killed him he would not hang me. I must get out of here. Let me out! I believe I screamed louder then, then I ever had, before or since. I banged on the cell until the guard arrived and said, "Take it easy, Man. We made a mistake and we're sorry. Well come on out, your free."

I stood there not knowing what to do. Was my head hurting again, or had he really said I was free? Then he took my arm and led me out. I was free. Yes, I was free! He took me to talk to the judge. I saw a man in his office, a man who looked as much like me as the figure I would see in a mirror. Only he was crazy. As crazy as they come. The judge apologized, and the crazy man was sent to the state institution. Is that bad? He would be there anyway, even if he had not said that he killed my friend. He is probably happy there, why can't I forget him? I'm not going crazy though. It is just my head. I'm sure of that. I'm too strong to go crazy.

To All Graduates

Happy Landing



Comedy "What A Life!" Masque and Masquer Success

We sincerely hope you were Bill Knoll, as the star of the one of the lucky ones—one of the 350 who spent the nights of

May 14th and 15th, at the Harold Steindler, with a similar Masque and Masquer presentation of C. Goldsmith's "What A Life!"

If you did see the show, these the "villain" George Erb, Dick remains very little to say. How much, Clara Tillman, George ever, we can't resist the opportunity. Messerian, Gloria Bevelacqua, to congratulate the fine, Lucille Sabio, Ariane Rubin, Don work of Miss Greenaway, as ad- Van Dam, Mary Diamondia, visitor to the cast, Norman Fink, Jackie Baker, on through as director, and the very capable "Hawshaw" Harold Seely.

Humor

By JACQUELINE BAKER

As far as appearances goes, I was an Old Maid at ten years old. My six cats were the contributory forces. What was the start of this private evolution? I like to blame it on Joseph. She was a dignified cat who resided at one of the neighboring alleys, and who rarely bothered to go slumming. However, one day, perhaps on account of a mousing expedition, this lovely "Nimrod" sauntered into my yard. I immediately christened her "Joseph" because of her coat of many colors—red, white, black and gray. Having been rescued from a pagan world, her personality began to unfold its sweetness. She arched herself against my legs, rubbing to and fro, all the while purring contentedly as if to say, "you're comfortable, mistress." Although we had immediately been attracted to each other, perhaps through animal magnetism, my mother having an aversion to cats, allowed me to see my puss only on the sly. Every day after school, Joseph would wait on the corner for me and then we would walk home together. One cold, dark March night when I was snugly in bed, safe in the knowledge that my mother was awake, she heard screams in the night. It was my Joseph. Mother brought her in, and the next day we had Joseph and four kittens each representing a different color of the coat.

I reported mother to SPCA and then we both had a wonderful time watching the little kittens grow. Joseph being a maternal soul, practically wore her teeth out, caring for her little darlings. Not being too fond of smaller varieties of animal life, I would dunk the darlings in the bathroom sink while they mewled loudly, and then would brush them with talcum powder. Joseph's attitude began to change a little after that. And our own cat, "Baby" was not too fond of the intruders either. If she had known about the instrument she would probably have put her heads through a meat-grinder. As it was, she merely tried using her mouth and then tragedy struck. Joseph, abandoning her virtuous wisp and her children, ran off with a black Casanova. It is rumored that there is now insanity in the family. Baby perished through an accident with the washing machine. She fell in. Mother said if she were not so lazy, she would have used her tongue. The other kittens were placed out for adoption. I was so heartbroken for awhile, that now whenever I see a little feline attempting to flirt its way into my heart, I merely say, "scat, cat," before any new relationship can begin.

"Something New"

By JEROME GOLDMAN

I like to look out at the rain. I like to watch the drops hit the window pane. They look like rivers—little rivers—big—look at that one, so big, nazy. It's nice in here, I guess I like the rain because I'm inside and it's so rotten outside. It's wonderful, having a nice new house. Everything new. The furniture new, the sheets, everything. I hope it never stops raining. If it would rain forever, this house would keep me dry.

I wish they would take it out, it just doesn't belong in this house. I'll be happy here, no matter what, no matter—it gives me the creeps. I'll be happy, it didn't affect me a bit. Everything new, that's the way it should be—I think I'll cry.

