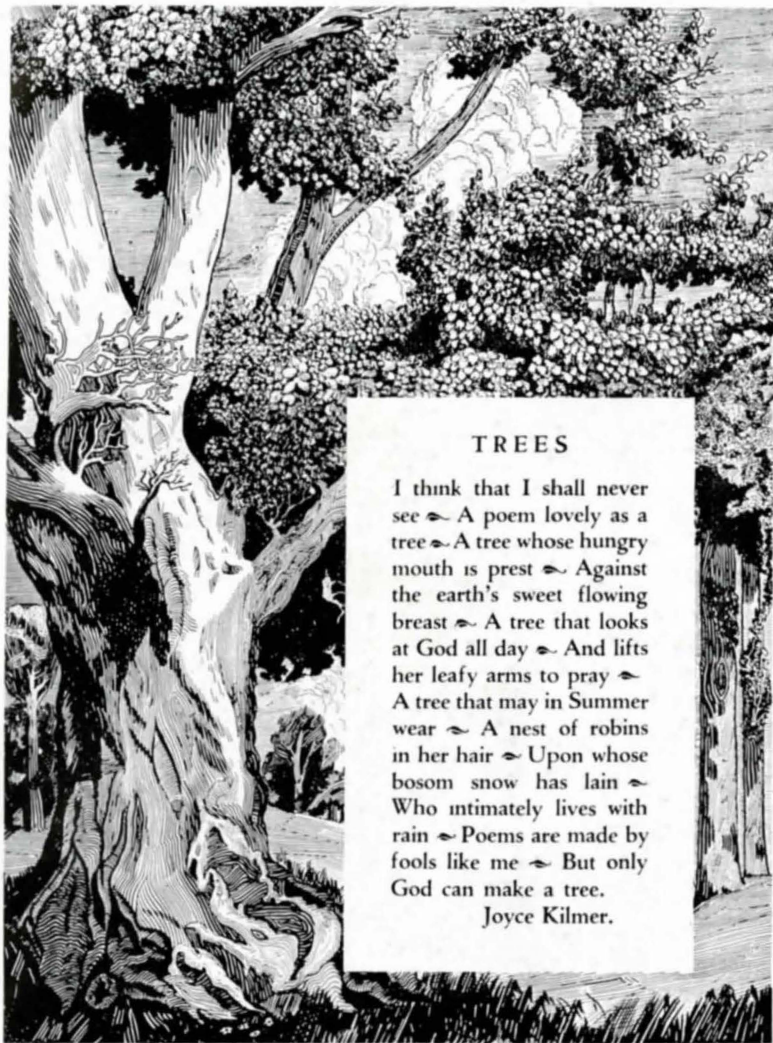


## *Ex Libris*



### TREES

I think that I shall never  
see ~ A poem lovely as a  
tree ~ A tree whose hungry  
mouth is prest ~ Against  
the earth's sweet flowing  
breast ~ A tree that looks  
at God all day ~ And lifts  
her leafy arms to pray ~  
A tree that may in Summer  
wear ~ A nest of robins  
in her hair ~ Upon whose  
bosom snow has lain ~  
Who intimately lives with  
rain ~ Poems are made by  
fools like me ~ But only  
God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer.



THE NINETEEN THIRTY-FOUR  
**BEACON**



A YEAR BOOK OF LIBERAL ARTS  
SCHOOL OF YOUNGSTOWN COLLEGE



THE YOUNGSTOWN  
INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

## *Foreword*



OUR Ship of Life sails onward loaded with the treasures of friendship and the golden hours of joy we have had together. As our voyage progresses and we sail farther from this port, we want this Annual to be a log of our days in college. We may turn to it to recall again the friends who have enriched our lives.



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1934

B E A C O N

## Dedication



*Miss Eleanor B. North*



HE has brought to us the full meaning of true friendship and sincere understanding.

Our sorrows and joys have been as her own. From the rich depths of her own personality she has given us beauty of thought, word, and deed. For knowing her, our lives have been enriched.

Therefore it is to  
MISS ELEANOR B. NORTH  
that the Class of 1934 respectfully inscribe this annual.

Marjorie Malborn  
John Rudibaugh.



*Howard W. Jones*

## COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS



**S**CIENTISTS tell us that man has a natural urge toward groupings—chums, clubs, sororities, fraternities. The pull to friendships gives comfort, peace, confidence, and happiness. We crave sympathy, the feeling of oneness with another against the world, and even toward the showing of sympathy. Thus are born opportunities to help one another, to bear one another's burdens, and to assist a brother caught in the rut of difficulty or despair. Youth learns soon, then, why cooperation and not competition is the cry today.

Now come our college days and college ways, opportunities and ideals, youth and yearnings. Behold, what starry-eyed companions, what brave dreams, what generous hearts, what tender ecstasies, what noble sensitivities embodied in flesh and blood! How fair you seem to one another! And how fair you truly are! Physical and spiritual beauty, elan, utter devotion, generous self-sacrifices! So are born within our college halls and across our college campuses, something fine, something ennobling, something useful for after-college life, an experience truly noble in trusting and working with one's fellow-man.

And always will colleges and their youth by such heaven-made marriages of mind and spirit, lift the touch of unselfish devotion, of confidence in man and his future, of joy of service, giving a light to brighten an otherwise darkened, sordid, selfish, old tired world.

# B E A C O N

## FACULTY AND ADMINISTRATION

### Clara Witter Alcroft

Physical Training for Women  
B. S., Iowa State Teachers' College, 1924.



### John W. Bare

English, Public Speaking and Psychology  
A. B., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1904; Graduate  
Work, University of Chicago, Summer Quarter, 1907;  
A. M., Ohio Wesleyan University, 1908.



### Levi G. Batman

Biblical Literature  
B. A., Indiana University, 1905; Graduate, Union  
Theological Seminary, New York, 1898.



### Karl H. Benkner

Military Technical Academy, Charottenburg, Berlin.

### Robert D. Bowden

Social Science  
A. B., University of Kentucky, 1913; A. M., Univer-  
sity of Illinois, 1916; Graduate Work, Harvard Uni-  
versity, University of Minnesota, and Chicago Uni-  
versity.



### Denton T. Doll

Mathematics, Chemistry and Engineering  
B. S., Case School of Applied Science.

### George W. Wilcox, Ph. D.

Education  
B. A., Cornell College; Ph. D., Columbia University.

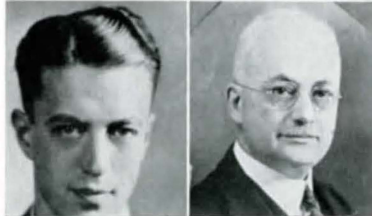


### Castle W. Foard

Mathematics and Physics  
A. B., University of Wichita, 1921; M. S., University  
of Kentucky, 1923; Ph. D., University of Iowa, 1930.

### John McPhee

Physical Training for Men  
Oberlin College, Grove City College, A. B., Youngs-  
town College, 1930.



### Eleanor B. North

English, Philosophy and Education  
A. B., Pennsylvania State College, 1923; A. M., Penn-  
sylvania State College, 1925; School of English  
Breadloaf, Vermont, Summers 1925, 1927; American  
Institute of English, Pennsylvania State College, Sum-  
mers 1924, 1926, 1929; Cambridge University, Cam-  
bridge England, Summers 1930, 1932.

### James W. Wishart

A. B., Wooster College; A. M., Ohio State Univer-  
sity.

### O. L. Reid

History and English  
M. A., New York University; LL. B., University of  
Louisville.

# B E A C O N

## FACULTY AND ADMINISTRATION



Leonard T. Richardson

Modern Languages  
A. B., Aurora College, 1915; A. M., University of Illinois, 1920; Ph. D., University of Grenoble France, 1930.

Theresa Scarnecchia

Dramatics and Italian  
Degree in Elocution, National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia; Graduate of Sherman School of Expression and Dramatic Art, Wheeling, W. Va.

Mary Schumann Hayes

Voice Culture and English  
Columbia University.

Eugene Dodd Scudder

Chemistry  
A. B., Indiana University, 1912; A. M., Indiana University, 1924; Ph. D., Indiana University, 1930.

Joseph Earle Smith

Rhodes Scholar, Oxford, England, 1909-1911; B. A., Oxon, 1911; A. M., University of Nebraska, 1914; University of Chicago, Summers of 1915, 1916, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1924; Ph. D., Wallas College, London, 1930.

Henry V. Stearns

Music  
Bachelor of Music, American Conservatory of Music, 1902; Studied in Berlin, Germany, 1906-1909; American Association Guild of Organists, 1918; Fellow, American Guild of Organists, 1918; Doctor of Pedagogy, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, 1914; Master of Music, American Conservatory of Music, 1927.

Ralph A. Waldron

Biology and Geology  
B. S., Massachusetts State College, 1910; M. S., Pennsylvania State College, 1912; Ph. D., University of Pennsylvania, 1918.

R. A. Withey

Business Manager  
A. B., Bucknell University; A. M., Ohio State University.

Philip P. Buchanan

Registrar  
A. B., Hiram College, 1929; Graduate Work, University of Pittsburgh, 1929-1930.

Freda R. Flint

Publicity Director  
A. B., Youngstown College, 1930.

Elsie Randle

Hall's Business College and Youngstown College.

Miss E. Mann

Employment Secretary.



*Seniors*



BEACON

OLIVE BROWN



ARTHUR CACCENO



ALICE CRIDER



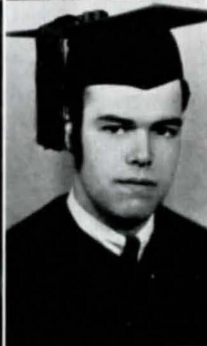
MARY ELLEN DANIELS



JEANNE DONNAN



HOWARD FELL



JOHN GALIZIA



LOUIS GAMBREL



B E A C O N

RACHEL GRIFFITHS



JOHN GRIFFITHS



BEN KUNICKI



RANDALL LEYSHON



NICHOLAS MAINE



MARJORIE MALBORN



MICHAEL MALMER



DONALD McCANDLESS



BEACON

BEATRICE McDERMOTT



EDWARD McKAY



FRANCIS MORROW



MRS. EMILY MULDOON



JOHN O'CONNOR



JAMES PHILLIPS



JOSEPH ROSAPEPE



ANNE RUBECK



B E A C O N

JOHN RUDIBAUGH



ROBERT SHERMER



LILLIAN SCHOFIELD



ROSA SMITH



EDWARD THOMPSON



MARY TURNER



IRENE WALKER



PAUL WALKER



# BEACON



EDWARD WELSH



## SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

John O'Connor .....	<i>President</i>
Anne Rubeck .....	<i>Vice President</i>
Rachel Griffiths .....	<i>Secretary</i>
Ben Kunicki .....	<i>Treasurer</i>



## SENIOR WRITE UPS

Bill Barker—what would an education class be without him, and his arguments. Bill works in the library when he isn't in school. He's little, but oh my! Bill is another future teacher—preferably chemistry.

One wonders how Marian Howell gets away with coming in twenty minutes late to class every day. We'll bet she is as nonchalant about her excuses as she is in her walk. You have to be on time in the teaching profession, Marian.

Did you ever notice how beautifully Mary Ellen Daniels blushes? Just tell her something to flatter her and notice how coy she becomes. But that is Mary Ellen and we love her for it. Watch for her as a famous dancer for that's her ambition.

If one could tell one's profession by actions, guess what Anne Rubeck is going to be. Right—and we'll bet she makes one of the best in her field of English. Good luck, Anne. As a teacher, we know you'll make good.

What ho! an athlete? — Yes—Ben is the type that even makes him afraid of himself. That's all right, Ben, any police force would be glad to have you and your "Five Brothers."

Just give Beatrice a piano and she will do the rest. Beatrice is going to be a great music teacher some day so we are looking forward to recitals and things.

Can you imagine Don without his pencil, his argument, or his car. Well, neither can we, but we Betty could get along best without the pencil. Don is one of America's future sociologists.

I wonder what Dr. Wilcox will do without Joe R. to illustrate his discipline problems in class. Joe is happiest when he is both chewing gum and talking. Joe wants to be a lawyer—Ho-Hum—What he can't think of.

When you think of puns, think of Barry; they're the sleeve in his coffee—and was he

## B E A C O N

shocked when he picked up a pun with a currant in it. Oh, well, he has raisin to be. Barry wants to be an economist, but just now he is class President.

And there's brown-eyed Jeanne Donnan, the future teacher with a smile for everybody. She works in the library now and is the most accommodating person—one would wonder how such a little person could do so much. But that's Jeanne.

Many of the seniors have much in common, but Mary Turner has the distinction of being the only *titian* beauty. If you want to please Mary, just suggest the out-of-doors—and she wants to teach school!

Edward McKay is the kind that doesn't say much or who makes a great fuss over nothing, but just turn him loose in a laboratory—Ed wants to do research work in the field of chemistry and we expect to hear of great inventions from him in the future.

