

ART FORUM

The place of the arts in the realm of Christian living is by no means a new topic. In the Christian college there are naturally those who are striving to make their art (whether it be painting, music, or literature) really glorify God. The far-reaching implications of such a program do not penetrate into the conscious thinking of the average student. That the arts are inspiring is fully realized, and that they hold a place in life is not denied. But the idea of a grand expansiveness of Christian artistic vitality never crystallizes to the point where art is looked upon as a medium through which God can be glorified.

"It is familiar truism that any distinctively Christian conception confronts a recalcitrant world. The Christian view of art is no exception. We believe that art in any of its forms is the expression of man's inward thoughts and feelings in sensible forms, under the aspect of beauty. For the Christian this becomes an idealization of reality, in recognition of the facts of divine creation and divine destiny, and under the illumination of the Word of God and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Such a view comes into immediate conflict with many current views of art, both theological and philosophical.

"In relation to God the function of art is to glorify Him. Art seeks to idealize the reality which He has created, and thereby manifests the destinies which He has decreed. It seeks to realize the beauty which is essentially His own. It anticipates the eschatology which is the full glory of His kingdom. When it does so in conflict with sin it only adds to the glory of the Redeemer in whom is

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Dr. Ashton, Alden Gannett To Speak in Church Sunday

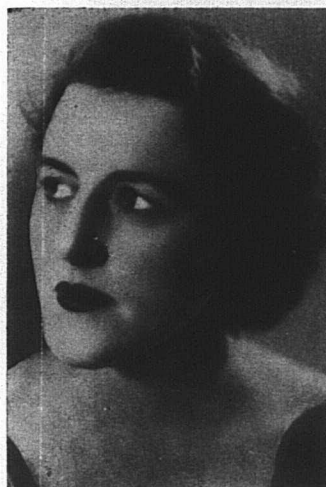
Sunday, March 12, the services in the college church will be conducted by Dean Philip Ashton at the morning worship and Alden Gannett at the evening evangelistic endeavor.

On March 5 the morning service was under the capable leadership of Rev. Alton Liddick who stressed the call for spiritual discernment along with a new sense of values. He spoke of non-conformity to the world as a real need of the church.

In the evening service, Miss Elizabeth Lewis brought a stirring message on "Christ in You" and the tremendous responsibility of being identified with Christ. Led along "in the train of His triumph" we are called to an unfaltering return of virtue, vigor, and vision.

Away on a two-weeks leave to the West Coast, the pastor, Rev. C. I. Armstrong will conclude his schedule of services at the First Church of the Nazarene, Los Angeles, California, March 10 through 12.

English Duo Singers in Artist Series Concert



Bannerman and English Duo Singers Well Received in Concert Featuring Old Duets

In a well accepted and artistic manner, the English Duo delighted a Houghton audience March the tenth with their fine presentation of an incomparable collection of duets. With perfect blending of voices they exhibited to an appreciative audience what can be done with many almost forgotten two part songs by such composers as Purcell, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schumann.

When the English Duo are not singing, they spend their time in libraries looking for manuscripts of old music to add to their already large repertoire. At the British Museum in London they found many unknown two part compositions. Some have instrumental accompaniment and many are the work of Elizabethan masters. Here in our own country, they had the recent pleasure of discovering at the New York Public Library a lovely duet by Thomas Arne and a particularly charming one by Schubert.

Spare time on their tours is spent knitting. Since the English Duo have been in this country, they have knitted more than one hundred sweaters for the Red Cross and Bundles for Britain. Last Christmas, Miss Anderson had the pleasure of seeing a dressing gown she had knit for the Red Cross sold for seventy-five dollars. It was one of the proudest moments of her life.

Although trotting through a city park is not comparable to the "wide open spaces" of her native Australia, Miss Anderson, who is a fine horsewoman, rides every time she has an opportunity. Of course, during the summer when the Duo go to Canada for their vacation, Miss Anderson can ride to her heart's content and Miss Morris can indulge in her favorite sport—swimming. However, their last vacation was interrupted by their weekly broadcast for the Canadian Broadcasting Company.

The English Duo record exclusively for R. C. A. — Victor, having made an album of duets by Henry Purcell, never before recorded, with accompaniment by

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Prof. Ries Meets Seminary Student from Class of 1886

Last week the HOUGHTON STAR interestingly enough made contact, through Prof. Claude Ries, with a student of '86.