I had my good times with him before we were married. He was naive—like me for hours—make me cry—go home. He was crazy too—I made him feel it. He came fell for me. I wish they would take it out. I can't stand it around the house. They were supposed to come two hours ago. I'll put my hat back on. Maybe they'll come any minute. If they look it out now—maybe tonight. I can't—better wait—on the first night. Maybe they're late because of the rain. It must be terrible to do it in the rain.

Oh God, why don't they hurry—well one thing, twenty five thousand dollars—I guess everything will turn out all right. If they come now—tonight maybe I could—no—God, I want to go out. I'm sick of staying in.

Here they are—at last—get it over with now—there's a big house. I wonder if I should cry when they come in. Well—I never want to go forward—I don't know. I'll cry, I guess. He was good to me, I suppose. Well I got a new house, twenty five thousand dollars. The insurance man said he would pay me the sale—well—I'll make out. I'll get a real man now.

Come in please, the cashier is in the living room—I'll be all right—yes—I'll stop crying—I'll stop.

When he's down in that sinking hole where he belongs—something new, something old—something borrowed, something blue.

Candid Pix...



"He-man" Martine and "Rockabil" Goss

Receiving Line...



The Chronicler

By LARRY COHEN

It's just another example offered as evidence that all the sunshine isn't in California or all the laughs on Milton Berle's program. If you are not afflicted with a sinus condition or a cold you can find the best things in life right under your nose. Take my Grandpa for instance....

Ordinarily I would never give Grandpa a second thought even if we were thrown together on a life raft, and tumbled away a few centuries sliding up and down over the crests of the Pacific and the backs of whales. As a matter of fact I never did see Grandpa until last year. He is just a little guy who barely strains over the five foot mark. He seems a part of Grandma's person. Grandma is a well-ripened, rounded, well-filled woman who gives the appearance of being a large person. She is still pretty and has a dynamic personality all her own. Poor little Grandpa! When we would visit them I'd ask where Grandpa was rather superfluously, as though reminding Grandma she forgot to wear her glasses, and then completely forgot the subject because it was so insignificant.

Grandpa's Visit

About the middle of last winter I was at home and had the house to myself. Like Poe's Raven there came a tap, rap, tapping on the door. Of all people, it was Grandpa. It was then that I remembered about Grandpa's going away for awhile and that Grandpa was to stay with us. In the moment that I had the door open I felt the raw ragged edges of the wind saw into my bones while sheets of snow, like sails, billowed down the street. My full sympathy for little Grandpa rushed out for him when I realized that he had been the victim of this Siberia-like weather. I hustled him inside and made him change his wet clothing. Grandpa doesn't know it, but the little man and I diminished the family liquor supply by a good score in order to dispel the chill in our bones. Grandpa downed his shots in easy tosses without a tear in his eyes. This feat was amazing, and if I didn't ask him how he did it, I would have attributed it to the fact that he lived three and a half times longer than I and thus had a chance to get at proportionately more whiskey. But it seems when Grandpa was only fourteen he had already made my accomplishments to date look like an ant boxing an elephant. At that time he was still in the "odd country." Vienna.

A Great Man

Grandpa got warm in a little while and it was then that I "saw" him: his thinning hair, the gray-brown stubble that covered his face, the pockets formed in his cheeks by that miserly banker—Time—who had relentlessly collected his days, and the pale blue of his eyes. His eyes are the key to his character. They have a no depth. They seem to exclude little pellets of sparkle, and with a little probing one will discover that Grandpa is a happy-go-lucky, sentimental, fun-loving individual. I recalled then how his short agile legs moved ceaselessly at a family wedding to out-dance all the young girls, and the time that he stood on his head for a full two minutes to win a bet. But this could only happen when Grandpa was not being watched by Grandma. He loves her so much that he is willing to slip into her shadow.

Grandpa was in the midst of his encounters with a Viennese army cook, his constant pranks against his sergeant, his episode with a half-witted tailor, the courtship of his sister's boy-friend, the dance contests he had won, and his desertion from the compulsory military service in Franz Joseph's army which resulted in his flight across Europe.

