

HOUGHTON STAR

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, NEW YORK

MARCH 7, 1946

Students' Reception Welcomes New Ones

Deans Sponsor Mixer at Rec Hall

About fifty students enjoyed themselves at the new students' reception given by the deans at the rec hall Friday night at 7:30.

Everyone took part in the group games and get-acquainted games to start the evening off. Then came entrance exam time. Four members of each class acted as judges in the contest. The only entrance requirement they demanded was that each group present a good charade. The new students were divided into three groups, and they all taxed their ingenuity to receive a passing grade.

Then the deans turned the tables and the old students were on display. They were asked to sing three verses of our Alma Mater. After the first verse they had to use handbooks which someone thoughtfully supplied.

Prof. Frank led in a period of devotions which was followed by a sing of choruses and college songs under the direction of Ethel Boyce. Then the group played more games until refreshments were served.

WAR VETS MAGNIFY AND EXALT CHRIST

Houghton's war veterans publicly asserted their faith in Jesus Christ and their gratitude for His keeping power, in this week's student prayer meeting. Many of the men testified to God's grace in their lives. Professor Heydenburk recounted how, in answer to his questionings concerning why he should have to go to war, the Lord gave him Philippians 1:12 for an answer. Elmer Sanville who was in charge of the testimonies pointed out the need for every Christian to witness upon opportunity to a world which is asking "What is thy beloved more than my beloved?"

Gordon Trof rendered a vibraharp solo of the "Lord's Prayer," and Jim Harr led the congregational singing with Professor Heydenburk, group commander, at the piano. Before prayer, Esther Grody led in a responsive reading which concerned the Christian's armor.

Veteran Scorns Pampering Attitude

During the past months, colleges and universities throughout the United States have been faced with the greatest overload of enrollments in their histories. The reasons for this, of course, are obvious. Thousands of returning service men, desiring to resume their educations, have taxed the facilities of schools to the breaking point. More significant, however, many thousands of men who, under ordinary circumstances, could not have found it possible to attend college, are being offered the opportunity by a grateful nation, in partial compensation for a job well done. Thus the year of 1946 finds a change in the campus scene all over America.

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Waiters Broadcast From Sta. WORK

"This is station WORK—on the air!" The voice of Houghton's head waiter came over the chapel microphone to the waiting student body, and waiters' chapel had begun. When the audience "tuned in" a morning watch program was in progress. This was followed by a Thrivo Dog Food presentation of Dr. I. Y. Q., and finally an amateur hour with "Your friend and mine, Major Catastrophe."

The devotional program included group singing of a chorus and sacred song, a baritone horn solo. "Overshadowed by Herbert Jansen, and Scripture reading by Bertram Croop.

Dr. I. Y. Q., generally known as Paul Trof, plied quiz contestants Bill George, Natalie Hazelwood, Ralph Knots, and Charles Giles with perplexing questions about how many times around the world spaghetti eaten in Houghton would extend, or how many cats occupied an octagonal room.

Major Catastrophe, Dave Flower, presented student amateurs to the "radio" audience. Carl Becker played a cornet solo and Paul Trof dedicated his number, "Without a Song," to Ward Hunting, Houghton's head waiter.

Barbara VanDyke led her group in a final song as station WORK signed off the air. Jeanette Fortran furnished background music at the piano.

Deans Present New Laws

At a meeting in the chapel the other day new regulations were laid down and old ones brought to our attention again.

(1) Saturday night regulation—There will be no overnight Saturday night permissions granted to those going out of town and returning to Houghton on Saturday night.

Reminder:—Always get permission from your housemother to go to another dorm to stay and check in with the housemother of the dorm to which you are going.

(2) Sunday night regulation—Quiet must be observed by those not attending the church service.

(3) Only a two-day excuse will be granted by the College for girls visiting returning servicemen.