A number of Sundays ago Prof. Ries spoke on the radio program of Pascal Tabernacle, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

The announcement that Mr. Ries was a professor at Houghton College reached the ears of a woman who for a number of years had heard very little about "Houghton Seminary". A flood of old memories swept in, and she could not resist writing to someone about old times.

Thus out of the middle-west comes a voice from Houghton's early days. That voice speaks of the exuberance and vision of early beginnings on "Seminary Hill" and is, we feel, very much akin in feeling and tone to the present Houghton spirit.

Two girls traveled from Indiana (at that time an unseemly distance) in the fall of '85 to help swell the roll of the young and struggling seminary. In those days Professor W. H. Kennedy was the Principal, and the scholastic center of interest was on the edge of town. Those two girls were Flora M. Zimmerman (Mrs. Flora M. Sible) and Loa A. Bloom. Both of them are still living and still talk of their old student friends, and of the grand excitement they used to have "breaking-in riding horses".

Although advanced in age, Mrs. Sible

(Continued on Page Two)

Darden in Lecture On 'Alaska Today'

Kodachrome Pictures Show Northern Life

On Wednesday evening March 8, William L. Darden, noted naturalist, traveler, and photographer, closed the Houghton College Lecture Series with a motion picture on "Alaska Today".

Before the showing of the pictures there was a short but enlightening talk on the new Alcan Highway and the probability of its development after the war. According to Mr. Darden, this highway will be under the direction of the United States government until six months after the close of the war. Then it will be turned over to Canadian officials. However, the consensus of opinion is that unless our government continues its maintenance, the road "will soon be grown over with cotton wood".

Mr. Darden considers himself an Alaskan citizen and as such, is keenly interested in the development of the territory. Well informed on every phase of life, he depicted vividly through pictures and well-timed comment, the vast resources which belong to the United States in their possession of a territory that initially cost such a small sum.

He continually referred to "taking a vacation in Alaska". To this suggestion wild-life enthusiasts and photographers were particularly partial.

Outstanding among the pictures were the closeups of the brown (Kodiak) bear of tremendous proportions and the beautiful white Dall sheep found only in the territory. These last photographs entailed miles of travel and three weeks of patient and painstaking photography.

A large part of the audience left with a greater understanding and insight into the problems and possibilities of developing the territory of Alaska. As a spearhead of attack against the Japanese it looms large. To our nation there is little doubt that it forms both a commercial and social frontier.

Davis, Sutter, Bartlett First Seniors to Sign Contracts

First of the senior class to obtain her teacher's contract for the coming year is Claire Davis. She will be teaching mathematics and science at the King's Ferry Central School, approximately 20 miles south of Ithaca. It is of added interest that her principal will be Roscoe Fancher, son of Prof. and Mrs. Fancher, and a Houghton graduate in 1935.

In the music division, Joyce Sutter and Betty Bartlett are the first to emerge with positions; Joyce has accepted a position at the Friends Private Central School near Philadelphia, where she will have charge of the kindergarten and music, while Betty will act in the capacity of music supervisor at the Odessa Central School.

HOUGHTON STAR

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SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

Saturday 8 o'clocks and Saturday tests have long been the bane of the student's existence. In fact that old adage about Saturday's children having to work for a living might well be the motto of the befuddled 8 o'clock scholar who arises with visions of Friday night's Artist Series still clouding his sleepy brain.

Then try as he may to concentrate upon the pearls his instructor is casting, our Saturday student must needs keep one eye glued upon the slowly moving hands of his wrist watch for he has a week-end invitation away from campus ... a welcome respite from the scholastic cares that infest the day. And what of that same venerable instructor? Has he become so absorbed with learning that blood no longer flows in his veins but rather ink ... so that he is invulnerable to all wishful thinking as to escape from the daily grind? Rather to the contrary. Different members of our faculty have expressed their desire for no Saturday classes, and their willingness to cooperate in making such a schedule possible.

Houghton is one of the few colleges in this area having a schedule including Saturday classes. In addition, under the new system of marking, in effect this year, underclassmen have no cuts whatsoever and the privilege is available only to those Juniors and Seniors whose grade point is above 3.25, in itself an average harder to attain now.

