

HOUGHTON STAR

FRESHMAN EDITION

VOL. XXXVI, No. 27

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, NEW YORK

APRIL 20, 1944

Concert Presented by Orchestra & Soloists

Cronk Conducts Group; Carapetyan, Guest Solo

Wednesday evening, April 19, 1944, the Houghton College Orchestra under the direction of Professor Alton M. Cronk presented its final concert of the year. The orchestra has been rehearsing for weeks to make this concert the best.

A few of the numbers that Professor Cronk led the orchestra in were: Handel's "Overture" to "The Messiah", Symphony in G Minor (First Movement) by Mozart, and Three Palestinian Castles for String Orchestra by Harvey Gaul. For an encore, the orchestra gave a splendid interpretation of Strauss', "Pizzicato Polka".

Soloists for the evening were: Caro M. Carapetyan, vocalist; Lois Hardy, flutist; Jeanette Fortran, cellist; and Mr. Andrews, violinist.

Much credit should be given to all the members of the orchestra, to the soloists and to Prof. Cronk for their excellent work in making their last concert such a success.

Alumni News...

On Saturday, April 22, Ester Fancher ('37) will board a Portuguese ship at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to take up work on the African Mission field. She will go to Addis Abbaba, Ethiopia where she is to teach in a government school for some time. Then she will go out into full missionary work under the Sudan Interior Mission.

We wish you God-speed, Esther, and our prayers will go with you that your life and work may be a great blessing in the unevangelized parts of Africa.

Dr. Harold Elliott ('34) now working in the Red Bird Evangelical Hospital at Beverly, Kentucky has been seen on the campus of late. He took part in the Sunday evening evangelistic service.

CAMPUS VISITORS

Among other ex-Houghtonians seen recently on the campus are: Bill Johnson ('43), Esther Fulton ('43), Ruth Fancher ('43), Fannie Lasorte ('43), Ruth Samuels (ex '43), Doris Eyer (ex '44), George Wendell Boyce (ex '46).

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Pitt, of East Aurora, N. Y., have received from their son, Lt. Douglas Pitt, with the American Air Force in England, the announcement of his marriage on March 23, to Miss Maxine Douglas, of London, England.

Open House...

Saturday night, April 22, our "house" will be open from 8:00 to 9:30 p.m. We cordially invite all our friends of the town and campus to come and visit us. We will be expecting to see you!

Gayadeo Girls

High School, College Honors Banquets Held for Acknowledging Best Students

Pusey, Woolsey Win Highest College Awards

Mrs. Grace Pusey and Martha Woolsey are the valedictorian and salutatorian of the class of '44. The announcement was made by Dean Philip Ashton at the annual honors banquet held on April 17 at Moonwinks, Cuba, N. Y.

Mrs. Pusey, a transfer student in her Sophomore year from Columbia Bible College, topped the class with an index of 3.697. She was closely followed by Martha Woolsey with a seven semester record of 3.665.

Five other seniors four of them women, completed the list of honors students. Of the seven having distinctive academic records, five carried *magna cum laude* and only two *cum laude* students, with fewer topping the 3.500 index. Only one man, Mr. Alden Gannett, placed on the list.

Bonalyn Luckey, who has done her work in math and chemistry, 3.590; Marilyn Birch, pre-medic student, 3.568; Ruth Ortlip 3.544; Mary Agnes Strickland 3.339; Alden Gannett 3.261. The last three are Religious Education majors.

The announcement of these honors and the recognition of excellent academic records climaxed a banquet and program that was extraordinary in many respects.

After the "Dining Car Special" fifty-five seniors and faculty members were propelled on a rather unique "Train of Thought". The conductor, Senior Class Prexy Harland Hill, served as toastmaster to the tune of "Fuel for Thought" by Robie, "A Coach-full of Servicemen" by Schuster, and Gilliland's "Observation Car". Two quartettes rendered acceptable performances while Miss Hamilton helped the train gain speed with Chopin's "Black Key Etude".

The program was concluded with one of Dr. Ashton's characteristic talks to youth. Quietly he pointed the Christian youth before him to a full life—a life allowing for the greater values of expansive living.

