

The Aquinas

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College Prom

Now that the College Prom is over, just what were the results. Since it was our dance we should naturally like to know how things turned out.

Those who were there can attest to its social success. Of that there is no question. But after all for what was the dance run? To make money is the answer, and it is only right that the students should know what dividends their money brought in, if any. In any class or society dance, the members of that class or society are given a report as to the financial results. Obviously the rest of the school need not know how that particular school or society made out. But the college prom is not run by one student or a group of students, it is run by the entire school and the results of the prom should be the common knowledge of the entire school and not just one individual or group of individuals.

We made the investment and we ought to know whether the principal is written off in black or red ink, and how much. We realize that a complete financial report of the prom can not be made up overnight, but it can and should be presented to the student body, whose dance it was after all, within a reasonable time.

Time Marches On

It is a known fact that many teachers in St. Thomas are extremely punctilious about punctuality in their students. Some of them begin marking half cuts as soon as the bell for the beginning of class has stopped ringing.

For this reason, it is hardly fair for the school to keep the clocks two or three minutes fast. Since we have an apparently efficient time-keeping system, the trouble is probably not mechanical. Someone has a penchant for running the school a few minutes ahead of our assigned time zone.

Let's cut out this nonsense. Consideration in small things is very simple and it will be greatly appreciated.

Song For Sale

On the top of the next column, the proposed new Alma Mater is printed. It was written by Thomas Bainbridge, director of the college band, and will be presented at an assembly either next week or the week after.

Whether or not this song will become the official Alma Mater of the college rests entirely with the students. After they have heard it and sung it they will be given a chance to vote on the question.

It seems that the idea itself will be received favorably. No one is particularly attached to our present school hymn. This sounds disloyal, but it is true. The only thing that is necessary is that Mr. Bainbridge's composition meet the esthetic approval of the student body.

Do You Like It?

Saint Thomas fair, of thee we sing in chorus,
May loyal hearts to thee be ever true.
Unsullied be thy banner made so glorious
By faithful sons and faithful master, too.

Long may thy fame grace classic halls of learning,
As on the field our stalwarts keep it bright.
Hail colors fair, for which we strive with yearning,
Keep to the front the Purple and the White.

CHORUS

May thy fair name and glory never fail,
Hail, thee St. Thomas, hail, all hail;
Hail, Alma Mater, hail, all hail.

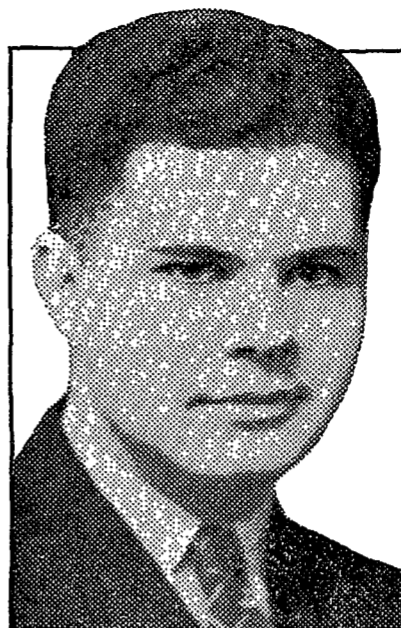
—Thomas Bainbridge.

TOMMYROT

Last week, "Former Reader" very pointedly told us that he "used" to read the material in this space because it informed him of the activities of Tommies after dark. If he were in the vicinity of the Hotel Casey last Friday night or early Saturday morning, he certainly would have seen things which no Tommie would like to acknowledge. We refer to the abnormal imbibing of some individuals. If there is anything more disgusting than seeing a girl physically support her supposed escort in order to prevent him from falling while dancing, it at present escapes us. Perhaps a good thing to do would be to bring to light those individuals masquerading under the name of gentlemen. However, out of kindness to the girls who so foolishly accompany such people to dances we will refrain from proceeding with the unveiling ceremonies.

To get the column proper under way we cast highly observant eyes to Public Square, Wilkes-Barre, where we find a little white poodle with freshman Tom Whalen in tow. We only hope that she doesn't make you take "Boots" for a walk every night, Tom. . . . More Frosh froth, this time in the form of good old Italian Vermouth, brought to the fore by our friends Buffalino and Casagrande. They each bring as much as a whole pop bottle full every day. Oh no, my frans, you don't have to wait until Christmas. . . . What's this?—Joe May and James Sharkey represented *Misericordia* at a convention recently. . . . This does come after dark; it seems Jimmy Gibbons takes a course in the night school. One night last week, Dr. Paulus being absent, one of the fair members of the class took over the duties of teacher. Whereupon Gibbons, child that he is, sat in the front row holding a paper in front of him so that she could see it with this inscription: "We Love Our Teacher." You're wasting your time, Jim—she won't mark your final paper. . . . When some juniors were questioning the supply of "liquid" available at the soph stag party last night, Packy Boyle put them at ease with this bit of enlightenment: "Well, if the beer runs out we can tap Ed Walsh." . . . Freshman "Boy" Glazier must see the handwriting on the wall. He took two of his profs out to a sumptuous lunch recently. . . . Soph Tom McDonnell has started to squire around a certain Dunmore lassie, who is the present friend of a Senior and former friend of a Junior. . . . The latest (?) styles from Esquire were sported by Jack Lyden and Jack Sullivan with their red bow ties at the Prom. . . . Frosh Billy Edler is around showing the card his "Coogie" sent him from Havana. Next he will be showing the wedding invitations. . . . What two "delegates" to a certain convention went sight-seeing at Gettysburg at dawn with several feminine companions? . . . Tom Butler had a hard time restraining himself when he saw his Marywood "friend" come to the Prom—on the arm of ANOTHER fellow. . . . "Chic" Slowey had a lot of RED at the Prom. . . . More than one fellow turned to look twice at Ed Clarke's girl. And more than one fellow wished he was in Ed's shoes. . . . What was Joe Byrne doing down in the dark corner of the ballroom all night?—and don't say it was the fan Joe. . . . John Keating is the latest to use a debate for the purpose of a "date," taking some unsuspecting female to the Frosh debate—Bet she was thrilled John? . . . Tonight's dance at Marywood will show how many lads wasted their time and money by taking the wrong girl to the Prom.