Of course a change could not be effected this year ... but since there is this increasing desire both among the faculty and student body for the elimination of Saturday classes, why not an organized effort to effect such a working schedule for next year?

I. G.

MEDITATION

In solitude of wintry day,
 When heavy skies are dull lead-gray
 And chilly mist is swirling round on high
 I like to cross my neighbors's land,
 A slender birchen rod in hand,
 And watch the pines that lean against the sky.
 The silent snow is sifting down;
 Each tree is decked with pristine crown;
 The chickadees are flitting here and there.
 Yet as I walk and idly dream
 Along the banks of frozen stream
 It seems that God himself is everywhere.

—FRANKLIN BABBITT

RISEN WITH CHRIST

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.

Colossians 3:1-4

Finds Time Shortage!

With the deadline for the literary contest only twenty-one days away, your roving reporter decided to investigate the probable extent of participation. Of course there is a certain percentage of students "asked" annually to enter by virtue of their being freshmen or sophomores. Then there are the juniors and seniors taking a major or minor in English whose interest in the contest is "stimulated". We didn't ask everyone, but ... Whether they raised their eyebrows in horror and shouted, "time!" at you (like Peg Snow), or smiled calmly and said, "I haven't time," (like Warren Anderson) the universal hindrance is obviously lack of Houghton's scarcest commodity.

With the exception of one lad who miraculously escaped complying with the "request", all persons questioned have first-hand knowledge of the school's annual literary competition. All are agreed that it has a definite practical value. "It raises the literary standard of the school," says Elizabeth Pollen. Eleanor Carlson feels that an annual literary

contest helps ward off the provincialism to which a small, out-of-the-way school is subject.

Wondering how they stood on the question of tradition, I ventured to ask them. Two moderns dismissed it as "trite" and "not holding any weight". The others were traditional.

As a concluding point this question was asked: "Do you think that it is worthwhile for students majoring in music, science, and theology to write essays pertaining to their separate fields?" "Fine," they said, "if you have time." The value of this activity as a background for future research and the present benefits of assembling the information for such essays were pointed out. He of the calm smile would have the various fields gain a wider knowledge of each other. ("Theologues need English.")

Assuming that non-English students are productive to a certain extent and that the underclassmen find time to do what they are urged to do, this year's contest should show keen competition.

New Student in Seminary Keil Gives Senior Recital; First Girl Trumpet Major

Last week William De Ruiter, a junior from the Central School, Lubondai, Belgian Congo, Africa, was enrolled as a student in the Seminary.

"Bill" was born in Africa and has spent the greater part of his life there with his missionary parents who labor under the Methodist Board of Missions. All of his education, outside of one year of elementary training, has been secured at missionary schools. He speaks one native language.

RIES MEETS OLD STUDENT ...

(Continued from Page One)

is still active and at present is serving as an insurance agent for a Midwestern concern. Along with this work she carries on two hobbies. Last year 429 pounds of used literature was sent from her "mailing room". Her other interest is the collection of candlesticks. At present she has a representative stick from each of the states and fifteen foreign countries. Many of these are unique or have stories of interest surrounding them.

At the close of the letter, she comments as an after thought, "Maybe some of the girls are interested in hobbies. If so, I would like to hear from them."

ARTIST SERIES ...

(Continued from Page One)

Yella Pessl, the celebrated harpsichordist. Other albums recorded by the English Duo include early English and French duets, and two part songs by Brahms, Schumann, Dvorak and a modern English group. "And all originals, you know," reminded Miss Morris.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

—Basil Miller \$1.50

BONE OF HIS BONE

—F. G. Huegel \$1.25

Word-Bearer Press

HOME AND ABROAD ...

(Continued from Page Three)

"At 1:30 we fell out with full field pack, rifle, bayonet, rifle belt, safety kit, and canteen. We marched out to the field for about a mile and those packs are heavy! Here we had instruction classes in guard duty and things expected of a soldier, for about two hours.

"At 6:30 we were back in our company area. Here they told us that the Air Corps was closed to us and what the uniform of the day would be. We ate at 6:45 and at 7:30 had gas mask instruction. From 8:00 on was our time. Tomorrow we have more classes and marching. I've put in my application for the paratroops."

