

FULL MOON TONIGHT . . .  
WATCH FOR IT.

# The Houghton Star

SEE PAGE 4 FOR COMMENTS BY  
BIG HARE WALKER

Volume XXXIV

Houghton, New York, Thursday, April 30, 1942

Number 25

## SENIORS TO SKIP FROSH TRY PARTY

### Old Oracle Reveals Details of Effort

Acknowledging our debt to the Old Oracle (Of Centerville fame), we hereby announce a further revelation of this master of clairvoyance and innuendo. Impossible as the case may seem, even to a fool, our ancient benefactor has accurately forecast the events to transpire in the frosh-junior party. Certainly the fates have been most kind to us in our efforts to place before the reader news of importance and other of no matter. The former is epitomized in the most recent missive to be received from D. Bone, for that indeed is said to be the awesome title of the distinguished Old Oracle. Following are excerpts from this epistle, quoted exactly as there written.

"I predict, most noble sirs, that the party (here he is alluding to the aforementioned party, not the Republican one) will be held on May 1, probably in the year 1942. . . It will have a varied scene of action, covering the better and less well-known portions of the globe, as well as the Genesee Country. . . One missionary (in this place he is doubtless referring to B. Barnsmell, Houghton's emissary to the wilds of Lost Nation and thereabouts) will come to an awful end, which fate will be a boiling in the usual pot that savages reserve for such game. . . In the course of the evening, Mr. Tom-Tom Crook will lead the orchestra through the contortions of several musical numbers. Watch out for these! . . .

"The overall theme, perchance, will be that of a World Tour. Following a noisome dinner in Hotel Goyoyo, all voyagers proceed to Dock D, Gate (Continued on Page Four)

### Wendell Smith Pays Campus Hasty Visit

Monday morning the campus was enlivened by the effervescent presence of Wendell Smith, younger brother of Houghton's own "Singing Vic Smith." His many friends, especially his fellow math majors, will recall Wendell. One of them says, "He was a jolly good fellow." Let it be known, however, that at present this Mr. Smith is attending our sister institution up the river, Alfred. There he is taking a pre-agricultural course. Concerning the continuance of certain waiting proclivities, which he so awkwardly demonstrated the past year, nothing has been ascertained.

We also noted Red Ellis, former Print-Shop boy. Doubtless he came in with Wendell. Someone said of his mufti, "He never was a conformist."

### Shakespearean Program Presented by Students

The members of the exclusive Music, Art, and Expression Clubs combined their illustrious talents Monday night past when they presented an hour-long program of Shakespearean music. Under the direction of Prof. Caro M. Carapetyan, portions of the program achieved true brilliance, amid scenes furnished by Mrs. Stockin and the Art Departments. The action took place in a forest reminiscent of those so often portrayed in the Bard's dramatic endeavors. Soft colored lights furnished suitable atmosphere for the sprightly tunes.

Ringling up the initial curtain were Marie Fearing and Beulah Knapp, two pulchritudinous females who were giving vent to their youthful energy by strolling through the forest primeval. When spirits flagged, said two some betook themselves to a handy fireplace and there proceeded to remark the similarity between their surroundings and the scene of many of Shakespeare's famed dramas. As is usually the case in such moments, the girls no sooner discussed a song from one of William's many, than straightaway from the forest came a fine rendition of the same song, complete with musical accompaniment. (I say "As is usually the case," because I have seen the same thing happen many times in musical cinemas. This is apparently a phenomenon of nature which I do not understand.)

Several faculty members condescended to aid in the program. Those whom we will mention are: Stanley W. Wright, who rushed breathless on to the stage, somehow emitting the words which are usually seen under the heading "All The World's a Stage," and Prof. Homan, who aided three music students in singing the amusing and whimsical ditty "Robin Goodfellow."

Much as it was enjoyed by the audience, however, the foregoing was quickly relegated to the inconsequential when Virginia Homan stepped forth to sing "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark." Mrs. Homan was in superb form, and treated this beautiful but difficult lyric with the skill of a master. Her tone and control were never better, while her poised manner gave no evidence of strain.

#### CARD OF THANKS

The Sophomore class wants to express its most heartfelt thanks to the self-sacrificing freshman who, like the widow who gave her mite, gave his all—his intellectual mite—to draw up a staff for our issue of the paper. Although this touched our hearts, we found it necessary to amend and ameliorate this list. Thanks anyhow, Darling!

—Alice Willis

### College Host to Many At Holiness Convention

BY MARILYN BIRCH

Houghton College was privileged to have as guests on her campus April 21-26 over one hundred members of the annual convention of the National Holiness Association. Dr. G. W. Ridout, world-wide traveller, Christian worker, and corresponding editor of *The Pentecostal Herald*, delivered the opening message Tuesday evening in the college church. Other prominent speakers and leaders of note in the Holiness movement were Dr. Z. T. Johnson, president of Asbury College; Dr. G. Arnold Hodgkin, instructor in Philosophy at Asbury and conference evangelist in the summer months; and Dr. Peter Wiseman, professor of theology in Asbury and editor of *The American Holiness Journal*. During the daily chapel periods the students, faculty, and guests were privileged to hear Rev. Mrs. Clara McCleister, Rev. Harold Kuhn, Dr. Wm. F. McConn, and Dr. J. A. Huffman. Mrs. Catherine Dougherty of Pennsylvania served as the soloist and music director throughout the convention.

The two outstanding speakers for the young people were Miss D. Willa Caffrey and Rev. Harold Kuhn. The latter is from Cambridge, Mass., and is a brilliant university student who has a keen, intellectual approach to the Bible to couple with his deep (Continued on Page Four)

### Wells Knibloe ex'44 To Fall by Wayside

Center Moriches, Long Island, April 28, 1942.—Today it was announced to a startled world by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Charmichael Dayton, of 23½ Railroad Ave., that their youngest of progeny, Miss Lois Lee Dayton, is to be united in matrimonial felicity sometime in the far distant future with one Mr. Wells Q. Knibloe, ex '44, a gentleman-farmer from Short Tract, in the heart of the beautiful Genesee Country.