James Phillips is another member that spends most of his time under Dr. Scudder's tutelage. Hence, he just about lives in that laboratory. He wants to continue in his chosen field and we hope that he will bring fame to our Alma Mater.

Somehow Grace Leidy always reminds us of a shrinking violet—but put Grace in a classroom and she makes them all take notice. Grace wants to be a teacher, and does she love to hear Fred Waring and his band—she does have an ear for good music.

Randall Leyshon, "Weasel" to most everybody, is the assistant that gives the freshman boys their grades in hygiene—besides that, he helps Jack McPhee during basketball. Ranny is another future teacher.

One of the most frequently seen and best known members of the class is "Mickey" Main. Always willing to lend a hand or a suggestion, Mickey is right on the job. He is responsible for temperature in the building and that is why it seems always just right.

One of the future biologists of the world is listed among the graduates. He is none other than Michael Malmer who is, at present, assisting Dr. Waldron in the biology department.

Here is the composer who is responsible for the music of our Alma Mater song—Eddie Paddock. And can he play and compose! He has also written our class song. Needless to say, his future lies in the field of music where it rightfully belongs.

We don't see much of Ted Welsh any more because he takes most of his work at

night. Ted wants to be an aviator and so has gone "air-minded." Good luck, Ted, we hope your dreams come true, but don't fly too high.

All Hail! Next we greet the queen, the May Queen, Rachel Griffiths—she is also president of the Gamma Sigma sorority and a good scout. Rachel is aspiring to the teaching profession and we know it will be better with her a member of it.

John Rudibaugh is one of the co-workers responsible for this book. And did he work hard to get the mazuma from the poor but honest students. Well, somebody had to do it and John surely filled the bill. And him the *baby* of the class.

Then there is Marjorie Malborn who is the other half responsible for this book. Marge talks French like a native and some day hopes to teach others the same art. Can you imagine Yo-Co without Marge? Well, neither can we, but she can't stay here indefinitely without working or they'll take her for a prof.

Art Cacceno spent two years at Ohio State before he joined our illustrious class. There he rode horses and shot guns and had a lot of fun. We expect Art will join his father at the Ohio Leather tanning hides. I'll bet that wasn't a novel task for his Dad when Art was young.

John Galizia is another student who started at a different college. John spent his freshman year at the University of Pittsburgh. He is a chemist and hopes to continue his work in the great Steel Mills at Youngstown.

Eddie Thompson is quite a girl scout, in fact, he's so popular with the ladies that he doesn't miss a dance. What will the coeds do next year, Eddie?

Howard Fell is that august senior who joined us in September. He had just returned from Austria where he went for his health—I wonder how it got in Austria—and before that was a student at Case. Hence, another scientist for the world.

Paul Walker has certainly seen many campuses, having spent his high school days in Connecticut, and attended both Washington and Jefferson College and Williams College before entering Yo-Co in September. Paul is delving into the social sciences.

One day, one of our members declared a holiday and promptly went out and got married. He is none other than Francis Morrow. M-m-m we wish you lots of happiness, Frank, and success in your field of science.

## B E A C O N

fraternity and member of the athletic board. Louis can always be counted on to do his share and do they call on him plenty.

Russ Ramage—"Peter" to you, is another much campused senior. He came here from Shephardstown College in Virginia, having gone there after graduating from South. A great athlete, having been prominent in both basketball and football. He also was on the Varsity squad of the college. Now he has the health of a number of newsboys to consider.

I wish Irene Walker would give us her recipe for keeping her pupils interested. In student class she even admitted the men didn't and wouldn't go home when the time came. What is the secret, Irene? Maybe that is why she is so successful at the Market Street School where she teaches.

Among the other members of the class who are already teaching and who take most of their work at night is Emily Muldoon. She teaches at Woodrow Wilson Jr. High but is completing her work here. A charming person and we are glad to number her among the graduates of 1934.

Rosa Smith teaches at Shelby street School but she, too, is completing her work at Yo-Co. We admire those who continue their growth so hats off to you, Rosa.

Alice Crider comes from Mineral Ridge where she teaches in the Weathersfield Township School. She is one of those ambitious persons that teaches all day and goes to school several nights a week—a quiet, dignified person but a splendid teacher.

Of Thelma Johnson we know little since she is always busy with her school work.

She also is a teacher and uses the rod at Washington School.

Lillian Schofield is another teacher who comes to Yo-Co from Shehy Street School. It is too bad we don't see these teachers more often as I'm sure they could give us beginning teachers many helpful suggestions.

If you ever saw John Griffiths you'll know he's *awl* there—just *plane* John—Pardon the puns but he, as you might have guessed, teaches the art of Manual Training at Chaney High. Oh, my! Will he be *board* at this?

Olive Brown alias "Brownie," "Olly," or "Shortie" is the class punster. She is sure to find something funny in everything anyone says even the profs. She is going to teach French at Hubbard High School. Good luck, Olly! Don't get punning with any of your pupils. Remember some of them are bigger than you!

Alberta Miller came to us this year from Westminster. She, too, is going to teach. Her pleasant smile and happy outlook on life have been a fine addition to our collection of seniors. We wish she had been with us longer.

Now there's Wilfred Myers who has even worked off a semester on his Master's degree at Pitt. Wilfred is going to teach Social Science. Whatever you do when you start out on your life work Wilfred, *don't* forget your black brief case!

Clayton Lehman has been a student at Kent and Coshen College. He is now teaching.





B E A C O N  
JUNIOR CLASS

Howard Aley  
John Allison  
Grace Barnes  
William Best  
Elizabeth Brungard  
Betty Bush  
Elizabeth Button  
Vincent Caggiano  
George Campbell  
Ray Codrea  
David Cooper  
Frank J. Del Bene  
Ann Dolak  
Steven Dzuoff  
Donald Elder  
Margaret Everth  
Mary Louise Gambrel  
Mary Hercules  
Ed. Humphreys  
Albert Julius  
Alden Keister  
Joseph Konrad  
Coletta Lyden  
Daniel Lyden

Thomas McDonald  
William McDonald  
Lloyd McCorkle  
Dorothy McDowell  
Fred McFarland  
John Miglares  
Dominic Poalise  
Isaac Pose  
Eunice Price  
William Probst  
John Raupple  
Evelyn Riddle  
John Roemer  
Fred Rowland  
Carl Snyder  
Wilma Starr  
Frances Steel  
John Terlecki  
John Treudley  
Mary Catherine Welsh  
James Williams  
Anne Zhuck  
Myron Zoss



# B E A C O N

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

Alyce Abrams  
Edgar Alburn  
Robert Aley  
George Andrews  
Marietta Bagnall  
Ralph Boccia  
Mildred Bothwell  
Mary Boylan  
Catherine Brownlee  
Alfred Button  
Winnifred Chappell  
Mary Clair  
Jack Clemens  
Marie Colleran  
Cyrus Colter  
Helen Creed  
Edward Donahue  
Michael D'Onofrio  
Charlotte Dustman  
Joseph Fisher  
Vance Freed  
Marguerite Friedrich  
Aurelia Potor

James Gillan  
Frank Gulfo  
Lois Hart  
Fred Kemp  
William Kirker  
Tania Kopp  
Robert Lewis  
Rocco Lucarell  
Vincent Lyden  
Jack Lynch  
Charles McCallister  
Ann Malmer  
Joseph Margo  
Guyla Maze  
Albert Michael  
Jerry Morris  
Jane Morrow  
Shirley Nichols  
Daniel Opretza  
Violet Pear  
Mary Louise Pleger  
Theodore Porembski  
Gene Powers

Maurice Radcliffe  
Jean Reid  
Helen Robinson  
Fred Romig  
June Rummell  
George Schoenhard  
Lois Shaw  
John Sirbu  
Earl Smith  
Elizabeth Snyder  
Helen Snyder  
Fully Spain  
Ray Stambaugh  
Willard Stone  
Elvira Tartan  
Janis Ullman  
Stewart Wagner  
Francis Whiteside  
Virginia Whiteside  
Laurabelle Wighton  
Eleanor Wike  
Joseph Yasechko



# BEACON

## FRESHMEN CLASS

Mary Jane Agey  
Harvey Auburn  
Virginia Arsu  
Ivan Atkinson  
William Balla  
Charles Bare  
Ted Bender  
Mary Ellen Bingham  
Elaine Black  
Margaret Blair  
Neita Bletso  
David Boldt  
Ethel Bower  
Maxwell Boyer  
Watson Boyer  
Agnes Brauningner  
Jonas Bremer  
Nicholas Brentin  
Howard Brooks  
Gordon Brooks  
Lewis Budak  
James Catherman  
John Chizmar  
Emmett Conway  
Errett Conway  
Betty Louise Cooper  
Theresa Cronan  
William Daley  
Doris Davis  
Kathryn Dickhaut  
James Dickson  
Edward Evans, Jr.  
Frank Evans  
Louis Faras  
Max Fiess

Harriet Foster  
Mary French  
Lynn Gault  
Jessie George  
Matilda Gogesh  
Bernard Goldstein  
George Graham  
Marie Graneto  
Albert Hardy  
Grant Hays  
Dallas Hoover  
George Hoover  
William Horton  
Wayne Hower  
George Hudson  
Robert Hull  
Howard Hutzen  
Florence Inglis  
Frederic Isaman  
Helen Johnson  
Kathryn Jones  
Rosina Jones  
Esther Joyce  
Walter Kaminski  
Harold Kennedy  
Ward Kidston  
Betty Kyle  
Carl Knittel  
Caroline Knox  
Francis Kopicenski  
Marjorie Krichbaum  
Anne Kuchtyn  
Walter Kuchtyn  
Elaine Kurz  
William Lackey  
Richard Leach

Johanna Liebau  
Robert McCallister  
Paul McNicholas  
Stanley Malys  
Alexander Miller  
Minnie Mirkin  
Phyllis Moench  
George Morgan  
Morris Morgan  
Mildred Morrow  
Mike Mrmosh  
Eddie Murchie  
Mathew Muretic  
Helen Myers  
Albert Nerone  
James Nuth  
Richard O'Brien  
Ann Opretza  
Valentine Orsary  
Sophia Osiniak  
John Patterson  
Donald Patton  
Stewart Patton  
Georgia Paul  
Helen Pauley  
Mary Louise Penfield  
Vivian Price  
Gwendolyn Ratcliffe  
Jean Raupple  
Robert Ray  
Franklyn Rhodes  
Samuel Rinaldo  
Eleanor Roberts  
Eleanor Rodgers  
Jack Rosapepe  
Constance Sabatino

John Scali  
Lillian Schofield  
George Schuller  
Joseph Scullen  
Ruth Seabrooks  
Ray Schilling  
Ralph Shwartz  
Helene Skinner  
James Smith  
Louis Sondecker  
Charlotte Stamper  
Charles Stine  
Jane Strausbaugh  
Mildred Strain  
Ann Tecau  
Helen Thomas  
James Thomas  
Emanuel Trikilis  
Mamie Tucciarone  
Alvin Turley  
Paul Vansuch  
Regina Vaschak  
Ann Volk  
Clarabelle Walker  
Jay Wardle  
Harold Waser  
Alberta Weber  
Ludt Welch  
William Welther  
Nathaniel Williams  
Robert Williams  
Ruth Wilson  
Charles Wierman  
Almeda Woodruff  
Esther Zachman



# B E A C O N

## JUNIOR PROM



ONE of the loveliest and most beautiful events of the social calendar was held on the evening of April 20. The President of the Junior Class, Fred MacFarland, and his beautiful queen, Miss Mildred Strain, received members of the faculty and fellow students at this brilliant affair in the Ohio Hotel Ballroom. Russ Lyons and his orchestra provided the sweet melodies and haunting tunes for the dancing from 10 'till 1.

Miss Strain was lovely in aquamarine lace and wore a lovely corsage of yellow tea roses.

Such a beautiful gathering of maidens and such handsome men are seldom seen at one time as was here assembled. The programs were artistically done in blue with the college seal stamped on the cover in gold leaf.

But even this dignified event had its humor. Lorene Paden was fortunate she did not live far away as someone tried to wrap her in flames, but only succeeded in burning the train off her dress. Miss Paden tripped merrily home, put on another gown, and was back in time to dance several dances before the Home Waltz—changing trains, as it were. Peg Everth was charming in yellow crepe, and Mary Ellen Daniels was beautiful in white.

During the intermission the sorority sisters of Miss Strain presented her with a jeweled bracelet. And did Russ Lyons accomodate the lovely queen by holding the ribbons and box while Millie thanked her sisters through the mike.

A very nice party.