Pvt. James Strong spent a couple of days with us this week. Jim's ASTP unit is awaiting orders to transfer from Cornell.

VERY GOOD LINE OF
 MEN'S HOSE \$.25 to \$.50
 LADIES' HOSE \$.30 to \$1.40
 Mrs. M. C. Cronk

CHRISTIAN SERVICE

BY MARTIN

"To me to live is Christ."

—Philippians 1:21

What does this mean? It means that we have that love of God which is "shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost", that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding", that "joy unspeakable and full of glory". Yes, it means "the hope of glory." But these are really only secondary. We are seeking the primary. It speaks of Christ as the motive of every action, as the goal of our whole life, as the object of all our affections, as the satisfaction of every desire. It requires absolute obedience to His will, to live for Him alone, to seek only the glorification of His name and the abasing of ourselves before men. In a word, unreserved devotion at all times to the Person of Jesus Christ. Count Zinzendorf expressed it thus: "I have one passion; it is He, and He alone."

In this Christ-passion "all things are become new." There is a continual, though unconscious, exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have an absorbing concern that Christ be satisfied every moment, but this should not become a burdensome anxiety—it is perfect trust, perfect obedience, constant communion with the risen Saviour.

Frequently we determine to live godly, to serve Christ, to win souls for Him; and all too often we become so absorbed in our own determinations to live for Christ in a certain way, that we do not have time for Him, we actually, though perhaps not deliberately, close our eyes and hearts to His way. We often decide to make our lives tell for Jesus, while He may really desire that they should appear fruitless. But if Christ is indeed our whole life and passion, our lives can not help but tell for Him. God said to Abraham, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect," and Abraham became "the father of the faithful." It is up to us to work out what God has worked into our lives, "being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will bring it to full fruition in the day of Jesus Christ." Therefore, let us live Christ!

Choir Continues with Long Weekend Trips

Contrary to custom, the choir left for their last weekend tour Saturday afternoon at five o'clock.

The first concert was sung at the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Bradford, Pennsylvania. The night was spent in this city.

The three Sunday concerts were given in the Methodist Churches at Sheffield, Johnsonburg, and Kane. The Sunday evening service at Kane was considered the most successful of the four renditions.

Next week's tour will take the group to the Methodist Churches of Mt. Morris, Dansville, and Penn Yan.

HOME AND ABROAD

The symphony is playing, the sun is shining—it's Sunday again in Houghton. Remember those restful Sunday afternoons complete with meditation, letter-writing, and perhaps a bit of a walk at 3:30? Those things have become pretty much of a tradition here and we take them for granted. We remember though that at one time you too took them for granted and now you're deprived of them. You're out there now fighting for the preservation of just such traditions that have become part of not only Houghton but the American people as a whole. We realize that we have a part to play in this too, for we know that what you're enabled to do depends a lot on what we are willing to do. So, as we buy war bonds, give blood, or conserve on materials, pray for us as we do for you, that we may do more and do it willingly and sincerely.

Cpl. Wesley France ('41) is in Fort Custer, Mich. It's been a long time since we've heard from him and others, too—this is your page folks and we can print only what you yourselves write. So? Wes says:

"Thanks loads for the STAR. You can never fully realize what it means to the men and women in the service. It brings back fond memories of happy college days in dear old Houghton.

"For a year and a half, I was stationed with the Military Police in Camp Kilmer, N. J. During that time I was night clerk in the prison office. My duties—well perhaps I can tell you more about them at a later date. Since January first it has been my good luck to attend school. There are only 80 men in our class. Most of the men are lawyers, and all have at least one degree. The work is quite different. We have classes in military government, history, liaison, internal security, psychology, es-

pionage and counter-espionage, sabotage, and many more along the same line. In so far as we can find out, we are to follow the army into Europe or—as occupational troops, whose duty it will be to get their countries running again. Upon graduation from the school here, we will return to our units to await call—and I don't believe it will be long. Only one more week here—then.

"My wife (Dot Paulsen '41) and I plan to have a Houghton get-together in our home in Swarthmore, Pa. on the 17th of March. If any of you are planning to be around Philly at that time, drop in and say "hello". The address is 100 Park Ave., Swarthmore. Lloyd Elliot is planning the program.