The bride is a graduate of Center Moriches High School and is now employed as a stenographer in New York City. Mr. Knibloe, who will be remembered by his many friends of yesteryear as a hail fellow well-met, is at present a student of economics at Buffalo University. The bride, we may further explain, has the misfortune to be a blood relative of that fine young man-about-town, Mr. Warren T. Dayton, better known on the campus as "Little Joe", or "Dumb Bone".

Editor's Note: A reliable source has reported to this office that the aforementioned Miss Dayton, and consequently the young Mr. Dayton, is of remote propinquity to the Old Oracle of Centerville fame.

### Upperclassmen to Leave for Syracuse And Great Adventure This Afternoon

This afternoon, April 30, the many motley members of the class of '42 will journey forth for aye into the cold, cruel world in traditional observance of that sacred senior ritual, the ever-thrilling skip day. The big boys and girls will assemble at end of day for departure on their great adventure. Settling themselves into a fleet of waiting chariots, the youngsters will wend with bated breath the northward way of Route 19A.

After five hours of hilarity and good, clean, wholesome fun, their advisor, Professor W. Garfield Smith will lead the three score and four through the venerable portals of the historic city of Syracuse.

### Seventh Annual Youth Conference to Convene

BY ALDEN GANNETT

The Seventh Annual Western New York Youth Conference will convene this weekend, May 2 and 3, on the scenic Houghton College campus. Sponsored by the college young people's society, the conference will center about the theme, "Looking to Christ." Beginning Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, the program will feature Dr. J. C. Massee, music by the college choirs and vocal groups, and testimonies by Dick Begbie and other earnest Christians.

The main speaker for the rally is Dr. J. C. Massee, of Winona Lake, Indiana, a man of God noted for his evangelistic work throughout the eastern part of the United States and Canada. Former pastor of the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn and the large Tremont Temple in Boston, Dr. Massee has spent a life in fruitful Christian service and knows and loves today's youth. As a successful pastor, evangelist, teacher and writer, Dr. Massee has brought many to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. His humble effective ministry is expected to be a rich blessing to those who attend this year's youth conference.

In the opening service of the conference, Dick Begbie, superintendent of the Seneca Gospel Mission in Buffalo, will give his stirring testimony of how God changed him from a drunken bum to a new creature in Christ. Immediately following this there will be a "Looking and Telling" testimony service in which all may participate.

Special music features of the conference will be the Sunday vesper service of sacred music presented by the College Chapel Choir, music by the college A Cappella Choir at the Sunday morning service, and special numbers by the college male quartet at the Saturday evening informal banquet. Other musical groups will sing at the various services of the conference.

The annual summer school catalog will be ready for distribution by Friday or Saturday of this week.

(It is uncertain, however, whether this metropolis be the Syracuse of antiquity or the modern colossus.) In this setting the senior men and women will cavort and caper with the girls and boys from Syracuse. Rooms have been promised at the Hotel Onondaga, they think.

Spending the greater part of Friday in visiting points of interest and enjoying themselves in more of a mundane manner than is their usual wont, the lads and lassies often facetiously referred to as sages will journey homeward to nearby Perry, to partake in the big event of the spree, the formal banquet which will be as stuffy as any other event of the same nature.

Completing the evening's entertainment, our select little group will depart, one and all, for its alma mater, that fond matron situated high on a hill overlooking the historic Genesee Country. Tired but happy, the boys and girls for whom we have so much respect and admiration will retire to a well-earned rest.

### Forensic Selects Stewart as Prexy

At a special meeting of the Forensic Union the election of officers for the coming year was in order. Unconfirmed reports, as the stuffed ballot box has not become unstuffed, gave Paul Stewart the majority vote for incoming president. Mr. Stewart has devoted the best years of his life to this cause and has at last received the proper elevation for his efforts.

Other results were: varsity debate manager, Warren Woolsey; secretary and treasurer, Ruth Fancher; corresponding secretaries, Ruth I. Brooks and Paul Miller; parliamentarian, Larry Birch; chaplain, Bill Smalley; sergeants-at-arms, Gordon Wilson and Max Stebbins; critiques, Perry Hill and Ed Mehne; and poster chairman, Jayne Burt.

Such a captain should guide their ship of fate with a firm and steady hand. The year 1942-43 promises to be their greatest season with such a valiant and determined crew.



# The Houghton Star

Published weekly during the school year by students of Houghton College

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## THESE SPRING DAYS . . .

In spring the thoughts of all active fellows naturally turn to sports. Among these we expect to find baseball and golf. Here at Houghton, the facilities to carry on both of these are necessarily limited. Our athletic field has been appropriated for building purposes and there has never been a golf course near at hand.

Baseball has not been entirely eliminated. We can still hold "warm-up" sessions and infield practice. The difficulty arises when our athletes practice "clouting the apple". The new building presents both an obstacle and a target. As yet the damage has been slight—only a snapped voltage wire—but the spirit with which our athletes reacted to admonition should not be characteristic of Houghton College.

Also our "would be" pitchers are having their troubles. First, it was snowballs, now it is baseballs that have a natural affinity for glass. Of course, the fellows involved usually pay for any damage incurred, but it takes time to replace windows and as yet, the local repair crew have not been able to come abreast of the work. These unsightly landmarks therefore necessarily remain as tributes to spring weather, and passersby are moved to stop and meditate upon the significance of their existence. It results from carelessness, and when we stop and think, we remove ourselves to a more fitting location.

Golf has become more of a "craze" this spring than any previous year. With it a new situation has arisen, that of broken windows, personal injury, and a campus of inferior appearance.

