

The HOUGHTON STAR

IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY

FRESHMAN EDITION

VOLUME XXII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., MAY 9, 1930

NUMBER 26

May Concert Rendered

On May second the combined talents of Houghton's Fine Arts department were exhibited to the public in a charming program. This number, the last one the Lecture Course, is usually the most appreciated.

The program was opened by the orchestra, under the direction of Alton Cronk. They played "Artists' Life Waltzes" by Strauss. A piano solo by Lyle Donnelly, and a well rendered reading, "River of Stars" by Alfred Noyes by Ruth Kissinger were the next two numbers. Miss Storms' selection "May Morning" by Denza was very appropriate.

The trio of violin, cello and piano, playing three well-known numbers was highly applauded. Another reading, by Theda Thomas "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was given in an attractive and interesting manner.

Mrs. Velma Thomas' first appearance before a Houghton audience was her piano solo, "May Gardens" by Grainger. Another new appearance was that of the College Girls Glee Club, with three delicate numbers.

Mary Lytle furnished the humor in a reading, the "Race Question" that showed a good deal of work and a sympathetic interpretation of an old dorky's views. The next two performers are always appreciated by Houghton audiences—Miss Margaret Carter with a piano solo, "Hungarian Rhapsodie 11" by Liszt, and Miss Zimmerman's pleasing solo, "A May Day Carol" by Deems Taylor.

The climax of the evening was reached when the Men's Glee Club came on. This very popular organization was, as usual, very well received.

The whole program showed a finish of style and execution that revealed much training. We can be proud to cite it as an example of the type of work done by Houghton organizations.

Move-up Day?

Thursday, May 8, was a red-letter day in the memorandums of our College Seniors,—and perhaps for the other classmen, too. For many things happened!—Who would wonder that the Seniors would remember it? Did not they wear their caps and gowns for the first time? While Prof. Lawless played a processional the Seniors, led by Pres. Luckey and Prof. Ries, marched single file through the lane made by the Junior Class. The Juniors wore gray and blue caps, and standing one on each side of the middle aisle down the length of the room with red and black wands (Senior colors) crossed between, they formed the arches through which the graduating class passed. The Juniors then followed the black-robed class and took the back row of seats always assigned to Seniors. The Sophomores in bright blue caps having gay orange tassels, had already marched back to the vacated seats of the Juniors. They were "upper-classmen" for the first time! The Freshmen also with their cheerful green

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GLEE CLUB GOES TO HORNELL

Last Sunday night the Men's Glee Club scored another hit—this time at the Park Methodist Episcopal Church in Hornell. The finely-rendered program was received by a large, appreciative congregation. The sacred concert consisted of the following numbers:

Musical Invocation
"Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming"
"Lamp in the West"
"Land of Hope and Glory"
"Remember Me"
"Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken"

Negro Spirituals
The pastor of the church gave an intensely interesting sermon on the Symphony of Life. After the service as a token of appreciation in behalf of the church, he presented to Prof. Herman Baker a basket of carnations.

Not only did the Glee Club take part in the evening service but they also contributed to the Epworth League program. The quartet sang a few numbers while several members spoke.

Next Sunday the Glee Club will journey to Buffalo where they are to present a concert in the Church of the Tabernacle. At 7:00 p. m., daylight saving time, they will broadcast over WKBW. Let's all listen in and hear our Glee Club over the air.

Non Patriae Sed Mihi

Four years ago, like my predecessor Napoleon, by a coup d'etat, I became a ruler. For a long time I had been maneuvering and practicing strategy of various kinds to get control of my coveted country, or possibly I should say principality. Several men of no great genius had attempted to rule such a principality but with little success. It was in a state of chaos. With great confidence in my own ability, I seized the government from its rightful but incompetent sovereigns, abolished the former constitution and set up my own supreme authority. My country rejoiced over the new regime—my country—six serfs and the head vassal—six hens and a rooster.

Immediately things changed for the better. The buildings were remodelled, and the land took on an air of prosperity. Since I had so few followers, I formed them into an army and started my career as the benevolent despot of Poultrydom. My final battle was fought and won with great honors. I carried from the field of war a prize equal to Jason's golden fleece, seven golden-brown eggs in one day from only six hens and a rooster. This ought to be classified with the Seven Wonders of the World. Satan has embodied some of his imps in a class of human beings called critics. They delight in detracting from the glory of others by discrediting their achievements. One of these destructive creatures tried to demolish my victory by claiming that the rooster must have been responsible for the extra egg. Now, suppose the rajah of the harem did undertake this unheard of feat, would not this add rather than detract from my fame?