BEACON

*Queen and King*



MILDRED STRAIN  
FRED McFARLAND



BEACON

*May Queen*



RACHEL GRIFFITHS

## B E A C O N

### MAY DAY



UNDER a gorgeous sky of blue amid the springtime greens of the northeast campus the pagan ceremonial of the crowning of the May Queen was held on May 25. Gowned in pure white satin the charming and well-chosen Queen of 1934, Rachael Griffiths, was preceded to the throne by a colorful procession of attractive coeds. Among them were Mary Jane Agey, Guila Maze, Betty Button, Georgia Paul, Lois Shaw, Virginia Whiteside, Jean Reid, Marietta Bagnall, Mary Clair, Dorothy McDowell, Mary Hercules, Alberta Millar, Mary Plaeger, Elvira Tartan, Laurabelle Whighton, Aurelia Potor, Regina Vascek, Frances Steel and others. These were followed by the twelve attendants gowned in soft pastel organdies, Mildred Bothwell, Helene Snyder, Janis Ullman, Ann Rubeck, Coletta Lyden, Wilma Starr, Florence Inglis, Betty Cooper, Frances Whiteside, Grace Leidy, Helen Robinson and Lois Hart. Next came the petit crown bearer, Charlotte Dustman, followed by the maids of honor, Eunice Price and Betty Bush. After being crowned by the Queen of last year, Mary Catherine Welsh, the new Queen beheld the graceful unwinding of the May Pole Dance performed by Charlotte Stamper, Betty Kyle, Lillian Schoffield, Mary Louise Penfield, Eleanor Rogers, Marjorie Kirchbaum, Jean Raupple, Anne Volk, Mary Ellen Bingham, Doris Davis, Kathryn Jones, Sophie Osinack, and others. This was followed by a delightful pageant written and directed by the talented Lynn Gault in honor of the Queen, entitled "The Legend of the Chinese Bellmaker." Principals in the cast were Margaret Everth, John Raupple, James Williams, Ward Kidston, James Nuth, William Lackey, and James Thomas. Graceful fire dancers were Mayme Tucciarone, Evelyn Riddle, Clarabelle Walker, Helen Creed, and Esther Joyce; while typical chinese maidens were impersonated by Phyllis Moench, Alyce Abrams, Gwendolyn Ratcliffe, Rosina Jones, and Mildred Strain. The memorable events culminated with the festive May Dance in the college auditorium, presided over in a truly regal manner by the Queen of the Day.



#### IVY SONG

Let friendship like the ivy climb  
Close and fast and fair;  
No storm can tear the ivy down  
To leave our towers bare.  
Our hearts must like the ivy climb,  
No goal too hard to find;  
And through our lives our college days  
Will be like ivy twined.



BEACON



Hi  
Teacher



Say Ah!



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Cream of the Crop



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Three Little Pigs



Why Profs Go Gray



Harold  
Teen



Plus Four



Palmy Days



Tarzan and  
His Mate

B E A C O N

VARSITY

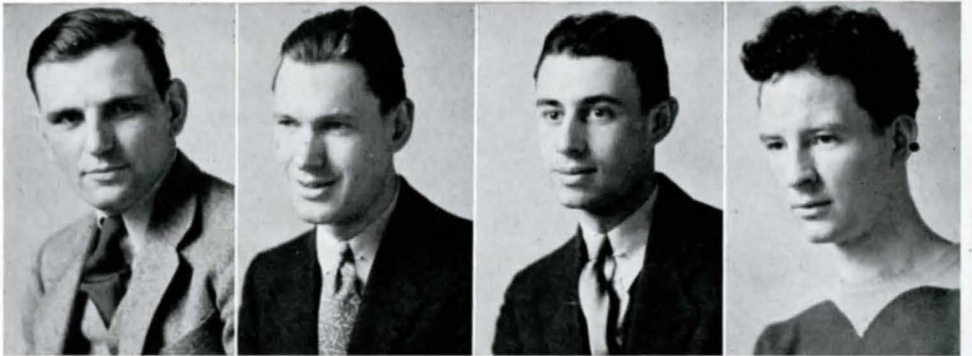


GRANT SPONG

JAMES RICH

RANDALL LEYSHON

BILL MacDONALD



COACH JACK McPHEE

JOHN O'CONNOR

ART CACCENO

FRED McFARLAND



BEN KUNICKI

BOB LEWIS

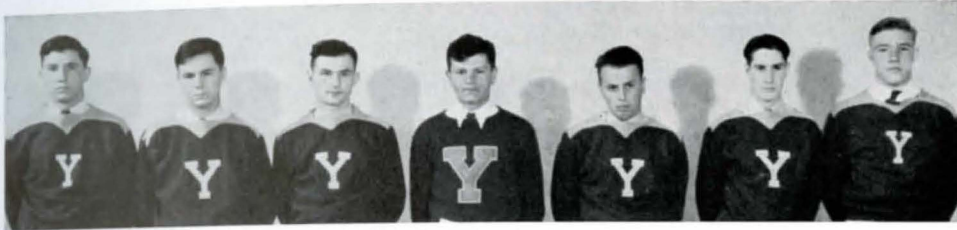
BILL LACKEY

BOB SHULTZ

BUD COLE

# B E A C O N

## VARSITY RESERVE



EMETT CONWAY  
STUART WAGNER  
EARL SMITH  
RAY CONREA

HOWARD BROOKS  
MORRIS MORGAN  
ERRIT CONWAY



COACH Jack McPhee openly expressed regrets that Youngstown College would not have even a fair team when he saw the thirty-six men reporting for the first few workouts go through their practice paces. But there were some determined youngsters who felt that from that group an average college combine could be organized.

The first few games were losses, but by close scores against veteran teams. Then came the Allegheny game and the first victory. From then on the Penguins hit their stride and in every game they fought fairly and gave their supporters something to think about and cheer for. The Geneva game was lost by a one-sided score, 40-26, but the game was among the best played by the Penguins. At the half, Geneva was barely able to hold a 17-16 lead. The Penguins won six games and lost eight which is the best season record to date. Coach McPhee has aligned a fine combine for the next season and Youngstown College can expect an above-average team. Plans for a strong student backing of the team are formed. If the team can show a better record than this year's combine, then the students will back it without the artificial stimulation that seems to lead nowhere.

The first squad was made up of James Rich, Robert Schultz, Grant Spong, Fred McFarland, Bennett Kunicki, Bob Cole, William Lackey, Robert Lewis, William McDonald, Randall Leyshon and Stewart Wagner.

The reserve team was made up of the following: Bob McAllister, Maxwell Boyer, Earl Smith, Emmett Conway, Errit Conway, Raymond Codrea, Howard Brooks, Morris Morgan, John Patterson. John O'Connor and Art Cacceno were the managers.

### Youngstown College Basketball scores, 1933-34:

Youngstown . . . 29	Slippery Rock . . . 30	Youngstown . . . 28	W. Liberty . . . . 12
" . . . 28	Indiana . . . . . 33	" . . . . 15	St. Vincent's . . . 21
" . . . 27	Allegheny . . . . 26	" . . . . 28	Slippery Rock . . . 34
" . . . 29	Grove City . . . . 30	" . . . . 39	W. Liberty . . . . 28
" . . . 44	Oberlin . . . . . 27	" . . . . 26	Geneva . . . . . 40
" . . . 27	Alumni . . . . . 19	" . . . . 30	Hiram . . . . . 33
" . . . 29	Indiana . . . . . 26	" . . . . 29	St. Vincent's . . . 37

# B E A C O N

## STUDENT COUNCIL--DAY LIBERAL ARTS

The Student Council is a democratic body which concerns itself with student government and the conduction of student activities, cooperating with the administration for the welfare of the college.



### MEMBERS

Charles McCallister . . . . . *President*  
Anne Rubeck . . . . . *Vice President*  
John O'Connor . . . . . *Treasurer*  
Rachel Griffiths  
Mary Catherine Welsh  
Edward Humphreys  
Louis Gambrel  
Ray Shilling  
Betty Cooper  
Fred McFarland  
Dr. R. D. Bowden . . . . . *Adviser*



# BEACON

## ANNUAL STAFF

<i>Editor in Chief</i> .....	Marjorie Malborn
<i>Business Manager</i> .....	John Rudibaugh
<i>Assistants</i> .....	Jeanne Donnan, Joe Rosapepe
<i>Literary Editor</i> .....	Olive Brown
<i>Assistants</i> .....	Rachel Griffiths, Arthur Cacceno
<i>Activities</i> .....	Anne Rubeck, Randall Leyshon
<i>Sports</i> .....	Ben Kunicki, Mary Turner
<i>Art</i> .....	Lynn Gault
<i>Faculty Adviser</i> .....	Dr. Bowden, Miss North



# BEACON

## PHI GAMMA

That the bonds of fraternalism, love and loyalty be strengthened by our mutual association, and that through the concerted efforts of all, each may attain a fuller—richer—and happier existence.



### MEMBERS:

Fred Rowland  
Bob Schultz  
Art Cacceno  
Chux McCallister  
Bob McCallister  
Eddie Nolan  
Ludt Welch  
Ted Welsh  
Nate Williams  
Jimmy Williams  
Robert Cole  
Bill Robinson  
Fred La Belle  
Paul Shale

James Marks  
Jack Patterson  
Maxwell Boyer  
Dallas Hoover  
Jerry Morris  
Grant Hayes  
Howard Merwin  
Mel Darlington  
John Rudibaugh  
Bill Johnston  
Howard Brooks  
Ben Kunicki  
John O'Connor  
Paul Wolfe

### OFFICERS:

*President* ..... John O'Connor  
*Secretary* ..... Art Cacceno  
*Treasurer* ..... Chux McCallister



# B E A C O N

## PHI LAMBDA DELTA

Purpose: To create, promote and maintain a spirit of friendship and cooperation throughout the school; also to maintain a high scholastic standing; to endeavor to be worthy members of society.

### MEMBERS:

Alyce Abrams	Ruth Kenny
Elaine Black	Priscilla Lewis
Marietta Bagnall	Marjorie Malborn
Mildred Bothwell, Sec.-Treasurer	Dorothy McDowell
Martha Bookie	Beatrice McDermott
Mary Boylan	Nona Mullin
Betty Bush, President	Shirley Michols
Olive Brown	Dorothy Perkins
Mary Clair	Jean Raupple
Marie Colleran	Jean Reid
Ruth Cooper—Associate Member	Evelyn Riddle
Alice Crockett	Anne Rubeck
Mary Ellen Daniels	Eleanor Roberts
Jeanne Donnan	Helene Snyder
Jeane Drage	Mildred Strain
Virginia Eastlake	Wanda Sporer
June Evans	Janis Ullman
Georgiana Farragher, V. President	Regina Vaschak
Harriet Foster	Clarabelle Walker
Virginia Graham	Mary Catherine Welsh
Helen Hall	



# B E A C O N

## SIGMA DELTA BETA

Purpose: To bring the men of the college closer together in brotherhood and college spirit has been the aim of this fraternity. A social organization, it ranks high in scholarship, leadership and cooperativeness.



### OFFICERS:

<i>President</i> . . . . .	Raymond Holley	<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	Fred McFarland
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	Vincent Lyden	<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	John Raupple

### MEMBERS:

Harvey Alburn	Paul McNicholas
Alfred Button	Edward Murchie
Ramon Codrea	John Patterson
Frank Del Bene	Gene Powers
James Dixon	Russell Ramage
Frank Evans	John Raupple
Howard Fell	James Rosapepe
Louis Gambrel	John Scali
Alfred Hardy	Ralph Schwartz
Raymond Holley	Philip Scott
Vincent Lyden	Earl Smith
Thomas McDonald	Raymond Stambaugh
William McDonald	Edwin Thompson
Fred McFarland	





# B E A C O N

## GAMMA SIGMA

The aim of the Gamma Sigma is to create a more perfect ideal of college womanhood, to protect the ideals of the college and to uphold friendship as the greatest blessing of human life.



### MEMBERS:

Elizabeth Breaden  
Betty Cooper  
Therese Cronan  
Charlotte Dustman  
Rachel Griffiths  
Anne Gulanish  
Mary Hercules  
Florence Inglis  
Esther  
Betty Kile  
Marjorie Kirchbaum  
Marlea Lesher  
Coletta Lyden  
Guyla Maze

Alberta Miller  
Phyllis Moench  
Lorene Paden  
Mary Louise Penfield  
Eunice Price  
Gwendolyn Ratcliffe  
Eleanor Rogers  
Lillian Schofield  
Anna Smith  
Charlotte Stamper  
Wilma Starr  
Jane Stambaugh  
Isabelle Summers  
Betty Traut



# B E A C O N

## PHI SIGMA EPSILON

The Phi Sigma Epsilon Fraternity was organized in 1930 as a social fraternity, to promote fellowship, school spirit.