First of all, the campus with all its buildings and its activities is no place to practice golf strokes. The windows broken have not been too numerous, but one aspiring master landed a neat "slice" on the trunk of a car, leaving behind a perfect geometric design. Such results as these are costly and needless. To progress further, numerous persons have felt the "bitzkrieg" effects of the flying missile approaching from an indiscreet angle. Such a blow received upon the head might prove serious.

We used to have fine lawns, now we have grass. Yes, grass and bare spots. The local golfers claim this to be an essential part of the game. True, but even the golf courses do not allow wholesale sod-removal early in the spring.

Faculty action on this question should not be necessary. The aspirants should voluntarily sojourn to a nearby meadow, gently nudge any straggling cows, and practice their strokes far from all handicaps devised by man in this civilization. If, however, faculty action proves to be necessary, such do we advocate.

—O. K.

## IMPROVING CHAPEL PROGRAMS . . .

The inferior quality of chapel programs in general is a topic which has run the gauntlet of bull sessions for the past few months. Private complaints have been made on numerous occasions, but have not been directed through the proper channels, thus ending in oblivion. Suggestions for the improvement of this undesirable condition have been forwarded. Whether they will entirely remedy the situation may be ascertained after their application. At least it seems that the projected changes would have an overall effect of making the periods from 10:00 till 10:30 a. m. of greater interest to the student audience.

Number one complaint is directed at the comparatively few outside speakers who are presented to the students, and at the fact that the large majority of these are connected in some way to the clergy or the missionary effort. We do not condemn the religious theme of the programs, but on the contrary commend this method used by our leaders of subordinating all else to religious training. However, many of the students think that at least two chapel periods per week should be occupied by interesting outside speakers, drawn from various fields. This, we think, would dispense with many complaints and much raillery. After all, the object of a higher education, in unspecialized form, is to acquaint one in some degree with many fields. Chapel speakers could help to do this, if intelligently selected.

Another deplorable condition is the dearth of student-sponsored chapel programs. Almost anyone will agree that the ones we have had were bright spots in an otherwise dark picture. Let's have the

various clubs present programs, and possibly compete for a prize.

Several persons have asserted that the question of chapel program improvement is a fit topic for an editorial. Thus the above has been born. Whatever its worth, let's take the *main question* to heart, and strive for improvement.

—W. C.

## A FIVE YEAR PLAN FOR HOUGHTON . . .

The current crop of freshmen, it is the united and unanimous consensus of the sophomore *Star* staff, exceptionally and extraordinarily apt in proving the old thesis that the frosh, as such, is perhaps the lowest in the scale of man. The truth of this assertion has been manifest continually throughout the present school year and at no time has been more evident than on last Thursday, April 23. On that fateful occasion the freshman *Star* was published, such as it was, by an extremely puerile and radical staff. Violating all the traditional standards of the Fourth Estate, this staff deliberately and maliciously misquoted the editor-elect of the sophomore *Star*. When queried by a freshman reporter, the editor of the sophomore *Star* replied that he had no statement to make. Interpreting this as license, the freshmen proceeded to select the sophomore staff in some unknown and promiscuous manner, publishing a list of names as such. There has been no gripe on the part of the individuals thus designated. Some were surprised, others shocked, a few were disappointed. It is only to be regretted that of the several candidates mentioned, none now occupies the position assigned.

What can we do in such a case? The sophomore *Star* herewith offers a plan which, if carried through efficiently and in its entirety, will completely eliminate this deplorable situation, this black cloud on an otherwise happy horizon. The utter puerility, the assinine childishness of our younger "collegians" will be relegated to a far more suitable plane. One year more these lads and lassies will rest in their seemingly natural habitat.

In short, sirs, we demand that all members of future entering classes be duly entered upon the books of the Seminary as fifth-year high school students. Thus, rather than being hampered in true scholastic endeavour by the inference that such juvenalia are of college calibre, the more mature students of the institution—those now of the upper three classes—would be free from any possible contamination. The fifth-year high school children would take duly prescribed and designated courses, similar to those now pursued by the freshmen. The freshman year in such eventuality—an eventuality bound, by all laws of logic and gravity, to come to pass—would automatically cease, and all the evils concomitant therewith likewise come to an end. Let this be a warning to the day thereof!

—F. G. B.

T. M. G. Jr.

## CONSERVATION?

Today our country is struggling, struggling as it never did before, to maintain its identity and its integrity. If this effort is to be successful, we, the people, the backbone of the nation, the nation itself, must throw off our shackles of the proverbial "smug complacency" which have so hampered our war effort.

The average student in Houghton is uninformed to an astonishing and deplorable degree. He cares little about the outside world, concerning himself with but a very limited sphere. He can hardly envisage the significance of such events as the fall of Singapore, the sinking of the *Prince of Wales*, the "round-the-clock" R.A.F. raids, or the arrival of a great A.E.F. in Australia. He doesn't realize that he has a real duty, a torch to bear. He can't see that he should be doing his part as does the man behind the gun. In wartime those that are not obliged to fight are certainly not to be exempt from doing other duties. They must have definite, particular tasks to do, tasks which must be done if we are to gain the "inevitable triumph." Toward this end a few suggestions might be *a propos*. But keep in mind that our prime business as students is to be students, to really prepare ourselves for the days ahead.

Primarily we should learn to sacrifice. Instead of having an annual refugee dinner, this should become a monthly practice. Certainly there is no more worthy organization than the American Red Cross to which we might donate the savings accrued. Some plan of collection should be devised for old razor blades, paste tubes, other articles of scrap metal.

Paper should also be conserved. Why not place large collection boxes at intervals along the halls? For paper is the most universally wasted item. It is, too, one of the few commodities which all of us can save, which all of us should save, to help the war effort. Such boxes, limited naturally to this purpose solely, have found places in many schools and other institutions; tons of such material have been utilized. There is no reason why the students of Houghton can't do likewise.