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PROFESSOR S. W. WRIGHT
Freshman Class Advisor

What's He Done?

Introduce you again to Prof. Stanley Wright, our universally-liked class advisor, who has willingly and diligently aided us in all of our class enterprises.

Born in the foothills of the Allegheny Mountains on June 28, 1886, he lived on a farm until he came to Houghton Seminary in the fall of 1902. He graduated from the high school in 1906, being a member of a class of seventeen, the largest graduating class to that time. Completing all the college work Houghton was able to give him in 1910, he went on to Oberlin College, from whence he graduated in the class of '11. On June 27, 1911, three days after his graduation, he married Miss Edna Bedford, also of the class of '06.

Following this, the bride and groom left for West Chazy, N. Y., where Prof. Wright took the pastorate of the Wesleyan Church, in which place he ministered for five years. From there he went to Central College, South Carolina, serving on the faculty for three years and being President of the College the fourth year. In 1920 he came back to his old home in Pennsylvania, taking a pastorate covering six appointments in two townships. At one time he was the only minister of any denomination who held any religious services in four whole townships. Seven years later saw him leave his charge to be principal of the Elkland Township High School. Following this he was elected president of the Rochester Conference and re-elected a year ago. A year prior to his coming to Houghton he had the Wesleyan charge at Odessa, N. Y. and last summer had charge of the new work in the city of Rochester, leaving this to come to Houghton in the fall of 1929.

MOTHER'S DAY PROGRAM IN SUNDAY SCHOOL

Everyone should come to Sunday School next Sunday and enjoy the Mother's Day program which is to be presented under the direction of the Superintendent, Prof. Pierce Woolsey. The King's Daughters class will have charge of the opening exercises. Let's all be there and help make this Mother's Day the best yet

SYRACUSE COLLEGIATE EXPOSITION

All things collegiate under the sun were to be found at Syracuse University, May first to fourth. The recitation halls, Gym, Stadium, and chapel were open to all visitors with classes in progress and elaborate displays of student work to add interest.

The celebration was started by the Reserve Officers' Training Corps parade Thursday morning. Thursday evening the Syracuse University Chorus of two-hundred voices under the direction of Dr. Harry Lyman, gave a complimentary concert. Bach's "God's Way Is Best" and Opus 86 by Henry Hadley. The soloists were professionals hired from the city, and a professor of voice of the University.

Friday, most of the visitors appeared for the Exposition. The College of Fine Arts at Crouse Irving Hall, had rooms lined with oil, water colors, statuary and design work done by the students of all departments. None of the work was crude; most of it seemed like the production of finished artists. At Lyman Hall many specimens of fossils and geographic formations were displayed. Among the most interesting things were the tables showing the action of a river in forming a delta; the miniature geyser; a live horned owl; the large aquaria; a chess set made of sea shells (that really looked like the true pieces); the skeleton of a huge animal—whose name I can't spell—and the birds. Oh, Ornithologist! There sat every bird you have ever tramped miles or risen at four to see, nicely perched in rows. Here also was an honest-to-goodness(?) coal mine of dark, fearsome

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Interesting Chapel Friday

Friday brought us another outside speaker, this time from Alfred University. The speaker, Dr. Norwood, was introduced to us by the former dean, Rev. Frank Wright, who also gave us a brief talk.

Dr. Norwood's address was most humorous and at the same time very instructive. He chose as his subject, "Some Americanisms". Through this he pointed out two fundamental Americanisms, namely—Our profound faith in and reverence for a free, individual, human personality; and our tendency toward cooperation.

Dr. Norwood maintains that a person must be a fully developed human being to be cooperative, while at the same time, you can't be cooperative with out human spirit.

Our signs toward cooperation have been the Mayflower Compact, the New England Confederation, Franklin's Plan of Union, and our present Constitution.

In closing, Dr. Norwood gave us a short poem, which might be worth remembering.

Across the fields of long ago
Oft comes to me a face all aglow;
My Boyhood self,
The lad I used to be,
Looks up in my face, and asks
Are you really the man I hoped to be?
What will you say forty years
from now?

