



## FIFTY-THREE TO RECEIVE DIPLOMAS THIS AFTERNOON IN COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

### Youngstown College Twenty Five Years Old

#### A QUARTER CENTURY OF PROGRESS

And what a lot of progress has been packed in those twenty-five years since the first commencements and banquets were held honoring members of the graduating classes of Youngstown College! During those twenty-five years, Youngstown College has gradually grown and developed until today it has definitely taken its proper place among other educational institutions of the country. The world outside of Youngstown knows and recognizes Youngstown College. You and I can well be proud of our Alma Mater.

Youngstown College is announcing its 25th Annual Alumni Dinner-Dance to be held Thursday evening, June 11, at 7 o'clock at McKelvey's Tea Room. There will be a good dinner, a good program, and dancing following the program. Tee Ross and his Orchestra will play for dancing. You can enjoy the evening visiting with old friends, and dancing if you care to dance. The cost will be \$1.00 per person. Bring your husband, wife, or any friends who are interested.

Show your school spirit by lending your most loyal support. Very truly yours,  
Edward McGowan,  
Gen. Chr., Alumni Dinner-Dance

### Open Road Club

Contrary to the usual procedure, the club will not terminate its activities at the close of the school year, but will continue its custom of having regularly scheduled hikes during the summer. Hikes will be taken on every other Sunday afternoon starting Sunday, June 14.

Membership in the club will be limited to those who have paid their dues. This is being done with the hope that the sharing of the financial obligations of the club will help to create a better sense of unity and understanding. Those members, or persons who were members during the last year, and do not have their dues paid in full will be dropped from the rolls. Termination of membership for non-payment of dues will be final, and re-admittance

### Russian To Be Offered By Language Dept. For Summer Session

The Department of Modern Language of Youngstown College is offering this summer for the first time a course in the Russian language for college credit.

While Russian has not been given extensively in colleges and universities, the absence of this language from the curriculum is not an indication of its relative importance as compared to Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and German. From the standpoint of the merit of its literature, both scientific and imaginative, and in regard to the number of people who speak it as a native or auxiliary language, Russian deserves a place of equal rank with the other languages more commonly taught in our schools and colleges. A knowledge of Russian is especially useful at the present moment when American specialists are being called in to aid in the development of Russian industry. Even in Central and Southern Europe a mere smattering of the language helps in making oneself understood in any country where a Slavonic language is spoken, for instance, in Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Bulgaria.

The neglect of Russian is at least partly due to the common impression that it is a difficult language. According to Dr. L. T. Richardson, of the College, who is planning to start a beginning class on June 15, this is a mistaken idea. New and graphical devices have been invented which make it easy to explain and understand the peculiarities of the Russian language, and should make the study of Russian no more difficult than the study of German or Spanish.

The course in elementary Russian which is to be given at the College is the result of several years of study which Dr. Richardson has devoted to the language and literature of Russia, including one summer spent in the Soviet Union.

to the club impossible, unless special arrangements are made with Julia Herr, the club treasurer. A final meeting will be held at 6 p. m. Friday, June 12.

Hal Kennedy, Pres.

### Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1936

By Bill Best

The Senior Class of Youngstown College, being of sound mind, and questionable memory, physically strong and financially weak, do hereby make, publish, and declare this as and for our last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all former wills, testaments, and codicils by this class heretofore made.

Item 1: Robert Aley desires to leave his quiet scholarly manner to Don "Heckle" McCullough with the knowledge that it will be needed now that he is engaged.

Item 2: Marietta Bagnall specifically devises her seat in Shakespeare Class to anyone who is willing to be pestered by Dee Mysenburg.

Item 3: Bill Best leaves his creation, the "Little Princess Theatre" to another genius, Joe Hanna.

Item 4: Mary Louise Pieger leaves her athletic ability to Julia Larocco, another unbending athlete.

Item 5: George Schoenhard leaves a serious concentrated headache known commonly to the hoi polloi as the Annual to Howard Brooks, of all people.

Item 6: Helen Creed leaves the Secretaryship of the Senior Class to any girl that is darn fool enough to take it.

Item 7: Joe Fisher devises his innate ability to slip in class and his foul smelling pipe to another sonnambulist and pipe dreamer, Frank Evans.

Item 8: Lois Shaw regretfully leaves Howard Hutzen to either Miriam Bowden or Marian Smith. Let them fight it out and may the best girl win.

Item 9: Danny Opritza specifically wills, bequeaths, and bestows his heavenly dancing ability to those who need it most, Ted Moore, Jimmy Patrick, Bob Taylor and Dave Watson with the fond hope that at last the girls will get a break.