Not many of us have cars to drive. Those who do are only capturing the fleeting moments of yet rationless days. Therefore it is futile to expound in admonitions to conserve rubber and gasoline. Were the college officially to take the lead, we are sure that most of us would cooperate wholeheartedly.

—T. M. G. Jr.

F. G. B.

## THE ORACLE



## SPEAKS

According to the most recent information taken from the not-yet dusty files, the authorities are hard at work investigating the display of ill-bred college humor of Friday last. Perhaps the criminals thought it amusing to hoist yards of ladies' unmentionables to the lofty position usually reserved for the flag of our country. At any rate, however, Messrs. Will and Clement remain adamant in their denial . . . May justice triumph . . . And with the disciplinary committee on the case, we trust that it will . . .

The ace high-jumper of the historic Genesee country is somewhat of a dilettante . . . He has long been a student of philosophy, spending much time during the early morning hours developing the aforementioned with the assistance of an associate who for all purposes had best remain unknown.

The former coach of the Linquist house five apparently craves variety in the line of feminine appeal . . . It has been reported and confirmed that he has proved himself to be a snake, a cad, and a dog . . . You cur, sir! Subjecting an innocent little waitress from a local soda dispensary to a terrific high pressure line which left her faint, the villain in question induced the young lady to accompany him on a Sunday afternoon stroll . . . All this of course was unbeknownst to his current paramour . . . To cover up his tracks, the gay young blade invaded the inner sanctum of the print shop and cajoled, pleaded, and threatened to have these facts left out of print . . . Comprehending such a situation, your columnist feels that this black-guard should be exposed now to make Houghton safe for the weak, mentally and physically . . .

If the young woman who laid bare her adolescent problems in previous issues of this publication does not desist from her adventures in the morning moonlight in the company of the young man she holds (literally) dear, it is to be feared that she will be in need of even more fatherly counsel in the immediate future. Her escort should be cautioned against throwing stones at dorm windows . . . Believe us, it is a nasty business . . .

To further substantiate our assertion that the freshmen are a class of pre-adolescent, rowdy individuals may we note that two of the lads threatened dire vengeance upon the *Star* staff for printing the news as it exists . . . Such threats to this column's traditional policy of presenting all the dirt are not to be readily countenanced. Said gentlemen had best curb their impetuosity, else we may deem it wise to further examine their shady dealings . . .

The famed "camp ground" has been immortalized by the words of a local poet of no small repute. He says:

North of Wakefield's, south of Pryor's,  
Stand some structures on a hill.  
Edifices without blemish  
They reflect their builder's skill.

And each night when stars are shining

From above, they may espy  
Certain couples for love pining  
Better watch the H.B.I.

One J. M., an anonymity in every sense, perhaps appreciates the expressed sentiment better than most.



## Drama Notes

By FRANKLIN BABBITT

As yet there has been no great theatre in America. Maxwell Anderson, playwright (d. 1940), has said of the American stage that "there is nothing worthy to endure." Yet we can find today in the American theatre or drama vital, tangible forces — forces still working, stemming from the movement, begun by Ibsen in the last century, which "renovated" the drama as a social and art instrument. These motives, from this focal source, are underlying almost all contemporary plays, American and not American. They are easily recognizable, and may be noted as (1) a tendency to align the theatre to the social viewpoints of the day and (2) a marked sympathy with the natural, blended in humanism. Some of the plays of our century, however, some of the plays of this day, will not meet these qualifications, it is true; but as by far the majority do, and as the trends are still in those lines, these aforementioned points may be cited as the judge of the "contemporary" in the drama. In the library are numbers of books of plays by writers of this school. Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan*, Henrik Ibsen's *Wild Duck*, and Anton Tchekhov's last play, *The Cherry Orchard*, are especially to be recommended. They are notable representatives of the best in modern plays and truly fine art-forms.

Broadway is the heart of the legitimate stage. On Broadway are produced the perennial, never-failing favorites—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Le Miserable*—and off Broadway come the new. Of the score or so of these new productions each season, only a select few run more than twelve or fifteen shows before disbanding and "folding up". And usually but three or four attain the traditional success of a hundred performances. Probably Jack Kirkland's play, *Tobacco Road*, holds the record for performances, with over seven years of continual presentation. This play is one which holds a many-sided appeal to the public. There is robust comedy, genuine pathos, and withal a real indictment of the feudal social system which so utterly degrades the southern share-cropper. The smuttiness for which it has received just notoriety is not to be condoned. Realism as this may be, the degree is undoubtedly excessive. Jeeter, the Georgia cracker, Dude, his son, the voluptuous Sister Bessie are well-drawn, cruelly realistic characters. The frank heartlessness and hopelessness of these modern "Misérables" is pitiful. But nevertheless, all along the quick, sure path to complete elimination runs a grim, tragic humour, especially evident in the strange preachings of the ignorant Sister Bessie. *Tobacco Road* is not a play to be liked by all. To some individuals it may be revolting, to others it will afford a semi-sensual sort of pleasure, to few will it be satisfying, enjoyable. Neither, it must be noted, is it good art in any sense. The appeal is to the "public", and to the public taste. The movie version, however, relies more closely on the original novel of Erskine Caldwell. It loses some of the poignancy and "stark realism" of the stage, but in deleting the smutty comedy is certainly of more appeal to conventional good taste. See in the library for *Tobacco Road* the collection *Twenty Best Modern Plays*, an anthology.

Maxwell Anderson is one contemporary playwright especially worthy of note. The same year that R. E. Sherwood got the Pulitzer Prize for *Idiot's Delight*, Anderson received the New York

Drama Critics' Circle Prize for *Winterset*, as the best play of the season. Modern tragedy, largely in verse, it is very good. The background is the Sacco and Vanzetti Case, the scene an East River slum. Mr. Anderson presents a plea for social justice, coming from a "mistake of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The story is of an anarchist's son, Mio, disillusioned, cynical, thinking the worse of people and life. In love he at last finds regeneration, emerges triumphant to better views and purposes.