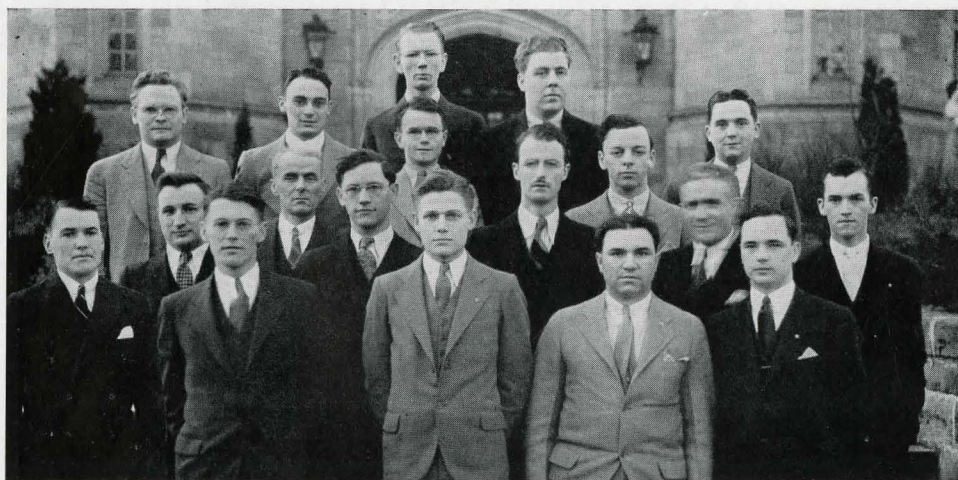


### MEMBERS:

Joseph Davidson	Chester McCracken
John DeCarlo	Michael Malmer
Paul Dougherty	Wilfred Myers
Jack Griffith	Victor Norling
Arthur Halferty	George Schoenhard
Russell Hanscome	Walter See
Russell Hofmeister	John Severn
Harold Johnson	Lysle Shields
Harold Kennedy	Paul Shields
Norbert Kirkner	Roy Walters
Odelin Kraja	Fred Zamary
James McClurg	

### OFFICERS:

<i>Faculty Adviser</i> . . . . .	Prof. Bowden
<i>President</i> . . . . .	Harold Johnson
<i>Vice President</i> . . . . .	Arthur Halferty
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	Walter See
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	Chester McCracken



B E A C O N

ALPHA PI SIGMA SORORITY

ALPHA XI CHAPTER

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

The Alpha XI Chapter of the Alpha Pi Sigma SorORITY was organized in January of 1932. There were twenty charter members. There are now nineteen active members.

The purpose of the sorORITY is purely social.

The following are active members:

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Iona Armagost   | Catherine Moore |
| Marian E. Bower | Emily Muldoon   |
| Helen Creed     | Ann Murray      |
| Freda Flint     | Rosa Smith      |
| Myrtle Gue      | Irene Walker    |
| Jane Hall       | Alice Way       |
| Grace Jones     | Hazel Whitmore  |
| Florence Keyser | Blanche Whitney |
| Virginia King   | Hazel Wike      |
| Freda McKnight  |                 |

OFFICERS:

- |                                      |                 |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------|
| <i>President</i> . . . . .           | Florence Keyser |
| <i>Vice President</i> . . . . .      | Ann Murray      |
| <i>Corresponding Sec'y</i> . . . . . | Virginia King   |
| <i>Master of Work</i> . . . . .      | Iona Armagost   |
| <i>Financial Sec'y</i> . . . . .     | Irene Walker    |
| <i>Sergeant of Arms</i> . . . . .    | Emily Muldoon   |
| <i>Prelate</i> . . . . .             | Marian Bower    |



# B E A C O N

## JAMBAR

The Jambar for the year 1933-1934 has been under the editorship of Howard C. Aley, with the able assistance of Wilma V. Starr, James N. Gillam, and Joseph F. Rosapepe. The financial plight of the organization has made regularity of publication impossible. The policy of the paper however has been one of wholehearted co-operation and service. The Jambar endorses fairness, and equality of newspaper opportunity and offers its columns to the student body, both as an outlet for their own journalistic production, as well as a source of news and information pertinent to college life.

Contributors to the Jambar have included: Marjorie Malborn, Esther Joyce, Bill Lackey, Guyla Maze, Aurelia Potor, Grant Hayes, Elvira Tartan, Janice Ullman, Ted Bender, Rachel Griffiths.



B E A C O N

THE HOOT OWL STAFF

Art Halferty . . . . . *Editor In Chief*

Vic Norling . . . . . *Managing Editor*

Harold Kennedy . . . . . *Circulation*

Marian Bowers

Helen Fedash

Odlan Kraja

Mary Cooper

Jack Donahue

Mark Francis



# BEACON

## PHI EPSILON (Men)

Purpose: To foster a better spirit among the science students and to help advance the physical sciences. Trips through the industries in Youngstown and vicinity are on the program.



### OFFICERS:

Louis Gambrel . . . . . *President*  
Lloyd McCorkle . . . . . *Vice President*  
Vance Freed . . . . . *Secretary*  
Ray Codrea . . . . . *Treasurer*

### MEMBERS:

Robert Aley	Jack Lynch
Harvey Alburn	John Milarese
Edgar Alburn	Frank Morrow
Charles Bare	Albert Michael
Maxwell Boyer	Joe Margo
Frank Del Bene	James Phillips
Steve Dzurhoff	Stewart Patton
Michael D'Onofrio	Jack Rosapepe
Don Elser	Jack Roemer
Frank Gulfo	Earl Smith
George Hoover	Willard Stone
Wayne Howes	John Terlecki
Harrold Johnson	Myron Zoss
William Kirkner	



# B E A C O N

## BETA PHI EPSILON (Women)

The object of the Beta Chapter of the Phi Epsilon science fraternity is to improve scholarship and encourage the women students of this college along lines of scientific endeavor.



### MEMBERS:

Betty Brangard . . . . . *President*

Aurelia Potor  
Frances Whiteside

### PLEDGES

Helen Thomas  
Regina Vaschak  
Grace Barnes  
June Rummel  
Lois Hart  
Georgia Paul  
Helen Robinson



# B E A C O N

## MEN'S GLEE CLUB

This organization was assembled to study the better grade of music for men's voices; sing when desired at college functions; assist in the college publicity and develop college spirit and friendliness among the men of the college.

Singing at the various surrounding high schools has been the club's outstanding activity during the year.

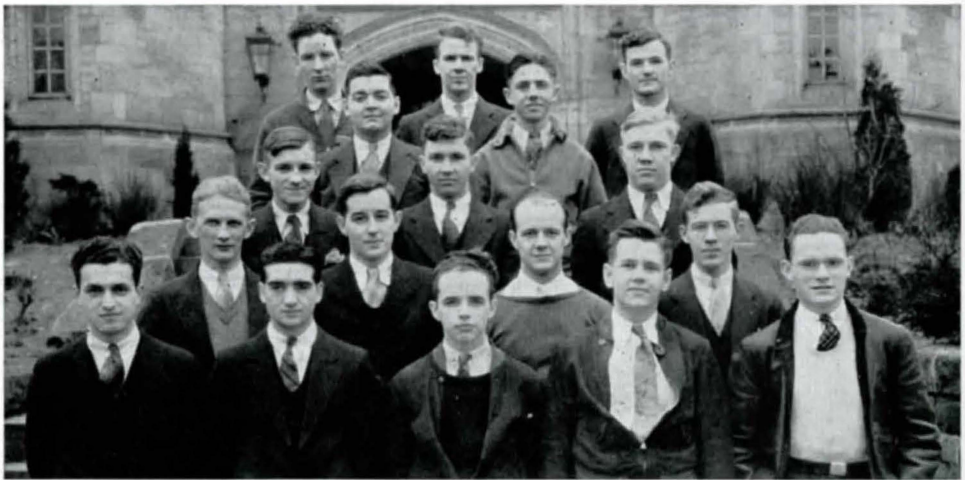


### OFFICERS:

*President* . . . . . John Raupple  
*Librarian* . . . . . Carl Snyder

### MEMBERS:

John Allison	Errett Conway
Charles Bare	Donald Elser
Gordon Brooks	Edward Evans
David Boldt	Gus Faras
Ted Bender	Fred McFarland
Max Fiess	Eddie Murchie
Lynn Gault	John Raupple
Grant Hays	Samuel Rinaldo
Dallas Hoover	Earl Smith
Carl Knittle	Carl Snyder
Emmett Conway	Alvin Turley





# B E A C O N

## DRAMATIC CLUB

This club was organized in 1929. It's purpose is to study and present modern and classic plays. It is one of the most popular clubs on the campus.



### MEMBERS:

Alice Abrams	Georgia Paul
Marietta Bagnall	Lorene Paden
Betty Bush	Eunice Price
Winnifred Chappell	Russ Rammage
Vincent Caggiano	Evelyn Riddle
Ray Codrea	Eleanor Roberts
Teresa Cronin	Jack Rosapepe
Doris Davis	Jo. F. Rosapepe
Jeanne Donnan	Ralph Shwartz
Claude Eckman	Betty Snyder
Donald Elser	Ray Stambaugh
June Evans	Charlotte Stamper
Margaret Evereth	Wilma Starr
Louis Gambrel	Mildred Strain
Lynn Gault	Mamie Tucciarone
Laura Graneto	Mary Turner
Marian Howell	Janis Ullman
Esther Joyce	Regina Vaschak
Tommy Lloyd	Clarabelle Walker
Marjorie Malborn	William Welther
Guyla Maze	Frances Whiteside
Phylis Moench	Virginia Whiteside
Donald McCandless	Charles McCallister



# B E A C O N

## OPEN ROAD CLUB

In the Fall of 1932 Dr. Waldron conceived the idea of organizing a club for the purpose of promoting the study of nature. His plan was to form a group, using the Botany Class as a nucleus, which would meet regularly and discuss the various problems confronting them. The proposal met with instant approval and since then the Club has been growing in interest, activities and size.

The members are:

George Schoenhard, . . . . . *President*  
Victor Norling . . . . . *Vice President*  
Mary Cooper . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*  
George Schuler . . . . . *Sergeant-at-arms*

Jane Hall  
John Fell  
Mary Turner  
Lois Shaw  
Chester McCracken  
Mike Malmer  
Art Halferty  
Guyla Maze  
Dorothy Lucas  
Eleanor Roberts  
George L. Mogan  
Harold Kennedy  
Helen Fedash

Charles Bird  
Charlotte Stamper  
Morris Morgan  
Howard Hutzen  
John Berg  
Catherine Moore  
Johanna Lieban  
Caroline Knox  
Linnea Burkman  
Jean Drage  
Clarabelle Walker  
Mary Lou Hubbard



# B E A C O N

## ATHLETIC BOARD

The Athletic Board has charge of all athletics at Youngstown College.  
The Board takes care of the Varsity games and the Intramural sports at Yo-Co.

Louis Gambrel, *Chairman*

Raymond Codrea

Bennett Kunicki

William Best

Eunice Price

Clarabelle Walker

Vance Freed

Joe Rosapepe

Bill Kirkner



# B E A C O N

## THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB

The purpose of the Cosmopolitan Club, organized Friday, November 24, 1933, is to establish a better contact between students and also between faculty members of foreign birth or of foreign extraction. The roll includes seventeen nationalities, comprising sixty-five members and seven honorary members.

### MEMBERS:

Anne Zhuck	John Scali	Rocco Lucerell	Ralph Shwartz
John Miglarese	John Sirbu	Annie Kuchtyn	Edward McKay
Jack Rosapepe	Fully Spain	Frank Gulfo	Daniel Opritza
Charles Bare	Ann Tecau	Jessie George	Dominick Poalise
Paul Vansuch	Mayme Tucciarone	Ann Volk	Bennett Kunicki
Matthew Muretic	Tanya Kopp	John Terlecki	Minnie Mirkin
Louis T. Wagner	Alex Miller	Emmanuel Trikilis	Jack Roemer
Constance Sabatino	Louis Gambrel	Steve Dzuroff	Carl F. Snyder
Nicholas Brentin	Ann Dolak	Elvira Tartan	Joseph Rosapepe
Samuel Rinaldo	Fred Isman	Marilouise Gambrel	Matilda Gogesh
Gus Faras	George L. Mogan	John Galizia	James Rich
Vincent Caggiano	Thomas McDonald	Zvonko Budak	Harold Johnson
Frank J. Del Bene	Stanley Malys	Valentine Orsary	William Welther
Virginia Arsu	Ed Murchie	John Chizmar	Emil Bayowski
William Balla	Francis Kopicenski	Michael D'Onofrio	Raymond Codrea
Mike Mrmosh	William Lackey	Ralph Boccia	

### HONORARY MEMBERS:

Dr. & Mrs. Henry V. Stearns	Rev. & Mrs. Levi G. Batman
Dr. & Mrs. George Wilcox	Miss Eleanor B. North
Prof. & Mrs. Howard Jones	Mr. Alvin Myerovitch
Prof. & Mrs. Leonard Richardson	Prof. & Mrs. Benkner
Prof. & Mrs. John W. Bare	



# B E A C O N

## W. A. A.

The charter members of this organization are those who have given their time and their ability to promote the interest of women's athletics in the college. The aim of the W. A. A. is to develop by competitive sports fine women, physically, mentally and socially.



