

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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GIRLS VARSITY DEBATE TOUR

Men's Team begin a Ten Day Tour on March 4

Houghton was represented in several Pennsylvania Colleges February 7, 8, and 9, by the Girls Varsity Debate Team, Lee, Smith, and Murphy, debating on the negative of the munitions question in behalf of Houghton.

Great excitement was registered during the girls' absence, at the ringing of the Chapel bell on Thursday and Friday nights in celebration of Houghton victories. However, the girls brought back a report not of victory, nor of defeat, for the Seton Hill debate resulted in two decisions: one affirmative and one negative, and the California State Teacher's College debate was non-decision.

The girls left at 3 A. M. Thursday with Dr. and Mrs. Paine. It was a rather tired team of girls which met the Seton Hill trio before a large High School audience in Greensburg on Thursday afternoon. The first debate of any season is necessarily ragged although the negative case stood up well under the affirmative onslaught. Evidence of a superior negative case was manifest in the decision of the High School debating Class for the negative side. Audience decision favored the affirmative team 116-96.

Seton Hill is a Catholic Girls College of very high standing. "It is an education in itself" the girls team said "to visit other colleges and observe their customs and attitudes in comparison to Houghton." Seton Hill gave the team a very warm reception, however, and the short stay there was delightful.

The reception at California State Teachers College is aptly put in the words of an article in the College Weekly, "Even if the masculine and feminine argument did begin back in the Garden of Eden not even Peggy Joyce is tired of it. Tonight's debate will be collegiate forensics in a Reno setting and the judges and the public will not be from Nevada but from Missouri." Again the welcome was cordial and the debate very successful. This time it was a men's trio which upheld the affirmative. There was no decision rendered after the clash, and consequently, no definite opinion was voiced. Again the California debaters held a party in Houghton's honor and enthusiasm was sincerely manifested from both Colleges.

This is the first trip that a girl-debating team has ever taken. It is believed that the experiment was successful and has formed a precedent for the years to follow.

The Men's Varsity Team begin their ten day tour on Monday, Mar. 4, and Allen, Cronk, Boon and Queen are the recipients of our heartiest best wishes for a successful tour in the name of Houghton.

Alumni Visit Campus

Among the large number of alumni seen over the week-end were: Hazel Sartwell, Erma Anderson, Hugh Thomas, Ida Roth, Winona Ware Cronk, Wm. Joslyn, Willard Stevenson, Richard Farwell, Wm. Farnsworth, Betty Coe, Esther Brayley, Orrel York, Clair McCarty and Goldie Farnsworth.

Miss Bertha Rothermel to Receive Ordination

Miss Bertha M. Rothermel, member of the Senior Class at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, has been recommended for ordination to the ministry by the Permanent Council of the Baptist Union of Rochester and Monroe County.

Miss Rothermel having the degree of B. L. I. from Emerson College of Oratory in Boston was the teacher of Expression at Houghton College from 1926-1933. She is also an alumna of the College, having taken her A. B. degree during her years at this institution. Previous to her coming to Houghton College, Miss Rothermel, having taken nurses training in Troy, and at Columbia University served for several years as matron of hospital, for three years as medical missionary to India and for sometime as an associate of Doctor Grenfell in Labrador.

Since going to the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, she has addressed scores of Missionary groups in Western New York, besides working very actively in Bible Study groups in Rochester and vicinity.

A public ordination service will be held for Miss Rothermel at the Baptist Temple in Rochester at a later date.

RUSSIA PRESENTED IN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

A glimpse of life in the Soviet Union was afforded Houghton students, faculty, and friends at Tuesday's chapel when Ray Sweetman of New York City, lectured and showed moving pictures taken this last summer. Howard Shinn, Allegany County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., introduced the speaker who was one of several prominent members of Sherwood Eddy's 1934 tour to Russia. Here this group of well known schoolmen, ministers, and lecturers sought a better understanding of existing conditions. To better inform their own countrymen of what they found, they took movies, some of which were those shown by Mr. Sweetman.

Before presenting the pictures, the lecturer called the attention of his audience to matters affecting a better understanding of conditions within the Soviet Union. He mentioned Russia's oriental background with so strong an influence that, as long ago as Peter the Great, westernization was not possible. For centuries the religion of the nation has been Greek Catholic with a still powerful influence. The natives have had an autocratic government in the Czar and expect an autocratic Soviet government now. Their social lives have always been that of the group, never the individualist, so that it is easy for them to live and work as groups under the present regime for the Reconstruction of their nation. The question of America's attitude toward Russia arises: Is it better to fight and reawaken memories of the bloody crusades to Turkey, or is it wiser to establish human contacts, having faith in them as human beings until they are ready to share our faith?

Mr. Sweetman seemed to favor the latter alternative, and his pictures pointed to that end. He seemed to stress the apparent equality of

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A PRAYER

BY PIERCE E. WOOLSEY

Oh, Christ, who didst in anguish pray
In dark Gethsemane,
Let me, one moment, sense today
Thine awful agony.

Breathe in my soul a love like Thine.
Unwavering and true;
Fill now my heart with light divine
And pierce the shadows through.

Put in my breast a willingness
To yield my all to Thee;
Remove all pride and fretfulness
And set my spirit free.

Do Thou my weakness fortify,
Make every fear depart;
Send now Thy fire from on high
And thoroughly purge my heart.

For me, oh Christ, Thou pray'dst
alone
In dark Gethsemane:

My sinful nature to atone
Thou suffer'dst agony.

'Twas not in vain that Thou didst
pray,
In vain Thou didst not die;

For now, with joy, my lips can say
"A ransom'd sinner I."

(Inspired by the Gethsemane window in Houghton's new church Houghton, N. Y.)