Item 10: Ann Malmer is only too glad to leave her pesky cap and

(Continued on Page 2)

### Class Prophecy

By Ann Malmer — Glen Wildman

Red specks danced before my eyes and I was enveloped in utter darkness. After what seemed ages of endless twisting and turning I dropped with a thud. Fearfully I opened my eyes and to my amazement I found I was sitting in the public square of a beautiful city. What place it was I didn't know.

"Extra! "Extra!" called a newsboy. I stared, surely that was Nick Brentin selling papers but he looked old and he had a wooden leg.

I bought a paper and saw that Jack Kenaston had committed suicide. I shed a few tears and hurriedly glanced at the date on the paper. "June 11, 1950." What had become of those years in my life? Was I mad?

I started a conversation with Nick and learned that he had lost his leg in a bull fight while studying in Spain. The case never came to court since the animal belonged to Doctor Richardson.

He told me about several points of interest. There was the Beauty Shoppe specializing in face lifting, managed by Vera Jenkins and Caroline Knox. I saw a big billboard with a picture of Marietta Bagnall standing on an elephant's back, with Joe Margo doing a strong man's act beside her. He had a bent iron bar in his mouth. They were advertising the famous "Bill Bachop Circus". Incidentally, it was the Ford Advertising Agency backing him.

"But what is the name of the city?" I asked.

"Neon", Nick replied. "Don't you know the name of your home town?" That name awakened blurred memories. I bade him good-bye and made my tour of the city.

The first place I visited was the Neon Hall of Fame. It was a large marble structure containing the statues of the most noted people and men of honor. Among these I recognized many of my old classmates. Statues of great interest were those of Roy Walters, flyweight wrestling champion of the world; protege of "Dopey" Doll; Judy Herr, the great artist, whose works occupy a prominent place in the Philadelphia Art gallery; Leah McDonald, the coloratura soprano of Metropolitan fame; and Violet Pear, noted for her biography of Mildred Bothwell.

Leaving the Hall of Fame with reluctance, I continued on my way

(Continued on Page 3)

# THE JAMBAR

Published by The Students of Youngstown College

## JAMBAR STAFF

FRANK EVANS ..... Editor-in-Chief  
 HAROLD KENNEDY ..... News Editor  
 PHYLLIS MOENCH ..... Society Editor  
 HOWARD BROOKS ..... Sports Editor (men)  
 ANN MONAHAN ..... Sports Editor (women)  
 ANN MALMER ..... Science Editor  
 M. F. DIGNAN ..... Student Council  
 RAY CODREA ..... Exchanges

## CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

Fay Treffert, Frank Jazko, Stella Cassano, Betty Kile, Elvira Tartan,  
 Tom Meenhan, Paul Maloney, Stewart Wagner, Joe Hanna, Louis Davidson.  
 Faculty Advisor.....Prof. J. W. Barc

## Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1936

(Continued from Page 1)

gown with the recalcitrant tassel to any Junior that feels the same way about it that she does.

Item 11: Ray Codrea leaves the presidency of the Student Council and his job as parachute salesman at Idora Park to Henry Todd, the pride and joy of Columbiana.

Item 12: Judy Herr gladly bestows her C minus studious nature to Elinor Rogers, regretting only that she had no more to give.

Item 13: Stewart Wagner leaves his right to visit the girls at the Y. W. C. A. to Howard Rempes, the champion 100 pound girl caller oner.

Item 14: Joe Margo, the great, bequeaths his fading ability to keep out of trouble to Laverne Sample; a word to the wise is sufficient.

Item 15: Helene Snyder gladly leaves the right to pursue Joe Fisher to some girl like Rose Rosapepe who will try hard to change his No to Yes.

Item 16: Jack Kenaston leaves his ability to chase Janes, and his questionable acting ability with his thousands of female admirers to Bud Powell.

Item 17: Eleanor Wike leaves her position as Dean of the Electoral College to Mary Francis Dignan.

Item 18: Glen Wildman, of all people, leaves his athletic ability, his high scholastic standing and his gentleman ways to "Dizzy", one of the Dean's boys, Clay Wilcox.

Item 19: Jean Reid devises her famous pamphlet on "The Art of Punning or Is It?" to some punny faced puny little Junior who should be punished by being put into a Punitentiary for wanting it.

Item 20: Joe Yasechko leaves his fourth dimensional mathematical brain to Val Orsary, with the hope that he can figure out how to get a few more votes for the Independents at Student Council Elections.