### CHARTER MEMBERS:

Charlotte Stamper	Ann Volk	Lois Shaw
Clarabelle Walker	Eleanor Roberts	Jean Raupple
Ann Zhuck	Mary Ella Bingham	Doris Davis
Harriet Foster	Lillian Schofield	Rosina Jones
Helen Thomas	Ann Kuchtyn	Betty Kile
Laura Graneto	Georgia Paul	Eleanor Rodgers
Constance Sabatino	Lois Harte	June Rummel
Esther Joyce	Betty Cooper	Mary Louise Pleger

### HONORABLE MENTION FOR INTRA-MURALS

Ann Dolak	Esther Zackman	Carolyn Knox
Mary Boylan	Winifred Chappell	Joanna Lebau
Margaret Blair	Tillie Gogesh	Frances Steele
Katherine Jones	Elizabeth Brungard	Elvira Tartan
Jessie George	Guyla Maze	Helen Creed



# B E A C O N

## CAMPUS CLUB

The Campus Club is organized to promote Companionship, Work, and Worthy Use of Leisure Time.



### OFFICERS:

*President* . . . . . Marilouise Gambrel  
*Vice President* . . . . . Jane Morrow  
*Treasurer* . . . . . Helen Robinson  
*Secretary* . . . . . Frances Whiteside

### MEMBERS:

Ann Dolak	Frances Whiteside
Marilouise Gambrel	Laura Graneto
Grace Barnes	Ann Zhuck
Jane Morrow	Lois Hart
Helen Robinson	June Rummel
Virginia Whiteside	Betty Button



B E A C O N

SIGMA TAU DELTA, NATIONAL HONORARY  
ENGLISH FRATERNITY

Sigma Tau Delta, National Honorary English Fraternity, was organized in the fall of 1932 under the leadership of Prof. J. W. Bare.



THE FOLLOWING ARE OFFICERS:

Howard Aley . . . . . *President*

Charles Mulcahy . . . . *Vice President*

Wilma Starr . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*



MEMBERS OF THE FRATERNITY:

Lucille Helm

Wilfried Myers

Emily Muldoon

Mary Mahar

Eunice Roberts

Dr. Bowden

James Shutts

Donald Grant

Dean Eleanor North

Jeanne Donnan

Olive Brown

Marjorie Malborn

Prof. Wishart

Mrs. Meredith Hayes

Anne Rubeck

Mary Ellen Daniels

Helen Hall

B E A C O N

STUDENT COUNCIL--EVENING LIBERAL ARTS

This group provides social and activity programs for the evening school and has been elected by the entire evening school student body.

Arthur Halferty, *president*

Freda McKnight, *secretary*

Chester McCracken, *treasurer*

Victor Norling

Mike Malmer

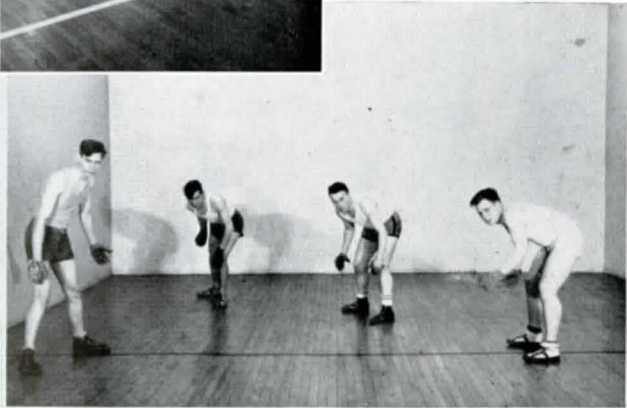
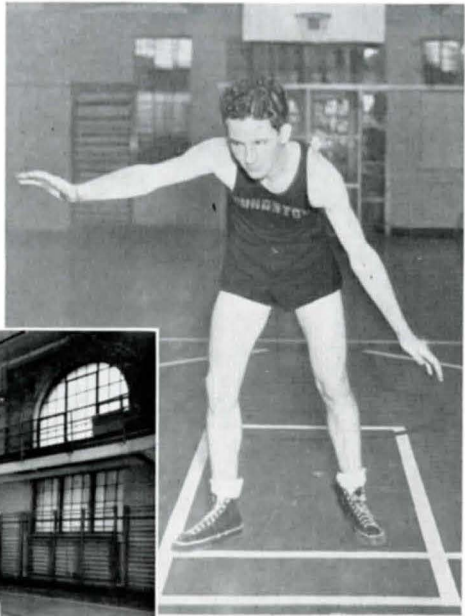
Harold Kennedy

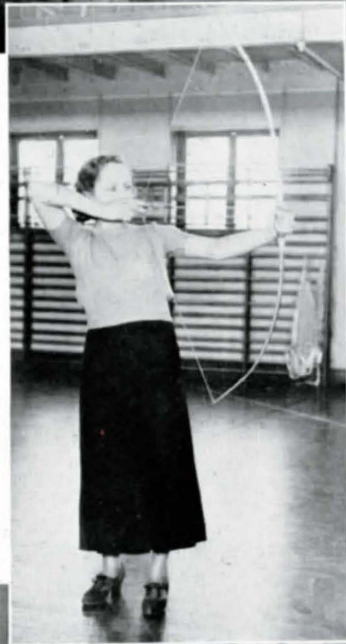
Paul Shields

Harold Johnson













# B E A C O N

## WICK HALL

"School daze, school daze,  
Good old golden fool daze . . ."  
—*Casanova Best.*

The purpose of this nerve racking little composition which at times reaches the heights of naderistic literature, is to describe with varying degrees of inaccuracy the questionable but entertaining activities that take place in Wick Hall, that popular hang-out of the students and the not-so-nerd student, of the rich man, poor man, beggar man, and the college professor. It is my aim to make this brief description so realistic that you will be able to recall things just as plainly as though they really happened, even though you live to be a hundred in the shade.

The "Old House" is divided into five divisions, roughly speaking. These are: the Bridge-room, the Safe room, the Dance Hall, the Bull-Pen, and the Ping-Pong room. Being an unconventional dude, I shall take them up in reverse order instead of reading from left to right.

The Ping Pong room is that hole in the wall into which brave men go to adjust differences of opinions as to which is the best player. It is here that the men of tomorrow are made. Some talk good games, others play a good game. Some of the contests make the duels of Old Heidelberg seem childish and sissified. Two gladiators that drive all of the sporting blood into everyone's veins are McDonald and Cooper. When they play the air is full of choice remarks and one small ball.

The Bull Pen is the front room where by common consent all of the subjects known to the academic circles and a few not known are cussed and discussed. Here the men of tomorrow are made. It is the birthplace of all scandal, of plots to undermine the government, and a few movements for mass "cutting" of classes.

The Dance Hall is between the Bull Pen and the Bridge Room. Here everything pertaining to the tramping of the light fantastic, from the unknown mazurka to the known mooch is enjoyed by the denizens of this division who do some mean dencing (pardon me). Here the men of tomorrow are made. One slightly dilapidated radio, a sand-paperish floor, and an old grandfather's clock that has said half-past three for the past two years, complete the physical equipment of this spot.

The Safe Room is that sector of the Old House in which sits an old safe which is certainly no good to anybody. I don't know for sure just where the room got its name, but it is a safe bet that I am not going to worry about it.

The Bridge Room is just what the name implies. Here the Culbertsons, the Laws, and the men of tomorrow are made. Molly Rogers, the charming chaperone takes on all comers in this game of bridge which is reputed to be the sport of College professors.

The old house has certainly added to our collegiate life. In fact, I think I shall go over there some day. I would like to see a maid made.

## B E A C O N

### MADAME X

Yep, here I am again! You can't lose me—even in the Annual, but you don't really want to lose me, do you? Don't you really like a little gossip every now and then? I know you do—just so you're not in it, isn't that right?

The ground around Wick Hall seems to have some strange romantic effect upon our students. Have you noticed those two sitting on the grass over on the other side of Wick Hall? In case you can't see their faces, I'll tell you who they are—Betty Cooper and Howard Brooks. They seem to have become quite a habit—but then no one objects to a good habit, do they?

Then sitting down there on the bridge is another pair—Howard Aley and Lillian Schofield. For a time Howard had me up a tree—I couldn't find out whether he sat on the bridge more often with Lillian or with Almeda Woodruff, but finally I decided that it was the former. Incidentally, I wonder where Mary is—hasn't anyone seen Howard's Mary?

Charlotte Stamper had me in the same fix: I couldn't make up my mind whether she and Bill McDonald talked on the bridge more than did she and Jimmy Williams. Then when Jimmy took her to the Phi Gamma dinner-dance I decided it was he. And then, of course, we must remember that Marge Snyder and Bill McDonald are still quite adsorbed in each other.

Going back to the Phi Gamma dinner-dance, there was another couple present who quite surprised me. They were Beatrice McDermott and Eddie Nolan. I hear that this is not the first date she has had with him. Keep it up, Bea, he's a fine fellow!

Here's one I'll bet you didn't even guess, much less know. "Fully" Sapin has been dating Mary Jane Agey some. She says he is an awfully nice fellow, and he must think she is quite nice or he wouldn't even date her. I'll be a diplomat and agree with both of them.

Ward Kidston has been seen around school quite a bit with Jane Straussbaugh. She, however, is still very much interested in her old flame from Rayen—"Chuck" Schmatz, by name.

As I sit here in the library pondering over what animated material might interest you, I see passing before the window, a great army of those "Sweethearts on Parade." Chux McCallister and Betty Bush lead the grand march, followed by Bob McCallister and Caroline Peters, two of the cutest young people I have ever seen. Then come Mary Kay Welsh and Bill Lyden, whose affair has recently passed its first year mark. Of course, Marge Malborn and George Beaumier belong to this procession. And look! "Ranny" Leyshon has become serious long enough to take Betty McElhaney's arm and walk with the rest of the crowd. Several paces behind them are Shirley Nichols and Ted Welsh, still content with each other's company more than with that of any one else. "Barry" O'Connor and Millie Bothwell fit in this line perfectly, don't you think? Florence Inglis and Ludt Welsh make as cute a couple as there is on the campus. And here, just as always, we find these four together—Helene Snyder and Jack Herald, Janis Ullman and Art Cacceno. Charlotte Dustman and Bill Kirkpatrick from Warren have been in this procession for a little over a year now. Now these people should be particularly recommended—Jeanne Donnan and Al Vinopal, as a couple of long standing, and Anne Rubeck and Bud Cole who have gone together for four years now.

"Two by two they go marching through, those Sweethearts on Parade."

## B E A C O N

### OUR INSTRUCTORS

WILMA STARR

One Youngstown College professor locks the door on tardy pupils, another snaps rubber bands at his reflection on the desk, and another charges his students 20 cents for cleaning up neglected laboratory tables, a survey by students of the idiosyncrasies of their instructors shows.

Dr. R. D. ("Dougie") Bowden, who can pronounce names like Tzu Hsi and likes to tell about "hottentots" in Timbuctoo, locks his class room door on the hour and allows late comers to wait outside until he opens the door and greets them with a "good morning."

Bowden's Friday nights are scheduled way ahead for moving pictures and he will miss a lecture any day to see Will Rogers. Eleven p. m. finds him at his radio listening to late news reports and enjoying his cigar, the only one he allows himself during the day.

Dr. Bowden has a flair for wild neckties, and will talk about Bois Penrose and his "peach basket" hat if encouraged.

Dr. "little George" Wilcox, has one of those boom-boom earth shaking, belly quaking laughs. With his steamer trunk satchel and hearing him called "Doc," you'd sure enough think him a real M. D. In the satchel, so they say, are reams and reams of records containing little black marks beside the names of student teachers. Can't start his car unless his pipe is lit. (If the city health department ever investigates that pipe he'll be smoking cigarettes.)

Likes to talk about eggs and farming and the "little brown babies" in the Philippines.

Dr. Eugene D. ("Floyd Gibbons") Scudder likes his lab tables clean as grandma's cookie board after class, even if he has to do the job himself. He assesses 20 cents for the service. Keeps fat and good natured by laughing a lot and can "take it" when the joke is on him. Takes off his coat during lab periods and nearly always has his shirt tails on the outside of his trousers like Don McCandless.

Dr. Castle W. ("Cassie") Foard will teach a class of wild cats any day in preference to a class of girls. Is glad the girls are interested in Mrs. Foard's Home ec. class and not in physics. Assists his thinking processes by causing friction with his index finger at a point just above his right ear. Sometimes gets results.

Foard is the newest member of the faculty "Pipe Club," and is learning how to be nonchalant while smoking away like a trap for mosquitos.

Prof. James ("Junior") Wishart shoots paper wads and snaps rubber bands at his reflection in a desk top. He has that Mephistophelian eyebrow that questions all. Teaches Romantic Poetry but is a pretty fair chap anyway. Thinks every student ought to have a lounge instead of a lecture room chair. Likes the lounges in Old Wick Building where he shuffles a mean hand of bridge.

Prof. John W. ("Pop") Bare, exponent and defender of "puppy love," pulled a boner during the past winter when he ate a quantity of meat which his wife was saving for the dog. His favorite breakfast, Wheaties (adv.), cream and sugar, two slices of whole wheat toast, and two soft boiled eggs, hasn't varied in 16 months.