In Memoriam

BY S. W. WRIGHT

The Wesleyan Methodist Church, the forces of righteousness, the Church militant have suffered a distinct loss. The Reverend Thomas F. Baker of Sheridan, Indiana, laid aside the Christian warrior's armor on the early morning of the Lord's Day, February 24. There has passed a man to whom Christian service was a delight. Iniquity, wherever and in whatever form it appeared was to him a challenge. He met it unhesitatingly and unflinchingly. He likely knew that this placed him in personal danger, but no one could tell whether he knew it or not. No one could claim that he was always right, but he was much more often right than wrong, which is really an enviable record to achieve.

The official responsibilities carried by Brother Baker were of long duration, varied and heavy. He came up thru a successful pastoral ministry in the Indiana Conference and was a distinct factor in the building of that conference as its president thru a considerable period. For more than fifteen years he had carried connectional responsibilities, first, for four years as General Missionary Secretary of the whole Wesleyan Methodist Church, and then, up to the time of his death as Home Missionary Secretary. During a part of that time he was President of the General Conference.

For much of this time he was a member of the Book Committee. His work as Home Missionary Secretary called for a high type of ability and of sacrificial service. The many thousand miles he traveled in ministering to the missionary and other developing projects of the church brought him into contact with almost every conceivable sort of problem. He could step easily and quickly from a teeth-cleaning demonstration among the colored children of our Alabama school to a constructive con-

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Special Services Continue in Chapel and Church

Many Have Received Definite Help Through Ministry of Evangelist Anderson.

For nearly two weeks the Rev. David Anderson, of Bradford, Pennsylvania, has been conducting special evangelistic services in the Houghton Tabernacle Church with the pastor, the Rev. Mr. J. R. Pitt assisting. Manifestly, the Spirit of God has been using these services as a medium for reaching many hearts, both to bring the joys of salvation to the unconverted and the victories of deeper works of grace into the lives of believers. The response of the townspeople and students alike has been gratifying, in attendance and in other expressions of devotion to their Christ. Countless prayers are continually being offered on behalf of those who have not yet found Christ as a Saviour and as a Friend, and the effect of this intercession is noticeable.

The services have usually been opened with singing, praise and prayer, after which Brother Anderson has brought soul-stirring messages. It may be mentioned that Prof. A. D. Kreckman and Miss Magdalene Murphy have rendered conspicuously devoted service in the capacities of song leader and pianist, respectively. Others who have contributed to the success of the services by singing or playing in special musical groups are Willard Smith, William Foster, Silas Molyneaux, Glenn Donelson, Wilson Kopler, Carl Vanderberg, Dorothy Trowbridge, Elizabeth Harmon, Beatrice Bush, Ivone Wright, Frances Hotchkiss, Rowena Peterson, Dorothy Kenyon, Lois Shea, Alvin Parker, Merritt Queen, Albert Moxey, and Robert Sallveson, besides the church choir, which rendered an anthem on Sunday.

Everyone is most cordially requested to attend the few remaining services of the series, and all of God's children are exhorted to earnest prayer that God may use this special effort to impress the claims of Christ on human lives now and even after the evangelist has returned to his home.

In next week's Star will be published a resume of each service, which lack of space compels us to omit in this issue.

This Is What I Think

Owing to the scarcity of women in the halls during the interviewing hour, men only were called upon to give their unguarded opinions concerning the Houghton Star. The three, each ignorant of the opinion of the others, contributed almost identical statements in their criticism of this paper.

Mr. Wilfred Gibbins was quick to offer the observation that he liked the news stories of the paper the best. He specified news which concerned things of local interest. The editorials are the second object of this man's commendation. "They," he said, "are usually of good quality and reflect the views of the school." Upon being questioned further, he

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Chapels Emphasize Necessity of Surrender of One's Life to God.

"If we are not servants of God, our lives are dishonest!" This, in a booming, senatorial voice, came as a challenge to the student body when they first heard the Rev. Mr. Anderson in the capacity of chapel lecturer.

Rev. Anderson is holding evangelistic meetings each evening in the Tabernacle Church and each morning in College Chapel. The type of message which he delivers may be described as being clear in doctrinal significance and in general application. Each one of the talks thus far presented concern the teaching of grace or, directly, the salvation of the lost.

Insofar as the entire purpose of this series is towards the end that students may have an opportunity to find Christ, expository preaching has not been used to any great extent.

Each morning the speaker has approached from a different angle the necessity for the surrender of one's life to God. At one time stress was put on consecration as being the only fair thing for a man to do in repayment for God's daily blessings. At another time the effect of one's life upon the lives of others was given as a strong reason for one's living for Christ. Still another theme concerned the realness of God's presence in the believer.

In each lecture impressive stories and parables illustrated the various points. For instance: he likened the sinning in one's life to the forging of a great chain which would sooner or later bind unless one were set free by the work of Christ. Again he told of the true instance when a nurse inadvertently gave her patient poison. This story was cited as an example of sincerity in wrongdoing. Eternity was spoken of as being separate from each individual by only a heartbeat; hence the folly to live a sinful life.

In his endeavor to reach the hearts of the unsaved listeners, the speaker tried to meet and answer the questions which might occur in the thinking person's mind. Evidence was given to prove that the conscience is not an infallible guide, that it may be seared over, or weak, or entirely evil. In these cases it can not be trusted to lead a man to God. The cowardliness of blaming a wicked life upon poor bringing up was set in contrast to the righteous life of Josiah, King of Judah, who followed God in spite of surroundings and opposition.

The attention accorded Mr. Anderson's messages is one evidence of the earnest sincerity with which they are given.

Museum to Investigate Here

Dr. Douglas and Domenic Curcio were guests of the Rochester Municipal Museum Saturday Feb. 23rd. As a result of their visit the museum authorities have promised to come up in the spring and look over the territory to determine the advisability of doing intensive work here in archaeology.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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1934-35 STAR STAFF

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Editorial

If you don't get your feet soaked today you will probably break your neck tomorrow. Even if you should survive these two, the next day you can take your chances wading through snow banks.