Item 21: All the rest, remainder and residue of our property, and estate, of whatsoever kind and character, and wheresoever situated, of which we are presently seized or possessed, we give and bequeath to Harold Ashmus.

Item 22: Vera Jenkins bequeaths her appellation Cookie to her Superior, Mr. Williams.

## SENIOR FAREWELL

Given in chapel Wed., June 3, by Bill Best, President of Senior Class. The Senior Class as a whole leave to the Junior Class the task of being Seniors. To the Student Body, we leave a legacy, which our experience tells us is the richest and finest we can leave. It is a legacy which you can enjoy and improve manifold. That legacy is Youngstown College. Perhaps you wonder about that statement.

We too, once wondered. But as graduation time approaches, we have suddenly come to realize that this College does present opportunities that perhaps we have overlooked. We have experienced the difficulty of not being able to see the trees because of the forest. We, who are now to be graduated, have suddenly come to realize our errors and mistakes.

We know now that we have missed invaluable associations with many people. We know now that we have not given our very best toward bettering our college. We realize these things now but it is too late. You must pay for our laxity, our inattentiveness, and our failure to accept treasures which were offered to us.

Our only hope is to acquaint you with a few of our mistakes so that perhaps you will profit thereby and so do a far better job than we did.

Today is Student Council election day. Two rival factions are fighting for the control of this body. What does this mean to you? To me, it signifies the beginning of a new thought at this College. Last spring it took about twenty-five votes to nominate a council member. Ninety some people out of three hundred and seventy-five voted. Monday, this week, two hundred and forty students voted for council nominees. It took seventy-eight ballots to nominate a candidate. But what did the students vote for? No list of eligible votes was provided. There wasn't any way of knowing who was who or what they stood for—only the buzzing voice for votes.

The question then, today, and throughout the rest of your college career is not what faction shall control. No faction should dominate the other.

The question is what are you students going to demand of your Student Council next fall?

To those who are seeking election, what have you to offer in the way of leadership.

Not one word has been offered along this line.

One faction says one thing, the other, another. But nothing has been said about what constructive program could be adopted.

Why?

The reason for this situation, the cause and the blame, lies directly on the Senior Class. We, who have had the benefit of experience, or should have had it, have allowed this to continue until a small group dominate.

To you, lower classmen, we charge the duty of correcting the situation. It is not impossible. A darn good beginning has already been made—concentrate on this. Take an active interest in the daily activities of the Council. Attend meetings—read their constitution—their minutes—demand active leadership. You will only get what you demand.

To Council candidates, we charge you with the duty of serving your student body. We expect you to organize the student life and lead it in an intelligent manner instead of merely providing rules and regulations. Make every student feel that he has a part in college affairs.

We charge you above all with the task of clearing up the present political situation and raising the Council both in morale and in the estimation of the students. You have a Student Body behind you now.

Suggest:

Equal representation.  
 Scholastic rating as a pre-requisite.

Appointment of committees by entire Council instead of by the president.

Public Reports.  
 Inform incoming Freshmen.

Above all, be loyal to your Student Body and to your College, because that combination can do the impossible.

Be active members, and not just wearers of Student Council keys. Accept your responsibilities, and we, the Seniors will be proud of you.

The Senior Class has failed in another respect.

We, perhaps, have not given our Council the active support it deserved. Too often, we have passed judgment on their acts based on whether or not it pleased our individual interests. In this we regret our actions. For in so doing, we have harmed our College, and we have harmed ourselves. We see this now as graduation time approaches. Are you going to do likewise or will you do your share—will you accept your responsibilities? I know we will as Alumni.

Thank you,  
 Bill Best

After several years of trying to get some of his works published, Geo. Schoenhard finally succeeded. No wonder, he was editor of the Neon.

Sometimes when we go walking we hurt our feet, when we go rowing we hurt our arms—now Elinor Rodgers how did you hurt your neck.

The test for a boy friend reveals that Will Lacker is a smoothy and fast guy and "Stooge" Evans is a Pal—My!

## ON THE AVERAGE FEMALE FOOTBALL SPECTATOR

Thesis: *Everything (and everyone) has its (or her) place.*

Any football fan, who knows or at least pretends to know a few of the fundamentals of football and has had the misfortune to be the companion of an average female football spectator, will realize what I am going to say even before I start. This type that I am talking about does not have the vaguest idea of what the game, football, is all about. They only go to the games to "show off" a new coat or hat. Perhaps some poor "sap" has asked for a date and for the lack of anything better to do she decides to go, or because she might even have a "pet crush" who is on one of the teams. At any rate she will be sure to have some such reason for attending the game.