Sunday Services Are Inspiring

The Sunday Morning service in Houghton was one which made Christian hearts burn with a zeal for greater service. The beautiful anthem, "Ye that Stand in the House of the Lord", rendered by the choir, added to the spirit and atmosphere of the service.

The sermon given by our pastor, Rev. Pitt, emphasized the service Christ rendered to humanity during His ministry on earth. There was not an act of Jesus' life that was not an act of service. He was constantly doing good for someone. He served effectively and continually. Even His words were a source of help—they gave spirit and life to the needy one. Christ consistently played the role of a peacemaker. Peter is one example. Christ straightened Peter's life for him. Even as Christ improved the disciples lives so will He cleanse and make pure our lives if we but let Him. We today need reproof and His words alone are the only cure and remedy for our mistakes. But it takes time for God to change man's minds. Through prayer we express our wants so that He can take hold of our desires and make them good and pure. The supreme ministry of Jesus was atonement. His life courses through the veins of every believer who receives the atonement. The man who rejects the atonement as necessary to salvation reasons away from Jesus. We must all come to the foot of the cross, which is the vital point of contact with Jesus Christ and His saving power.

The evening service in Houghton was one of inspiration to all who attended. The service was opened by devotional singing under the leadership of Miss Edith Stearns.

Rev. Pitt took for his text Acts 3:19, "Repent, ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord." This presented Jesus as a Savior who alone can save me from his sins.

In the course of the sermon the fact was revealed that the Jews turned aside the personal acceptance of Christ as a Savior. They learned that no one could make anything out of him. He related the incident when Christ, in the temple, taught his parents that he owed allegiance to some one other than to them alone. Then, too, at the wedding in Cana where Christ performed his first miracle. He proved that it was impossible to use Him as a tool when he said, "My hour is not yet come." The Jews boasted of their superiority in that they were sons of Abraham. Jesus, however, knew that they were sinners even though they believed that what they appeared to be that they were. God teaches us that deception is a sin. The Jew's religion was an additional sin—a cloak to cover their other sins. Their religion was not a reality but their reality was a sin. Peter said that of all men on earth, the Jews needed a Savior.

We think of repentance as a turn-
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FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1930



Collegiate Sam Says:

Three weeks! It won't be long now.

MOTHER'S DAY

Gentle hands that never weary toiling in love's vineyard sweet,
Eyes that seem forever cheery when our eyes they chance to meet,
Tender, patient, brave, devoted, this is always mother's way.
Could her worth in gold be quoted as you think of her to-day?

There shall never be another quite so tender, quite so kind
As the patient little mother; nowhere on this earth you'll find
Her affection duplicated; none so proud if you are fine.
Could her worth be overstated? Not by any words of mine.

Death stood near the hour she bore us, agony was her's to know,
Yet she bravely faced it for us, smiling in her time of woe;
Down the years how oft we've tried her, often selfish, heedless, blind,
Yet with love alone to guide her she was never once unkind.

Vain are all our tributes to her if in words alone they dwell.
We must live the praises due her; there's no other way to tell.
Gentle mother that we love her. Would you say, as you recall
All the patient services of her, you've been worthy of it all?

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

"MY SCHOOL"

Everywhere we hear stressed the pronoun "My". How fervently we are able to say, "I pledge allegiance to 'My flag'." How proud we are to own this land of ours as "My country."

We see the same spirit in other walks of life. Notice how the loyal townspeople speak of "my town," the small child of "my house" and "my mother," the athlete of "my team," the faithful churchmember of "my church." They do not speak as owners, but it is a fine spirit of loyalty that makes them say "my."

Why are we not able as Houghton students to say with the same loyalty "my school?" True, there are, and always will be many things that will displease us, and be occasion for criticism, but "nihil perfectum est." Make Houghton "My school!"

HOOS HOO IN HOUGHTON

He's a Frosh and though not a sis-sy rather "sweet."

Answer to last week's Hoo: The whole Freshman class!

Birthday Greetings

May 10—George Unamann

May 13—Ivah Benning-VanWormer

Arthur Yetter, '29

May 14—Hilda Butterfield, '29

Alumni News

Frank Lane of the class of '29 visited friends in Houghton recently.

Miss Mildred Turner of the class of '29 visited Miss Corinne Cole, Saturday.

Edith Davis and Gladys Brown of the class of '29 were visitors in Houghton over the week-end.

"Bill" Boehne of the High School class of '29 visited Dick Graham over the week-end.