He had seen poverty, been subjected to the "caste slavery" of old Austria, and seen his ambitions thwarted by the economic undernourishment of a teeming European country. He fled to America, the land of chance, where anyone might try his hand. Filled to picture Grandpa at the turn of the century just after his marriage. With his flair for adventure and a bride whom he hoped to shower with the world's wealth, he set out for the new territory of Oklahoma, as the modern-day version of a travelling salesman. The accounts of his trading with the Choctaw Indians, among others, is a fascinating true-to-life mixture of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Grandpa has a memory second to none.

When we finally turned in at five the next morning I realized that I had "discovered" a great man. Since that time Grandpa has become a "big" man to me—a chronicle of human nature flavored by the mellowness of age and experience.

Vitamin's Visions

By JOE (Vitamin) TRIONE

The spring racing season got off to an auspicious start at the Paterson Race Track on Twenty-Second Avenue recently. Handicapper Dick Fontanella arranged an interesting opening day card consisting of two stake races and two novelty races. A fifth scheduled match race, The Beefstake Handicap, between Burt Horowitz, Joe Giordano, and John "Albust" Arata was cancelled when Albust failed to post the entry fee.

The program opened with the Inaugural Handicap at six furlongs with 81 added. The entries were Otto Harris, Hugh Gilmore, and "Bingo" Steindler. They were off at 1:00 p.m. and Bingo jumped off to a neck lead. At the quarter, Gilmore and Harris passed Steindler and, once passed, Steindler bolted to the outside rail. At the half, it was Gilmore by a head, Steindler pulled up. Gilmore pulled away in the strength and won easily by three lengths. The time was 1:08, clipping 2/5 of a second off True North's record for a straightaway.

The second race, The Plug Horse Derby, at one mile and a half drew only two starters. Burt Horowitz and Hugh Gilmore. "B.H." got away fast and opened a gap of two lengths. He held this lead to the top of the stretch but tired after setting a blistering pace, and Gilmore put on a "Garrison finish" to win going away. The time was a creditable 2:30.

The two novelty races featured Ed Bonnema with a 75 yard handicap against a 1948 Hydromatic Pontiac, and Hugh Gilmore with a 50 yard handicap against the same car. The car was beaten by a length in each of the six furlong races.

Handicapper Fontanella bashfully admitted that the attendance and handle was slightly higher than last year.

THE MAJOR LEAGUES

To date, the majors have been filled with many surprises. The National League has been running closer to form than the junior circuit but has not been without its surprises. The Pittsburgh Pirates and Cincinnati Reds have switched the roles they were picked for. The Reds are getting the pitching the Pirates were supposed to get and vice-versa. Murray Dickson's 1-7 record is a major factor in the Reds' failure. On the other hand, Ken Raffensberger, Howie Fox, Eddie ERAULT, and others have been producing for Cincy. Most of the other teams are running true to form with the Giants doing a little better than expected.

Just about the only teams in the American League doing what was expected of them are the St. Louis Browns, the Philadelphia Athletics, and the Detroit Tigers. Chicago and Washington may be playing over their heads, but they continue to be troublesome for all. For instance, Washington has beaten Cleveland five times without a loss. The Indians' poor showing can be accredited to injuries to key players and also the fact that their infielders are on the down-grade. Much has been said about the Yankees and there is little to add. There has been much talk about the lemon the Yanks got in the Sanford deal. However, these critics overlook the fact that Ed Lopat and Allie Reynolds, who were brought to New York in trades previously, have a combined record of ten wins and one loss. The Yankees may slump, but I doubt if they will finish lower than second.

SHORT SNORTS

Lloyd Wheeler's name was left off the tennis team roster through an error in the last issue. . . . Many States have already joined various "pools" in preparation for the summer. . . . Nickname of the year: "Dick 'Venus' Urban." (He's getting a sleeveless varsity sweater.)

The WAA Diner

This dinner given on the 25th of May was the end of a wonderful season of sports for the WAA's. The sports program, starting at three-thirty, included badminton, darts, ping-pong, softball and volleyball. At six p.m. a turkey dinner with all the fixings was served in the cafeteria.