With a dozen available Federal Aid men and at least a third of the fellows in school willing and anxious to work part of their way, it certainly seems unnecessary to run such chances of injury and pneumonia from the atrocious condition of the campus walks. As if the old stairway were not dangerous enough in itself, there is absolutely nothing done in rain, snow, or ice. The walks themselves are plowed occasionally, but not adequately and seldom at the time when most needed. When rain is the prevailing weather, boots or wet feet are the only alternatives. In icy weather one could more easily skate to and from buildings than attempt to walk.

We have the manpower and the snow and ice. If we could only get them together everyone would be much better off. Several people would be thankful for jobs and all of us would be thankful for comparative safety. The least the authorities can do is put up signs something like—"Passable but dangerous, proceed at your own risk."

K. J. B.

GLIMPSES

Presenting: Pritchard Douglas

At first, this honorable senior appeared to have led a very do-little life, but, finally, after exercising all our patience and then all our lack of it we extracted this précis of Mr. Douglas' life. As accurately as he could figure it out, he was born at Jamestown, New York, on March 22, 1913, although he refused to commit himself very definitely on this point. As he laboriously dug a hole through a sheet of paper with his pencil point, we just as laboriously tried to dig out some information from him. We finally were given to understand that he spent his high school days in Syracuse—studying! At our look of incredulous amazement, he modified this radical statement into one that he "managed to get through" in 1930.

Apparently his memory grew greener as he thought about his college life. He has belonged to the Pre Medic Club and is President of it this year; he has played in the orchestra and band; he has sung in the chorus; he is treasurer of the Senior Class; he is an active member of the Student Council, being chairman of the committee on the recreation room. Asked for a statement concerning Houghton, he remarked in a very unique way, "Nice school! Nice people!"

Presenting: Purla Bates

Miss Bates was presented to the world in 1914, an April Fool's Day trick. She attended Barker High School, and while there served as treasurer of her class for two years

and president the last two years. She was graduated in 1931, a member of the New York State Honor Society.

And then she came to Houghton. Although at first she had no intentions of remaining here all four years, she changed her mind completely and now thinks she wouldn't have missed these four years for anything. She has been a most active member of the student body and an asset to every club of which she has been a member. She belongs to the Expression, German, and Owls Clubs. Her Junior year she was treasurer of her class. She too sang in the chorus. This year she is associate editor of the Star. Being vitally interested in active Christian work, she has been very active in W.Y.P.S. work. The biggest contribution Houghton has made for her life has been the raising of her ideals and ambitions. In her opinion "Houghton has meant much in my life. Its Christian atmosphere, Christian ideals, and my Christian friends have wrought serious changes in my life and have caused me to make entirely different decisions than I might otherwise have made."

Presenting: Harriet Pinkney

Our literary minded person, now steps up to make her bow, Miss Harriet Pinkney, who was born in Castile, N. Y. on December 31, 1913. When she was in Castile High School she made her literary debut by winning various dollars in various essay contests, dollars which were very enjoyably spent, she assured us. She also engaged in dramatics until she graduated in 1931.

She assured me that aside from being called once before the discipline, (Continued on Page Four)

ALUMNI NEWS

Houghton Representatives in One Family

In response to the urgent request of members of the Alumni Committee of the Star, I am attempting a short history of the members of my family who have attended Houghton Seminary and College. Inasmuch as "time and tide wait for no man" I must write now or fail to have this on hand at the proper time—and probably I'd have no more data though I should wait as much longer as I already have.

As many, perhaps all, of the Alumni know, Melvin Eugene Warburton was the first graduate of Houghton Seminary. After two years in Houghton he graduated in the year 1888. Florence Vough, who later became his wife, was also a student at Ho'ton, tho this romance had an earlier beginning and cannot be attributed to Ho'ton's influence. Eugene Warburton entered the ministry in the Wesleyan Church and served many churches in the Rochester Conference. He also served as Conference Secretary for many years. At the time of his death he was pastor of the Bath charge. It is interesting to note that all three of his children, Fidelia, Clark and Fred, hold diplomas from Houghton.

Merton D. Warburton, brother of Eugene, and Fitcha Rose Warburton, sister, were both students at Ho'ton in the early days. Merton also became a Wesleyan Minister and is at the present serving a pastorate in the Rochester Conference. He did not find his wife at Ho'ton, but nevertheless found one who has taken a great interest in the School, and they too sent all three of their children, Mary, Edith, and Ruth, there to school.

Rose Warburton married Fred Presley, also a Ho'ton student and a Wesleyan minister. They, too, spent many years in pastoral work in the Rochester and Champlain Conferences. Of their seven children, four attended school at Ho'ton.

Speaking of these ten of the second generation who have been at Ho'ton I shall begin with Robert Presley who was the first, I think, in point of time. He spent three years in work in the Advanced Department 1912-1914 (?). After the completion of his college work and after the war he taught for a number of years in Central High School, Syracuse, N. Y. Then he went to California to teach there and eventually found the West exactly to his liking for he has been there ever since. Perhaps his marriage to a western girl helped to keep him there.

In 1914 two Warburtons—or rather one Warburton and one Presley—were graduated from Ho'ton Seminary. These were Clark Warburton and Flora Presley. After a short period of teaching, Flora was married to Floyd Crawford of Ho'ton and has since divided her time between her family of four children and the schoolroom. She has proved to be a splendid teacher and lover of the work. Her home is at Clay, N. Y.

Clark Warburton returned to Ho'ton for advanced work, and then took his A.B. degree at Cornell. After his return from France he spent three and a half years teaching economics at Ewing Christian College, Allahabad, India. He then returned to the United States and taught at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. After taking his Ph.D. from Columbia, Georgia. From there he has taught at Emory College, Washington, D. C. to do research work at Brookings Institute

He has also done considerable writing on economic subjects. He is married and has one son, now four years of age.