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BEACON  
 FUNNY CUTS--THREE GUESSES



*Big Bad Wolf*



*Who's Afraid?*



*Who Said Nuts?*



*To Ra Ra Boomda*



*You Big Thissy*



*Prexy*



*A bird in the hand.*



*Quite a bird*



*Born to be a teacher.*



*Senator.*



BEACON  
 FUNNY CUTS--THREE GUESSES



Ford Lountleray



Sitting Pretty.



Little Paul Revere



Service Please



Ritch Children Pitch.



Ophelia



Queen of May



Night Owl



Whoops Girls



Nighty Night



Cleaning up on Wall St.



Chee

## B E A C O N

### THE LOG OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

"Mm! Jeanne! How comfortable and warm it is here curled up before this glowing fire, and that soft music just fits in. Somehow it seems to bring back happy times. We began in the middle of September with a nice 'fresh' crop of Freshies. They were grand sports, though, especially at the breakfast at Pioneer Pavilion at the break of dawn, the sixth of October, when the tug-of-war ended in their embarrassment. Almost forgot the Reception for Freshman the last of September at which the Student Council, together with the Faculty, received new students. McCallister welcomed the Frosh and they 're-torted' royally with a 'we will do our part'—and they have. The Rover Boys, remember them?—Jerry, Art and Barry, what a combination! And the 'Raisen Rose'."

I always like to think back to our Initiation Week, don't you, Jeanne? From October 2 through the seventh the "stuff and things" occurred. About the most daring stunt of the year took place during that week—the Frosh-Soph (by the way, a few Juniors and Seniors got mixed up in that, too) Sack Rush at Mill Creek Park. Doll, Foard, and McPhee were the only ones who escaped "intact." Ah, remember!

Let's get out our scrap book!! It's such fun looking back. Here it is:—

*September, 1933:*

... Gamma Sigma's install officers at Y. W. C. A.

... Phi Lambda Delta's Friendship Tea for all new students. Mums decorated the College auditorium.

*Rush Week—October 9-14:*

... A Chilli Supper and a Tea Rose Bridge for Phi Lambda's rushees, and a novel Cabaret Party at Wick Hall and a Supper Bridge for Gamma Sig's rushees. Can't find anything for the Frat's that week—guess they exchanged it at Smokers, "er sumpun." October was quite a "rushey" month.

... The Open Road Club week-ends at Slippery Rock the 14th and 15th with an inviting dinner at the Old Tavern and a Marshmallow Roast at the Waldron Home that evening.

... The Frosh entertained again by the Faculty at tea.

... Here's Mary K's picture for the masquerade, October 28. What a night—cats, bats, witches, sleep-walkers (you do remember the four in Grandma's nightgowns), gypsies, clowns (the Council president clowning—Oh, yes!) and such. Two hundred "grand-marched" it for ten minutes, then ate, laughed, danced, and bobbed for apples. Someone fell into the tub of water, I can't remember who it was. He was a "wet" that night.

## B E A C O N

... Look! An announcement of the first marriage of the college year—our Senior Frank and Frosh Mildred. Wonder who will be next, Jeanne. Or maybe someone's even slipped up on us. Let's ask Madame X.

*November:*

... Alpha Phi Sigma and Phi Sigma Epsilon, of the evening school hold a social November 1.

The Turkey Toddle with Marjorie and Olive co-chairman, and a Spaghetti Dinner at Reddie's kept the Phi Lam's in high spirits.

... Remember this? The Faculty wives' tea for mothers of the Freshmen. The Seniors were social aids, that's how we got to see Dopey Doll unembarrassed, drinking tea before an auditorium filled with women. As Frosh advisor he gave a talk.

The flames seem to burn brighter when we recall December socials.

... "Kid Colby" on the 6th. Better than the last performance, with our Chux as the "Kid" and Clarabelle as his leading lady.

... This Sigma Tau Delta Rose will always remind us of our installation into the Psi Gamma Chapter of the honorary English Frat. Doc Bowden profited greatly by coming late—got to eat all that there was.

... The Holiday Season began with Gamma Sigma's Xmas party at Esma Smith's. Then there was the Xmas Chapel with the traditional friendship circle. The College Yuletide Dance on the 16th—the Home-Coming at Wick Hall on the 20th, and the Phi Lambda Delta Holley Hop Formal in the Spanish Room of the Ohio Hotel. The Gamma Sigma Formal at Squaw Creek.

Oh! What fun—here—

... Phi Gamma's Skating Party at the Eagle's Auditorium. Ask John Rudi-  
baugh how to balance yourself and incidentally your lady friend, while skating at full speed. Doc Foard might add to John's treatise.

... The Inter-Fraternity Prom at the Marble Room on January 19 will never be forgotten. We had a wonderful time.

Are you sleepy yet, Jeanne? Come help me to put another log on the fire. Listen—isn't that a coincidence? "Throw another log on the fire, to keep our golden memories aglow." I've always liked that song and it sort of fits in. Let's get back to the scrap book. . . .

... Oh, yes, I remember the mid-year Frosh Reception, Betty Bush and John O'Connor were co-chairman. Wasn't that skit "Grind Central Flop House" the craziest thing? I liked Steve Conti's Orchestra, though.

... February 17—Phi Sigma Epsilon's party at McCracken's. Understand they had a circus. Then there was Freshman Week from February 21 to 25. I always have to laugh when I think of those girls wearing green bows, and

## B E A C O N

black and white stockings. They weren't quite so beautiful without Max Factor, were they?

... Rush Week was heaps of fun, February 26 to March 2. Gamma Sigma's party at Wick Hall and a Supper Party at Bannow Brook. Phi Lambda's Supper Bridge at Scotwick and an Old English Tea at Marietta's. You'd never dream the sandwiches were so dainty by the way Alice Abrams ate and ate.

... Remember "Miss Adventure" the play, on March 7? Doc Bowden certainly was good at directing, wasn't he? And McCandless looked dangerous with that monkey-wrench.

... Jeanne, our Senior Box Social was a novel affair. Let's see, that was on March 24. Heaps of fun. McCallister, Cole and Beaumier bid royally for "their" boxes.

... The Easter Chapel was very effective. McCallister was our speaker and it was entirely a student affair. The Chapel Choir sang, too. Gee, that was great. Should like to have had more.

... Maybe we didn't have fun at Dr. Stearn's on April 2, when he had the Choir for dinner. We played "Skittle," a British game. Were we full? Not of "Skittle" though. Dr. Stearns and Ollie haven't grown up yet.

... April 20. Oh, yes, the Prom at the Ohio Ball Room with Russ Lyon's Orchestra. Didn't Mildred Strain make a lovely queen. Freddy McFarland looked nice, too. Grand choice. It was the "bestest" ever. Wouldn't it be grand if we could be so lovely all the time?

... How I hated to drag out so early to the J. W. Breakfast at Mill Creek. We certainly enjoyed the breakfast, though. The music, wasn't it wonderful? Old Victrola, himself. So up to date, too. That all added to the fun, though.

... There were some other affairs in here, too. On the second the Phi Gam's Dinner Dance; the sixth, Phi Lambda's Mother's Day Tea; on the ninth, the Junior Weiner Roast; and on the thirteenth, the Campus Club Mother's Day Tea.

... Phi Lambda's Spring Formal on May 11 was wonderful. Southern Hills Country Club and Wick Mackey's Orchestra. Everyone looked so happy.

... Gamma Sigma had a Spring Formal on the sixteenth. Squaw Creek Country Club and Al Ocker's Orchestra. They had a wonderful time. I love formals, don't you?

... May 25: Need I say more? May Day. Queen Rachel reigned from her throne. The dancing, the crowning, ceremony, the floral chain, the pantomime were beautiful and effective. The whole affair was gorgeous, even to the original spring lattices which transformed our auditorium into a pretty garden.

Here's the Sig Delt's Dinner Dance on the 29th at Southern Hills Country Club. Ocker's Orchestra. He made money on the college during May, didn't he. Two jobs. My, my!

## B E A C O N

### JUST A BULL SESSION

By JOHN O'CONNOR

M.—Hi, Mr. McPhee—how's the coach today?

J.—Fine and dandy, Mac. Just took Jones and Witchey at hand ball. Wish I could get some opposition from that college.

M.—Now, be careful, Jack, or I'll get that demon hand-baller Schwartz to take care of you.

J.—What! that bird! Say I could use guys like him for seasoning in my soup. Incidentally, it's a wonder Schwartz doesn't come to hygiene once a month. I have all the absence spaces filled up in the attendance book.

M.—Well, Jack, how do things look for basketball next season?

J.—Not so bad, Mac. But speaking of basketball, do you remember that game with St. Vincents? Boy, I'll never forget Pop Schultz at dinner after the game. He had been eating like two starved Russians for the last few days. After polishing off a steak and the sidecars, he demolished one helping of pie a la mode—then he proceeded to clean up on another but when he was half way through the old spirit died. Man, that last piece stopped him cold. That's the first time I ever saw that boy get enough.

M.—Yeah, Jack, that man certainly could reduce over-production. But I'll never forget Jimmy Rich after that game. On the way home he was raising the devil in Dr. Foard's car. Every time Bill Lackey would drop off to sleep, Rich would start yelling. Then to top off the evening he produced a steak knife—just a souvenir from Letrobe.

J.—Boy, he was a pip that night. Old Benny Kunicki had his number that trip. He asked Rich if he knew where Goslow was. Jimmy never caught on. The boys had him on the go for two days on that mystery of the open road.

M.—Speaking of roads—do you remember the night we went to West Liberty? Well, MacDonald was in our car and we were tearing along that squirrely road in West Virginia, when all of a sudden we hit that famous tunnel. Boy, old Mac let out a yell. He thought we were going over a cliff.

J.—That was the scene of Schultz's downfall last season. The tunnels had him puzzled.

M.—Here's one you haven't heard. When we were in Indiana you recall they had a dance at the school before the game. About 6:30 a few of the boys, including the Weasel, were riding about. They all wanted to go to the dance, but were afraid you wouldn't let them. But after riding for a half hour and not getting into anything *shadey* (remember boys?) they went to the gym. Indiana's coach suggested that they go to the dance for a while and you O. K.'d it. Well, these super-romeos finally got to the dance and I have never seen a finer

## B E A C O N

imitation of a tribe of wooden Indians in my life. The great heart-breakers stood around for twenty minutes, and then decided that basketball was their game after all.

J.—After seeing that game I wasn't so sure basketball was their game.

M.—Maybe you're right but when those boys returned to the hotel the fun began. It is surprising what can happen to a bedroom. It's also very peculiar how blankets can disappear. Finally the boys got to bed but not before McFarland locked O'Connor out in the hall in his pajamas. That Irishman also fixed Cacceno. Feeling slightly hungry, he ate a hot dog and onions and then went to bed. Art was bunking with him that night and every time Mac respired Art got the full benefit of a Berumda tomato. Ted Welsh not only did away with a hot dog but followed up with a hamburger and coffee. And for some unknown reason he did not sleep well. I wonder why.

J.—Yeah, he was almost as badly off as Spong and Lackey on the Boulevard of Broken Dreams (Wt. St. to you boys) in Steubenville.

M.—Well, Jack, I'll have to be going. Got to report on the "value of pig elimination" for Bowden.

J.—Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?

M.—Not me—just the Big Bad Report Card. So long.



## OUR INSTRUCTORS

*(Continued from page 55)*

Dr. Leonard T. Richardson, now a "proud daddy," will tell you any day that thumb-sucking is a sign or at least a symptom of intellectuality. Prof. Bowden never sucked his thumb—so he told Richardson in support of the negative conclusion.

Dean Eleanor B. North who is a real "fisherwoman," can tell much about lake trout, pine woods, mountains, etc., between blushes.

Dr. Henry V. Stearns can relate some of the greatest Dutch Yarns especially when sipping his soup (preferably tomato) and eating ice-cream.

Prof. Doll claims that even the "femmes" can't hoodwink him into giving them an "A". With his ripple of subtle humor he keeps the class in an uproar.

Mr. Howard Jones "the busy man" is hard to find and conferences have to be booked months ahead of time.

# B E A C O N

## MERCER

By MARY COOPER—JACK KENNEDY

Mercer may be just a small hicktown in Pennsylvania but to the vagabond members of the Open Road Club it is the site of one of their most enjoyable "overnights." Mary Cooper, by hook and mostly by crook, was able to secure for the trip an old, dilapidated cabin in the mountains. ('And was it a wreck.')

It was about six o'clock on a bitter cold Winter evening when the advance guard, Mary Cooper, Eleanor Roberts, two dozen cans of baked beans and Harold Kennedy arrived on the scene. What a job it was unloading that rumble seat packed with bacon, eggs, bread, blankets, prunes, Mary Cooper, Charles Bird, and what not. After using a bale of paper, two quarts of "Holy Water" and plenty of quick thinking, a roaring fire was built by the woodsmen. While the Chef (in the person of Kennedy) started supper, Charley Bird was dispatched to get water only two miles away in a five gallon milk can. Soon, lured by the wafting odors of food, the rest of the "Dan Boons" came straggling in, hungry and cold, and a huge pile of hot hamburgers, buns, coffee, cake and peanuts vanished quicker than quick.