Paul Steese and friend, Gilford Plumley, of Ebenezer, N. Y. visited Mr. and Mrs. Alex Steese over the week-end.

Students' Prayer Meeting

In spite of the alluring spring atmosphere, the usual interest was shown in the Students' Prayer Meeting, Tuesday night. Each one present was benefited by the thought given by leader, Willet Albro, that everyone should strive to live at his best since his life may be directly influencing someone else. Throughout all ages personality and character have influenced people. Christ's affect on his associates is outstanding. Likewise in John 21:3 is found an example of how the life of Simon Peter was of influence to others. So it is today. What is our own influence? Are we doing all we should do or all we can do for the advancement of our fellow men? Too many people today have religion only on Sunday and fail to do for others what they might. In Nehemiah we read "and they builded a wall because the people had a mind to work." There is a lesson for everyone in these words; therefore let each of us determine to work for the advancement of humanity and to make our influence valuable and uplifting.

COMMENTS ON GLEE CLUB PROGRAM

"The Houghton College Glee Club composed of twenty-one young men from the college under the direction of Professor Herman Baker appeared last evening in a concert at Park M. E. Church before a large and appreciative audience.

"The glee club motored here for the evening service and rendered a highly pleasing program, showing thorough training and displaying high quality in a program of sacred numbers.

"The concert was enthusiastically received and the club was given hearty response by the audience. All were much impressed with the program.

"At the conclusion of the program, the Rev. Homer B. Potter addressed the audience on the topic, "The Symphony of Life" in which he compared the movement of a Beethoven composition with the trend of ordinary life. He showed that a symphony passed from the active to the melancholy, mood, and lapsed again into active, which, he said, was much the way of life.

"As the evening service concluded, a large bouquet of flowers was presented to the glee club and divided among its members."

Evening Tribune-Times.

EVENING SERVICE

(Continued from Page One)

ing away from sin—that's salvation. The ignorance of the Jews was not that they had never heard the word of God but that they had accepted a different religion. Jesus knows our secret thoughts we are told. In order to be fully saved we must undergo three changes. The first change comes in thought, then in outward act and finally, it must go into one's heart—into one's innermost nature. When we repent of our sins we must so turn away that something else will take its place. The worship was concluded by a altar call.

HOUGHTON HAPPENINGS

Margaret Lewis was in Olean, N. Y., Saturday.

Eloise Lucas was the guest of her aunt in Elmira over the week-end.

The Men's Glee Club gave a concert at Hornell Sunday evening.

Margaret Carter's parents were in Houghton for the May Concert.

Harriet Storms spent the last week visiting Mrs. Cott.

Louisa Brown visited friends in Howard Saturday.

"Gen" Matthews has returned after spending a few days with her parents in Dansville, N. Y.

Lloyd Foster entertained his sister, Mrs. Herbert Paull of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Saturday.

Harold Woodard returned to his home in Wellsburg, Saturday on account of the illness of his mother.

Miss Burnell was the guest of Mrs. Saunders in Pike over the week-end.

Adrian Everts visited his parents at his home in Corning, N. Y. for the week-end.

Miss Lucille Hatch, accompanied by Miss Bessie Crocker, was the guest of her aunt in Canisteo, N. Y. recently.

Miss M. Belle Moses accompanied by the Misses Anna Fillmore, Ruth Zimmerman, and Luella Roth made a shopping tour in Rochester Saturday.

The Misses Maxine Morgan, Stephanie Pierre, Ruth Lawrence, and Laura Ames, and Merle Brown motored to Syracuse, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Page, two daughters, and Dorothy Bacon of Elmira, N. Y. visited George Page Sunday.

SYRACUSE COLLEGIATE EXPOSITION

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passage, hoist, and dynamite boxes. Petite and dainty miners in remarkably clean overalls and businesslike caps, conducted you through the "levels" and served you with miner's bucket lunches.

At Slocum Hall, the college of Agriculture and Home Economics, the exhibits were very fine. Especially attractive was the flower show.

At Archbold Gym were the booths, a "Parisian Boulevard" and other features.

Friday evening the School of Speech gave its final recital at Crouse College. Saturday the Moving-up Day Parade started at 10:45 (very impressively). In the afternoon an Elizabethan Garden party was staged at the old Yates Castle. (Now Teacher's College) followed by the "lantern ceremony" on Crouse Hill. This last, when the Seniors form their class number—this time a glowing '30, on the hill and then singing, pass their lanterns on to the eager Juniors was truly beautiful.