The, bitter, sordid, disillusioned *What Price Glory?* was one of Anderson's first and most noted productions. Others thru his fifteen years of play-writing were *Saturday's Children*, a problem comedy on love in a cottage, *High Tor*, another comedy, *Knickerbocker*, a reversal of Anderson's faith in socialism and a revitalization of democracy.

In *Key Largo*, much later, are Anderson's ideas of a war for democracy. King McCloud symbolizes this idealism as he says, "No man of sense dies for glory, yet a man will die for that which he deeply believes." Scenes are in the Spanish Civil War. Disillusionment is replaced by faith, much as Anderson has, himself, in spite of his agnosticism, developed a great faith in the worthiness of man innate. Thru Maxwell Anderson's fifteen years of composition, 1924-1940, came striking events and trends—the great depression, fall of free institutions in Europe, strain of New Deal experimentation, increasing criticism of capitalistic democracy. Over that same period Anderson's plays decreased noticeably in theatrical effectiveness and increased in intellectual significance. He moved from the idea of liberty as license to an "Emersonian vision of the 'infinitude of the principles of man.'" Nevertheless, the keynote of Maxwell Anderson was always realism. The difference in outlook between *What Price Glory?* and *Key Largo* well defines this transition.

In his first play, *White Desert* (a failure), Anderson used verse, because "I was weary of plays in prose that never lifted from the ground." He didn't return again to this medium until he "had discovered that poetic tragedy had never been successfully written about its own time and place. There is not one tragedy by Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Corneille, or Racine which did not have the advantage of a setting either far away or long ago." But he resented being termed a historical or a romantic playwright after *Elizabeth the Queen* and others. *Winterset's* treatment of a contemporary tragic theme he regarded as an experiment, "for the great masters themselves never tried to make tragic poetry out of the stuff of their own times." He had made the attempt because of "the lively historical sense of our day."

Maxwell Anderson is as significant a dramatist of this era as any in America. There are many others—Philip Barry, Clare Booth, Kaufman and Hart, Jo Kesselring to mention a few. Another, the young super-individualist, super-egoist, William Saroyan, has gained quite a following. He is worth tracking for his eccentric characters alone. *The Time of Your Life* is his best, and the greatest collection of ill-assorted individuals ever assembled. See *The Best Plays and the Year Book of the Drama in America*, a ten-play annual anthology edited by Burns Mantle, in the library, for the best in contemporary British and American theatre.

## "I'm In the Army Now"

### YARDBIRD'S LETTER . . .

In accordance with the continued policy of this publication in regard to printing letters from the boys in the armed forces, we present this week a letter from one of our former classmates, Yardbird Glenn Q. Ball. Rusty as his pen has obviously become, it must be regarded as a sincere effort on his part.

Fort Riley, Kansas  
April 23, 1942

Editor  
Sophomore Star  
Houghton, New York

Dear Tom:

It is sunset!! As I sit in my lonely room here in the barracks, I suddenly find myself reminiscing of the happy days and the good fellowship which I experienced while a student (Ha!) [Editor's Note: Doubtless, this is a matter which best not be laid bare.] on that hill which I learned to love.

Truly,  
"Many were the joyous hours,  
Many were the happy days,  
Myriad were the bees and flowers  
In that land of beauteous fays."

Boy, I guess I learned something from Doc Small's dumb course in Soph English, didn't I?

Well, I'm quite tired now, but I thought I would drop you a line or two, even though I am very tired—riding all day, you know. Alas and alack, it were a sad day that "top sergeants" were born. (Ha!) I like the army very good. But still these top sergeants are nothing to brag about. They are very tough really, no kidding, and curse very much. It is only the lovely sunsets and the very delightful sunny skies that make me feel like going on at times because I "get tired and a-weary and fain would lie down" (Ha!), but since you have asked what we do, I suppose I should tell you something about our layout here. We have a military reservation of . . . square miles, . . . officers and men, and . . . Say, if the . . . ! So there were . . . privates on horses. I guess maybe some of this I just did will maybe be censored but the nasty old censor (Ha!) I guess I told him, didn't I? (Ha!) I must do his duty, I suppose. You know that is the thing we learn most to do—our duty.

There are few here like me, I trow. (Say that's quite a word—from *Beywolf*, I think. I'm not sure of the spelling, sorry!) I think the food here is even worse than the stuff which we used to get back in Houghton, if possible and I think it is because we get even more beans. Don't believe all the things you hear about army food because some of it is quite good but I don't like it, in fact I even hate or maybe even despise it. When I have to do K. P. duty (I never could figure what those initials stood for) I oft times feign sickness (Ha!) receiving for my pains an extra large dose of castor oil from the camp nurse who is very pretty, reminding me of my *inamorata* back on the banks of the beautiful Genesee River, deep in the heart of the historic Genesee Country (immortalized in that perennial favorite of mine *Genesee Fever* by Carl Kramer as Prof. Shea used to tell us) located in western New York, not more than two days' journey by pony express from the nearest railroad station which is Mount Marsh, I believe. She is very, very exquisitely lovely. I am getting tired and tired, my head is drooping, my lids are heavy. I am dropping off to dream-lands in the arms of that oriental sandman whose nationality I am not permitted to divulge.

I have been developing my philosophy the last few days. I wish I had

(Continued on Page Four)



## COOKIN' With GAS

By WALLACE CLEMENTS

Editor's Note: In our opinion modern American music is entitled to a singular niche in the contemporary musical panorama chiefly because it is fundamentally an American creation and it is the expression of a cross-section of our people. We are not attacking revered classical music, nor are we implying that popular music should replace the classics. To the contrary. It is our firm contention and belief that these two forms can endure side by side without the one encroaching upon the domain of the other. This column is dedicated to the exposition and explanation of the current popular musical picture and has no ulterior or underlying motive.