"Bumped into Bob Fox—former printshop manager and Franny Pierce Fox ('41). They live in Herdson, Mich. and send their best wishes to you all.

"May the Lord bless Houghton and make it a prosperous year both spiritual-ly and financially."

DON PRATT IN INDIANA

A/C Donald C. Pratt is at the U. S. Naval Air Station in Peru, Indiana.

"I have changed my address again; I am now taking my Primary Flight training here in Indiana. I have managed to struggle through half the courses and may, with a certain element of good fortune, complete my training. Many cadets are getting washed though; my bunkmate left yesterday. The Navy is determined to turn out better pilots than ever, now.

"The sun is shining brightly, no snow, and it smells like Spring—summer will never be more welcome than it will be this year. Winter flying has its drawbacks—among them frozen hands.

"Certainly would enjoy visiting the old chem lab, music library and print

shop again."

Ezra Gearheart writes:

"We are now occupied with intense training and I am very tired. I'll give you an idea of the day. After the two summary assemblies and chow this morning, we moved out about a mile for a talk by our commanding Lt. Col. He said that none of us but Med. students would go to school. The rest of us would see action in from three to five months. He then went on and told us what he expected of us. After this we had about two hours of close order drill. This is merely drill on the various faces, commands, military courtesy, etc. of a squad or platoon. We then moved into a large building and practiced disassembling and assembling our rifles. We must be able to do it blindfolded before basic is over. We then marched in for chow at 12:45.

(Continued on Page Two)

—H C—

Purple Women Win, Take Color Series in Close Game

On March 8 the Purple women defeated the Gold to take the 1944 Championship. After the Gold had won two games their foes surged back to win the three remaining tilts. Only one contest out of the five was won by more than a two point margin.

Wednesday's game showed some fast playing and excellent guarding. High scorer for the game and the series was Ortlip whose thirteen points swelled her five game total to fifty. Runnerup was Fancher with a total of thirty-four. The guarding of Gebhardt did much to break down the Gold offensive.

The outcome of this series never was within the range of prediction. In the last three games the Gold stormed the Purple defenses, and up until the end of the last game anything could have happened. Only the steadiness of the Purple in the pinches gave them the championship.

Gold	7	10	18	25
Purple	6	12	18	27

PURPLE

Games	1	2	3	4	5	t'l.
Weaver	2			4	2	8
Thornton			2	7	6	15
Ortlip	8	9	8	12	13	50
Avery			7	10	6	23
Donley	2					2
Armstrong						
Gebhardt						
Davis						
Hazelwood						
Humes						
Thornton						

GOLD

Games	1	2	3	4	5	t'l.
Panish				4	2	6
Woolsey	7	7	9	2	4	29
Fancher	2	7	6	12	7	34
Reynolds	4	3	1		1	9
Burt				4	12	16
Brooks						
Baker						
Scott						
Hoag						
Vorhees						

The 'Star' Goes Around the World

Fifteen minutes may suffice for your perusal, and "the sheet" glides serenely to the bottom of a waste basket or to the floor. "No news," you comment. "Why my room mate told me that stuff long before it was published. You know, she proof reads."

"Sure, and the article on Art seemed too dry—stuffed shirt copy."

"The STAR had better be in the mail before thirty-six hours!"

"Phooey, that spoils my Saturday afternoon."

"Well, if you girls don't want to slap that paste and wrap the STAR in mailing blankets, I guess the editor can do it."

"What editor!"

"Shove that bucket of paste."

"Any scrap paper?" "Sure, last week's STAR."

"I don't want this table to get gooey."

"Shall I begin sorting and tying, Mary?"

"Yes, if we want these to go in the afternoon mail."

"Washington, Colorado, Florida, Kansas, Georgia, Utah, South Dakota—Oh, 'South'. No, th book store's closed.

Indiana, New Mexico...."

"You said every state in the Union is represented, Anna, and a number of those New York or San Francisco, care of Postmaster addresses?"

From over there they write about the STAR. Yes, it does get through. It sees the light of England and has even had its reception "down under" in the land of kangaroos.

But from a Lieutenant in the Field Artillery comes the story of a STAR's muddy tour through Tunisia. It arrived during 'the campaign'. In a lull, hungry eyes scanned columns for what might warm the heart. Doughboys and officers alike craned necks and leaned over shoulders to read some corny chatter and were amused. Out of that circle the sheet issued smudged and worse for wear. And the boys forged on with a lighter heart.