Saturday evening the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra Concert, directed by Andre Polah, was given in Crouse Hall. Among the numbers given was Tschaicowsky's "Sixth Symphony" and Liszt's "Les Preludes." Miss Morgan, violin instructor, was a pupil of Professor Polah's and played in this Orchestra for several years.

This concert closed the Exposition Program. It was an excellent opportunity to see the work and life of a University, and compare University life to that in a small college. There's much to be said in favor of both, but anyway, Syracuse University is one grand place to spend a week-end.

—EDNA C. ROBERTS.

"Will you have some pie sir?"
"Is it essential?"

"No, just apple and custard."

Records Will Be Broken May 25

During the unusually fine weather this spring the Purple and Gold boys and girls have been getting in some good practice for Track and Field Day, and it is expected that several records will be broken at that time.

If the weather is at all favorable this meet will take place on Saturday, May 24, and we hope that all of the old students will be back to help make the day a success in more ways than one.

The Purple Boys have lost through graduation and otherwise all except two or three of their men who placed in the meet last year, but there is some likely material among the new members who will doubtless cause some of the Gold lads a bit of trouble when they put on that final spurt down the home stretch to bust the tape.

The Gold Boys have nearly the same team as last year only they are a year better and have also been strengthened with plenty of reserve material from the Freshman Class. It is rumored that the pole vault record has already been broken several times in practice and that the shot put and discus records are not in a very sure position. In the track events the boys are getting into shape rather than trying to break records, which leaves it a little hard to forecast the outcome. However the present indication is that the sprint records are not in serious danger which is more than can be said of the distance runs.

Each afternoon also a group of co-ed's make their way to the athletic field to limber up their muscles which have become a bit stale since Basketball season, and we find among them several who promise to become female Monarchs in this realm of Sport. The broad jump record is going smash—maybe—and likewise the hurdles, together with one or two of the track events.

Oh, yes! It is going to be a great day on May 24, if the powers that be are willing. Don't miss it. Also keep an eye on the STAR each week for the well-intended but perhaps a little unbalanced prophecies concerning the meet. We expect "Jerk" Hussey to be on the announcers stand and it will be worth the price of admission to hear his... voice again.

PIANO RECITAL

The following recital was given by pupils of Miss Hillpot and Mr. Lawless, Thursday afternoon, May 1, in Miss Hillpot's studio.

Rabbit Revels	John W. Williams
The Bells	John M. Williams
Silas Molyneux	
Only a Dream	Eddy
Robert Luckey	
Rustic Dance	Howell
Albert Roth	
Sonatina in F Major	Clementi
Leola VanDusen	
Berceuse from Jocelyn	Godard
Evelyn Davies	
Solfeggietto	P. E. Bach
Venetian Love Song	Nevin
Florence Smith	
Waltz in G flat	Chopin
Marjorie Donley	
Romance in D flat	Sibelius
John Bross	
On Wings of Song	Mendelssohn-
	Liszt

Margaret Carter

Stranger: "Don't the fast trains stop here?"
Native: "Yep, had a wreck here once."

Under the spreading Chestnut tree,
The village "hot-dog stands",
The public come and eat them
And get mustard on their hands.

Aurora Borealis

The Sophs had their eclipse. Well, we have the Northern Lights. This phenomenon was very much in evidence several evenings last week.

Being ignorant of the sources of such occurrences, we had to recourse to scientific text books (which don't seem to be prolific with information, either) we discovered a few interesting facts, however. The Borealis is an electrical phenomenon, caused by a gaseous or ionized condition of the air reflecting the sunlight. They seem to have some connection with "sun spots," as they follow the cycle of these spots closely on an average of a year later. They are still largely an unknown quantity, but their glorious lights, imblazoning the northern skies are one of Nature's most beautiful performances.

MOVE-UP DAY

(Continued from Page One)

bonnets tied deftly beneath the chin had moved back to the seats behind. Lofty Sophomores are they now! Ready to dole forth the awful penalties allotted to the "greenlings" of next fall.

When everyone had "moved-up" Prof. Baker led us all in singing Houghton's Alma Mater—"When the eastern sun is sinking In the crimson west

Thoughts of thee fond Alma Mater Fill our loyal breasts."

Pres. Luckey next introduced the speaker of the morning, Mr. Ellis Hopkins, Attorney at Law. Mr. Hopkins is one of Houghton's Alumni.