This column will, I hope, initiate the discussion of popular music in future Stars. That this type of music has been heretofore blandly ignored by former columnists must be conceded by even the "ickies". Today, the policy of some seems to be one of stigmatizing anything not classically written or classically played. Optimism tells me that things will not always be thus.

My intent is to briefly discuss some of the better known bands of the day. While I am avowedly not an expert in this field, I aspire to the ranks of the dilettante, and ask pardon for any transgressions upon truth or actuality.

### MUSICIANS OF NOTE

Herein lies a brief discussion of a few of today's foremost popular musicians. Bands included will be Benny Goodman's, Tommy Dorsey's, Glenn Miller's, and Harry James'. Some others will enter in also.

First let us consider Benjamin Goodman, the famed "King of Swing." For at least seven years Benjamin has kept the hep-cats jumping from Natchez to Mobile, yea even from Memphis to St. Joe and points east and west. Many things account for his perennial popularity, chief among which are his excellent arrangements, his always-good rhythm section, and his own unparalleled clarinetting. To swing fans the name Benjamin Goodman is well-nigh awe-inspiring. Some tunes which he has made popular are *One O'Clock Jump*, *Sing Sing Sing*, *Don't Be That Way*, and his own theme, *Let's Dance*. Two current numbers which he is pushing, and which seem bound for success, are *Jersey Bounce*, and *The Earl*, the latter of which was written by his brilliant, eighteen year old pianist, Melvin Powell. *Jersey Bounce* has a solid beat and catchy melody, which adapt it perfectly to Goodman's style. Besides Powell, Benjamin has several other stars in his band, best known of which are Vido Musso on the saxophone and Lewis McGarrity at the trombone.

Tommy Dorsey's is also an enviable position. Thomson has been in the limelight for years, and his popularity has seldom waned. His own trombone and his usually excellent arrangements, plus catchy and unique arrangements, have contributed in no small measure to his success. Remember some of the songs he made famous, such as *Song of India*, *Marie*, *The One I Love*, and *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*. All of these done the Dorsey way, had that extra something which distinguishes the great from the mediocre.

At present, Tommy has several

stellar performers in his crew. These are: Buddy Rich at the drums, Don Lodice on tenor sax, Ziggy Elman and his trumpet, and Frank Sinatra as male vocalist.

The other Dorsey Brother, Jimmy, is now hailed as the juke-box king because of his long list of recordings which have been inveterate nickel-nabbers. His most popular records are those which feature handsome Bob Eberly and saucy Helen O'Connell in a duet. *Green Eyes*, *Time Was*, *Amapola*, and lately *Tangerine* have shot the Dorsey star skyward.

Jimmy himself is an expert sax player, and does some classy clarinet tooting. His theme, *Contrasts*, has as pretty a saxophone as one can hear anywhere. Notwithstanding his good orchestra, however, I think that J. D. owes much of his popularity to his vocalists and their novel duets.

When speaking of Glenn Miller, one knows hardly where to begin, for his is a band that is proficient in almost all phases of popular music. Jive, vocals, sweet, swing, choral work, even semi-classical music is made by this group with equal alacrity. Perhaps this versatility is what keeps Glenn at the top of modern dance bands. Included in his personnel are Tex Benecke, saxophonist and novelty singer, Ray Eberly, vocalist, the Modernaires, a vocal group, and Glenn Miller himself playing the trombone.

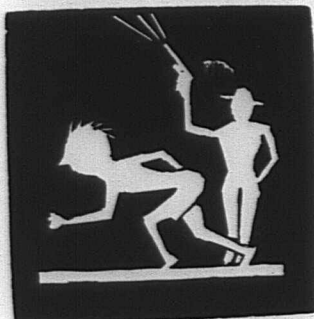
Some songs connected with Miller's rise to popularity are *In the Mood*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *Moonlight Serenade*, and lately *Chattanooga Choo-choo*, which record is the all time best seller, going over a million copies.

Last comes Harry James, the world's greatest trumpeter. Anyone who has heard his late best-selling record, *You Made Me Love You*, will doubtless concur in this opinion regarding Mr. James' ability. While hardly as popular as the other bands mentioned, Harry's has stood the test of years, and is still at the top. Chief reason for this is his own superb performance and genius for anticipating popular demand. Consider the case of his record *You Made Me Love You*. Other bands have waxed this for years, with little success. Harry made a new arrangement, featuring his trumpet and his band's saxophones, minus the usual vocal, and the record was an immediate hit. Such happenings have given Mr. James a lasting place in the list of great swing band-leaders.

In ending, I should like to pick an all star band from today's musicians. Realizing full well that this is an overworked practice, I implore the reader to forgive my weakness, and to make whatever criticisms he deems necessary. (Quietly, please!) Following is my dream band: Drums—Gene Krupa; Bass—Artie Bernstein; Piano—Jess Stacy; Trumpets—Harry James, Charles Spivak, Ziggy Elman, and Roy Eldridge; Trombones—Jackson Teagarden, Tommy Dorsey, Lewis McGarrity; Saxophones—Jimmy Dorsey, Eddie Miller, Charlie Barnet, and Vido Musso; Clarinet—Benjamin Goodman; and Alvino Rey on the guitar. For vocalists give me Bing Crosby and Helen O'Connell (or Dinah Shore), with Tommy Dorsey's "Pied Pipers" for chorus work. Nice band, eh!



## ON THE Campus Cow Strays From Beaten Path



# MARK

By OLIVER KARKER

The local sports horizon appears dim and uncertain. Last week's columnist revealed the starting lineups for the color series but even these may prove to be inaccurate when the first strike breezes over the plate. As to the winner of the series, we'll go out on the limb and pick the Gold to take it in four games at the long-est.

With the serious lack of training, the spring sports program will suffer greatly. The brand of baseball played here will not be up to the usual par, but then baseball does not seem to be naturally adapted to our athletes.