Well-Known Author and Lecturer Speaks on Far Eastern Affairs

Mrs. Fisher Knows Oriental Countries

Mrs. Welthy H. Fisher, a well-known author and lecturer, will be the speaker on Wednesday night, March 13, at the third lecture of the series. She was principal and builder of the Baldwin School for girls in Nanchang, China, and also did war work in France under the Y. W. C. A. As an author, Mrs. Fisher has become famous with "Twins Travelogues," "Beyond the Moongate," "A String of Chinese Pearls," and others. She is now making her home in Pilgrimthorpe, Hingham, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Fisher is a recognized authority on Far Eastern affairs, having lived ten years in China and fluently speaking Chinese. Among her many friends there, she counts Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek and her sister, Mrs. Sun Yat-Sen. Also, she has lived many years in India and has written three books on the peoples of both Oriental countries. Her friends in India include Mahatma Gandhi, Nehru, and his sister, Madame Pundit. Mrs. Fisher understands Orientals as few in the Western hemisphere can, and, recently, she has added the countries of South America to her list of those visited and studied.

Mrs. Fisher has lectured extensively in all parts of the U. S. A. and makes a real contribution to the thinking of America in our post-war problems.

"I left the flesh-pots of New York City in my early twenties," says Mrs. Fisher, "and delved into interior China where I saw the last dying embers of the Manchu dynasty when the old Empress Dowager died. I went into mourning for her for forty-nine days! Came the Republic and I dined with Sun Yat-Sen, the 'father' of it.

"After ten years in China, I came home, donned a uniform, and, as a publicist said, 'spent my week-ends in America.' I journeyed to France on a convoy and returned to go up and down the Atlantic seaboard speaking in theaters, colleges, and factories to raise money for the 'boys over there.' Going back to Europe after the armistice, I went to Italy, France, Belgium, Ger-

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A CAPPELLA CHOIR WEEK-END SCHEDULE

Saturday, March 16th—

8 p. m.—Baptist Church, Ransomville, N. Y.

Sunday, March 17th—

10:45 a. m.—Pierce Ave. Presbyterian, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

4:00 p. m.—First Methodist, Medina, N. Y.

7:30 p. m.—Randall Memorial Baptist, Williamsville, N. Y.

KLING DEPICTS CHOIR CONCERT IN POETRY

The A Cappella Choir gave three concerts on Sunday, March 3. The morning concert was presented at Avon Methodist Church in Avon, N. Y. From there the choir traveled to Rochester where two concerts were given. After the program at Asbury Methodist Church, the choir was entertained at the church house. The final performance was rendered at the Sanctuary Centenary Church. The following is a poem written by a choir member which explains the experiences of the choir:

Tousled hair and drooping eyelids
Over hasty mastication;
On the bus, a pile up several deep;
Oscillatory competition
Of a Goodyear recap and Newton's law,—

These are what we forty-three children
(Of high-school age) had, felt, and saw.
"On the risers; hurry up, please.
Now, proper breathing, stand up straight.

Wasting time—I'll keep you later!
You've gone so flat the basses grate.
Altos, get your pitch; it's minor;

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Prof. Shea Relates Incidents to I. R. C.

Monday night, International Relations Club welcomed to its organization Prof. Shea, who has recently returned to teach in the Social Science Department.

The devotional period, which was led by May Sprowl, was followed by a brief business meeting. The meeting was then turned over to Prof. Shea, who told the group that his objective was that of "getting acquainted." To this end he spoke on some of his experiences from the time he was born in Canada through his recent army service. Particularly interesting were accounts of his unintentional illegal residence in the United States, which caused difficulties in citizenship procedures and his varied experiences during World War No. 2 as Intelligence and Security officer for the A.A.C.S.

Smith Sextette

Completing the Smith Sextette is Wilma Jean, composed by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smith. The other five members of the harmonious group are: Lois Ann, Evelyn, Nancy, Aileen, and Eileen. The debut of this new note took place at the Genesee Memorial Hospital, Fillmore, N. Y., at 4:45 a. m. on February 26, 1946. The performance was directed by Dr. S. I. McMillen. Referring to the "score," it will be seen that this newest "staff" member sings to the "tune" of 9 pounds, 4 ounces.

HOUGHTON STAR

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Veteran Scorns Pampering Attitude

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What should colleges know about these new students? How should they be treated? What special considerations, if any, should be tendered the returned service men? These, and more, are all pertinent questions that, when answered, will throw important light on relations existing between the student-veterans, and school officials.

First of all, the returned service man is a perfectly normal individual. He is no freak, nor is he a specimen for a psychiatric laboratory. The sooner everyone realizes this, the more quickly will the veteran adjust himself to his new environment. Individuals and institutions have, in the immediate past, tended toward a pampering attitude in dealings with ex-service men. Such action only cripples the men, and forces them into the mold of "professional veterans" who are, quite naturally, content to rest complacently on their laurels, and receive the accolade of the crowds. The result is definitely unhealthy for the veteran, and, in the long run, for society.