The next year that Warburtons graduated from Ho'ton was 1916 when three of them, Mary and Edith sisters, and their cousin Fidelia graduated together from the Preparatory Dept. Though Fidelia had done much of her high school work by home study and had spent only two years at Ho'ton, she carried off highest honors in the class, while I was much surprised and very highly gratified to receive second place. All three girls have spent the most of their lives in the schoolroom for all became teachers. Two of them still teach, Fidelia in the high school at Hamburg, N. Y. and Mary in district schools near Corning. Fidelia enjoys the somewhat unusual privilege of having three diplomas from Ho'ton Preparatory '16, Male '17, and College '26. No, it did not take her ten years to finish college; she taught several years in the meantime. Mary Warburton Kellogg did not finish college but has taught in the public schools of the state and has besides two boys of her own to teach. I, the third of the group, took three years college work at Ho'ton, then one year at Wheaton College in Illinois where I received my degree in 1922. After teaching one year elsewhere I was privileged to return to Ho'ton as a teacher in the Preparatory Dept. but stayed only two years because of my marriage to Charles Pocock—also a former Ho'ton student. The last ten years have found me busy teaching, keeping house and of late caring for our small son who would like to have "mommie" spend most of her time playing with him.

In 1917, Fred Warburton, brother of Clark and Fidelia, graduated from the the Preparatory Dept. Like Clark, Fred took his A.B. at Cornell and three years later received his Ph.D. from the same institution. During this time he acted as instructor in physics. Fred is married to Elsie Pocock, a former Ho'ton student and their son is five years of age. They have spent four years in Norman, Oklahoma where Fred was a member of the physics staff at the University of Oklahoma. At present he is finishing his fourth year at the University of Kentucky at Lexington.

D. L. Presley, brother of Flora and Robert, came to Ho'ton in 1919 to study Theology. Sad to say, he spent not quite one year in Ho'ton for on May 31, 1920 he lost his life while swimming in the river with a group of the college men. Every possible effort was made to save his life, but to no avail.

Ruth Warburton, sister to Mary and Edith, has two diplomas from Ho'ton: Preparatory '23 and College '27. After receiving her degree she taught four years in Freedom High School, Freedom N. Y. At present she and her husband, Leland Chamberlain, reside on their farm near Belfast, N. Y.

Last but not least, Alice Presley spent the year '26-'27 in Ho'ton College. She did not return a second year but went to California to be with her brother, Robert. Since her return from the West she has been employed by a Syracuse firm. She is now married to George Williams and they reside at Liverpool, N. Y. N. Y.

So now comes the end of this rather prosaic little history. As for the third generation, it remains to be seen how many of them will find their way to our dear old school. I for one hope that many of them may do so.

—Edith Warburton Pocock

NEWS ITEMS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gearhart, Howell, Mich. a daughter, June Ruth, on Feb. 7. Mrs. Gearhart was Ruth Lawrence who graduated from the Public School Music Course in 1932.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bernhoft, Tomkins Cove, N. Y. on Jan. 27, a son, Donald Lewis.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter McMurtry, Wellsville, N. Y. on Jan. 11, a son, Walter Rice, Jr.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Darling, Canandaigua, N. Y. on Jan. 7, a daughter, Mary Jane. Mrs. Darling was Elva Lucas.

Born to Rev. and Mrs. Clarence J. Haas, Batavia, N. Y. on Feb. 15, a son, Clyde Howard. Mrs. Haas was Aura Matott.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Kellogg spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Peck and little son Vernon at Addison, N. Y.

A WORD FROM

HAZEL LUPTON

Ashville, N. Y.
Feb. 22, 1935

Dear Alumni,

Since June 1934, Miss Catherine Carr, formerly of Erie, Pa. and I have been pastoring the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Ashville, N. Y. We have a fine church and parsonage, and the Lord is blessing our humble efforts in the upbuilding of His Cause in this place. There is a splendid group of about 20 young people, four of whom are former Houghton students, consequently our Church has a keen interest in Houghton and we endeavor to do our best to meet our Educational Budget. The membership in the church is 50 and the fellowship is blessed. We look forward with pleasure to our spring services in April with Rev. E. DeWeerd Lupton, pastor of Wes. Meth. Ch. Middlefield O., as evangelist.

Yours in His Service,
Hazel Lupton

Harriet Remington Writes

2438 Madison St.
Hollywood, Florida.
Feb. 10, 1935

Not long ago while scanning the radio page of a local paper, quite by chance I discovered an item that made my pulse quicken with something akin to "lonely happiness." It was the notice that at one-thirty the next afternoon the "Houghton College A Cappella Choir under the leadership of Professor Wilfred C. Bain would sing over WIOD, Miami, Fla., through the facilities of the National Broadcasting Company.

Then the copies of the Star were sent, and this letter asked for. Together the events have turned back the pages of memory for me.

To Houghton now the A Cappella Conductor may be professor Wilfred C. Bain, but to me he is still "Wif. fie" Bain of the College Inn Gang who has a decided liking for coca cola and peanuts.

Living in New York it used to be fun looking forward to Columbia Summer School when Ruth Luckey, Edith Lapham, Bertha Williams, "Dad" Tierney, "Scottie", Virg Hussey, Lowell Fox, Mark and Fred Bedford, Jane Williams, Faith Scott, Laura and Paul Steese arrived for six weeks. Many a Houghton reunion was held at the Corner Drug Store during the breakfast hour.

Yet enough in the realm of memory. You have asked for present history. A winter in Florida to one who has never been south of the Mason-Dixon Line is indeed an event.

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Evangelical Student

ON BEING OUT OF WORK

We in Houghton sometimes imagine that we have little opportunity for the exercise of our spiritual muscles, and hence are in greater danger here than elsewhere of failure in the Christian life. Indeed, some have been known to declare: "I couldn't keep an experience in Houghton, but when I went to another place and was given a chance to sing in the choir to teach a Sunday School class and do various other things, I had no trouble in maintaining a Christian experience." Suppose such a one should stand before God at the end of a fruitless year in Houghton and try to give Him such a reason for failure. "God accepts no excuses for sin."