The curtailment of the track season has resulted in some uninspiring training on the part of our erstwhile fleet-footers. As yet only three fellows, namely Barnett, Mark Armstrong, and the "Canisteo Kangaroo", Paul Stewart, have done any serious training. The remainder of the fellows will probably show up on the day of the meet and then travel in style on crutches for a couple of weeks in remuneration for their brief but sweet vainglories. Then too, a one day meet is hardly any inspiration for the "gruelling grind" for on the day of the lone meet of the season, the best of the runners might have an "off" day. Thus we predict that Stewart will take the high jump but will not be pushed over five feet eight inches (Mike, old boy, please come home from the army), that "Flash" Barnett will break no records, might possibly equal one, but probably will run one or two seconds over the records, and that Mark Armstrong might prove to be the dark horse of the year, that in the final standings, the Purple and the sophomore class will win in the combined classifications. Who knows, the opposite might occur, but then we will stick to our own predictions.

We advocate the postponement of baseball until fall and the curtailment of track. This still leaves softball for those who cannot exist without strenuous physical manifestations of their athletic prowess. Our reasons for this are as follows: (1) the professors still know how to assign term papers and with the shortened term, time is vital, (2) the athletes still continue to neglect their scholastic standing for more immediate, but vacillating reputations as athletes, and (3) the decided lack of training on the part of the fellows which might possibly result in physical injury to some of the participants.

Lately there has been some griping about there being no athletic field. It arises especially this season as all the ball games will have to be played at Fillmore, since the construction of the new administration building has made baseball impossible. But, why should we gripe about the inconvenience? There are neither workers, materials, nor the time to undertake such a project. To all of us who may forget, we are still far better off than the fellows that are "over there" keeping Tojo in Japan, and Hitler looking wistfully across the vast expanse of water

It has been learned from a usually authoritative source that the beloved bovine belle belonging to the Dean of Men, whose name need not be mentioned here, strayed from her accustomed abode last Friday evening after association hours. However along with the others wandering around the campus she was apprehended and her library privileges were duly suspended.

(Warning: This comes from a dangerous source and may prove to be propaganda.) It probably would be advisable to apply Matthew Arnold's principles of judicial criticism to ascertain the truth as to this report.

### Holiness Convention . . .

(Continued from Page One) experiential knowledge of its doctrines and standards. He emphasizes the need for a sound intellectual basis for every Christian on which to base the reason for "the hope that is within us." Miss Caffrey has had wide experience in interdenominational evangelistic work in America, Africa, and China, and at present is engaged in this country. Her message is dynamic and convincing, given forth with no uncertain sound, but nevertheless tempered with a deep spirit of love and concern for those to whom she speaks.

Dr. C. W. Butler, president for 15 years of the National Holiness Association, president of John Fletcher College, and editor of *The Christian Witness*, spoke in both morning and evening services Sunday, the closing day of the convention. At the three o'clock service, Miss Margaret L. Thompson, one of the passengers of the S. S. *Zam-Zam*, told her story of God's wonderful dealing with them in His miraculous deliverance. Miss Caffrey had charge of the young people's meeting at 4:00.

Houghton is privileged to have had her pastor-to-be, Rev. C. I. Armstrong, general evangelist, and connectional president of the W.Y.P.S., elected the new president of the National Holiness Association. The next annual convention will be held at the Chicago Evangelistic Institute in April, 1943.

that keeps us from "playing ball" with the Axis.

As a final stab, let's take a quick glance at the major league situation. This seems to be the year for "rookies" either under twenty years of age or over thirty, heavily endowed with a tribe of youngsters. Every team has been hard hit either in its playing team or in its farm system. Even with all this uncertainty, we will go out on the limb to pick the final standings in the leagues. In the National League we close our eyes and holler—the Cards, the Dodgers, the Reds, the Pirates, the Cubs, the Giants, the Braves, and the satisfied Phillies. Somewhat easier in the American league, we venture to open one eye and give out with—the Yankees, the Red Sox, the Tigers, the White Sox, the Indians, the Senators, the Browns, and Connie Mack's basement tenant, the Athletics.

In closing, a purloined expression seems fitting, as it includes everyone, whether an athlete or a bystander, healthy or crippled, rich or poor. "If you cannot play a sport, be one anyway." May I add, "If you can play a sport, be one also."

FILL UP FULLER —  
— AT FILLMORE  
— Good times —  
Good food Good friends  
Sweet's Restaurant

### Sports Schedule . . .

#### BASEBALL

Friday, May 1  
3:30 p.m. Purple - Gold  
Thursday, May 7  
3:30 p.m. Purple - Gold  
Saturday, May 9  
2:00 p.m. Purple - Gold  
Wednesday, May 13  
3:30 p.m. Purple - Gold  
All games to be played at Fillmore

#### SOFTBALL

Thursday, April 30  
3:30 p.m. Soph vs. Frosh women  
6:00 p.m. Purple-Gold Men  
Monday, May 4  
3:30 p.m. Seniors vs. Junior Women  
6:00 p.m. Purple-Gold Men  
Wednesday, May 6  
3:30 p.m. Juniors vs. Sophomore Women  
6:00 p.m. Purple-Gold Men  
Friday, May 8  
3:30 p.m. Senior vs. Freshmen Women

#### TRACK

Tuesday, May 12  
Purple - Gold and Class Track Meets (Combined ratings) all afternoon

### Frosh Forecast . . .

(Continued from Page One)

III, Window 6 at the gym. That much-buffed craft, H. C. S. *Frosh*, will have to trust its leaky sides to the trappings of all the vagabonds. At sailing time an exceptionally fine grab-session, to the strains of *Farewell Blues*, is perceptible. I can note even further, my fine young friends, that one Mr. Clifton Q. Little will ably portray the part of a most southern denizen, that man-about-the-pole, Peter P. Penguin. One act, at least then, will strike a familiar chord in the hearts of this gentleman's many admirers. A few of the blackguards of the lowest of the low of this low-class entertainment will be, equitably enough, severely chastised by so-called Gestapo agents. Strange as it perhaps appears, the administration of this poetic justice is ostensibly occurring upon the banks of the Rhine. The stage will be set in the fashion of a trans-oceanic vessel. It is possible that a good time will be had by some.