A service man, returned, should be treated no differently from the other college students among whom he has taken a place. He should be given no special consideration in the school beyond perhaps a certain measure of educational and vocational guidance which is necessary for his speedy readjustment to new surroundings.

In the service, men found long periods of comparative idleness about which most civilians know relatively little. These hours, when the soldier or sailor had not duties to perform, were frequently spent thinking or day-dreaming. These were the hours when the man in the service was looking ahead and projecting himself into an ideal world of his own creation into his cloud castle.

Now he is free of service-imposed restrictions, and he finds that the work-a-day world requires a certain amount of give and take. He has discovered that he must have something to offer the world if he is to take out of it a living for himself and his family. For these reasons we find the colleges filled with young men who have decided, and rightly so, that the equipment issued in college is as important to victory in life, as the rifle issued before combat was to victory on a Pacific island.

It is well for colleges and universities to know, then, that the duties incumbent upon them concerning the service men are not as great as some would imply. The veteran sincerely appreciates what has been done for him, and he is grateful to the schools that have bent every effort to make his stay a pleasant one. On the other hand, however, the veteran knows what he wants. He knows how to get it. And he will know how to use it advantageously after he has acquired it. He desires only, I believe, to become "one of the crowd," asking no quarter or special privilege. True, it is a far cry from hand grenade and mortars to Chaucer and Spencer, but the veteran will bridge the gap. He is prepared to do his best, and that best will see him through victoriously.

Robert Brairton.

Those Other People

BY MARY KING O'DONNELL

One of the more original and outstanding novels of the new year is the February Literary Guide selection, *Those Other People*, by Mary King O'Donnell. With the strands of vivid imagery and a powerful, lucid style, Mrs. O'Donnell, the author of *Quincie Bollivar*, weaves the simple search for love and happiness of Joe Onion and Leah Webster into the intricate pattern of one day's events in the historic, now slummy French Quarter of New Orleans. Here is a pattern of happiness and pathos, hope and futility, and the romance and grim realism that pervades human existence. Here is not only the colorful portrayal of the lives of "those other people," but also of each of our lives.

Leah Webster, an unhappy woman of forty, has been waiting all her life for something to happen to her. Finally she decides to hurry things a bit and accosts a red-headed sailor named Joe. They laugh and talk all night and leave one another without even knowing their last names. As the day begins, Leah is moving through the cool shadows of the June morning in search of Joe—and happiness. It is happening! She sees Tom Farabee being thrown out of

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WE GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE VETERANS

After these few weeks of the second semester the new vets are no longer strangers on the campus. Ken Kouwe, a former member of the class of '44 enters school as a junior. Ken, who is taking the liberal arts course, spent thirty-four months in the army and saw overseas service in Africa with the airways communication corps. He plans to graduate next year.

Gordon Tropf, a pre-dental student, is from Warren, Ohio. As flight surgeon assistant, Gordon spent three years in the army and eighteen months overseas. He was a member of the 8th Air Force which was stationed in England.

A ministerial student, Bob Fite, spent twenty-three months in the Army Air Corps. He is a native of College Point, N. Y. Bob was a radio operator on a B-24 while in service.

Bob Brairton, an English major spent twenty-eight months in the U.S. Army. He was stationed in Alaska while in service. Bob comes from Lima, N. Y.

A native of Sandusky, Ohio, Bob Ashton served for nine months in a hospital in Florida. He was a member of the Army Air Force and is now a ministerial student.

Donald Wing spent thirty months in service in England, France, and New York in the Engineer Corps. Donald, a native of Rensselaer, N. Y. attended Albany State College prior to entering the service. He is majoring in French and minoring in Latin and he hopes to become a minister.

After almost three years of military service, Pat Douglas has returned to Houghton. He was in administration headquarters. He saw service in England, France and Germany. Pat comes from Buffalo, N. Y.