But the desire in the heart of the Christian for something to do in the service of God, whether that desire be articulate or not, still remains. To answer the question, how can we be busy and therefore strong, two others must be asked: Who gives the task? What task is given?

As to the question, who? Two commanders there are, God and men. On which shall we depend? If we say to church or institution leaders "Give me a task," they may choose unwisely, they may have more applications than jobs, they may be forgetful, or the work assigned may be temporary. Here, as elsewhere, the arm of flesh will fail you. In Houghton, humanly speaking, there are not enough jobs for applicants (though the leaders are occasionally disappointed in attempts to find workers) and if public services were doubled in number, there would still be some earnest Christians out of work.

If, on the other hand, we look to God we will find that He is not unwise, or forgetful, or short of duties. The God who commands, "Be ye always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord," has plenty of work for us to do.

The next question, then, is *what*? First, we have a responsibility to ourselves. "... teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." "Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, in everything give thanks, ... despise not prophesyings, hold fast that which is good, abstain from all appearance of evil". Other command as to our private duty may be found in Romans 12-15; Gal. 5-6; Eph. 4-6; Phil. 1-4; Col. 3-4; I Thess. 5; Rev. 2-3. None of the things here set forth mere adjuncts of a Christian experience, but imperative and heaven-sent duties, in the acceptance of which we find fellowship with God.

Then, God gives us another responsibility, that of knowing His Word. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth."

Still we are not satisfied. We want public responsibility, and we shall have it—at the hand of God. "And they spake with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance." Who? The hundred and twenty after pentecost. To whom and where? In a public meeting arranged for them? The multitudes, seeing these men and women full of a spirit they did not understand, came together to learn the meaning—and they learned it. Those who had received the Holy Ghost could not but declare what mighty things the Lord had done and explain this manifestation in terms of the Word of God. First century

Christians worked continually at the God-given business of preaching the Word everywhere—at business, at home, in the streets. And they evangelized the entire then-known world. In the Christian Church today, in Houghton today, God is looking for men and women with hearts purified and full of love who will accept the responsibility of preaching the gospel to every creature.

To whom shall we present this message burning in our hearts? "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted." Not long ago someone remarked, "The results of that revival didn't last long." Did we restore the failing ones? I'm afraid not. Possibly in looking for human-directed responsibility that we thought so necessary, we never saw the divine-directed one, and so failed both God and ourselves.

Again, To whom shall we present the message? Our relatives, our home-town friends, our roommates, our classmates. All the unconverted persons in our acquaintance constitute our parish. And we would do well to write out our parish register and pray for each member in it, and enquire of the Lord ways and means of presenting His message.

Herein lies our public responsibility. Well may our prayer be: "Lord, this is too great for me. I am ignorant and weak. Give thou me a mouth and wisdom, that my word shall be true oracle. To thee I yield myself, for this I purify myself, for this I search thy Word. Help me to cleanse myself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit that when I stand between the one in need and the Christ, my life shall not cast a shadow on the face of the lovely Saviour."

In our clamor for responsibilities humanly and sometimes artificially invented, let us not be so blind as not to see those that are God-given.

When out of Houghton we may never have public opportunity for Christian work. On the other hand it may be multiplied—but possibly with such stipulations that we cannot give God's message. In a few years the public presentation of the gospel may be greatly restricted. If we can't stand now unless we are upheld by human hands in the shape of public duties, what will we do then?

Herein is our glorious outlet—the responsibility for holy lives—the responsibility, especially in these slippery and beclouded days, of knowing the words of God—the responsibility of speaking those words to dying men and to needy Christians.

Let us not ask for tasks equal to our powers but for powers equal to our tasks.

—J. G. Rickard

QUESTION BOX

Q. When returning home from an entertainment, if at a late hour should the gentleman come in, even if invited to do so?

A. No.

Q. Should a man rise when a woman enters or leaves the room?

A. Except for one or two defined occasions, yes. Should a man be sitting in a hotel lobby, he cannot, of course, be expected to bob up at the entrance of every woman.

Q. What is the proper way to introduce a stranger to a large group of people, as at a party?

A. Make a formal introduction to the first person, loudly enough so that those nearby will have caught the name. Then, catching the eye of several of the others, simply mention their names to the one being introduced, whereupon each may smile, or nod in acknowledgement of the introduction.



Variorum

Section A Work Presented

The students in freshman composition, section A, were recently given the privilege of writing any type they pleased on any subject whatever. The only stipulation made was that each should write something every day for a week and on the following Monday hand in six articles. In these columns are published a few of them. They range from short informal essays to sketches of incidents and short features. Among those not being published in this issue are poems, editorials, satires, serious meditations.

Why

It is late.
I am tired.
I have worked hard all day.
I wonder if I have accomplished anything.
I have more work to do.
If I do it, it will lead to more work.
If I do not do it, it will always be ahead of me.
Why work?
To earn money.
Why earn money?
To buy bread.
Why buy bread?
To eat.
Why eat?
To develop strength.
Why develop strength?
To work.
Therefore, why work?

—John Hopkins

The Snap-Shot

Dear Diary:

What do you suppose? I had my picture taken today! I know you're wondering why anybody would be foolish enough to waste a perfectly good film on me. I wonder, too...

I'm sure I posed very well—that is, if you can call perching on a rickety board fence posing. I grasped the fence on either side, firmly, and dangled my feet attractively. I tried out various kinds of expressions. There was one where my eyes were big and wistful like a dog's. But that wasn't quite right, because I persisted in keeping up a steady flow of conversation, and the gift of gab is not known to be a dog's attribute. I tried smiling insipidly, but the sun shone in my eyes. Eventually I gave up and just squinted. Click!