The address was followed by a quartet including H. Fero, H. Turnell, T. Cronk and G. Allen. After the quartette the classes marched out.

But that is not all! Thursday night at seven-thirty again the strains of a march were heard. Again came the classes in their brightest colors. But wait!—How funny some of the Sophomores and Juniors looked! What costumes! Then the program began, and this is the way it went:—

Alma Mater led by Mr. Hines

Freshman Stunt

Senior Prophecy given by Sophomore Class

Cello solo John Kluzitt

Junior Stunt

SIGHT SEEING WITH MISS GILLETTE

By MISS FRIEDA GILLETTE, M. A. Professor of History

A trip to Italy would not be complete without a visit to Venice for no city in the world is just like that one. Here there are no automobiles or motor vehicles and no street cars. The only means of conveyance about the city is by gondola though motor boats are becoming fairly common. There is little hurry or bustle in Venice for the gondolas are not noted for speed.

The important public buildings are built around a square. Here we found the cathedral of San Marco, a very much decorated building both without and within. Great wealth has been expended here, for back of the high altar there is an altar piece of gold, silver, enamel and precious stones which has been valued at sixty millions of dollars. Near San Marco is the Goges Palace, once the home of Venetian rulers. Nearby is the great campanile or tower from the top of which a wonderful view of the city may be obtained.

We left Italy after we had spent a quiet Sabbath at Lake Como and our journey took us through the Alps. The first stage of our journey was by motor bus and we passed through many quaint little towns where the women were carrying their baskets of clothes down to the rivers and

creeks to wash—hardly modern laundry methods. When we reached Lake Lugano we took passage on a lake steamer which took us to the town of Lugano, Switzerland, from which we went by funicular up to the St. Gothard railroad.

The St. Gothard road winds up the mountain through tunnels and along ledges. At one point we could look down upon two lengths of track over which we had wound our way. One tunnel was nine miles in length. The incline was so sharp near the last of our journey that it necessitated a cog road. We took government buses at Andermatt and continued to go farther and farther up the mountains, enjoying scenery beyond description or compare.

We stayed that night at a hotel at the edge of the Rhone glacier. When we left the valley in the morning it had been warm, as only an Italian morning in July can be but up here it was winter. We walked out upon the snow and ice of the glacier and into a cave all of ice and then we were glad to go back and enjoy a bright warm fire.

The next day the motor bus took us through the Grimsel pass, supposed to be the bleakest of Alpine passes. It is in the region of this pass that a great electrical power project is being developed.

Our Own Poll

Everybody is taking straw votes these days. It's the thing to do to keep up with the times, so here we offer and present for your approval our own poll, conducted with the most scrupulous honesty at our command.

Obviously, before we have a poll, we must have a question upon which our subscribers can vote on. And the most important thing that brings itself to our attention is contained in these lines:

"Are you aware that the cats have got

No tails on the island of Man? All the other cats have tails,

In England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales;

It seems a rank injustice,

To right it is our plan.

Are you aware it is our plan.

Are you aware that the cats have got

No tails on the island of Man?"

The plight of these poor cats seems pathetic. It causes us to wail with dolorous grief. We can conceive of nothing more pitiful; more lamentable; more touching. The next time you see a cat scratching its ear with its tail, stop and soberly ask yourself the question "What do the poor cats on the Isle of Man do when they wish to scratch their ears?" What is to be done about it? With cat-tails abounding in every swamp, it would not be difficult to send them over to the Isle of Man. Should we help to better the condition of these poor felines? That is the burning question of the hour—and the subject of our vote.

Naturally we wished to have only the best minds answer on this subject, so we confined the vote to the Fresh-

High School Girls Glee Club conducted by Miss Zimmerman

Faculty Stunt

Quartette

Senior Class Will

Senior Class Song by H. Storms,

F. Knapp, M. Donley

Was it interesting? Did we

laugh? You should have been there!

Following the program all the

classes marched out to the huge bon-

fire which the Freshmen had built.

Here all the old distinctions were

burned.

man class. We buttonholed them one by one and put the question to them. Clear-eyed, staunch, unafraid—each one gave his answer in ringing tones. The startling figures appear below:

A cat-tail for every cat on the Isle of Man 0053

Let the cats on the Isle of Man work out their own salvation 0008

These are vital statistics. They point to something or other, although it is generally considered impolite to point. However, it is not improbable that some kind of a measure will now be passed regarding this stupendous undertaking—a quart or pint measure will do.