Houghton Goes Over The Top In Bond Drive

The junior class is now leading in the local War Bond Drive in which Houghton has gone well over its goal, the price of a jeep, and approximately one-fourth of a second jeep has been bought.

Tickets for the War Program Friday evening, April 28, are still available at \$1.50 in war stamps plus \$.15 cash or \$1.00 in war stamps plus \$.10 cash. Let's get those tickets bought up and really push this thing over the top of the second goal—twice our original goal!

Wright, Grenier Are H.S. Valedic., Salut.

Last Saturday evening, April 15, the High School Honors Party, sponsored by the faculty for juniors and seniors, took place in the Music Hall auditorium.

Miss Pool had made plans for "thousands" of fun and John Scott was the master of ceremonies.

When the hilarity had reasonably subsided and devotions held, Prof. Stockin took charge of the main part of the program—the announcement of the honors. Honorable mention was given to Eleanor Jones, Calvin Hayes, and Paul Ortlip for high scholastic standing. Paul Ortlip was also awarded a key for two excellent drawings now in Carnegie Institute awaiting final judgement.

Alice Wright and Rosalie Grenier,

(Continued on Page Four)

Seniors Begin Front Campus Improvement

Last Friday in chapel, Houghton students sat up and took notice as Bill Calkins, spokesman for the Senior class, unrolled before them a plan the Seniors have formed. The program was introduced by Peg Hamilton, the College Quarter, and Walt Robie, giving a sample of the advertising which the Music and Religious Education departments are carrying on in an effort to interest other young people in Houghton. Gerry Schuster and "Burp" Curtis, went back four years to the day when they arrived as Freshmen and searched almost in vain for a college, and Dave Flower illustrated the fact that the same problem still remains.

Growing out of the bewilderment of incoming Freshman and the ignorance of passers-by of the existence of Houghton, was the suggestion of a campus improvement plan in which each class can have a part. The Seniors this year are leading the way by financing the laying of a stone steps and a path down the hill and across the front campus to the road. It was suggested that the next three successive Senior classes finance with their gifts the building of a bridge across the stream, the erection of an archway over the path at the road, and the placing of a pergola at the front of the steps. With trees transplanted from the college woodlands, the school will have a campus not only imposing and attractive enough to be noticed by visitors and people passing through the town, but plain enough to be seen by future Gerrys and Burps and Daves, and at the same time a source of delight to the students.

It remains for the Juniors, Sophs, and Frosh, the Seniors of the future, to

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Ray Lev to Appear Tonight in Last of Year's Artist Series

Ray Lev, exciting young American pianist, will present the last number of the Houghton College Artist Series this Friday, April 21, at 8:15 p.m. in the College Chapel.

Miss Lev is not merely a musical phenomenon. She is something more human and simple. She is a personality!

At 22 she was acclaimed by the late American critic, Lawrence Gilman, in her debut recital at Town Hall. Arturo Toscanini and Walter Damrosch were among a group of many musical notables who attended that concert. All were attracted by the force of her character and the vitality of her interpretation. The year before, she had made her bow to London audiences at Wigmore Hall; with orchestra under Sir Landon Ronald at the Eastbourne Festival and in two command performances at 10 Downing Street under the patronage of the Queen (then Duchess of York) and H.R.H. Princess Mary Louise arousing everywhere the excitement and enthusiasm which "the best" engenders.

Yet, only seven years before, Ray Lev was just a kid among other New York kids, hating to practice and never thinking that one day she would be a concert pianist. (Note to discouraged Mothers; don't give up hope.)

Coming from a musical family (both her parents were singers) Miss Lev heard music at home from the time she can remember. Her formal studies did not start, however, until she was 13, when she began to take lessons at the Music School Settlement. A year later, the late Ernest Schelling visited the school to hear the students play. He singled out

(Continued on Page Four)

Willis Elliot, Class of '39 Wins Chicago U. Fellowship

Willis Edwin Elliott, 193 Delaware Road, Kenmore, New York, was one of 91 graduate students awarded fellowships to the University of Chicago for 1944-45, President Robert M. Hutchins announced today.

The fellowships, their total value exceeding \$75,000, were granted to students representing 30 states, the District of Columbia and nine foreign nations.