Take the case of the poor "guy" who has a date with one of these individuals for a football game. He sets the date early enough to give them time to get to the stadium to get seats as near to the fifty yard line as possible. But alas, he arrives at her home to find her just starting to dress, so he must quietly sit down and watch the minutes pass by. A few minutes before game time the fair maiden emerges in all her glory, and with a last glance into the mirror tells the young man who is just putting on his hat and coat to "hurry up!" Finally the stadium is reached and after much struggle and strife seats are procured somewhere the end of the playing field, maybe in time for the opening "kick-off" but more than likely not. After being seated the young lady looks about her and proceeds to comment on the dress of every female near her. She then proceeds to pick out all the interesting looking young men, and so the first quarter ends with her escort, who has had to divide his attention between her chatter and the game, beginning to lose some of his gentlemanliness. After she has tired of watching the people about her it is about time for her to get cold (if the weather is the least bit chilly) and so her escort has to find some means of keeping her warm.

Then she awakens to the fact that there is a football game in progress and proceeds to ask some of the most idiotic questions concerning the game that can be imagined. This keeps up until finally the game ends and the poor escort is nearly insane from attempting to answer more foolish questions than he has ever heard before in his whole life. The chances are that nine times out of every ten this fair young maiden would not be able to tell you the final score or even the two teams that she had just seen play, and so we have the average female football fan. Of course there are exceptions to all rules and this rule is no exception. There are girls who know as much about the game as the boys who play it, but heaven help the poor "guy" who takes a girl of the other type to a football game.

The pageant committee of May Day deeply regrets the fact that Louis Davidson's name was omitted from the program. Louis was the author of the version of the "Story of the Seasons" used in the pageant.

Summer school certainly follows closely upon the regular session—yep—out of the frying pan into the fire!

## BOOKS

Reviewed and Renewed

Personal libraries are composed of the "front" and the "pith." The former is by far the most common; many libraries are all front. It is a comparatively simple matter nowadays to acquire a front collection: "Just clip the coupon and send it in and we will send you the best book of the month—at a discount!" You need never read it—Henry S. Canby, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and possibly H. G. Wells have already read it and what is more significant, approved it as a literary piece of work. It is nicely bound and will look impressively well in any bookcase—with any wallpaper.

The "pith" is somewhat a different matter. This set, frequently a bedside bookshelf, is one of tried and true friends that have been read and re-read and absorbed and browsed through countless numbers of times until they have become somewhat a part of you. The selection is small but the first reading of everyone has been a definite experience, and each succeeding perusal has been a new delight.

I speak now not of the disciplinary reading, not of the classics, nor yet of those books commonly acknowledged by literature professors to be the "most significant," or the "most important," or the "greatest works." But rather of the books, written perhaps by an obscure writer, perhaps by a best seller author—that for the individual have an indefinable attachment that free the imagination, or awaken or sharpen an interest, that touch an innate sense of the humor, of the tragedy, of the beauty in life and living.

I offer a few from my own shelf with a comment or a quotation:

*Messer Marco Polo*—Donn Byrne  
This little volume is a prose mosaic. Poet Donn Byrne captured the glow and bustle of the fifteenth century Venice, and the brocaded beauty and peace and dignity of the court of the Great Khan. It is a romance. Marco Polo the merchant and lover plies his course and plights his love from the west—the hemisphere of mercenary values—to the east, the world of eternal values. And through it all run memorable comments: "Did you ever see a scholar standing in front of a beautiful girl? In all his learning he can find nothing to say to her—and every penny poet in the country knows . . . 'All the arrows of Attila cannot do the damage of one trickle of sand in the hour glass.'"  
*Laughing Boy*—Oliver LaFarge

With the opening sentence the author casts a magic spell over the reader and you wander with *Laughing Boy* through his Navajo life and work as he hunts for the beauty of life and living and transfers it into rhythmic, patterned jewelry. And through it is the repetitious, haunting poetry that is like an identifying thread: "In beauty it is finished . . . In beauty it is finished . . . Never alone, never lamenting, never empty."  
*Ahalana* . . . beautiful."  
*He Went Away for a While*—Max Miller

Miller is a newspaperman, who coined and made fame and money on the phrase, "I cover the waterfront." But the security of his \$40-a-week job was getting him, so he went away for awhile to a shack "in the

cup of the cliff by the sea." For a month he juggled current events, prejudices, beliefs, trying to find the common denominator of it all. If he didn't find the one denominator, he made an interesting attempt.