Paul Kingsbury of Cavendish, Vermont, served in the infantry for sixteen months. He was stationed in



There is, I am told, nothing "quite like" egocentrism. I might not have agreed so readily had I not seen Witchie these past few days. Witchie is "up in the clouds" and I have been pacing about in a frustrated manner wondering how to deflate her ego. It seems that because she is far too exalted for any common *Homo sapiens* she will not speak to same. She conceded to talk with a higher form of the animal *Homo sapien*, however; and that of course made me feel rather dejected, for she whisked right past me and bounded across the campus. I quickly followed her, though, because I was anxious to know what brought on Witchie's peculiar behavior. I found Witchie talking rapidly and most vociferously with . . . (I shall not disclose the name—I wouldn't want to cause more head inflation). I finally overheard them (I wished I had been equipped with huge ears). The whole thing came about because Witchie learned in Systematic Botany that there was a plant with, of all things, the name of *Welwitschiaceae*. She somehow thought that the plant had been named for her! Well, I was certainly going to do something about that! I secured information about the plant from Doctor Rork and told Witchie, when I met her, that *Welwitschiaceae* was a desert plant . . . and that it lived in a great "expanse of waste" doing nothing! It also had little friends in such an environment. I saw a picture of the plant and found it to be a very weird thing! That was enough for Witchie . . . her spirits fell, her ears dropped and her jaws sagged. For a minute I felt sorry for her but I recovered and said a big "so there!" That almost deflated her completely! Happy daze again are here.

Last nite there was a huge explosion (so we thought) just outside the window—I was frantic! I thought it might be the boiler or else Witchie up to more mischief. Will the "owner of the noise" please write to us—we're anxious to know what size bag one must use to make such a huge explosion? Thank you!

Witchie is out on a cruise on her new invention, the "heliowitcher"—I'd better rush after her—one never knows what to expect of her.

AUTHOR AND LECTURER

(Continued from Page One)

many, and England, and studied the effect of the war on women. Then I came home and lectured in eighty-five cities in ninety days on "The Women of the Allies."

After taking a trip around the world, Mrs. Fisher married Bishop Fisher, and settled for the time-being in Calcutta. In many of her tours in other countries, Mrs. Fisher has lectured in the native language of the country. "I believe," she says, "that we cannot truly know a people until we speak their language."

HC

France and Germany. Paul is now taking the ministerial course.

Rork Describes Thesis

Pasteur Pre-Medic club had an enlightening view of the important role played by the chromosomes in plant and animal life on Monday evening.

Dr. Rork, who was the speaker, gave a brief resume of the work which she had done on chromosome counts of the Gentianaceae in preparing her doctor's thesis. There are 759,800 species in this family, twenty-eight of which have been counted. Miss Rork did work on 23 species, and of those she counted the chromosomes of 20 species for the first time. The basic numbers for the family are 9 and 13.

Dr. Rork discussed briefly the work done on various species of the Gentianaceae by use of a chart and slides. The drawings for the slides were made at magnification of 3250 and 2450. It is impossible to establish definite counts of the chromosomes in the buds of the species of the Gentianaceae, because the chromosomes are exceedingly small and tend to clump. The tendency to clump is probably due to autopolyploidy.

The work which Dr. Rork did is of an exploratory nature and there are several major problems that should be continued. It is hoped that the study of chromosomes, their number and morphology will be an aid in testing the accuracy of present classifications, which are based on purely morphological characters.

— HC —

A. M. CRONK DIRECTS LITTLE SYMPHONY

"Be there at nine o'clock sharp — and not any later" — those were the words that roused the members of the Houghton College Orchestra last Friday morning as they prepared to give two assembly programs that day. To inquirers concerning those ever-present evils, (8 o'clocks), we found that we would not be excused for absences! The bus arrived, and after being "ladies" and allowing the fellows to load the instruments first, we were off, for a 10:00 appearance at the Cuba Central School. The orchestra, under the direction of Professor Alton Cronk, presented for the first time this season the Saint-Saens "Carnival of the Animals" for two solo pianos and orchestra, with Beatrice Fletcher and Mary Ann Gearhart as pianists. After lunch in the school cafeteria, the orchestra was again on the road, this time heading in the direction of Rushford, where the program was scheduled for 1:00 p. m. There were several familiar faces in the audience here, and the principal even consented to give us extra time for an encore which the students wanted.