Mr. Elliott, who was awarded a fellowship at the University of Chicago for work in the divinity school, will work toward a doctor of philosophy degree.

A 1939 graduate of Houghton College with a bachelor of arts degree, Mr. Elliott continued his study at the Southern Baptist Seminary for a master's degree in theology, and at the Northern Baptist Seminary for a doctor of theology degree.

HOUGHTON STAR

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE

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HOW TO WAIT IN THE DINING HALL

The first thing you should do is grab an apron or coat, depending on your sex, and be sure to get the cleanest one available. Then rush to the kitchen rudely knocking the less fortunate waiters aside and grab the largest, lightest tray out there. Check in at least five or ten minutes before you begin work—then you won't forget, and they'll never know it in the Business Office. Now you're ready to go around the kitchen and sample the food. It's a good time to get in "Aunt Grace's" way, too, and incidentally, you can snatch an extra desert and hide it for future consumption.

When the second bell rings it's time to see what line you're in and which number you are. Grab the plates as they come down the line and don't wait for all the gravy to be put on the food; let it drizzle over the edge of the plates, and then accuse the one dipping of being sloppy. Rush in through the door and down the length of the dining hall. Be sure you drop off at least two plates on the way in, and if possible see that they land with the food down on the floor. Slam the plates down in front of the ones you are serving and inquire "milk or coffee?" When you have poured the beverages set the cup or glass down being careful to have some spill in the process.

Rush back to the kitchen for seconds and the deserts. When you get back to your set if some one is still eating hover closely around him. This will make him too nervous to eat and you can take his plate. Take your tray of dirty dishes to the scraping room and set it on the wobbly pile already on the table. Just go off and leave it. The girls will take the dishes off, dump the silverware, carry your tray out, and give you a lot of dirty looks. — I. E.

LIFE VERSUS DEATH

Life is fighting a losing battle on many fronts today. Death is striking swiftly and surely. Though many inestimable discoveries of science the "silver cord" of many men is kept intact, we must concede that life is not triumphant. Life meets death, horrible death, and falls before it.

But, praises be to God, there is a realm where death surrenders to life. One day the sentence of death was laid upon the whole human race, for "by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men". That death includes more than separation from this world. It means, in addition, separation eternally from God and all that is pure and holy. That death sentence is personal and individual resting upon each man, woman, or child until—yes, it rests upon each *until*—for there is a pardon. There was One who took upon Himself that death sentence—it was not His own—and paid it. He overcame death through resurrection from the dead. He is that "quickening spirit" who gives life in place of death. Jesus said, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life". "From death unto life", what freedom, glory, and joy it brings! One who believes in Christ is no longer dead in sins. He lives by the power of life from the source of all life. He has life and life "more abundantly".

Can you imagine the horror of it? He lies in the cold mud. He is alive, but death is stealing, stealing upon him. It grips; he struggles. It will not loosen its hold. Life loses. But can you fathom the glory of it? A man bows. An enemy struggles. A Conqueror prevails. Death loses. A man is born again by the Spirit of God. He is freed from the sentence of death. He has Life. — J. F.

A Choir Weekend Has Some Real Adventures!

"Where's Chester?" cried all the girls as they impatiently waited for the bus Saturday afternoon. It was time to go, but there wasn't any bus. Finally, the bus appeared and the forty girls dashed after it. Poor Chester! Waving goodbye to our friends, we left Houghton and started for Corry, Pa. The road was a little on the bumpy side, but Chester and his forty girls went skimming over the top of the bumps and didn't even feel them. (The truth is that two senior girls dissolved them.) Within four hours we were in Corry. We arrived in the middle of a thunderstorm. After practising a little, we had dinner, then got ready for the concert. It was a lovely little church and packed with friendly people.

The next morning, we all gathered at the church, after a good night's sleep in various homes, to start out for the next place. Three or four hills, a few bumps, and we were in Youngsville. We went to the Free Methodist Church, which is the home of John Sheffer ('43). Most of the girls heaved a sigh when they saw him in the back of the church. Then we looked around and spied his very attractive wife in the front of the church. Um-m-m. No hard feelings, we assure you. The place was just crowded. As always, Prof's name was mispronounced, but this was perhaps the rarest yet. Mr. "Captain" was introduced, and we waited to see who that was. (Some of us expected an Army captain.)