*Flemenco*—Eleanor Smith  
Flemenco is another term for the gypsies and their strange music. No other writer—not even Bercevicci—has caught so much of the color and the romance and the natural background of gypsies. Character, setting, adventure are all here. Listen to her: "In winter it rained for months at a time, a savage pitiless rain that imprisoned all the land in a kingdom of hissing steely spears flung bitterly from the skies that were perpetually overcast."

Or again, "It was dark and gloomy out in the wasteland and during the still hour before dawn. It was as though he rode a magic horse across the blackness of a vast and fathomless ocean; even the low sighing of the wind sounded like the dull roar of the sea, of waves breaking upon a wild and rugged coast; the faint cries of night birds wheeling in the air above his head seemed like the chanting of the sea gulls glamorizing above some desolate and long-forgotten shore."

This by no means completes the list, but space is filling, and some of the others can merely stand mention: *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*—Thornton Wilder; *Moby Dick*—Herman Melville; *Green Mansions*—W. H. Hudson; *Death Comes to the Archbishop*—Willa Cather; *Pickwick Papers*—Dickens.

### Phi Sigma Epsilon

Squaw Creek Country Club will be the scene of the Phi Sig Summer Formal to be held Saturday, June 20. As yet the orchestra has not been selected, but it will be a good one. Mr. William Lackey, of the Junior Prom fame, will be the general chairman, aided by Norbert Kirkner, George McCracken, Dazo Kovach and William Scheetz. Edward Sontag, aided by John Stewart, Lloyd Thompson, George Schuller, John Fell and Robert Dunn will handle the decorations and arrangements. Prof. Karl Benkner, the faculty advisor, is in complete charge of the favors, which will be both novel and unusual. Dancing will be from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. President and Mrs. Howard Jones will be the guests of honor.

Last Saturday night, June 6, a stag party was held, following the meeting, at the home of Hal Kennedy—(I wonder why people have parties during exams?)

Feeling that summer months have a disintegrating effect upon the fraternity, series of suppers have been planned for the season. The meetings will take place at various restaurants in and around Youngstown and will be strictly social. The purpose is to maintain during the summer months the feeling of brotherhood which is developed during the course of the school year.

Lloyd Thompson and John Stewart are the newest additions to the fraternity.

A two week stay at Conneaut, Ohio, will also be a feature of the summer.

When a big baking truck swung out into the path of Judy Herr's car—she exclaimed—"Oh Mr. Baker, not that!"

### Class Prophecy

(Continued From Page 1)

to Bare Street which was named after Professor Bare. Coming down the street dressed in black garment of the clergy was Stew Wagner. At his side timidly walked Mrs. Wagner, formerly Jane Roller, who gazed up into his classical visage with admiration. I was amazed that he had entered that profession. Perhaps Practice Teaching scared him out!

All this was a great surprise but I soon received a bigger one. I caught a phrase of the old tune, "Onward Christian Soldiers" and there sure enough, stood Winnie Chappell, head of the Salvation Army. A well-dressed man, Joe Jasechko, stepped up and placed a coin in the box and then walked to his snappy roadster.

In a car nearby sat Mrs. Cecil Chambers whom I recognized as Helen Creed. I could scarcely believe my eyes, for there in the back seat carrier I could see three tiny pink faces.

Suddenly, a great confusion in the next street attracted my attention. Rushing down there I was confronted with an amazing spectacle. The street, Scudder Avenue, was decorated with huge banners and pennants. Confetti was showered from everywhere and crowds filled the street. Coming towards me, riding on a stately white horse was Joe Fisher, the Neon Chief of Police.

"Clear the way", he shouted, and promptly everyone shrank back in fear.

Immediately following came the Neon band, with Ches McCracken as their stately drum major.

Following the band came a beautiful float, in the shape of an aeroplane made of red roses. Banners hanging from the side were inscribed thus: "Long live the hero of Neon," "Hurrah for the non-stop World Flier," "Three cheers for Smith!"

In the float sat the ever-smiling Earl Smith, tipping his hat to the populace. A woman rushed out to the float, put her arms around the hero and exclaimed, "Oh, my darling hero!" This beautiful woman, queen of the festivities, was Helen Robinson.

Beside the flier sat Miss Elizabeth Rice, wealthy spinster, who financed the expedition; Gene Powers, the designer and builder of the aeroplane, sat on the other side of Miss Rice.

Behind the float came the Mayor of Neon, Bill Best, in his official car. Next came the city officials, Edward Donahue, fire chief; Dennis Strait, Director of Public Welfare; Michael D'Onofrio, Safety Director.