Six weeks from March the fourth, a STAR arrived. Almost reverently the glue seal was broken and hungry eyes devoured the 'old news'.

"Man! The Gold walloped the Purple. Hey, you, Pal! See... from Houghton."

Approaching Literary Contest Deadline Arouses Activity

Freshman English Students Write Portraits as Exercise

This week the *Star* presents two word portraits that were composed by freshman English students. They are representative of many well-written informal personality studies that show intuitive ability in interviewing and skill in interposing the factual with points of human interest.

AVOCATION

CHAUNCEY HOLDEN

"Are you the one who has the 'bottled gas'?", I asked of a well-dressed man who was walking with the aid of a cane.

"Yes, I am," came the answer in a quiet voice. "I have one outfit left. Shall I come over to your house and examine your stove to see whether or not it can be converted?"

At my request he came and after examining the range, decided the work could be done. Hurriedly he went to his car and returned with a bag of tools and a long piece of copper pipe. The stove was taken apart and after adjustment the copper pipe was fitted through the floor, extended to a cellar window, and then to the outside where it was coupled to the cylinder of gas. The gauge indicated a leak which was traced to one of the connections. Refitting the joint brought no better success—still the gauge fluttered. The service man sat down on the floor, leaned against a leg of the kitchen table, and muttered dejectedly, "I'm nonplused."

It was then I saw a well-matched patch covering one of his knees. His face was smudged with dirt from the stove. A skull cap (cut from a crown of a felt hat) was perched on the back of his head to keep the hair out of his eyes.

After resting a short time the fitting was made again, this time with success. The job finished, and his tools gathered into the bag, he started for the door but stopped short. Turning around, he said: "I forgot to tell you my name. It's Woolsey, and I teach at the College."

As he drove away I dug a copy of the Houghton College catalog out of a packed box. The catalog stated: "Pierce E. Woolsey, 1923, Professor of French and Chairman of the Division of Foreign Languages and Literature."

His small classroom, situated on the first floor of the Old Administration Building, contains the old type double desks and seats with their engraved initials and names of many years accumulation. Numerous of the initials were made by Dr. Woolsey's classmates. Commenting about it he said, "If the desks could talk, they would tell many interesting tales of lively by-gone days."

At the age of six Dr. Woolsey was converted at a Wesleyan Camp Meeting in Western Pennsylvania. His mother told him that he was going to be a minister, but he replied, "Oh, no, they don't receive enough money." Some years later his mother died, and he went to live with a minister who was a graduate of Houghton College.

After finishing his high school work he decided to attend the "college on the

hill". Completing three years here, he then transferred to Ohio Wesleyan University where he received his Bachelor of Arts Degree in the Spring of 1917. Until he was drafted into the army of World War I he taught school in South Carolina. At the close of the war he returned to Ohio Wesleyan University and completed his Master of Arts. The year 1923 found him at Houghton College as a teacher, and he has remained here continuously except for the time spent at Cornell University working on his Doctorate.

CANDID

ISABELLE DAYTON

Five year old Dean Liddick has no permanent home. Oh no, he's not an orphan, but his parents are missionaries on furlough. Because he has been taken from place to place, he has acquired the ability of a real missionary to fit and be happy in any environment.

Seeing Dean tug his tricycle up the hill the other day, I asked him where he had been. He told me he had just stopped playing with his sister, Carolyn Paine. Wanting him to say more, I suggested that Carolyn was a very nice little girl. Then I learned of his plans to spend his life in bachelorhood. He said that she was a nice girl, but he wasn't contemplating matrimony.

"I won't get married, but somebody may make me," he murmured. "Besides," he added, "cars are better than girls."

Dean was born in India in February 1939. When he came to America with his parents in 1941, although only two years old, he could speak both Gujarati and the English language equally well. Since the only language he heard after his arrival in this country was English, he gradually forgot the other tongue. When he was out on a tour of the church, with his parents, he obliged many children by repeating the words in Indian that were given to him in English. The amusing part of it was that he was speaking no language at all but simply making up words of his own much to the delight of his listeners.