Radio Author



HAROLD H. WERTHEIMER

Senior Authors Two Radio Plays

Wertheimer Writes Dramas Based on Supreme Court And on Lincoln

Harold Wertheimer, of the senior education class, is the author of two radio plays, both of which have been presented over WBRE in Wilkes-Barre.

The first of Wertheimer's plays was presented on Monday evening on the Social Science bi-weekly broadcast. This play was based on the supreme court and was enacted by Wertheimer, John McGowan, and John Kehoe.

The second play, which was based on the life of Abraham Lincoln, was broadcast on Tuesday evening. This play was presented in collaboration with the St. Thomas-I. C. S. School of Radio Technique of which Wertheimer is a member. Those who took part in this play were Joseph May, Alice Devers, Florence Emperor, John Keating, Alfred Carter, Frank O'Brien, and Louis Folen.

LETTER

Sir:

Why must it be a requisite of a student of this college to be continually annoyed by various mandates issuing forth from the region of the Library. Again I hear the old cry of "thief" from the aforementioned quarters. They tell me that all the books are being filched. They must think I care.

So now we must park our briefcases outside in the foyer while we exercise our privilege of studying. We are informed that such an annoying practice will decrease the number of thefts. Maybe so. But while the thief is thwarted in his nefarious plundering of the stacks, I am puzzled by the question of what is to prevent this culprit from walking off with my briefcase.

But out of the greatness of my heart I am here going to suggest that the library abolish this latest scheme for its own benefit and figure out a better one. By this we mean that private libraries will be, and are being, stocked as well now as in the boom days. If Mr. Willing doubts that his plan is not practical I am willing to demonstrate, all through sheer altruism of course.

What I propose then is this. Let Mr. Willing openly accept the following challenge. Without recourse to a briefcase, I am willing to wager that I can, in a week's time, hand to Mr. Willing any book he may choose to name. The book will be unsigned for, and I will present it to him outside of the library.

Still, with the best interests of the library at heart, I remain,

JIMMY VALENTINE.

Collegrams

By JOSEPH NEARY, '40

Some truth is found in the following verse from the *Vermont Cynic*:
Women's faults are many,
Men have only two;
Everything they say
And everything they do.

—*An Improvement*
"Does Nick still walk around with that slouch of his?"
"No, he's going 'with better women now."

—U. of W. Ontario Gazette.

When asked a question which embarrasses you for the simple reason that you are unable to extract from your protoplasmic (gray) matter the correct answer, come right back with one of these choice bits of eloquence offered by the *Rider College News*:
"Not knowing, I cannot say, lest in some slight degree of inaccuracy I might possibly err." Or,
"I do not know; therefore I cannot conscientiously consent to designate." (That'll hold 'em).

The *Quill* of Brandon College gives us this syllogism:

A Ton of Coal Is a Nigger
A ton of coal is a weight.
A weight is a pause.
A pause is a short stop.
A short-stop is a fowl grabber.
And Abracadabra, a fowl grabber, is a nigger.
Therefore a ton of coal is a nigger.

By our exchanges we see that a new exam system will go into effect at the University of New Hampshire. Only on rare occasions will a student be obliged to endure more than one examination on any one day. The time limit has also been extended to three hours for each test. . . . This is a good idea, and will probably result in an improvement of the students' grades.

St. Joseph's *Collegiate* sends us this bit of wit:

Her Pa (entering the parlor in a bathrobe, and carrying the family alarm clock): "Look here, sonny, are you going to stay here all night?"
Senior: "O. K., but I'll have to telephone home first."

According to the *Rider College News*, an "electric eye" detects late-comers to physics classes at St. Thomas College. Even while the professor's back is turned a person can't slip in undetected, for he must cross the light beam, and when he does a gong clangs. . . . Surely, they must have reference to the St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Minnesota.

The *Quill* also supplies the following Phoneytic Dictionary:

Absinthe—a state of not being present in "Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

Convex—people they put in jail. (See prisms).

Literature—a complicated gas-house term as in "Literature vest, it's all covered with gravy."

Orchids—little children—"Your kids may be cute, but orchids are cuter."

Prisms—penal institutions where convex are kept.

Ah! At last we found little Willie. This week he comes from *The Gazette* of the University of Western Ontario. Here he is, poor fellow:

Little Willie fell down the elevator,
Wasn't found till six days later;
The neighbors sniffed and said,
"Gee whizz,
What a spoiled child Willie is!"

The N. Y. U. Commerce Bulletin furnishes us with this trite material:

She was only a chemist's daughter, but she didn't react.
She was only a cement manufacturer's daughter, but boy, did she love to get plastered.

tsk . . . tsk . . . tsk . . .