Following the official's car, came the Merchants' Floats.

The first was to represent a newspaper office, advertising the "Neon Times", edited by George Schoenhard; the next, in the shape of a huge sausage, advertised Ted Macerjko's Butcher Shop. His daughter drove the float. Then there was the Herald float, advertising their Wine Shop, needless to say Helene Herald (formerly Helen Snyder) rode in this float, holding Jack Junior and Little Helene.

Jean Reid, leading a cow, brought up the rear. She was advertising Burt's "Pure Milk Dairy".

I rambled on my way up the street and met Edward Humphreys, sweeping the streets. I chatted with him for a while and learned that he was Head of the Street Cleaner's

Union of Neon. I went on my way and saw a large brick building at the corner and thought I might as well investigate. It was the city jail. There was a trial on, so I stopped in to listen. Mary Louise Pleger was being tried for speeding in her new roadster. John Allison was acting as judge.

That evening, I sauntered over to the town hall, where a short program was being given by the people in honor of Smith. After a short address by Bill Best the curtain rose and displayed a beautiful setting. Suddenly, under the spell of enchanting music, played by the pianist, Eleanor Wike and Ann Malmer, gracefully flitted into an adagio. The audience clapped and cheered wildly.

The next act was a scene from Romeo and Juliet, enacted by the talented partners, Al Quaranto and Marliouise Gambrel.

Joe Fisher, Neon's versatile cop, entertained with some very clever acrobatic feats. He was assisted by Robert Aley, who held the pole on which Joe performed.

The acrobatic stunt was followed by a vocal duet by Edith Johnson and Elvira Tartan.

The song was not quite finished when Ann Mastriano hurried through the audience selling Wilcox's Peanuts and Seman's Hot Dogs.

I looked around to see who was present and I saw a very stout man in a checkered suit and a striped vest. It was "Pop" Schultz, the man who made a fortune in the butter and egg business.

There sat Lois Shaw and Howard Hutzen holding hands like a couple of love birds. They hadn't grown up yet.

Miriam Hanelin, the renowned society woman, sat in a special box. There had been a lot of scandal when she secured her divorce from a writer whom she had married in Palestine not long before.

Growing tired of the entertainment, I left the hall and wandered down the street. It surely was a pretty town, everything was so bright and new looking. At this moment a confectionery store attracted my attention. It was "The Neon Sweet Shoppe". Looking in, I saw Glenn Wildman, of all people, to be running a confectionery, deavouring a quart of North's ice cream, as if he had never eaten any before. I laughed and went on.

As it was growing dark, I went to a hotel owned by Dr. Bowden. At the desk I discovered Chuck Voinovich, who gave me a pretty room finished in red and gold. Chuck told me Dr. Bowden had had Miss Evans and R. G. Bunn the great interior decorators, design the room.

Walking down the street the next day, I heard the peals of a wedding march. I went over to Jambar Community Church, where I beheld a brilliant wedding taking place. Entering I found the ceremonies in progress. To my amazement the blushing bride was a wealthy widow and the proud groom, Ray Codrea. There was something strange about that match. Tillie Gogesch, the town's society reporter, told me they had been engaged for a long time, but they were waiting until Ray could become accustomed to her brood. Stew was the preacher and officiated at the ceremonies. The wedding was very effective with a color scheme of rich-hued red and gold.

(Continued on Page 4)



## A REVIEW OF "SQUARING THE CIRCLE"

Squaring the Circle—A jest in three acts, by Valentine Katayev, translated from the Russian by Chas. Malamuth and Eugene Lyons.

Since its first production in 1928, Valentine Katayev's comedy Squaring the Circle has become the unchallenged favorite of the mass of Soviet theatre-goers. Its amiable exaggeration of the search by Communist youth for a new code of love, romance, and morality—and of the crowded housing conditions under which the search proceeds—touched Soviet risibilities as nothing behind the footlights before or since. The characters and lines of the play are familiar even to millions who have never seen it performed. The Moscow Art Theatre alone has already played it more than seven hundred times, scores of provincial theatres have put it on and it is still going strong.

In the new Russia even broad farce has its social purpose. In this case it is twofold. The play pokes fun at petit-bourgeois notions of marriage and the family. At the same time it caricatures no less gently silly attempts to discount love as a mere bourgeois prejudice. The scrambled loves and marriages and their facile unscrambling in this play are in no sense a realistic picture of domestic relations in the Soviet Union. Written in 1927-28, the action of the play transpires in the last years of the NEP (New Economic Policy) epoch. The leading characters are all "Komsomols," members of the Communist Youth League. The play stands as a hilarious proof that these earnest young followers of Marx and Lenin are utterly human and no more immune to the thrills and thrusts of love than youth under any other social system.