Dean is about forty-two inches tall and sturdily built. Although there is nothing striking in his appearance, his conversation and actions are very mature. People expecting a childish chatter are often astonished.

His one hobby is owning and operating as many "motors" as possible. At one time, his collection numbered more than two hundred, which had been gathered out of every state from South Carolina to Canada and as far west as

Illinois. His cars have many difficulties. They run out of gas, drive into ditches, and have serious collisions. That is all to be expected in such a serious life as owning a motor fleet.

Dean knows how to use correctly the technical terms for the automobile. After seeing his daddy's car jacked up on the grease rack in the garage, he went to the dentist with his folks. As the doctor was adjusting the chair to the right height for his mother, Dean exclaimed, "Oh, look, Mommie's on the grease rack!"

The first story that ever gripped his attention was about the three naughty kittens that lost their mittens. In the back of the book there was an unusual picture of a pie with a rat's tail protruding—a rare delicacy for the three little kittens, you must admit. The idea so fascinated Dean that upon the next opportunity to return thanks at the table, he reverently bowed his head and said, "Dear Lord, we thank thee for this food." Then, gesturing grandly, he added, "For there's rat pie for supper tonight."

ART FORUM...

(Continued from Page One)

its strength. And if there be artists who by virtue of the marvel of common grace show forth their Maker's praise by serving truth, goodness, and beauty, with impure hands and hearts, so much the greater His glory. How Christians must grieve their Lord by often spurning this opportunity to add new lustre to His name. Art is the purest expression of the soul's sublime thoughts and feelings, the most ethereal tribute to His being and His ways.

(continued next week)

others thoughts that were clever and individualistic.

The attempt of this brief survey is to bring to the notice of the student body the fact that there is definitely literary talent in our midst for such a contest as that now being conducted. It's not due to a lack of ability so much as it is due to a lack of the application of ability.

If you can't write yourself (and don't be too modest about your talents; judges are appointed!) you can urge your friends, whose abilities you know, to enter the contest and contribute of their best. Let's make up our minds that this year the literary contest will be different because all of the students are determined to make it a vital factor in our college setup. Let's all get behind it and boost and... as someone aptly said, "Don't let all those young freshman win the prizes."

History of Literary Contest Shows Good Student Work

An hour of browsing through the records of the literary contests for the years '40 and '41 revealed some surprising facts concerning hidden talent on Houghton's campus. The meager participation in this phase of campus life in the last year or so would seem to indicate to the mere observer that there is no longer a sufficient amount of creative and literary ability among the students here to make competition in a contest of this sort challenging. This is decidedly not the case.

Perhaps the realm of the short story is the most neglected phase of the literary contest—and yet, a glance at the contributions of the previous years, show many upon the campus who have the ability needed to participate.

The seniors will undoubtedly remember that in the literary contest in '41, Professor Hazlett's Freshman students were each required to submit a short story. In spite of inward groanings, racked brains, and continuous laments and vows that "it couldn't be done", some fairly respectable creations were turned in so respectable as to cop places in the judges. In fact, some of them were ranks of literary fame! Remember Marilyn Birch's *Missionary Mumbo Jumbo* which took first place? Then there was Harold Crosser's *Gallant Lady*, Ila Grandy's *Death of an Infant*, Joyce Sutter's *Our Johnny*, Alice Willis' *Cora*, Ardie Hober's *Under Fire*, Martha Woolsey's *Rendezvous with a Memory*. True, these were the result of coercion upon the part of Prof. Hazlett, and yet they proved his contention that literary ability was far from lacking in his Freshman A section. Surely, all of the latent powers of creation which went into those works haven't died with the addition of new duties and years.

Although not as well represented as the short story, there was still endeavor worthy of note in the poetry field. Coralie Allen's "The Violin", Millie Thurber's "In Spring" and Hi Hill's "For those Who Love the City" are all well worth mentioning. Frank Babbitt, who is in the service of the nation, turned in "Meditation", a beautifully written poem, and Dave Paine contributed "Night Flight"—which as one reads it, seems to be almost a forecast of his training in the Naval forces.

Essays, the informal type, ranged from Ila Grandy's "Sounds", Marilyn Birch's "The Same the World Over", to Dick Elmer's "The Art of Crutchery" and Bill Calkins' "I'd Rather Be 6'6" than 5'5". Each represented the ability to share with

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