After going out to various homes for a very welcome dinner, we returned to the church and whipped out to Warren. We might add here that Si West was quite an addition to the choir. He was really quite helpful, and we just love to ride in his car!

The church in Warren was very beautiful and we enjoyed singing there. Naturally, we always look forward to eating, and we were not disappointed here. Girls certainly eat a lot! We can't imagine how much food was consumed when there were fellows in the choir.

Jamestown wasn't far away, and we were there in a few minutes. We had been told that it was a huge church, and it was. We saw some familiar faces in the audience.

After eating again, (don't draw any hasty conclusions, please) we left Jamestown and headed for Houghton. The ride home is always fun. (It's a good thing Chester is driving the bus.) We can sing all day long, but we still like to sing on the way home. The girls in the back told ghost stories, then Prof went back and really told them a thriller.

Back at dear old Houghton, we staggered up the stairs (you didn't hear us!?) and crawled into bed. Tired, but it was worth it.

The new book —

HEAVENLY DESTINY

Life of Mrs. D. L. Moody
now obtainable at

Word-Bearer Press

Freshman Humor (?)

BY CRACKY

Don't worry if your work is hard,
And your rewards are few.
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut, like you.

Diner: Waiter, I'll have pork chops with fried potatoes, and I'll have the chops lean.

Waiter: Yes sir, which way, sir?

I like to buy Mr. Ranch's eggs. He has the date stamped on them.

Yes, I got a dozen the other day, and they hadn't been laid yet.

Milliner: Pardon, Madame. This is the hat you just bought; that's the box you're wearing.

Nit: What's the difference between sight and vision?

Wit: My girl's a vision but yours—well—!

Old Photographer: See the dicky bird. Modern Child: Just pay attention to your exposure, focal length, distance, and lighting, so that you don't ruin the plate.

Dingman: What d'ya say, Les, we get our wives together tonight and have a big time.

Beach: Okay by me, Bob; where'll we leave 'em?

Willie (breaking the news): Mother, you know our 24-piece dinner set?

Mother: Yes, dear.

Willie: Well, it's a 25-piece set now.

"Do you want gas?" asked the dentist as he placed the patient in the chair.

"Yes," said the absent-minded prof. "about five gallons — and take a look at the oil."

At the banquet — "Will you pass the nuts, professor?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but I really should flunk them."

Preacher: Do you know where little boys go who smoke?

Culprit: Yep, over behind the railroad station.

Math Instructor: What do we mean when we say that the whole is greater than any of its parts?

Student: Dorm doughnuts.

Professor: I won't begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Bright Student: Go home and sleep it off, old man.

A student getting back to school late, had difficulty in obtaining a suitable place for lodging.

One landlady, showing him a dingy room, remarked persuasively, "As a whole, this is quite a nice room, isn't it?" "Yes, madame," he agreed. "But as a bedroom it's no good."

Bill: I'm stepping out in society. Tonight I'm going to have dinner with the upper set.

Jack: The steak may be tough. Better take the lower set, too.

SPRING FEVER

By DIZZY

Oh, spring has sprung;
The flowers has riz;
I wonder where
Them posies iz.

The lovely spring days (sp?) get in my bloodstream. The bright sunshine, the lovely rain and dripping snow. It invigorates one and makes one want to get rid of oneself in the easiest manner. Funny thing, but we've been having more weather this year. Why just the other day, it—no, I guess I'll let Si West string that one. But one of my teachers did ask me to spell weather, once. I guess she didn't appreciate my effort for when I had finished she only remarked dryly, "That's the worst spell of weather we've had in a long time."

One thing about this time of the year, it brings pleasant memories to your mind. It recalls "little" unimportant things like demerits, homework, and Dougie.

Spring is also the time for wanderlust—not only people, but articles. Say, Clair, how did your scarf get under Marilyn's bed?

Warm weather and flashy shirts and jackets. I like the black and white one that Joey Valkema wears. Could it be her brother's?

I simply can't keep these families straight—brothers, sisters, husbands and wives. I DINKYT is more or LES WARREN on my nerves. Ain't it the TRUTH?