The personnel of the orchestra includes: Prof. John Andrews, concert-meister, Doris Potter, Ethel Anderson, Virginia Swauger, Gordon Talbot, first violin; Louis Fragos, George Forsythe, Anastasia Panish, Rosalie Lombard, Marjorie Lawrence, second violin; Marie Diller, Laura Cobbe, viola; Jeanette Fortran, Irene Titus, Evelyn MacNeill, cello; Sally Pierce, Robert Procter, bass; Lois Hardy, flute; Barbara Robinson, Kathryn Winters, clarinet; Mrs. John Andrews, bassoon; Martha Bowers, Merrill Jackson, trumpet; Phyllis Perry, Harold Enos, French horn; Beatrice Fletcher, tympani; and Mary Anne Gearhart, pianist.

PREPARATORY NEWS

BY DEAN GILLILAND

The outstanding act in the high school drama for last week took the form of a unique nocturnal weiner roast at a cozy clearing back along the rugged shore of famous Houghton Creek. The twenty that went were the rigorous majority of the Athletic Association, and each member now fully merits his membership after the strains of last Friday, if he didn't before!

The initial hour was set at 4:30 and we were delighted that everyone was ready to leave by 3:00! The group was by no means dressed in evening attire as we commonly know it, for this particular evening would have laughed at silks, laces, and bow ties! The group was divided into two teams working on a strictly competitive basis. Each team was given a clue which directed them to a familiar spot where they would find another clue. Soon the ball was rolling with record velocity and each team made its circuit of clues by different routes. The teams shared a mutual spot of termination, however, which was disclosed in the final ditty which ran:

Spot of beauty, rippling creek,
Bridge of iron you must seek.

However, after a short wait the whole

party was met by a war-like blanket-clad Indian (tribe unknown) who introduced himself as Chief Slimgum Bull Carter. He led the weary procession through the blackness of the night that was broken only by a few feeble flashlights. A ten-minute walk around trees, over banks, in water and through snow, was finally finished as the tribe reached the spot of "hot dog rendezvous." The first procedure was strictly ceremonial as "Slimgum Bull" called on "Ala Keeler" the fire god for fire from heaven to start the fire. "Ala Keeler" who was residing in a nearby tree, heard the call but couldn't get the match struck.

The usual run of activities at a weiner roast is a difficult subject to deal with but one that is generally understood. You can be sure, however, that all were happy as we leveled the food supply made up of hot dogs, pickles, pop and doughnuts. The evening was pleasantly warm and was fully enjoyed as we sang around the fire with the accompaniment of the rushing creek.

When the hour of reasonable curfew came the party goers returned over a different route, a jungled, vertical one.

KEEP 'N TRACK



BY MARIAN BERNHOFT

A change of engineers again—The "regular" is taking a week-end tour on the "Kouwe Special"—but, frankly, Ruthe is probably floating through the stratosphere along with Chi-wee's Witchie and her cornucopia ears. By now you have no doubt gathered that Don Kouwe (ex-'46) is back from Iceland with a discharge, waiting for wedding bells.

Myron Bromley, also a member of the class of '46, has found spiritual fellowship at Fort Knox, Kentucky, for which he praises the Lord. He and several of his G. I. friends spent a three-day pass at Asbury College where Paul Ries was a special speaker. At the home of a radiant Christian widow, Mrs. Scott, Myron said he with his friends had "one of the most blessed times of fellowship I remember having had . . . One of the fellows . . . yielded to God's long pressed call to his life for full-time service. The consciousness, new and fresh, of His presence was real." Those are the things we like to hear, Myron. May the Lord continue to be your guide and strength.

Kenny Motts (ex-'48) is wintering in Germany at the expense of Uncle Sam. At present Kenny isn't working too hard in the orderly room, but is hoping for a transfer to the department of investigation. He says, "If I do get the job, it will mean that I will do typing and also help investigate murders, deaths, and stuff like that. I will probably come home and join the FBI." Are you wondering about his music? He plays for chapel—and he is looking for a piano instructor so he can continue studying. How we would like to hear your "smooth" renditions on the dining room piano, Ken!

Lt. Dave Robbins (ex-'44) was back on campus arranging to return in several weeks after his "separation" at Fort Dix. For the last few months he has been ferrying B-29's over the U. S.

Cpl. C. Bernard Smith, Sr., (ex-'38 H. S.) plans to return to school in the fall of '46. At present he is attending the university at Biarritz, France (American) for this term. Mrs. Smith is expecting him home the latter part of April.