In conclusion let us reiterate that this poll has been conducted as honestly as we know how. We hotly deny that we have been influenced by either the S. P. C. A. or the Rodent Power Manufacturer's Association. No, Reginald, No. The Figures are true and conclusive—vox populi.

NON PATRIAE SED MIHI

(Continued from Page One)

Napoleon was not satisfied with France only, but he schemed and planned to conquer the world. So I, not satisfied with my little company of six hens, increased this to a cohort both by natural means of reproduction and the age-old custom of buying, or conquering, to use military terms.

I became tired of my little dominion and wanted new lands and new subjects. After climbing the rigged mountains of ignorance, I beheld a sea of prosperity, clam and tranquil. As I looked over this bright and tempting expanse, lo! I saw in the distance a large island which was called White Leghorn. "Veni, vidi, vici." I joined this white species of chickens to my empire. These were so much better than my first subjects that gradually, under different pretenses, I had the Reds sent to the guillotine. I could not let friendship stand in the way of success. With this strong force behind me, I started to study the lay of the land. (I took two courses in Poultry Husbandry). My cohort increased to the fairly large army of one hundred twenty-five.

One bright sunny morning I was summoned from the land of dreams by a swift-footed messenger. An enemy was approaching, fully prepared for battle. My army was taken by surprise, but I arrived in time to check the onslaught of the Huns from Dogdum. What a sight met my eyes! My force was scattered here, there, and everywhere, rushing blindly for safety. But as I came in sight my amazons gathered around me, and some form of order was established. My fame, which had spread abroad, was so great that the enemy did not know whether to fight or to become my prisoners, but to their good fortune they chose the last.

It seems that in wars we always lose the best men, those who do us the best service. One of my most efficient followers breathed these words just before her death, "Dulce et decorum est patriis mori." If we only had more followers who believed this. Those who ought to be killed in battle escape all danger. For many days there was mourning in the camp for the one who had so nobly given her life in our cause.

We learn our lessons only by bitter experiences. I came to realize that a small army of picked men could accomplish more than a mob of indifferent workers. Even in the days long past the Spartans knew this. They defeated the hordes of Medes by a comparatively few soldiers. Although I knew this, I had to learn by my own mistakes. Bonaparte's success was partly due to the fact that he chose brave fighters, had good food, and comfortable quarters for

(Continued on Page Four)

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Count de Coupons

(Note: The Count has been very ill lately, having had water on the brain as a result of getting his feet wet during a recent rain-storm. However, he is manfully bearing up under the burden and will continue to answer all questions.)

Dear Count:

A bet that the Count de Coupons is a tall, dark and handsome fellow. B bets he isn't. Who is right?

L. E. Vator.

Dear Mr. Vator:

I dassn't tell, but allow me to offer A my congratulations.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Last night I was away someone broke into my house and stole all my silverware. I can readily identify it as it was marked "Houghton Dining Hall". I wish you could do something about it.

Ima Dreamer.

Dear Ima:

So do I.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

When is the Senior Skip Day? Emmie Schmalz.

Dear Emmie:

The Senior Class is making elaborate preparations for their Skip Day, which will be held the second Tuesday of next week. They will tour through Fillmore, Belfast, Canadea and Rushford and will return tired but happy.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

What is your idea of rigid economy?

Civic Pride.

Dear Civic:

A dead Scotchman.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

Why do we have rats?

Moanin Low.

Dear Moanin:

Rats are not native to America, but were imported to give the cats something to do.

Count de Coupons.

Dear Count:

How can I remove ink spots from my dress?

H. L. L.

Dear H. L. L.:

Soak the whole dress in ink.

Count de Coupons.

NON PATRIAE SED MIHI

(Continued from Page Three)

his men. Thoroughly agreeing with my great predecessor, I followed his example. By one order and by one stroke of the pen, and on one day I had these undesirable subjects sent to the gillotine. Combining all my powers mentality, I made these victims serve me in two ways: first, my country was freed from traitors, and second, I sold their bodies. This helped to replenish my coin-bare exchequer with that necessary evil, gold.