Characters: Vasya: a member of the League of Communist Youth; a serious-minded young worker, simple and abrupt in manner, sincere and without frills.

Abram: also of the Communist Youth; roommate and closest pal of Vasya but with frivolous mundane appetites that contrast with Vasya's genuine seriousness.

Tonya (whose full name is Antonia Kuznetzova): a serious-minded member of the Communist Youth who disdains feminine frivolities and is determined to be as hard and useful in the world as any man; un- aware of, and disinterested in her good looks.

Ludmilla: a real she-girl, not belonging to the Communist Youth, chiefly interested in her own pretty face, domestic comforts and boy- friends.

Comrad Flavius: an older Bolshevik, wiser and more experienced than these four young people but chummy with them all.

Emilian: a poet of the masses; a tall, blond, lumbering giant of a man who looks more like a long- shoreman than a poet.

Also: boys and girls of the Communist Youth, who take their fun where they find it and manage to mix Karl Marx and vodka with heady effects.

Time: The present. Place: Mos- cow.

The Characters  
Vasya, a member of the League of Communist Youth, John Logan.  
Abram, a member of the League

of Communist Youth, Frank Jaczko. Tonya (Antonia Kuznetzova), also a member, Martha Neag.

Ludmilla, not belonging to the Communist Youth, Leda Cossack.  
Comrad Flavius, an old Bolshevik, Frank Stewart.

Emilian, a poet of the masses, Peter Jesik.

Boys and girls of the Communist Youth, Frank Stewart, Marjorie Wighton, Howard Rempes, Elbert Baker.

Commencement program play, June 9 (Tuesday night).

## "Sorrow"

By Fay Treffert

She stood in the doorway, one hand clutching the casing, the other twist- ing the corner of her blue apron. Sometimes she remembered, and the apron fell from her fingers and lay wrinkled against her long dress. The wind was cool in the darkness be- fore the first light of day; it moved through the trees and brushed her face, loosened the curl above her ear. She was sixty-five years old, but age had no meaning for the curl. It had never behaved, perhaps because he was always pulling it; he had been such a tease. Curious that he should have gone this morn- ing. It was the first night the girls had left her alone with him. He had seemed so much better; there was no need to stay; Henry was there in case anything happened.

They should be coming by this time; it wasn't far to town, and Henry had said he would hurry. She heard the cars; Jack and Tom had driven, too. They were good boys Hazel and Gertrude had married; she had no worries for her daugh- ters.

The girls were running; they shouldn't do that. She was all right, but they wouldn't understand. If it were all over; if it could stay peace- ful and quiet and dark; but, there, she mustn't think so. People must pay homage.

"Mother!" Both girls spoke at bit and led her into the house—into once. They kissed her and cried a the bedroom. They were all there now, looking down at their father, crying, turning away. How easily they cried; she felt no tears, only a dull pain in her heart.

"Now, Mother," Hazel guided her into the kitchen, "you're going straight to bed. Missing your sleep and with all the commotion there'll be today, you'll simply have to rest awhile. We'll attend to everything. Gertrude, you take her upstairs. I'll get the coffee on. The undertaker will be here soon and the doctor for Mother. This house must be clean- ed from top to bottom by this even- ing at the latest. Jack, you'll have to drive back home and get me some things. You may as well go too, Tom, and get Donald and Jane off to school. There's no sense in their missing this first day anyway. We'll all eat breakfast now though, get it over. I wonder where Mother keeps the cereals. She never puts any- thing in the same place twice. How is she, Gertrude?"

"Dropped off the first thing or at least pretended to. Ready to eat now? I'll pour the coffee. It was so unexpected; I'll never forgive myself for not staying last night, but Donald had such a cold and—"

"Now there's no use reproaching ourselves. It happened and why

think about it? I always say there's no use crying over spilt milk. We'll have to telegraph Aunt Nell and Aunt Kate. You boys can do that when you go over town. They ought to be able to get here by tomorrow morning."

"Hazel, we'll need some food. Mother's stock is low, and there are so many relatives, close enough to stay for meals, I mean."

"You make out a list; the boys can get it. How about clothes? I have my navy blue taffeta. It seemed such a waste of money to buy black when I never wear it. I suppose Aunt Kate will think it indecent that I'm not going into deep mourning, but I don't care. If I had the money she has to spend for clothes, I wouldn't think twice about it. Your coat is black, isn't it, Gertrude?"