Hey, Phyl Whitney do you always observe the 18-inch rule with those pictures on your wall? As Herky says, "It must be nice to have that kind of friends."

It has been suggested to me that Clafty is under the illusion that he's never told that corny joke about the sick mouse before. Never mind, Clafty. We think you have a nice brother.

Imagine, Marilyn Bernhoft has been trying to tell folks she wants to go home some weekend to Syracuse to see her folks. Since when have your folks been about six feet tall with black curly hair?

From watching the freshman girls' volleyball team in action, I can see that there's nothing they wouldn't do for their coach, except win a game.

Here's news, or is it? Any fellow that leaves for the service—any size, any description, any branch, anyone will be welcomed back by the whole staff of Houghton's USO (both members.)

Although in a different way, of course, we were glad to see your boyfriend here, Beulah. We'll take a dozen. Don't bother to wrap 'em and keep the change!

My, how roommates do get along. I guess "olney" Dottie can understand "Teddy Button". I understand you have started a girls' choir, Betty. Keep it up! We may be surprised, yet.

We must take time to say "goodbye" to a worthy member of our frosh class. Best of luck wherever you go, Norm. Don't forget—we're rooting for you.

As we look back on all the things that have happened and all the things that might have happened, had it not been for the watchful eyes of the procurers, we realize that we sure have had fun.



With OUR ARMED FORCES



Even Freshmen (well, most of us, anyhow) know there's a war on. We're all becoming increasingly conscious of it now when the 2-A's are taking physicals, and no fellow knows "what a day may bring forth." But say—there's one thing to which you who have left and you who are leaving can look forward. When you "come back to dear ole' Houghton" you may find a bigger and better campus coming right down to the main road to greet you. If the drawings we saw in chapel last Friday are true prophecies, we're really going to see a reformation in that old cow pasture which has erroneously represented us in the past.

A few servicemen have shown themselves on the campus within the past week. Leigh Summers (ex '44) of the Canadian Air Force was here for a brief visit. James Hurd from the navy gave us a very short call on Saturday. The navy was further represented by A/S Ken Crosser (ex '46) and Steve Ortlip ('42).

Our Freshman class has been doing quite well in holding down its sparse company of "men", but Uncle Sam has claimed some, and no doubt next fall we will find our ranks greatly depleted.

Have you been wondering what's become of Charlie Giles since he left us in January?

Well, the fact is, Charlie has been waiting at home ever since he left, for his call to the Air Corps. Words from him in March showed that he was growing impatient. He said, "I'm getting sick of waiting for my call and wrote Rochester a letter to such effects, too."

I hope it gets some action. As long as I'm not in school, I might as well be in the Army. I'm anxious to get in. . . . In the first part of April he was still not inducted. "I suppose you've heard how they put 20,000 Air Corps fellows into various other branches of the Army. Well, that means I haven't a chance, I suppose. However, I'm not worrying about it and am just leaving the whole thing up to the Lord."

Norman Walker (ex '47) one of our prominent freshmen left Saturday for the Air Corp. Happy landing, Norm!

Pfc Harold Skinner, a music student from the class of '39 writes a brief V-mail letter to the STAR this week. "Our work is strictly of a musical nature. Daily rehearsals prepare us for weekly concerts. Ample time is scheduled for our individual practice so we are able to keep in playing condition for concerts or military formations."

Remember George "Feather" Gabriels (ex '42)? He wrote from Alexandria Army Air Base, Louisiana.

"After finishing schooling in Detroit I joined the ranks of the so-called 'Benedicts' while on a 10 day furlough. My bride is Miss Janice Facer of Lyons. I am now in the engineering section of this base."

"I was glad to get the service edition of the 'Alumnus' while at Salt Lake and I have also been pleased to receive the STAR regularly. I can truthfully say that God has been good to me in my year in the Army."

"Strangely enough, among the hundreds of men I have come in contact with since being in the service, I have

yet to meet a single fellow whom I knew in my brief stay in Houghton. My next stop will undoubtedly be an embarkation point, and perhaps I'll run into some of them 'over there'."

A/C Bill Work in Boca Raton Field, Florida, writes:

"We fellows appreciate personal letters from Houghton for each one stirs up memories of fine times in the parties, ball games, services, rec hall, and on the campus."