Ability is proved not by words, but by actions. Words cannot bring permanent place to the world, but actions in the way of disarmament will bring about that perpetual peace we so much desire. As I was looking over the report of the army, I decided to get a record of each of my legions. This was easily accomplished by the means of complicated trapnests. These remind one of the

teacher's peeking through the key-hole to see what the little imps are doing inside. They give me a personal view of each individual member. Each of my soldiers had a name, but for convenience sake I called them by a number. Whenever the grenadier performed a special deed, such as to lay an egg, she would receive a cross after her name. As Radio Amos said when looking over his inventory, "Ah checked and double checked them." By this method the workers were separated from the drones.

My White Coats were just like children. There were some over whom fear held dominant sway. Others were so affectionate that they would hold on me like clinging vines. Although there were many who tried to draw my attention, only one, No. 42, had a strong enough magnetism to attract my notice. I was so infatuated that I granted her special favors which, if I should relate, would show my own weakness. Progress is like a thresher which leaves only the best and useful. So in order to be successful I had to diminish my flock again. This time the beloved veteran of many a memorable battle was among the victims. "Not that I loved Caesar less, but I loved Rome more." Not that I loved my men less, but that I loved gold more. For the time being I eased my greed for money and made definite progress. In the year three of my rule, the Reign of Terror broke out. This was at its most bloody heights on the two days, November 24 and December 24. Twenty-five aristocrats were sent to the cruel guillotine. They must have been aristocrats because they were fat and lazy.

For a time all was quiet in the soldiers' quarters. A royal dispatch was sent to me by a neighboring king requesting my presence in the Capitol. Before a despot meets another, he must send ahead a present to save the feelings of his fellow leader. Also I must be extravagant in order to make a good impression on others. Again a close scrutiny showed me that still many undesirable citizens were under my sway. Money like love makes us blind to realities. By actually selling some of my brave White Coats to other generals, I acquired sufficient funds to make the march through Russia. I returned home with a bankrupted treasury and to a much thinned army. Again heavy taxes were laid on the people, and those who could not meet them were sold as slaves. Slowly the country took a new lease on life.

In the year of our Lord 1929, in the eighth month and the thirty-first day of the month two great foes met. Blood flowed like a river. Here was a pile of moaning sufferers; there headless bodies. My men made a great struggle to save me, but the opponents were too mighty. I stood red with blood, but fearless as a lion, thinking, "I thank whatever Gods there be for my unconquerable soul." Face to face we met, College and I. Rushing forward I cried out, as did Macbeth, "Lay on, Macduff and cursed be him that first cries, 'Hold enough!'", but I met my Waterloo.

In the Congress of Hard Knocks, the victorious combatants settled my fate. I was sent to a little island called Houghton to serve a term of six long years. Also I had to become a slave, and work from morn's first light until Apollo returned from his daily journey. All my power and wealth were stripped from me.

Although I had been defeated, I could not at first reconcile myself to the new situation. To my surprise, others were in the same calamity as I was. We, battle-scarred imperators, told each other of our victories, but when we saw the task-master approaching, we hustled back to work. The months have crept along at a snail's pace. They seem to take de-

lights in going slow and seeing us suffer.

In the long hours of restless nights I have reviewed my life as a benevolent despot. "I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent out, on vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself and falls on the other." Would that I had not been led by those all-powering evils, gold and ambition.

In the few moments which I have snatched from time to time, I have written the memoirs of my career. They are meant for a warning to others, not to let ambition lead them astray. "All my yesterdays have lighted fools the dusty way to death." The memoirs have been scratched on wood (or was it rags?) by a piece of steel and my blood. In order that you may know that this is true, my friend, No. 47, the lone survivor of my army, will sign her name after mine.

—JOHN MORAN.

Wife: "Now that I have had my hair bobbed, I don't think I look so much like an old lady."

Husband: "No. Now you look like an old gentleman."

Miss Bright: I use the dumb-bell to get color in my face.

Her Uncle: Good girl. That's a lot better than using color on your face to get dumb-bells.

Bachelor Girl: What do you miss most now that you're married and settled down?

Wife: My husband.

Teacher: "What do they call the instrument the French people use for beheading people?"

Bobby: "The Gillette, I think."

Wife: I think I hear burglars. Are you awake?

Husband: No.

It takes 1,500 nuts to hold an automobile together but it only takes one to spread it all over the landscape.

Have you ever noticed the hat-check that the conductor gives you as you are leaving or returning to Houghton? On the bottom it reads, "Keep in sight until collected, A. D. 6277." Dean Wright says that the last time he came up from Rochester he thought his ticket would expire before he got here, even at that!

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