Here the Oracle's predictions regarding this sister-classic function ended. It is obvious that many of his predictions have been deleted.

We feel now compelled to state that this ancient sage has kindly limited himself in his communications to our reporter to the use of English rather than his usual Esperanto, thereby enabling us to rush this scoop to the presses without the ordinary trouble of having it translated.

#### — Watson's Drug Store —

All quality merchandise  
and excellent service.  
— Fillmore, N. Y.

#### Sciera Radio Service

WE CALL FOR AND DELIVER

Sciera 63R  
Phone Fillmore 66R Res.

#### VISIT FILLMORE'S

5 & 10 cent store

Over 25 Varieties of Candy  
New Spring Merchandise in  
Every Department

## Pharaohs Defeat Gold In Initial Diamond Encounter

### Oehrig Seizes Control Of 'Star' in Shady Deal

Robert Jacob Oehrig, denizen of Queens Village, Flatbush and other localities of disrepute, has for some unknown reason been selected by the apparently gullible junior class to turn his talents to the production of a *Star*. Not deeming it worth the while to interview the gentleman in question, the sophomore *Star* staff has consulted once more that prince of seers, that psychic of psychics, that fine old boy, the Old Oracle.

Despite considerable pleading and threatening on our part, the prescient one uttered but one single ominous sentence, "Look out for Oehrig." So in accordance with our altruistic policy, may we reiterate this warning against that triple-threat man name of Jacob Oehrig.

### Ball Bawls . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

taken ethics from the psychology teacher at school. What's his name?

How is Joseph Quincy Dayton coming these days? My favorite horse reminds me a lot of him in some way (Ha!) but I don't know how, at least I'm not quite sure I don't think.

Well, there goes the old "Boogie-Woogie Bugler Boy" as us music lovers call him playing his nocturnal tune to the man in the moon as he smiles benignly on we infinitesimal mortals struggling below. This is some of my profound philosophy of life which I was telling you about before.

Since entering the army, I have decided to make it my profession and I have maintained my rank as a yardbird, first class. My top-kick promised to promote me to a buck private but when I just got only 72 on my I. Q. test he said, "Ball, you're a foul." He thinks he's funny, but I don't very. The rest of the things he uttered I won't mention in this letter. Rabbit and Wally used to call me foul I remember.

Gee I hope you don't print this because I am so sleepy I fear I have made an egregious number of mistakes. Boy, am I tired? I am writing this by the light of the moon creeping in through yon window as the lights are all turned out at taps to which I previously referred.

I like it here. Hope you answer this. Hope you have a good *Star*. (Ha!) I wish I could help you to write it up because I like to write as you can almost readily see by my effort to help you out by giving you as much information as I know about Army life which is rather dull I think.

Sincerely yours,  
Glenn Q. Ball

Editor's Note: The continued suspension points, much in evidence in one of the paragraphs above, are the only remaining evidences of the nefarious work—the dastardly deed of that dastardly predator upon letters d'amour and otherwise—that is, the censor.

—HC—  
"I think you boys are making a farce out of this."  
—Big Hare Walker

#### Fashion Shoppe

New Line of Slack Suits at \$2.98  
—Sandra Gloves  
Sheer Blouses, Crepe Shirts  
Fillmore, N. Y.

### Hallstead Opposes Mullin on Mound

Before a scant crowd of enthusiastic fans at Fillmore on Wednesday, McNeese's Purple Pharaohs downed the Gold in the initial mound contest, 6-4. Barney "Vitalis" Hallstead set the opposition down with seven strikeouts, six hits and no walks in the four innings he pitched, failing to stop only "Baldy" Gearhart who connected for a single, a double, and a triple in three times at the plate.

Not an inning passed without either a Purple or a Gold scoring spree. In the first half of the first with one out, Gearhart singled and scored on a three base error by Marv Eyler, but Hallstead managed to pull out by striking out Mullin and Miller. In their half of the first inning, the Purple pushed across three runs on three hits and an error. Lord grounded out to open the inning. Russ Vincent sent a clout out toward center field, Max Stebbins failing to come within reach of the ball, for a home run. A pair of singles by Sheffer and Tuttle and an error by Lewellen, followed by Strong's single pushed across two runs to end the rally. Score 3-1.

To open the second inning "Speary" Russell singled and Waaser reached first on an error. With two out, Gearhart bounced a double to center field scoring Russell for the lone tally. For the Purple, Northrup surprised all present with a single. "Vitalis" walked, Vincent flied out, Northrup scoring after the catch. Sheffer singled, scoring Hallstead to quell the attack. Score 5-2.

The Gold failed to score in the third, but their rivals tallied one counter. Strong reached first on "String" Miller's error and advanced on two outs. Hallstead singled scoring "Jonah" from third.

Coming to life in the fourth, the Gold managed to push across two runs before Coach called it. After Russell went down swinging, Waaser singled to center. Polley grounded out. Stone doubled to left, scoring Waaser and then stole third. Gearhart tripled to left scoring Stone from third to end the ball game. Final score 6-4.

The lone casualty was Max Stebbins, the Gold outfielder who fluttered gracefully through a barbed wire entanglement only to require twenty-seven stitches to close the gaping wounds about the chest and arms.

Spring is come,  
The grass is riz,  
I Wonder where the  
Good times is?

—College Inn

Quench your thirst;  
Come here first.  
Our food is best;  
It's stood the test.

—The Pantry

#### GEORGE'S GARAGE

STERLING GAS AND OIL  
General  
Automobile Repairing  
Body and Fender Repairs

Good food and drinks  
at reasonable rates

52 Shea Boulevard

—Wakefield's