"Today we had an Easter Sunrise service, with great host attending. It was out-doors, too. Later in the Protestant chapel service, I sang a couple songs which I have been practicing a couple weeks."

"Houghton is surely a grand place to meet one's future partner—just ask me. If I get home in May or sometime after that, we will be visiting Houghton again."

From Camp Ellis, Illinois comes in—
(Continued on Page Four)

Virginia Whaley Presents Her Senior Piano Recital

On Wednesday evening, April 12, another of the season's excellent senior music recitals was presented in the college chapel by Miss Virginia Whaley, piano student of Prof. Alfred D. Kreckman. Her program was as follows:

I
Prelude and Fugue in E Minor, Op. 35, No. 1 Mendelssohn

II
Prelude, Op. 28, No. 1 Chopin
Valse, Op. 64, No. 3 Chopin
Bird as Prophet Schumann
Avalow of Love Schumann
Soaring Schumann

III
Sonata in E Minor, Op. 7 Grieg
Allegro moderato
Andante molto
Alla menuetto
Molto allegro

IV
The Sea Palmgren
Three Fantastic Dances Shostakovich
Her performance was characterized by a good variety of style, good dramatic contrast, and clarity of technique. The Mendelssohn "Prelude and Fugue" was particularly well done. The audience liked the "Fantastic Dances" so well that Miss Whaley responded to the enthusiastic applause with an encore, the Polka from the "Age of Gold" by Shostakovich.

Nice Line of
MOTHER'S DAY CARDS
.10, .15, and .25

Mrs. M. C. Cronk

Try our GLAZED WALNUT

Sundae after a hard day!

The College Inn

Class Parties Held Last Friday Evening

Soph-Seniors Hold School Frosh-Juniors in South Sea

"I wish I may, I wish I might"—and the Seniors wished themselves back to their "little red school-house" days at the Soph-Senior party Friday night in the college dining hall. Each one stopped at the illuminated wishing well where Rosemary Molyneaux and Frances Morse gave out 'magic' punch. In the school-room they found the teacher's desk—of course a blackboard, large posters with mottos, a health chart, and even "My Weekly Reader" on the bulletin board. There were numerous dolls stuffed toys and a drinking pail and dipper. The school-room orchestra played as the guests entered. Suddenly the school bell rang; the "children" hurried to their seats and school began.

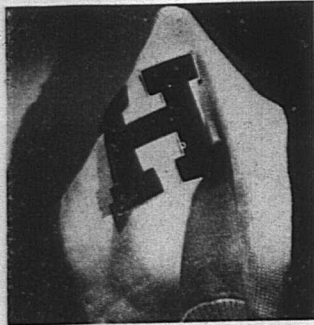
Sophs impersonating Seniors were the "children" who were constantly reprimanded by Prof. Stockin (Lloyd Wilt), the school-master. "Good morning, Prof. Stockin" sang the "children" and true to character Prof. answered with Latin. The pupils always had a ready answer (rarely correct, of course). Paperwads flew, pigtailed were pulled, a little apple polishing was done, the dunce chair was occupied, Constantinople couldn't be spelled, and a little

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True to all expectations; Jolly Roger, the traditional pirate flag of skull and crossbones, was flying over its South Sea Island kingdom on Friday night, April 14, so if you saw some girls skipping across the campus with their bright, full skirts and long, flowing hair fluttering in the breeze or some husky, bearded pirates trudging up the hill with swords dangling at their sides, you can rest assured that they were on their way to the annual Frosh-Junior party. The party was held this year in the old library in the Science Hall, and more commonly known as S-24. However, on Friday night S-24 was not itself; it had been transformed into a vine-covered, island hideout for pirates, bathed in the cool blue of moonlight. In a large scene which formed the background for the program and around which all the decorations centered, one could see palm trees swaying in the breeze and in the distance on the ocean rippling reflection of a huge, full moon; from out of the depths of the dark, jungled island peered the portraits of two fierce-looking pirates. True, this was a romantic background, and yet, the haunting, mystic atmosphere of it made one glad that

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IN THE



SPORTLIGHT

BY NORM WALKER

This being the frosh STAR, it is natural that the frosh get some of the space otherwise wasted.