—Ruth Walton

The Steps

Gaily, sedately walking; turning; lightly descending; slipping, slewing; sliding, clutching, twitching, skidding—thank you. You ask the event? Just going down the stone steps on a brisk, icy, February morning. And the requirement? A professional acrobat.

—June Gibbs

Fact

Human nature is unstable. Society must adapt itself to this volatility.

Too long has a certain condition remained unrectified.

I knew a girl in grade school.

She was fat.

She was lazy.

She was slovenly.

Also repulsive.

Her name was Evelyn.

Now I instinctively dislike any girl named Evelyn.

I knew a boy named Horace.

Horace was mean to me.
I am afraid of every boy by the name of Horace.
We must kill prejudice.
Let us each assume a different name.
We might run out of names.
We could use numbers.

—Arthur Lynip

Houghton's Haunting Spirit

Drat the owl in the biology classroom! He has bewitched me.

The bulky brute stands up there quite innocently. His wobegone appearance demands the sympathy of every stray glance in his direction. For two hours the old beast hypnotized me into an almost lachrymose state.

An unromantic reader might say that his eyes are artificial, but the eerie, haunting beam in those large brown orbs speaks of the supernatural.

It must take some skill to construct, out of glass, eyes that will look natural in the heads of mounted animals. Perhaps the craftsman who made these buttons never knew the bird personally, but who can say that there was not some ghostly influence at work which guided his hands to produce these eyes? Who can say that this ghostly influence did not reside in the inmate birds?

Have you noticed that the shooting of one albino should condemn the innocent manner to a life of punishment. Is it not plausible that this owl was the treasured pet of some alban goddess, who has decreed his spectre to inhabit the lifeless carcass?

Daily, industrious students go into that room with the expectation of gaining some valuable knowledge for their memory storehouses. Think how difficult it must be to concentrate with that condemnatory spirit hovering over their heads.

Who was the killer of that bird? Is the professor of biology under the spell of the moldy beast?

—Arthur Lynip

My Master

"Who will take care of me? Doesn't anybody want me?" This is what a big pair of brown eyes seemed to ask me as I was walking along the street. These eyes belonged to a little shaggy-haired dog of nondescript color, the possessor of ragged ears that flopped dejectedly, short, stubby legs, an abrupt tail and dirt. I walked on trying to forget that forlorn little creature, but as I am a very conscientious person, I was compelled to retrace my steps until my gaze again met that of those pleading brown eyes.

I knelt down and patted the small shaggy head. Immediately I was rewarded by a tired wagging of that ridiculous, abbreviated tail. The big eyes still seemed to be begging, but the look in them was a little more hopeful. O how I wanted to take him up in my arms, carry him home, give him a good scrubbing, and then keep him. But my wife—well, she is a very nice person, but she just abhors dogs.

Suddenly, a small, red-haired, barefooted, dirty urchin came running along the street with his arms outstretched. With a quick yelp of joy, a streak of greyish brown fur leaped through the air. "Brownie! Brownie! At last I've found you and I've earned the two dollars and a half to buy your license. You needn't go away from me any more." The ragged ears were cocked, the large brown eyes were shining, and the abrupt tail was wagging ecstatically.

—Esther Bohlayer

It is a sad day when anyone fails to recognize that he is responsible to some one.

Star Sport Flashes

Captain "Dick" Farnsworth sent his varsity cagers through their first workout last Monday afternoon in preparation for the coming Alumni-Varsity game. A practice tilt was played between the Angelica High School five, coached by "Bill" Farnsworth and the local varsity with the invaders coming out on top by a close margin. The Houghton varsity has not as yet been chosen but the starting line-up will undoubtedly be picked from the following men: "Charley" Benjamin, Glenn Donelson, "Walt" Schogoleff, "Steve" Anderson, "Bob" Luckey, "Father" Gibbins, "Dick" Farnsworth and "Dixie" Goldberg. The alumni quintet is well fortified with former stars and the varsity will have to be at the top of its game to repel the grad outfit.

Continuing his assault on the track records, Glenn Cunningham of Kansas set a new mark for the 1500 meter run Saturday night at the national senior A. A. U. track and field championships when he flashed to victory in the time of 3:50.5 which bettered his former indoor record of 3:52.5. "Bill" Bonthron of Princeton was second and Gene Venke of Pennsylvania, third. Two record performances were credited to Ohio State's Jesse Owens, Negro star, who retained the broad jump title with 25 feet 9 inches and lowered the 60 meter sprint mark to 6.6 seconds, although yielding in the final dash to Ben Johnson, Columbia negro, in record equalling time.

Canisius' College 36-34 setback of Niagara University Sunday afternoon was the first loss suffered by Niagara on their home court in 39 contests and practically necessitated a play-off between the two schools for the western New York "Little Three" title. St. Bonaventure, the other member of the group has been beaten by both teams and is out of the running for the championship trophy.

Although upset by Dartmouth last week, Columbia continues to lead the Eastern Intercollegiate Basketball League, closely followed by the panthers of the University of Pennsylvania. The Lions have 7 victories and one defeat while Pennsylvania has 6 victories and 2 defeats. The closing weeks of this race promise to be a nip and tuck affair.

Once more the Major League baseball clubs have begun trekking to the southlands for spring training. Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics were the first to unpack the old uniforms and get into action. His pitchers are already working out at Fort Myers, Fla. It won't be long now until spring rolls around bringing with it the return to the outdoor activities.

IN MEMORIAM

(Continued From Page One)

sideration of problems dealing with the development of Wesleyan Methodism thru out a whole state. He could enter wholeheartedly into the one as into the other.

Little is known among us as yet of the circumstances of his passing. He was at the Board Meeting early this month and seemed in his usual good health. The following information has come to a Houghton citizen from an Indiana relative. It seemed that he was suffering some infection of one leg and passed away very suddenly early Sunday morning.