Then all the John McCormacks and Lily Pons gathered around "ye blazing fire" and while their faces roasted and their dorsal extremities froze, sang loudly and lustily off-key. The fire burned low, eyelids began to droop, thoughts of bed were foremost in each mind when Art Halferty started on his lengthy and sleep-bringing version of that well-known bed-time story "When Worlds Collide." Then all who had not already done so, crept into their double-deckers and Morpheus reigned supreme except for the occasional disturbance of Kennedy who insisted on cooking prunes for breakfast and popping corn.

As it usually does, the sun arose on Sunday morning and seventeen weary, bedraggled specimens crept out of their cold, hard beds and hurriedly made their way to the blazing fire where they stood thawing out. One by one they gathered courage enough to crack the ice and wash in the bitter cold water. After struggling with inadequate utensils over a country grate-fire Harold (Chef) Kennedy served a piping hot breakfast of watery cereal, burned toast, bitter coffee and dried out prunes, which was eaten with great gusto by the now ravenous mob.

About ten o'clock, the temperature having dragged itself up to zero, Dr. Waldron gathered his brood around and led them on a Winter hike through the wilds. Two hours later, half frozen, the budding Burbanks returned to their hovel and again waited—patiently around the fire for food. (All this gang does is eat) The problem of keeping warm was a gigantic one. The fire-place was built for two (also the cabin) and some seventeen critters were trying to warm themselves at its cheery blaze. Also, as is the custom with summer cabins the place was very well ventilated and the North Wind was an uninvited guest most of the time.

Finally the belated dinner was ready and the starving rabble waded into

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## B E A C O N

### ANYBODY WANT TO BUY A DUCK?

By JACK DONAHUE—ART HALFERTY  
(With apologies)

Dear Uncle Ozzie,

Oh, dear, I've had such a time! Last night I went out to this place on . . . . . *cousin Harriet told me about* where they were giving that duck dinner for those Phi Sigma Epsiloners (*whatever on earth that means I don't know*) and this Chester McCracken (the man that was giving the dinner) is such a lovely young fellow only I didn't find out, then, because I just got to the door when Goo-Goo got away and I had to run after her and she ran in a door and behind a sideboard and I finally caught her there and then somebody came in and what was I to do? They'd have never bought Goo-Goo if they'd found me there so I stayed right where I was for hours and hours (actually!) *and I was scared skinny for fear I'd sneeze or Goo-Goo'd quack or something and they'd find me* and all the time there was somebody or other in the room and there I was behind the sideboard and *of course* I couldn't get away.

Well, it got to midnight and the doors opened and the whole Phi Sigma Epsilon trooped in and I wish you'd seen those tables! I never did see so many ducks before. Mallard ducks, I heard somebody say they were, but *whether they were or not*, I've never seen anything that looked so good. Hundreds—actually hundreds of ducks, stewing and steaming on two tremendous platters, all oozing the most delicious odors you ever did smell. *Oh, Uncle Ozzie, if only Goo-Goo could look like that, I'd never sell her. I'd cook her myself, Joe or no Joe. But then, I never heard whether Goo-Goo was Mallard or not. I always thought she was just duck.*

And then they all gathered around and the darlinest man called Doctor Bowden gave a toast. "Boys," he sez, "Let's eat!" and did he? Well, I saw Henry VIII *when he was in Pottsville* and this Doctor could have told Henry a few things!

And there was a Malmer fellow who sat down with both elbows on the table and defied—actually defied anybody to come between him and his bone. And a Lysle Sheilds who always seemed about to say something but then didn't. *Maybe he thought there wouldn't be anything left before he finished the first sentence.* And a blond fellow named Johnson. Uncle Ozzie, I'm telling you there ought to be a law putting a ten-minute handicap on all Swedish people. And a Paul Daugherty kept closing his eyes so he could make his mouth bigger. And they kept kidding a John Severn about interior decorating, *but I couldn't see anything funny about that.* And an artist fellow called Kirkner could have painted a resurrection scene from the bones around his plate. And the quietest one of all was John DeCarlo, but you could tell by the gleam in his eye that he was just aching to get in a penny-ante game using duck stakes. And the most marvelous man—Vic Norling—they kept saying that the reason he didn't have any stones along was that the weight would interfere with the army style. And

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## B E A C O N

### THE CONFESSION OF AN ALUMNUS

By DR. RICHARDSON

As an alumnus of two American institutions of higher learning and holder of a diploma and a degree from another university whose *ci-devant* pupils survive under no distinctive label whatever, I feel moved to make a confession. I wish to confess in all humility that, after profound introspection and reverent meditation indulged in at various times during my alumniate. I am entirely in the dark as to what alumni are good for.

I am aware that administrative circles often find it expedient to regard the organized alumni as a cow to be milked in the interests of new buildings or endowment; but in view of the fact that university finance committees are notoriously indifferent as to where the money comes from, so long as it comes, there is no particular distinction attached to this sort of usefulness. In any case the vast majority of alumni have not the wherewithal to be milked, and only a small minority are therefore entitled to be regarded as sacred cattle.

There seems also to be a popular superstition to the effect that the illustrious alumnus sheds glory upon his alma mater, and, by refraction, upon the entire body of alumni. And yet the true Forgotten Man is the classmate of either the elder or the younger Roosevelt at Harvard, and nobody remembers the names of the fresh-water colleges from which some of our presidents were graduated.

When the has-beens of academic society first organized it was hardly for the purpose of being shone upon by major luminaries nor of kicking in on the endowment campaign. If they had any reason at all it was probably the one instinctive reason that compels the election of a president, a vice-president and secretary wherever three or more Americans are gathered together. Be that as it may, we cannot now determine with certainty whether, in choosing a name under which former students could misbehave with impunity on the campus, it was intended to select a term frequently applied to the early stages of adolescence. At all events the Latin epithet *aqua dulcis alumnae*, a poetic equivalent for "frogs," is vaguely suggestive of sing-fests at alumni reunions.

Youngstown College is fortunately too young to know the galling meddlesomeness of that group of senile old people of all ages who constitute the influential alumni. Much time and patience are required to produce an alumni association that is a nuisance. It was only after long and painful travel that the mountain brought forth the mouse. But if this institution were twenty years older it would have experienced the annual incursion of prematurely superannuated playboys of 1910, who had begun to solidify above the ears long before they left college. It would be acquainted with that vulgar, banker-bellied Old Man of the Sea who lubriciously fastens his rheumatic tentacles on the healthy, youthful body of student athletics, and turns physical education into a racket. It might even possess a gymnasium donated by, and named

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## B E A C O N

### THE SEARCH FOR CERTAINTY

History is full of precedents; the present is full of statistics; the future is full of uncertainties. It has been the stupid search for certainties in utopian tomorrows that has led many students into a wilderness of futilities. The brave student in our midst, surrounded by physicists, biologists, neurologists, monologists, physiologists, psychologists, philosophers, historians, and whatnots, all saying pretty nearly the same things in different vocabularies, can't be blamed altogether if he transfers his efforts primarily and merely to learning the vocabularies. He finds himself trying to learn a sufficient number of statistics, facts, and shibboleths to satisfy old traditions without reference to the future. His thinking becomes merely a rearrangement of his prejudices. And few things are less dependable than prejudices.

The greatest certainty which any discerning student can approach for the tomorrows is a sane philosophy of living, a philosophy that is his because he has thought it out for himself. It is the only guarantee of maintaining a semblance of individualism and unity in all the existing clatter of diversity.

R. D. Bowden



### MERCER

*(Continued from page 63)*

in with a ferocity almost bordering upon savagery. Loaves of bread melted away. Gallons of coffee were inhaled. Hogheads of chili (the favorite O. R. C. dish) were drained to the last drop. "Fish-eye pudding" terminated the orgy. Gorged with food and tired from the long battle with cold they lounged around all afternoon. Finally the spectre which haunts all camps, cleaning up, again presented itself and after much coaxing and pleading all were prodded from their perches and armed with brooms, dishcloths and what not, were plunged into the fray against Dirt. The outcome is yet in doubt. Camp was then broken and with tears in their eyes and sobs in their throats the lonely hermits bade farewell to their hermitage and sped toward that mystic city, Masury, to pursue the elusive fossil of that region. At last tiring of this, shivering with cold, the travel-worn, tired but happy Open Roaders once again climbed into their ancient vehicles and journeyed to that well known spot—Home.



### TALENT

I'll never have wealth,  
Which only genius brings;  
But I have a lot of talent  
For liking little things.

By MILDRED STRAIN

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# B E A C O N

## RECEDING HORIZONS

By HOWARD ALEY

The metropolitan traveller who crosses the great open spaces of our western prairies, returns to his effete east, with an almost breathless enthusiasm for the vastness of the lands which he has covered.

"Magnificent," he gasps in relating his experiences. "Why, you travel for hours toward that gray horizon that . . . well, somehow it seems fixed, and yet, it always keeps miles ahead of you . . . luring you onward, and onward toward a goal which you know you will never reach, yet, of which you will never despair!"

And truly, the traveller is correct. If you should stop, the horizon appears likewise, to be fixed. Advance one mile . . . and the horizon retreats, proportionately. Where you stop at this hour, the horizon ended an hour ago, but are you satisfied that you have arrived? Not at all! There is something of witchery in that gray mist encircling the earth rim . . . something that draws you unto itself, lures you beyond the green pastures to those that are even greener! And so on, and on, and on, you go. There are times when your horizon is temporarily obscured. Passing through the vallies, you lose sight of the gray mists and their wierd witchery. But it isn't long until you are on a high place again . . . and there you see it ahead, now more alluring perhaps than ever . . . Far off mists that call to you . . . and somehow you heed their call.

Talk some day with an intellectual who has travelled through the gold-fields of education. He will tell you a similar story. Travelling for years toward a distant intellectual horizon, he tells you that he too has found that what yesterday was a goal, today is merely a milestone.

The little tot in kindergarten looks toward the grade school as a goal. But before the grades have been covered, he is looking beyond, . . . has peeked into the high school. Once in the high school he looks forward to college, and perhaps the baccalaureate degree. But somehow, the degree isn't enough . . . the horizon is still receding . . .

And so onward he goes. You meet him as he leaves the commencement hall with his recently conferred doctorate, and he tells you once more that today he regards as a milestone, that which yesterday was a goal!

Receding horizons! That's what they are! And thanks be to God that they always recede, for should the horizon of civilization become fixed, progress would cease. But such shall never be the case, for as long as man can stand as upon a high place, he shall ever see before him, a new horizon calling him to seek out the secrets of the gray mists.

There will always be vallies, from which the horizon will be obscured, the range of vision cut short. They have always been. But once on the rise, it looms again, perhaps as never before, a receding horizon which calls men to come forward. And even as the salt spray burns in the nostrils of those who have spent a lifetime upon the sea-ways; and the peculiar fragrance of the sage brush quickens the hearts of those whose lives have been spent upon the great gray plains of the west—so does the Great Horizon call one forward.

Explain it? You can't. No one can. All that we know is that if it calls you, somehow you heed its call and go forward . . . forward, toward receding horizons!

## B E A C O N

### UPON MY WORD

By TED BENDER

A detailed broadcast of the Freshman Bag Rush brought to you through the courtesy of station Y-O-C-O in Youngstown College.

"Greetings and salutations, ladies and gentlemen. Let trumpets BLAIR, let HARTS be FREED, let the HULL world reJOYCE. To the BARNES, and get out the BAGS-NELL! 'Tis the day of the Freshman Bag Rush. WEL-THER, why not TECAU the girl-friend and WALK-ER to the field of bottle, er—I mean battle. The field is a MAZE of BROWN and BLACK but is BARE of STONES and rocks. It's a CLAIR day, and now I see the Freshmen on the WHITE-SIDE and the upper-class men on the left. And now folks I'll TURNER over to "Ski" GRAHAM, the Russian sports announcer, KAM-IN-SKI!"

"Hi, folks, HOW-ER you all? Both teams are standing PATT-ON line and are ready to BOLDT. Oh SHAW! One lad FELL out of line to ROEMer over to the girl-friend to bid her adieu. Oh BOYER, he KEIST-ER and now, they're REID-y to go. RAY! They're off! Help! Poalise! Poalise! Call a KOPP! Look at the DUST-MAN! At BEST this will probably end in a LYNCH or a riot. Look at SMITH, he looks like an ULL-MAN. Oh ZHUCKS and KURZs! The HARDY upperclassmen KNOXed the Frosh without MURCHIE and those who didn't LY-DEN dRU-BECK and the uppers scored. HOW-ELL the Frosh take them into KEMP playing like that? EVANS, I must conFIESS this match is a RIDDLE to me. Oh here come the two CONWAY boys. HOWER you feeling, boys? "Oh, outside of the STRAIN and the STARRS, we're BOTH-WELL." Ha, ha, well, well, here's LEYSHON. HAY, Rannie, what's wrong with VENOPLE?" "Oh, AL-BURNed his finger and it BLET-SO he RHODE home. What ELS-ER there to do?" Too bad they had to BING-HAM like that isn't it?"