Choir members brought back some "choice morsels" from their tour on Sunday. Mrs. Curtis expects Burdette home from Germany this June. Well, that's great! Don't forget to take a "trek" Houghtonward, "Burp." Another "piece," concerns Helen Esther Baker ('45) who is waiting anxiously for a 'phone call from Frankie, who is waiting for transportation from California. It won't be long now before a plain, solid band finds its way to third finger, left hand for Helen Esther. Best of wishes to you both.

Last week-end Lucy Thornton ('43) visited the campus. Taking the opportunity afforded by her presence, I "tapped" her for all available information about herself and her classmates. She is spending a two-weeks vacation after her "capping" at the Albany State Hospital where she is enrolled in the last class of Nurse Cadets. Two of her former classmates, Mary Jane Larson and Kay Walberger, along with Lois Bailey ('42) are studying at the University of Wisconsin for their Masters degrees. Mary Jane is taking her degree in physics, and the others, in history. And then, she said, "Do you remember Ruth Sniffen (ex-'45)?" She is at Bob Jones College." Lucy rattled off several other names and places—all of which you would undoubtedly "love" to hear about. But, space do s not permit—maybe, next week.

If the "Kouwe Special" has completed its tour, Ruthe will be back on the job again. If not, well,—Keep 'n Track chugs on!



Faith in Action

REV. R. S. NICHOLSON, D. D.
Editor Wesleyan Methodist

(Secured by V. M. S.)

"This is Mineola!" The night driver was arousing the sleeping passenger on the rear seat of his bus. Forty hours later I was due in Los Angeles. Only by not missing a single connection was this possible. My ticket to the end of the bus route would necessitate an additional trip to a point where the transcontinental train made a scheduled stop.

The much studied time table showed it to stop on signal at Mineola for Texas passengers. My ticket read Los Angeles. Surely it would stop for that! Getting off here would mean several hours of much needed rest. My prayer had been that if this were God's will that He have the driver arouse me when we got to Mineola. Hence, his actions were taken as God's leadings. I was soon asleep at the hotel.

My trouble began when, an hour before train time, I telephoned the local agent, asking him to stop the train for me. He advised that to stop it there required a day's notice in advance.

I was stranded: a stranger, in a small town which had no taxi, and the train was due at the scheduled stop in less than an hour. Missing it would cost me twenty-four hours' time. I had explained my situation to the agent, who was considerate, but could not help me. How could I get to the next town, many miles away?

Breakfast was being served. I bowed my head, returned thanks, and told God I had done my best, and thought I was in His will. Satan was bitterly accusing me.

A stranger, who was seated at my table, had overheard the telephone conversation with the agent and made a few observations, some of which were not too complimentary, but to which only kind answers were returned. To my utter amazement his attitude changed and he volunteered to drive me to the junction. We had to cover more miles than we had minutes. The car was old. The road was rough. What a ride this was! But by Divine help we were standing on the platform when the train pulled in!

As the train rolled through Mineola (where, had it not been for this stranger's unexpected kindness, I would have spent twenty-four hours waiting for the next train), I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God, declaring my faith and love anew. Then He whispered to my heart: "Son, I did it to show you that I still have power."

That has been a weapon with which I have fought Satan in many hand-to-hand fights when he has attacked my faith.

— HC —

The team that was called the "varsity," which played the alumni last week, was incorrectly named by a *Star* reporter. The team was actually composed of "All Stars" several of whom, no doubt, will find themselves in the varsity line-up.

Sportscriptions

BY BURNETT THOMPSON

Now that the basketball season is officially over the time has come for the handing out of laurels. Since we have no silver cup to offer we shall merely "take off our hats" to those to whom the glory is due.

For the men's series, which was won by the once-defeated frosh quintet, the "high scoring" award was captured by Dave Flower, the junior captain, with 121 points. Close behind Dave and far ahead of third-place Fred Hanley came Joe Guest. Just to prevent the college from taking all the honors, Tom Strong of the high school quintet chalked up an 85 which missed Hanley's score by one point.

Since Guest appeared in one game more than Flower, the averages are not as close as the final tally indicates. An average of 17.2 points per game was Flower's contribution to the juniors while Guest racked up an average of 14.7.