Everett Muller, President, gave the welcoming talk with Dr. White and Mr. Vivian each giving a speech. Two films concerning girls' sports were shown. The main event of the evening was the presentation of awards for outstanding achievements.

Elizabeth Andelt and Jean Giordano, each obtaining 100 points were awarded shields.

Large "P" - 50 points, were

awarded to Eunice Clark, Sheila and Vera Hochkeppel.

Small "P" - 25 points, were awarded to Marion Davis, Ann Lawlor, Rosalie Garretman, Marie Lof, Nancy Raines, Clara Michaelowski, Ethel Herman, Joan Ward, and Olive West.

Beautiful bowling trophies in the shape of bowling pins were awarded to the girls with the highest score, highest average, and most improvement to the different gym classes. These girls were: Margaret Capella, Doris Mickiewicz, Helen Weber, Helen Grumbowicz, Elvira Olsen, Nancy Raines, Ann Lawlor, Olive West, and Joan Garretman.

Next year the girls are looking forward to another season of fun, competition, and good sportsmanship.

"NO MORE EXAMS"



JOE PITAK

FRANKIE ELM

By LOU PASSARETTI

Four years ago, a thin lad of fifteen years of age joined the Y.M.C.A. at Paterson. Being an ardent lover of swimming, he kept practicing it until two years ago when he began swimming competitively. Today, after two years of events, this boy at nineteen years old holds eighteen medals, twelve of which are championship medals, four trophies, and six championship titles. He is Frankie "Shane" Elm of Paterson State Teachers College.

Recently, Frankie showed signs of being one of the best swimmers in the nation when he competed at Cleveland in the National Y.M.C.A. Championships. In the main event, Frankie placed third. He also placed third in the fifty yard free style and placed fifth in the one hundred yard free style. There, at Cleveland, Frankie received two awards.

A Champion

In 1945, when he started swimming competitively, he won one N. J. title. In 1946, he won five N. J. titles. He holds the interscholastic high school championship in which he represented Essexville High School in 1946. Among his other holdings, Frankie sports the Junior 100 yard free style, the Senior 100 yard free style in which he broke the speed record by three seconds, the Junior 150 yard individual medley, the Senior 100 yard individual medley where he also broke the record by four seconds, and the Senior fifty yard free style.

Frankie's favorite event is the 100 yard free style. The best competitive time in this event is 55.1 seconds. In practice, Frankie cuts this down to 52.4 seconds.

Frankie need not worry over which college to attend after he completes his Liberal Arts courses here at "State" because he is held among his many possessions, eight scholarships to leading colleges in the nation.

In two years time, under the watchful eye of Sgt. Brandenburg who coaches him at the Y, this tall 5' 11" broad headed youth with shoulders enough to make any girl sigh, has come to be one of the recognized swimmers in the country. Frank's goal is - the 1952 Olympics.

To Frankie "Shane" Elm the BEACON extends its heartiest wishes and hopes he finds himself a world champion in the 1952 Olympics.

Exams

Exams, exams. . . I love them all. Without any life or burrs. . . You really shouldn't listen to me. "Cause doctors say I'm 'nuts'."

Paterson State Victorious Top Fairleigh-Dickinson 11-10

Breaking through for their first win after eighteen fruitless tries, Paterson State defeated Fairleigh-Dickinson 11-10 at Eastside Park.

State scored in every frame, but almost blew the decision when Dickinson scored five times in the top of the sixth inning.

WAA & N.S.T.C. Have Playday

The W.A.A. of P.S.T.C. has had an active year of basketball and various other sports. The first special event was the game at Newark State Teachers College on March 4. This game was a double header with Eunice Clark and Carrie Clark as captains of Paterson's two teams. Miss Martin, Miss Pollard (former nurse here), and Miss Lee traveled with the girls to Newark. A great game was played and this was followed with refreshments in the social room of Newark State.

Next year, Newark will be invited here for a similar playday. Trenton On March 18, the W.A.A. went to Trenton to participate in many sports: basketball, swimming, darts, shuffleboard and ping pong. The W.A.A. of Trenton State Teachers College scheduled a day of fun and entertainment which lasted from one to five o'clock. The day was based on a circus theme and was cleverly named "Under the Big Top". After the sports fun, there was a tea held in Allen House. About twenty-six people from Paterson participated in this play day. All State Teachers Colleges' W.A.A. were invited, plus girls from Penner and N.J.C.