Some of the frosh are surely walking around patting themselves on the back for that which we have accomplished. True, we won the football series with the help of the juniors and walked off with the basketball championship undefeated. Still, we owe a lot to the upperclassmen, for it was they who showed us what spirit was to be expected of us, what we had to fight for and how hard we had to fight for it. They also showed us the philosophy of every great athletic team—play as a team, win humbly and lose graciously. So as the school year draws to a close, it is with deep humility and gratitude every athlete of the frosh class says, "thanks for everything" to upperclassmen, Coach, and our fellow classmates.

The sports situation, having been well beaten about in recent issues, will witness an attempted solution by yours truly.

Volleyball, being well knocked around in the men's division, but exciting some interest in the woman's division, has been witnessed these past two weeks. The frosh men seem to have the upper hand (literally as well as figuratively, with Hazlett and Priebe), while the juniors seem to have the speed and team-work necessary to earn them victories in the lassies' league.

Baseball is still in question but every fellow who has ever played ball is straining at the leash to get started playing. Weather, naturally, is a big factor but at the moment the manpower shortage is even a greater threat to destroying chances of playing any ball games this spring. The recent call by our Uncle in all probability will eliminate Campbell, Walker and Miller and grades may endanger about four other possible players. Coach is determined to play with 'Baldy' and Anderson backing him to the limit to get two teams together by good weather.

Where Friends Meet



THE PANTRY

H. S. HONORS . . .

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spice was added by the choice Latin phrases quoted here and there by the school-master—"Tempus figgits, you know".

After recess, during which games were played, "little boys" like Burdette Curtis (Albert Warner) and Forrest Gearhart (Gordon Hosmer) had to recite their poems. Margaret Hamilton (Lois Hardy), Carolyn Keil (Phyllis Perry), and Martha Woolsey (Mitzi Overton) played and the trio—Ruth Ortlip, Doris Armstrong, and Carol Gilliland sang. (Helen Loudon, Ruth Mead, and Barbara Van Dyke).

At lunch time everyone went into the annex where the tables, decorated with green and yellow, were arranged in a V shape.

A distinctive lunch prepared by Roberta Chess's food committee climaxed the party. The evening's activities were closed with devotions by Rev. Nichols and Ruth Mead following which everyone sang the Alma Mater.

ARMED FORCES . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

teresting word from Pvt. Marlin Kreider (ex '46).

"The Army has just graduated me a male nurse. Can you imagine that! Now instead of hearing 'Doc' as you used to call me, I hear 'nurse'.

"I have recently completed five months of this special training at Ft. Harrison, Ind. Last week I, with six of my buddies, was sent to Camp Elis.

"I am the only one in this hospital with as complete a training in this field, so I stand good chances of being put in charge of the operating room, as one of my buddies was in his hospital.

"Describing the chief characteristics of this camp one would say 'mud, mud, mud'. This is no exaggeration, either. The transportation is as bad as it is at Houghton."

A/C Dave Robbins (ex '44) at Spence Field, Ga., had quite a bit to say about his flying experiences.

"Yesterday with my instructor I shot several landings. Then he sent me up for a solo ride and three landings. It felt good to be up there alone again—this time with 650 horses in front of me. Some power, and you really know it, too. One's busiest moment comes after taking off when you have to pull the throttle back to 2000 r.p.m., hit your hydraulic power switch and pull wheels up, twice ship for a 110 m.p.h. climb, all the time flying at a level and watching everything at once. You have to know your cockpit so as to just reach for things and hit them okay. The ship lands at 90 and the toughest part of that is keeping it straight on the ground after you land. They ground loop easily and you have to be right there to catch any swerving. I have 6½ hours in the A T-b now and like the ship very much.

Pvt Charles Jennings is in Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, wishing to hear from more of his Houghton friends.

Merlin Miller (ex '46) in a short letter received this week, says,

"I surely enjoy the STAR. Each new copy brings back those fond memories of Houghton. I am sending my new address so the paper won't be side-tracked in those hills of Idaho."

SOPH-SENIOR PARTY . . .

(Continued from Page One)

valedictorian and salutatorian respectively, were presented with ribbons of their class colors, maroon and white. These tokens represented the highest regents averages of the class.