Our ranks must now be closed in a bit—nay this by no means means that the line is shortened.



Food for Thought

Weary Willie wants to know: "If a lady can dig up a lot of dirt about her husband, is it grounds for divorce?"

The A Cappella Choir is extending its influence all over the campus. Incidentally it began in church Saturday night, for various reasons—the chief one being the intense somnolency of a certain accompanist.

It is remarkable to note the influence suddenly in possession of a certain Markee cottage resident. We mean chiefly a statement made by Reverend Anderson last week: "Prudence decrees that we should close this meeting."

Here's a puzzler for the Freshman English class: Is it correct to say, "6 and 7 is 11" or "6 and 7 are 11"?

(To guard against any cases of insanity, we'll break down and tell you that neither is correct.)

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.

He stuck in his thumb,
Pulled out a plum,
And said: "My error! Where's Emily Post?"

In regard to eating corn on the cob, Emily Post says: "Attack it with as little ferocity as possible." We'd advocate the same thing of the lower hall drinking fountain—plus the donning of a diver's suit or similar apparatus.

Sub-headline in recent newspaper: "Man Takes Poison after Futile Attempt to Hang Self. Coroners Discuss Possibility of Suicide." won't these coroners ever learn not to jump at conclusions?

In proof of the often trite phrase that wonders never cease, we are presenting excerpts from an epistle discovered in the question box (author unknown). How it got there we couldn't say, but it has the general characteristics of a Letter Home: "Dear Folks: It is 9 p.m. exactly. I am in the library (Later) I am in — class. The prof. is exercising his lung calling roll and asking foolish pictures (Ed. note: How do you ask foolish pictures?) The kids say they're tired of being watched like mice all the time . . . I think I'd better stay over this week-end to study. I have a test Monday morning."

From here on the letter becomes somewhat personal, as far as the subjects of conversation are concerned. In view of this fact we choose to discontinue the publication. (And by the way, should the owner want the epistle, will she please identify it and call at the Star office? Thank you.)

It might be enlightening to several people to learn that to all practical purposes the parking space in front of the college building is Sacred to Visitors and members of the faculty Of course, a renowned artist or speaker might drive up in a Model T Ford or a "Chevy" and then again, it might be just another commuter.

There was a scarcity of replies to the measles contest last week. We did get one poem about the infirmity, though:

"She used to sit upon his lap
As calmly as could be;
But now it makes her seasick,
For he has water on the knee."

Now don't blame us. See the boys' Physical Ed. director.

The History 4 class was discussing the war of 1812, and an Indian uprising which was a phase of the war.

Mr. Gere: Was that the Indian war where Lincoln distinguished himself as a soldier?

Miss Gillette: Well—no. I don't think it was, because he was born in 1809!

. . . . We'd call it an excellent attempt to rob the cradle . . .

Prudence also decrees that we must cease this column. (This the characteristic of Prudence or Prudence in the abstract) We wouldn't wonder if Prudence—in the concrete—will be on our neck for ever starting the column.

(Question: What was Prudence doing in the concrete?)

ALUMNI COLUMN

(Continued From Page Two)

An added note of interest to many Houghton readers is the fact that my companions are Doris Hildreth Ward, and her five-year old son Donald. Mrs. Ward is down here for her health, and I came along as "general handy man." Just how successfully I play the role could only be determined by calling on us at meal time. As a cook I make a much better dish washer.

We came down in November and shall be here until May. Though the temperature could hardly be compared with your below-zero weather yet it has been cold here for south-

ern Florida. During a week in December frosts killed our Palm trees shrubs, and flowers, and, what was far more disastrous, did great damage to the state's fruit crop. Recently it has been cold again, but not so serious this time. In this climate things grow very fast, and our hedge of oleanders are all ready to blossom.

Christmas and New Years we spent at the beach in our bathing suits, and to add to the unique holiday celebration we had picnic dinners. This past week the weather has been glorious, quite like June would be back home. It is a lazy life, and somehow very unreal, as

though I would awaken to a February blizzard and find this tropical setting buried beneath a mountain of snow.

When we go north in the spring, I shall again live in New York. A friend of mine once said there wasn't enough gold on the pavements of Manhattan for me. Perhaps not in the light of his own material success, but my address is still in the big city, and I am very happy there. The "Welcome" sign is always out for old friends.

Sincerely,
"Remmie"

THAT'S WHAT

(Continued from page one)

offered that he enjoyed the humor of the paper in spite of the fact there seemed to be a super-abundance of it for such a small publication.

One who quickly becomes suspicious is Mr. Pritchard Douglas. He became lucid for a short time but, upon discovering that his words would be subject to publication, returned to his usual taciturn state. However, in his weak moment, one gathered that he enjoyed the new items, that the editorials were very acceptable, and that the humor was passable though a little too dominant. Pritchard made a suggestion which sounded reasonable. "I think that there must be more real news in Houghton's vicinity, news which should find space in a local newspaper such as our is. Mere accounts of well-known affairs are all right but they lack the life which hot news imparts to any paper."

The third sentiment, which is here presented is that of Mr. J. N. Bedford. Like those who fell before him, Mr. Bedford glibly told of his likes and dislikes until the numbing shadow of suspicion fell across his thinking processes. "I don't read the chapel write-ups," he said, "because I've been to chapel and have heard what has gone on. I am never attracted by the sports columns for the same reason. Usually I glance over the headlines and select those articles to read which concern news of some sort. Next to the news, I like editorials and the humor, both of which are real attributes of the paper."

ON RUSSIA

(Continued From Page One)

women and men as they work to hasten Recovery, the fear of Japan, the presence of many race groups giving Russians a varied background, and the very evident spirit of vigor which could accomplish wonders if applied to the right ideals.