It was evening. Somehow, it was better in the evening. The pain had eased a bit. She had cried, they said, while she slept, great, harsh, rasping sobs. Perhaps, that had helped. She looked at him lying in the bed. There was no one about for a moment; he was all hers. She had wanted to have him in bed this one night; the thought of a casket still terrified her a little. By morn- ing she would have made herself understand. The children had agreed; they wanted to wait for their aunts' decision on the type. She wondered if the children were letting their aunts' wealth affect their attitudes. He had always laughed at his sisters and their assumed superiority; she had thought the girls and Henry would do the same. It would hurt her if they chose the other way. He seemed to be at rest. Dear God, she prayed he was at rest.

"Elizabeth, we were so shocked when we received that telegram, You can't imagine!" Kate and Nell dabbed at red eyes and blew red noses. "James dead; We can't quite accept it. The papers gave lovely accounts, so clear and concise for a small town. They're copying after New York papers more every day. There, there, we won't get you excited. We must talk to the children about the arrangements; we'll leave you now."

They had arrived from New York that morning. It was really pitiful the change that money had wrought. They had been nice girls years ago. She remembered they had come to her with their little troubles after she and Jim were married. His mother had been a hard woman; she had had little patience with her children.

"Now, Aunt Kate, what type of casket would you suggest?" inquired Hazel. "We had thought a met- allic would be best ourselves."

"Metallic!" Both aunts raised their eyebrows at once. "Indeed, children, whatever put such an idea into your heads. Nothing but a gangster is buried in a metallic casket. Ma- hogany and black plush would be more suitable."

"Well, of course, we had set our hearts on a metallic, and mother rather wanted it, too. However, you know much more about it than we could ever hope to know so—" trailed off Gertrude.

"Then that's settled. Now about your clothes. I notice you haven't a black dress on, Hazel. I suppose you didn't realize the discourtesy to your father. We expected as much and took the liberty of ordering dresses and coats and hats for you before we came."

"Oh, but, Aunt Kate", exclaimed Hazel.

"No 'buts' about it; you'll wear these outfits. They'll be the right size, never fear. You have the list of cars, Tom. I take it they are all black?"

"Well, not every one, but most of them are", said Tom.

"Every car must be black. Who- ever heard of a green or blue, or tan car at a funeral. It isn't being done in New York, and it's not going to be done here. You will rent the cars if you can't find them any other way."

"Well, now, I don't know—" Tom spoke hesitantly.

"You don't know! Really, Nell, I've noticed a certain air around this house since we first stepped into it, haven't you? Of course, nothing can be done now, but as soon as James is properly buried—if anything could be properly buried from this house—I feel that we should leave". Kate stated the mat- ter grimly.

"Now, Aunt Kate", both sisters chorused at once.

"Enough said; there is no need for further discussion". They turned and left the room.

"Well, I must say, if that's the way they feel—" Gertrude respond- ed instantly.

They buried him with masses of flowers and black cars and mourn- ing clothes that afternoon. She felt at times during the minister's pray- er such a hopelessness that it frightened her. She clung desper- ately to her wedding ring for cour- age.

In the dusk they drove back. Nell and Kate found it imperative that they return to New York at once. They were sorry, but there seemed nothing else to do. Hazel wanted to examine her chickens; Gertrude felt the strain had been too much for Donald; she bundled him home to bed. They would come out first thing in the morning. She would be all right with Henry. One of the horses needed attention; Henry went out to the barn.

She stood in the doorway in the warm evening, one hand clutching the casing, the other twisting the corner of her blue apron.

The wind rustled in the trees and blew around her face, loosened the curl above her ear. The darkness brought peace and quiet.

## Class Prophecy

(Continued From Page 3)

The bride and her maids carried red roses and the groom's face matched them.

As I watched the couple drive away on their honeymoon, someone next to me poked me in the side. With a bang, I started and found myself back once more in my old Alma Mater at Graduation with the one next to me whispering, "Wake up, stupid! Do you want to be missed? Get up there and get your diploma."

Drunkenly I staggered to the plat- form trying to grasp the full sig- nificance of the strange dream.

So Joe Fisher is resorting to cor- poral punishment. I hear that he took Helen Creed for a canoe ride and then paddled her back.

When asked if he would enjoy sitting in the cafeteria to smoke a cigarette, Dr. Reid replied, "It's not the place of the army officers to start a revolution."