High score for a single game was a torrid 31 points by Flower against the high school. Again Guest was pressing on Dave's heels with 29 points as his big scoring spree. This time it was the juniors who suffered. It was unfortunate for the Gold team that Guest could not be here. He would have proved to

THOSE OTHER PEOPLE

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his home by his wife never to return. Later, Tom almost drives into Merlin, Leah's brother. Merlin is so excited that he drops a ten-dollar bill into the blind women's box and this in turn effects her son and he effects Mr. Graber. So through the day one action starts another in motion and the next with the next. As the day and the book progresses these little actions blend slowly into a complex and far-reaching reaction.

This complex pattern reminds one of the finely woven piece of oriental rug the poet, Cra Shaw, gave Phillip Carey in *Human Bondage* to symbolize the interwoven and futile, yet beautiful, pattern of all human life. Just as there is this sensuousness in the rug, there also is the "sense sublime" in this finely interwoven novel. And as the rug is worn in spots and in places inexpertly spun, so also is this book. In places the characters are terribly unreal. However, characters like Bruno, Mrs. Tarantino, Georgie, and especially the colored people, make up for such obvious weaknesses of portrayal in Leah, Joe, and Merlin. Some of the description is very good, especially in the last chapter. There are some everlasting scenes like Frankie's death. The main criticism is that, despite the clever manner of introducing characters, their effects on others seem in many places a little coincidental and far-fetched.

The book on the whole is good and well worth the reading time which, incidentally, is not too long. It has certain material values aside from pure pleasure, such as good psychological studies, a frank portrayal of the southern race problem; and as comparative literature in the reading of Browning's *Pippa Passes* and Mrs. Dalloway by Virginia Wolfe.

be a valuable asset to the Gladiators.

During the color series, Norm Walker, who is back after a two-year absence, showed that his time in the service did not detract from his skill at basketball. Norm, the Purple captain, found the bucket for a total of 65 points, an all-important factor in the Purple victory. Close behind was another Pharaoh, Paul Markell, who scored 62 points.

Dave Flower, in spite of a bad ankle that threatened to keep him out of the last game, led the Gold team with 55 points. Bob Kalle, Gold center, was also in the running with 46 points.

CLASS SERIES

Dave Flower	121
Joe Guest	117
Fred Hanley	86
Tom Strong	85
Paul Markell	82
Byron Sheesley	77
Bob Kalle	65
Sam Northey	62
Bev. Barnett	57
Bob Hanley	44

HC

Literary Contest

The Literary Contest rules have put in their annual appearance on the bulletin board. They mark the 1946 invitation to geniuses-in-the-making to submit their masterpieces for judicial review.

HC

KLING DEPICTS CHOIR

(Continued from Page One)

And basses, cover up your tones. You, sopranos, drop your "r's", please; And tenors, smile—don't look like stones."

Was it two or was it three beats? Oh my! There goes that terrible itch! Wonder if they'd see me scratch it? Say, something's wrong, that's not the pitch. Wow! I'm never gonna reach the high notes!

Old Prof is laughing—he knows we're stuck!

Wish that sweat would stop just drooling.

My knees! My feet! What rotten luck! Food at last and plenty of it! And pie—such luscious-looking pie! Bravo! Marvelous speech, amazing!

Clappity-clap, CLAP! . . . clap. You monster, why?

Off to explore another building—A streak of lightning; "Where's the fire?"

"Nowhere's, sir, we've got the risers For Houghton's A Cappella Choir!" Fun, indeed; but foremost, Jesus. Before each concert prayers ascend, Prayers for hearts of those who listen, For Prof, for us—May our voices blend Not to fame or earthly glory, But to Jesus Christ, our Lord and King; May our lives and words be tokens Of the Saviour's love, of whom we sing. Come with the choir at intermission, And kneel before the Master's throne; Raise with us your praise to Jesus, And thank the Lord He is your own. Pray that souls might find salvation; Remember, too, each straying son. Pray with us that we might cherish Not any man's but God's "Well done."

—Fred Kling.

Vets Drub Spizerinctums

The Vet quintet racked up their second consecutive victory in 3 starts by drubbing the Spizerinctums 50-26, in a wild game last Saturday afternoon. This win puts the Service team in a position to take the Inter-House League championship.