Glassboro

The biggest time of the season was at Glassboro S.T.C. This play day lasted from Friday to Saturday afternoon, and was really enjoyed by all. After leaving a gobfest which lasted into the wee hours of the morning, the girls still had enough pep left to play soft ball. Paterson State expects to entertain Glassboro next year in a similar play day.

On May 25, the W.A.A. will hold its annual dinner and play day. The committee heads for the day are: General Chairman, Evelyn Muller; Sports, Eunice Clark; Ward, Publicity, Nerva Houshaling; Invitations, Peggy O'Leary; Waitresses, Marie Ackerman.

The girls who participated in the activities of the Woman's Athletic Association this year are: Carrie Clark, Ethel Herman, Marion Davis, Elna Bragman, Eleanor Davis, Ethel Spierer, Virginia Moran, Joan Ward, Rosalie Garretman, Joan Lamela, Sheila Ryan, Vera Hochkeppel, Joan Bonchman, Peggy O'Leary, Nancy Ackerman, Evelyn Muller, Eunice Clark, Elna Ventura, Clara Michaelowski, and Nerva Houshaling.

After the dinner served by bonnets from the P & Q club, awards will be presented for participation in sports.

SWORDS CLUB

At a recent meeting the Swords Club elected its officers for next year. Laurena War was elected as women's captain, John Griffith as men's captain, and June Deasler as manager. Mr. Miller is the club's advisor and also coaches the fencing team. Plans for a picnic to be held in June were also discussed.

Lionel Clifford started for Paterson and after giving up four runs in the first two innings, settled down through the fifth inning.

After going two down State came back with five runs in the last of the first on three hits, two hit batsmen, a pair of walks, and two Dickinson errors.

Going into the sixth with a 9-4 lead, Paterson scored twice more when Bob Lanhering belted a home run to right-center field. Otto Harris followed with a single to right, went to second on an infield out and scored as Clifford bashed a single through the middle.

Fairleigh was trailing 11-5 as they came to bat in the top of the sixth. They seemed to get to Clifford and George Schoers was brought in. He failed to stop them and Al Goldberg came on and finally retired the side with the tying and winning runs on base.

The Pioneers knocked out eleven hits with every starter except Stein and Urban sharing in the blasting. Goldberg continued to powder the ball, going 3 for 4. Harris and Ed Bonnema each connected for two safeties and all three scored twice.

The box score:

FAIRLEIGH-DICKINSON				
	AB	R	H	E
Bruno, 3b	3	3	3	3
Bernal, 1b	4	1	2	2
Schmawel, lf	4	2	1	1
Chick, c	3	0	0	0
Domenziani, 2b	4	2	2	2
Olson, ss	3	0	0	0
Steffens, cf	3	0	0	0
Masmer, rf	3	1	0	0
Gustner, p	1	5	1	1
	25	10	9	
PATERSON				
	AB	R	H	E
Chick, cf	3	2	2	2
Bonchman, 2b	3	2	2	2
Goldberg, 3b	4	2	3	3
Stein, cf	1	0	0	0
Schmawel, 1b	3	1	1	1
Lanhering, cf	3	0	0	0
Harris, 3b	3	2	2	2
Urban, c	3	0	0	0
Erb, c	3	0	0	0
Clifford, p	3	0	1	1
Schoers, p	3	0	0	0
	27	11	11	

Score by Innings:
Fairleigh-Dickinson 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Paterson State 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

The Wind

By LOU PASSARETTI
Feel the wind
as it brings a freshness,
a coolness.
Watch as it shifts the clouds
from view
and displays the deep-blue fields
of Heaven. . . .
Hear the wind
composing its own murmuring
music.
It plays violins
when thrashing through the
wheat
tickles pianos as it rustles
against the window panes,
beats drums, or it pommies upon
man-made walls.
Listen—take heed.
For the wind is a symphony of
the Lord.