Oh VOLKS, theyre taking the clothes, including the BUTTONS, off one of the boys. He's got less McANDLESS. He's behind a BUSH now and someone gave him a towel to BENDER around himself. "Hey, fella, in that POSE, you look like a girl." "Oh yeah, well I'm not, IS-A-MAN!"

Ha, ha, well the RAMAGE is all over now and all we see is ALLI-SON, JOHN-SON, and ROBIN-SON and they're sons sweeping up the field. What a day!

## B E A C O N

### ANYBODY WANT TO BUY A DUCK?

(Continued from page 64)

the hungriest looking fellow you ever did see—A Hal Kennedy—ate so much he didn't look hungry anymore—almost. And a Walter See, poor fellow, *I was sorry for him*. He seemed not to know whether he'd rather talk or eat and almost didn't get either done. And everybody was looking for a Wilfred Myers' brief-case. I could have told them it was under the table. *I saw him put it there*. He must have put some duck in it because no man could have eaten all he took. And a Jack Griffiths, being an athletic business manager, always thinks in terms of backs, centers, ends and wing formations anyway. And a Fred Zarny didn't say anything—just ate. And a Paul Shields, looking what cousin Harriet calls a long-legged-drink-of-water stood up every so often, so he could fill legs and all *I suppose*. And a Roy Walters got his tea-strainer tangled so often he vowed to shave before the next dinner.

And then the host sat down. And, oh, Uncle Ozzie I could have just cried. He was the loveliest of all and *when he sat down*, there wasn't anything left but just the bones. And even they were polished so white they'd have made marble *look blue*. I was that mad I could have screamed. Only I didn't. But I think it was a dirty trick, don't you? The meanies!

Your loving niece,

Suzabella.

P. S. I didn't sell Joe's duck, yet.

P.P. S. I almost forgot. I think the biggest reason why Mr. McCracken didn't get any was a guy named Halferty. I thought he was sweet at first, but I don't now.



### THE CONFESSION OF AN ALUMNUS

(Continued from page 65)

after some obscure notoriety who once displayed a Y on his sweater, but whose name would eventually be saluted by honest people with a rousing Bronx cheer.

No one questions the right of the alumni to organize. It would be rank injustice to deny them a privelege that is accorded to Red Headed Women and societies for the suppression of constitutional rights. But they should be told with the indispensable rudeness what is conductive to perfect clarity that they are to mind their own business, and above all that they must hold their pow-wows in private. Unfortunately the sacred cow motive is likely to meander into the picture at this juncture, and, in defiance of good morals, potential contributors to the building fund will be treated with all the forbearance that would be accorded them in our most exclusive insane asylums.

The question of the alumni's right to live on in their paleozoic form is not purely academic. They are the relic of a day when higher education was supposed to be concerned with nothing more than the inculcation of traditional preconceptions, and when professors wore long beards in order to teach respect for senility. If the college yell and the measured tread of the R. O. T. C. are symbols of what should be learned in college, then the alumni may well serve as patterns on which to model the rising generation. On the other hand, if the present crop of students are to be encouraged to think individually rather than collectively, the function of the organized alumni cannot safely go beyond the bonds of eating, drinking and merrymaking.

## B E A C O N

### FRIENDS

We were classmates all through college  
And at commencement time;  
Her interest was in nursing  
And teaching school was mine.

So our paths were separated  
In our daily work and play;  
And I often looked with scorn  
Upon that graduation day.

But our friendship was not severed  
And as the weeks passed on;  
I oft' looked back with pleasure  
On happy days now gone.

Oh God, grant, that in these days of life  
When college work is o'er;  
That friendships sweet that I have made  
Will last forevermore.

—Grace E. Barnes.



### PARODY ON TREES

I think that I shall never see  
A man that's half as smart as me;  
A man who really acts his years  
And never causes women tears.  
A man that looks at things worthwhile,  
And dresses in the latest style;  
A man who may in summer wear  
A little wave set in his hair.  
A man who carries while he roams,  
Lipsticks, powder puffs, and combs;  
Men's faults are seen by fools like me  
But only God, can their virtues see.

—Grace E. Barnes.

B E A C O N  
REFLECTIONS

Some day I will fly, into the sky  
Upon the winds of thought.  
There will my tired spirit find  
A greater freedom, peace and  
Happiness that only comes  
With spiritual attainment.

So many times there seems to be  
A stronger, higher force impelling  
Me to forsake all earthly cares,  
And come within the realm  
Of thought where only love abides  
And many know not.

—Beatrice McDermott.



I think that you will never see  
Anyone as unpoetic as me.  
I set all eve with pen in hand  
And never write a single strand.

On margin, I just print and draw  
Sketch and scribble all night long;  
While lines are formed—No not at all;  
And nerves are frazzled, nearly raw.


Some folks are poets naturally;  
While some they say, just learn to be;  
But I'm convinced—no, never me.  
Inarticulate—that's me.

—Emmett Conway.

## B E A C O N

### MY CHILD

Would that my love were deep  
and wide enough  
To give to you, my babe,  
a shelter safe  
How can I save you from  
life's deaf'ning din—  
The task lies clear—  
"serenity within."



### MOON FANTASY

The moon  
Is the pot of gold  
Filled to overflowing.

The stars  
Are the coins  
Which it has dropped.

—*Aurelia Potor.*



### BLANK VERSE

The roar of waves upon the lonely beach,  
The cry of gulls who soar above the clouds,  
Are music to the souls of men who love  
To live and dream in solitary bliss,  
Where none have marred the beauty made by God.

—*Florence Inglis.*



## B E A C O N

### TOO PERFECT

By Nicholas Brentin

It seems that every field of endeavor has its own code of ethics. Unfortunately, the legitimate business man can do anything he pleases as long as he can get away with it—at least, that is the outside appearance. This isn't true, however, in Dopey the Gyp's profession. Of course, you can tell by his name that he is not engaged in a law-abiding practice. No, Dopey is not a lawyer or even a minister, he is a "safe-blower" of the first rank. Now, in this field, there is a distinct line of demarcation between the amateur and the professional. It is very bad etiquette for a veteran and able performer to "crack" a safe which does not contain a large amount of money or valuables. Small jobs are reserved for the beginners. They serve as practical projects in the process of undergoing their apprenticeship.

Now, Dopey was in a quandary. His old friend Izzy ran a second-hand shop—that is, in the front room of his building; for in the rear rooms, where he lived, he conducted a thriving exchange service for loot which Dopey's colleagues had found "too hot to handle." Dopey knew this to be a fact, because he himself had often done shady business with the wily Jew. Lately, the boys had been going quite strong on purloined gems, and the thought of getting his hands on these stones almost crazed Dopey. Izzy was the one person of means who wasn't bothered by racketeers and gunmen, because his ready willingness to accept stolen goods was of more value than his personal financial was???? worth. So, if Dopey robbed Izzy's safe and got caught, it meant ruination. Even if he got a short sentence to jail, he would find no welcome among his present colleagues. Still, the job promised rich return. He finally decided to not take a chance, but to commit the perfect crime.

The actual job didn't worry the outlaw much. He was a master of his trade. When it came to blowing safes, Dopey was in the same position as was an eminent surgeon while at work removing an inflamed appendix. Of course, the job could very easily take place during the day, but this meant exposure in the eyes of his friend for no amount of disguise could keep his identity a secret to the sly old tradesman. Exposure also meant finding a new place for business even if he could get away with his prize. This didn't exactly appeal to Dopey. He was settled down and didn't like the idea of finding a new habitat or of building up a new clientele—yes, even safe-blowers have a regular list of clients whom they relieve of excess valuables. Trying to rob Izzy at night was neither promising nor practicable. The miser had the reputation of sleeping with one eye and one ear open. So, if the crime was to be flawless, it would take quite a bit of study.

Opportunity presented itself without delay. Dopey walked into the store one morning, and was surprised to find the man in high spirits.

"What makes you so spry, your old skinflint?" asked the man heartily.

## B E A C O N

"Vell, you see, I just got a letter from mine Abie who is going to college. He is a big football star out there, and that saves me five hundred dollars, because they pay him all his expenses. A good boy mine Abie is."

Say, you never told me that you had a son. I never even knew you were married," mumbled Dopey. This revelation was, indeed, a complete surprise to him.

"We was married only two years when she left me," said the old man with a faint trace of emotion. "She was no good, that woman. That's why I never tell anybody about her. I am telling you only because you are such a good friend of mine and will keep a poor old man's secret. That kid is the only thing I have left to lighten my burden."

"Yeh, you only got a couple hundred thousand grand to keep the wolf from the door. It really is a pity how poor you are."

The pawnbroker overlooked this remark and kept on talking. "He says that they are having their big game with State on Saturday and wants me to come and see him, but that's impossible, because I would have to hire somebody to watch the store and buy a train ticket. I can't afford to spend so much money," he said in his simple, miserly fashion. "He sends me a ticket you can have, if you want it."

Dopey was struck by a sudden idea. "Sure, daddy, I'll use the ticket. The change'll do me good." With this remark, Dopey left the store, and went to his room where he hastily packed a grip and got on a train. Immediately upon arrival, he went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram.

"Abie hurt in practice Stop Dying Stop Come quick Stop"

H. T. JOHNS, Coach.

Dopey had a broad grin on his face when he walked out of the office. It was too perfect for words. The old man would hurry to the bedside of his mortally injured son, and leave his place of business, especially his safe, at Dopey's disposal. Of course, when he found out that his son was really safe, the thing would blow over as having merely been a student prank. No one would ever dream of suspicioning Dopey the Gyp, master safe-blower.

Dopey was back home in the evening. He went to the little store at a little past midnight. Swiftly and carefully he set to work upon the lock on the side-door. It was a matter of minutes till he was inside the building. He easily located the safe where Izzy kept his "hot stuff." Working with the skill of an artist, he had the safe open within a half hour. In a few moments he had scooped up the loot and was starting back out of the room. He snapped off his light, and proceeded to feel his way toward the exit. Almost at the same instant, another flashlight illumined the room and shone directly upon Dopey's face.

"What a surprise, Dopey, my friend," sneered a familiar voice.

Dopey recognized the voice of the miser immediately and shrank back in fear as he stared into the cold barrel of a cocked revolver. "Thought you'd be at your boy's bedside," he mumbled weakly.

"Ha! The laugh's on you. I have no son. The chap merely has the same name as I, and when I heard that he was a famous football star, I simply made a wild statement as to his being my son. But when I got that telegram—well, I been waitin' for you, Dopey. And now you, the one guy I thought I could trust can say your last prayer."

There was a single spurt of blue flame. A body crumpled to the floor. Without bothering even to look back, the old man walked into the adjoining room and resumed his night's sleep.

## BEACON

### TO MY FELLOW SENIORS

Let our lives not be weak, fellows,  
Let's make them active and strong;  
Let them not lie by the roadside,  
But travel the highroad along.  
Over the loosened cobbles of  
Disappointment, sorrow, despair,  
They'll stumble and fall and  
Bruise themselves;  
And life will seem unfair.  
But there are stretches of road  
That are smooth, fellows;  
Fine, and clean, and bright,  
And the flowers of joy and success,  
Are growing to left and to right.  
Some of the flowers are little,  
And some of them grow tall;  
But whether they're little or big  
There's a flower there for all.  
The distance we've traveled is short, fellows;  
And the things we know are few,  
Compared to what lies before us  
On a horizon clear and blue.  
We've seen some trying years, fellows;  
When the things that man held dear  
Were torn, and smashed and lost  
In the whirling Sea of Fear.  
Men lost faith, hope faltered,  
And money and power and place,  
Couldn't save men who in greed  
Their honor and trust defaced.  
Oh, fellows, these years have proved  
That the worth while things of life,  
Do not come in money bags  
Gained by greed and strife.  
Oh, fellows, there are people who tell us  
It's a dark world in which to begin.  
But we have three powers to help us,  
Courage, God's help, and a grin.  
There are still quiet sunsets, fellows,  
And the dawns are still red and gold.  
Birds sing and flowers bloom,  
The stream ripples by as of old.  
We still have the joy of friends;  
Quiet talk by a glowing fire.  
A friend who forgives our faults,  
Whose trust our hopes inspire.  
Oh, fellows, we've had fun together,  
We've worked, and quarreled and played.  
We can never outlive the impressions  
Our friendships here have made.  
Let's not forget what we came for  
To study, to learn, to know.  
It's the joy in the reach for life  
That makes your spirit grow.

—MARJORIE MALBORN.

# BEACON



## *Finis*

May *The Beacon* light your way to happy memories. May it keep ever with you the desires and ambitions that college days brought to you. May its light bring your ship safely into the port of success and happiness. Bon Voyage!

—*The Editor.*



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—{AUTOGRAPH}—



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