The Spizerinctums, fresh from their decisive triumph over the Hazlett Hoopsters, were bewildered by the flashy passwork displayed by the Vets. The entire contest was characterized by good teamwork on both sides. However, the Giles-Jacobelli combination was far too effective under the Vet backboard for the losers to cope with. This duet alone was responsible for 32 markers.

Chief in a losing cause were the efforts of Hal Spencer and Dave Blowers who accounted for 10 and 9 points, respectively.

This Saturday, in addition to one regular Inter-House game between the Vets and the Hazlett Hoopsters, there will be a game between two girl dorms. The two dorms which will play have not been determined yet, but will be announced.

HC

WEDDING BELLS

On Saturday afternoon, February 23, Violet Elizabeth Foster became the bride of Robert William Smith, Chaplain, U. S. N. R. The wedding took place in Grace Chapel, Oakmont, Pa.

Mrs. Smith, ex-'46, attended Houghton one year and then continued her work in music at Eastern Baptist Seminary, Philadelphia.

HC

Don't Let your Dollar Down



You would certainly be surprised to find out some of the merchandise available in "the Little Country Store" opposite the Post Office downtown. Mrs. Cronk, manager of the little shop, which is in connection with the store, writes, "I want to take this opportunity to thank students and friends for their kind patronage during the years, and to solicit your continued support for Mr. and Mrs. Barker."

Cotts are offering a variety of Birthday and Occasional cards. Don't let dates slip by without a friendly greeting!

Glazed walnut sundaes are back! The Inn has announced that this favorite has been returned to the menu. Drop in soon.

Satisfy the inner man with a stimulating cup of hot coffee after chapel at the Pantry.

Two of the latest books at the Word Bearer Press are by Dr. William Evans—*Why Pray* and *How to Prepare Sermons*. We welcome you to look at these and other selections.

Paul's Gospel Press offers reduced prices on envelope letters. Many styles and kinds. View the selection soon.

Let folks know where you're from! The Bookstore offers stickers and seals for your luggage. A College must!

Students Suggest Spring Sports

"Izzie"—"It seems sad that the athletics of the school fold up when basketball season is over. I'm in favor of a little more enthusiasm for both men and women's softball teams."

Peg Fancher—"Why not fix up the tennis courts and have good class and Purple-Gold tournaments? I like the softball idea too, and for indoor sport, ping-pong can be interesting enough to draw a crowd."

Betty Warren—"Why not have a softball class series instead of just Purple-Gold as in previous years. I think a little tennis competition would prove interesting too."

Norm Walker—"A softball series sounds good to me. More exciting than volley ball or baseball and more kids can participate. More kids could watch softball too. Tennis should have some consideration too."

Winnie Rhebergen—"How about some interest in badminton? That, along with a softball and tennis series, ought to help us avoid an 'after basketball slump'."

Jim White—"Class and Purple-Gold competition in softball would be excellent, providing we have baseball. Tennis and ping pong tournaments, would prove of interest too, I think."

Dave Miller—"The primary emphasis in sports should be on individual development. How is that at all possible (at least until more agreeable weather sets in?) when the gym is locked? We could roll on the grass, but there's even a law against that, now that it's slightly damp."

Paul Markell—"An interclass softball series would no doubt keep alive the class rivalries as well as help to break the monotony on the campus."

Dave Flower—"No reason why we can't have a good class volley ball series while the ground is drying, then swing into both a snappy fellows' and girls' softball series. Track will soon be in now that spring is well on its way. Why not get a table tennis tournament also?"

HC

Pastor Stirs Club

The hearts of twenty-five young ministerial and Christian Ed. students were stirred Monday evening as Dr. Armstrong, college pastor, spoke to the Student Ministerial Association on the topic "How to Be an Able Minister of the New Testament." As a basis for his lecture the Rev. Armstrong used II Corinthians 3:6. From his wide experience in the field of evangelism and as a pastor, he related to us several incidents concerning men of God who had been able ministers of the New Testament. Dr. Armstrong made plain the fact that one of the prerequisites for being an able minister is the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Compromise never pays.

"Lying upon the desk and throwing the handkerchief around on the Bible is very 'ungood' even though practiced by many. Loud red ties are fine for the circus but inappropriate for the pulpit. Long announcements and drives for finances often kill the Spirit of good services," he said.

After the lecture we were dismissed by Dr. Ries, our association adviser.