A mixed quartet consisting of Calvin Hayes, Ara Carapetyan, Anastasia Panich and Rosalie Grenier furnished music for the occasion.

The party ended with the serving of refreshments and a vote of thanks by the students to the faculty.

FROSH-JUNIOR PARTY . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

there were at least 140 other people there.

The main part of the program was a radio quiz with the "genial, blubbing, and single" master of ceremonies, Dave Flower, in which, if certain Juniors didn't tell the truth by giving the correct answers to questions, they were forced to pay the consequences. Since none of the contestants were allowed time to tell the truth, they all played the consequences. No one will ever forget Ruth Brooks singing "Coming Through the Rye" with her mouth filled with peanut butter and crackers, or Peg Lewis taking that dramatic airplane ride, and Glenda Weaver cutting out paper dolls while she sang to us that she'd rather have a paper doll to call her own, than have a fickle-minded, real, live . . .

This little quiz program which was, of course, sent by short wave back to the United States from the South Sea island hideout, was sponsored by Dr. Hackbury's products, which were guaranteed to do everything from removing the holes in a man's pockets to removing the pockets entirely.

Several relay races were also played in which the Juniors proved that they were really good sports.

Following the program, Betty Jean Morrison led the group in singing some of the favorite Gospel choruses, after which Herk Morey brought a very appropriate devotional message on treasures. He presented the challenge that since, "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also", we, as young people, should set our affections on things above and lay up for ourselves "treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt."

Refreshments, consisting of hot dogs, pop, and oranges were served cafeteria style from the Spanish room. Also, everyone received as somewhat of a favor, a small treasure chest filled with candy and nuts. Not to be put aside lightly is the fact that seconds were served in hot dogs, and it is rumored that certain "pirates" even had fourths, fifths, and sixths rather than to have any go to waste. Entertainment was provided during refreshments by an impromptu program of music in which members of both classes took part.

The party closed about 10:30 with everyone standing to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" and the "Alma Mater". After that, there was nothing to do but for the Juniors to leave and the Frosh clean-up committee to take over, so that by 11:45, our South Sea island had vanished and S-24 was S-24 again, —already for an "8 o'clock" on Saturday morning.

Ray Lev . . .

(Continued from Page One)

the then chubby High School girl with the long pigtailed and told her, "Work hard and you'll get there" or words to that effect. That was her first incentive to take her work seriously, she relates.

From then on things began to happen, and happen fast. At 15 she won the citywide New York Philharmonic Society Scholarship, a plum which she held for three years. Then she tried out for the nationwide American Matthey Prize; won again and went to London to study under the famed Tobias Matthey, or "Uncle Tobs" as he is known to his many famous pupils. In a recent article in Time Magazine on the noted teacher, Manhattan's Ray Lev, England's Dame Myra Hess and the duo-pianists, Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson are referred to as "Uncle Tobs' famed virtuosos."

The USO Camp Shows are doing a booming business in the camps, forts and training centers of the nation's Army and Navy, and everyone knows that singers, actors, violinists, dancers and magicians are the most popular with the boys. Pianists are usually taboo. The lack of good well-tuned pianos is the greatest cause of the trouble. There is one exception, however. She is pianist Ray Lev, America's foremost woman ivory enchantress.

Asked the secret of her popularity, she explains; "I do not specialize. I hate artists who specialize. To me a good concert program must be made up of so many different things. It must run the gamut, like a wonderful dinner, from soup to nuts. Above all, I do not play down to my audiences. I do not think there is an audience anywhere in the world which needs to be played down to."

Admission charges for the concert will be as follows: Reserved seats—\$1.80; Unreserved seats—\$1.20 (tax included).

Students will be admitted to the unreserved section on their Student Activity ticket and can obtain reserved seats at \$1.60 (tax included).

SENIOR GIFT . . .

(Continued from Page One)

follow up the plan proposed and do their part in making the front campus a worthy advertisement of Houghton.

There are probably many servicemen and other Houghton Alumni who would be interested in contributing to this fund for front-campus improvement. If you wish to send a gift to be put toward this project to make our campus one of which we can be more proud, send it to: Campus Improvement Project, c/o Dr. S. W. Paine.

A special drive is also being made at present among the students and all help in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

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