His pictures included views of former churches now anti-church museums; a present day Greek Catholic; modern streets with traffic lights electric trolleys and buses and prominent advertisements; markets and stores which now sell luxuries under the new 5 year plan; women doing heavy work while their children are cared for in day nurseries; and the Park of Culture and Rest where numerous sports are featured and actively engaged in. A model prison where boys work for wages and want to stay, offered interest as did a comparison of living conditions of independent peasants and workers on collective farms.

Under the new five year plan luxuries for home and personal use are now permitted so that shops and stores now feature novel displays. Books and magazines are popular as the people are becoming less illiterate and more interested in Reconstruction. People gather in groups to read huge newspapers posted on the street. Posters are prominently displayed, but the propaganda used always, gives the happy side of a question.

The people did not seem to resent being asked personal questions by the

Extra! Extra!

At last the Star comes across with a long-expected scoop—after suspense, anguish, torture, chilblains and what not, by way of obtaining said information.

It was one of the days in which people know something is going to happen—the only thing is, nothing much did happen, as far as we can discover. At a certain hour (category unknown) howls of rage were heard issuing from the college building. A curious crowd was collecting, tearing their hair, gnashing their teeth, and rending their neckties. It was discovered that a wild shape was hurtling around in the space between the main and storm doors of the high school building. Executives were in despair at those unexpected innovations. Groups gathered to send up cheers for the poor wretch. Key after key was tried ineffectively on the plate glass and hinges of the doors. In the faint dusk the maniacal figure was seen going into the last movement of the Brahms Sonata. Suddenly a super-soul shouted "Eureka! I have found it." and quickly inserted a key into the one place of which the would-be rescuer had not thought—the key-hole.

As the name-sake of the great lexicographer emerged from his temporary incarceration, the crowd gave vent to saddened groans, and the whisper went up from several disappointed individuals: "Wow! and I thought we had gotten rid of him."

American group, but showed a remarkably hospitable spirit. They answered questions about Communism asked at a public gathering on a community farm or presented privately. In turn, they asked certain rather embarrassing questions relative to conditions in America.

National Sports Day with its pageantry and rhythm well depicts the organization, vigor, and courage which gives the endurance, spirit, and faith in the future to the youths of the country. Could this energy and life be applied to the highest ideals wonderful results could be obtained

GLIMPSES

(Continued From Page Two)

linary committee she had never done anything up here. I soon found out however, that she had done nothing except winning the first prize in the short story division of the literary contest and winning twelve dollars in the Oratorical contest her Freshman year, except winning second prize in the essay contest and belonging to the International Debate Team her Junior year, except being a member of the literary departments of both the Boulder and the Star except writing a playlet which was presented in chapel, except singing in the chapel choir and chorus for two years and except being an active member of the Expression, French and Social Science Clubs and the Forensic Union.

Concerning her life at Houghton she says, "It is the extra curricular activities that mean the most in college life. Houghton's great contribution to me is the opportunity it offered for making friends and meeting the different personalities.

Presenting; Carl Stamp

"Houghton is the best school in this vicinity, and I have certainly enjoyed to the full my years here," says Mr. Stamp. The world was first glorified by his presence on May 15, 1915 at Gainesville, New York. He seems to have been making himself known from the first, for by the time he was graduated from Gainesville High School in 1931 he had not only been president of the student body for two years and salutatorian of his class, but also had played a great game of basketball.

While he has been in Houghton

Comment on the Russian Lecture

ALVIN PAINE

Tuesday's lecture on Russia was very interesting, to say the least. One enjoyed being taken for a brief time to so ancient a country, especially since this nation has a unique and uniformly enforced communism. Along with the lecturer, one certainly does admire the Russians in some ways. Undoubtedly they might teach us a great many lessons in thrift and industry.

The human interest pictures of the country were especially prominent. When one looked into the faces of those tiny kiddies, he often forgot that language, customs, race, or creed ever existed. A smile is certainly a universal language, and the children of Russia smile just as winsomely as do young Americans. The lecture was interesting to the limit, and although not posing as propaganda, created good impressions in the audience as to the modern Russia, and rightly so.

As the author sat to listen to this well prepared lecture, five questions were impressing themselves upon his mind, which he should have liked answered had time permitted. What grounds are there to the rumors that Russia refuses to keep her stipulated contract with respect to our loan of the Hoover administration, and that of the former government, which she likewise repudiated? Is it true that with such competence of medical personnel in Russia, over 50% of all Russian women are incurably affected with social diseases, and does the free and easy "Marriage ceremony" have any direct relation to these conditions? If the Russian government is such an efficient one, why is it that, according to their own statistics, over 2,000,000 died last year for lack of food, and that another famine, according to the *Demo-crat Chronicle*, is expected in the current year? Why is it, if the Russian government is friendly to our government, that Russia sends men to our country who are paid to propagate, not only communism, but atheism; and have two institutions or colleges whose specific purpose is to train missionaries who shall go to Christian countries in the interests of atheism? Why does Russia be-ridge growing and crowded Japan, with her 80,000,000 people, the relatively small section of Manchuria, which China is willing she shall develop?

As one looks at Russia, with her denial and blasphemous ridicule of God, he is reminded of God's commandment to the Children of Israel as they were about to enter into the Promised Land, in Deut. 7:2-4: "And when the Lord thy God shall deliver them before thee; thou shalt smite them, and utterly destroy them; neither shalt thou make marriages with them: . . . For they will turn away thy son from following me, that they may serve other gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you, and destroy thee suddenly." Again in Psalms 9:17: "The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forger God."

One wonders at the phenomenal progress of Russia until he reads Psalms 92:7-9: "When the wicked spring as the grass, and when the workers of iniquity do flourish; it is that they shall be destroyed for ever. But thou, Lord, art most high for evermore . . ."

his attention has been detracted from his studies by several extra-curricular activities, including basketball during his Junior and Senior years work as assistant in the Physics laboratory for two years, and the subscription managership of the Boulder staff for one year.