

## A TRIP WITH THE GLEE CLUB

Things Aren't Always Sunshine  
and Roses

Majestically perched upon the brow of College Hill sits the bus, (noble conveyance now equally as famous as the Deacon's Legendary "Onehoss Shay") patiently awaiting the arrival of two or three Glee Club members who have taken too much time in attempting to make agree their prominent Adam's apple and their unruly Tuxedo collar. From within the "fourwheeled monster of the road" the loud and sonorous voice of driver Mattoon is heard, "What in creation is the matter with those boys?"

"Well, the last time I saw Gordy, he was trying to get his left shoe on his right foot. He's probably wondering when he acquired the bunion," replies Prof. Lawless, importantly.

A few others put in their "five cents worth": "At the present time, I think Bain is inspecting the moon, wondering if the sun will shine tomorrow. He's got a heavy date on the morrow."

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## ENTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOUGHTON INTERESTING

Says He Was Shy---Can You  
Imagine it?

From the Pennsylvania railroad train, commonly known as the "toonerville trolly," stepped a prospective student some years ago—a complete stranger to the school and to the town. This bashful boy was none other than Erwin Enty, now well-known devotee of Houghton. Walking slowly up the cinder path in the direction of Clark's store, Enty finally came to a stop, placed his luggage upon the ground, and wonderingly looked around in an attempt to locate the college. However, he was completely at a loss as to the direction of the institution, and it was only when Royal Woodhead met him and informed him concerning the school, that Enty understood the fact that Houghton was not a city and that the college did not boast of over a thousand students.

Before coming to town, Enty had come to believe that because he would be older than the other High School students, they would "kid" him unmercifully. However, he determined to continue his education, and upon arriving here, he was pleasantly surprised. He was not hazed as he had expected. Everything went smoothly. But—and here is the queer part—Enty professed to have been horribly shy when he came to school. He says that many are the times when he has missed supper rather than eat with the girls. He also states that he has often made a considerable detour rather than meet a bunch of girls on the street. Can you believe it? Maybe so, maybe so. Yet, it sounds funny.

After jostling trunks for a few days with Royal Woodhead, Enty became quite familiar with the place, and it was not long before he became acquainted. He remembers many of the old-timers, and a talk with him is interesting.

## CHAPEL IN CHARGE OF THE "MAROON AND WHITE"

"It won't be long now," stated Virg and it wasn't, for just then in marched the college juniors looking mighty important in their scarlet and silver crepe paper hats. On the platform—the sedate(?) seniors sweating (vulgar, yes, but for alliteration, don't you know) 'neath their maroon and white class sweaters. Then in their respective pews the "scarlet and silver" juniors, "blue and gold neckties" sophs, and "green and white" little freshies with bells on. Yes, you've

(Continued on Page Four)

## NOT A SENIOR ON THE CAMPUS

Very quietly and all unnoticed, (?) the Seniors left the campus Wednesday evening after the lecture. A few nightawks perceived unusual commotion; Senior cars of the Ford sedan type hustled hither and thither about the Campus—empty (?), but for the driver. Some over-energetic juniors who travelled to Fillmore discovered many Seniors at Gelsner's boarding a bus about to leave for ———?

It is said that the Junior delegation escorted the Seniors as far as Hume, bade them farewell, and extended their best wishes for a good trip.

It is rumored that the missing class is enjoying itself at the Thousand Islands. We are glad that they have a good day for their sight-seeing. Here's hoping that they have a pleasant trip home, and won't sleep too long when they return.

## The "Boulders" are Coming!

They will be here within a very few days. Be sure to have your money ready.

We have ordered one hundred less copies than last year's staff sold, and we have purchasers for nearly every copy already. So if you want a BOULDER — and you can't afford to miss one — put in your order at once if you have not already done so.

The price, you know, is \$2.50. We're offering you a BOULDER of real quality, and its going to be good.



VIRGIL HUSSEY

President of the College Senior Class  
Editor-in-chief of the Houghton Star

(Note—In the absence of the Editor, the staff took this opportunity to give him due recognition.)

## REV. SHEA WRITES FROM CANADA

Radio Rouses Him to Action

(Editor's Note—It is not my purpose to publish my personal correspondence for the mere purpose of proving that I do receive letters once in awhile. I cause this letter to be printed because I believe there are many others who also would like to hear from Beverly Shea, a former resident of Houghton. Surely, you remember him. The Star would like to hear from him again.)

'Twas midnight; a tall dark form was bent in a sitting posture, listening—listening to ethereal wonders! When, all at once, a human voice announced the fact that a certain gentlemen singer would render a hymn entitled "I Dreamed of the Great Judgment Morning," at the special request of Virgil H. Hussey,

(Continued on Page Four)

## TENNIS CONTENDERS HARD AT IT

Field and Track Men Busy

The excellent weather of late and the splendid condition of the tennis courts has given to the popular court game added impetus, and many Purple and Gold men and women are looming as strong contenders. All indications point to an extended and interesting elimination series with possibilities for many "upsets" to the dope, as several young players are evidencing excellent form and are trimming some of the old-timers pretty regularly. Outstanding among the youngsters are Folger, Purple, and Marvin, Gold.

Field and track men are practicing regularly and all is well under way toward the successful track meet predicted earlier in the season. Records are doomed to fall, as in one or two events the old record has already been surpassed. Especially is this true of field events, the high jump in particular is sure to be broken by — well, by some of our long-legged athletes who undoubtedly will feel much easier if their names are not revealed.

An announcer's stand was built arbor day and "Jerk" Hussey has already been secured to officiate as chief announcer. "Jerk" tried the high jump a few times the other day, and the next morning decided to go out for announcing on field day.

## MISS TAFT SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

### Christian Americanization

Monday was an unusual day! For some unknown reason the periods were shortened. That was strange, for Monday is usually short chapel day. There must be long chapel, but why?

So at 11:30, the students in a very inquisitive state of mind, assembled in the chapel. There we were delightfully entertained by Miss Gertrude Taft, Americanization Secretary of the Baptist Woman's Board of Missions. Her headquarters are in New York City, but her work takes her into various parts of the United States. Her theme was *Christian Americanization*.

Americanization was little thought of previous to the World War. Until then, we considered all people, not American born but resident in the United States, foreigners. But after Italians, Polish, and people of other nationalities fought side by side with the American boys in order to preserve our beloved America, we decided that they were no longer foreigners, but Americans. For this reason, at the close of the war an Americanization program was undertaken. The Church saw the advantage in this, and the Baptist started a campaign for *Christian Americanization*. This missionary work is carried on by Christian American women who have each decided to make one foreign woman her friend. They visit the homes of the Italians and Polish people and teach them to speak the English language. This is their opening wedge. Then, they can tell their foreign friends the story of Jesus in the same words which they have taught them.

(Continued on Page Four)

## Calendar for the Remaining Weeks of the School Year

"Dignified" Seniors Return from trip	Today(?)
Junior Senior Banquet	
College	May 16
Junior Senior Banquet	
High School	May 18
Theological Senior Party at King's	May 18
Track and Field	May 25
Tennis Tournament	May 27—June 1
Decoration Day	
Vacation	May 30
Exams	June 4—8
Commencement Week	June 8—13
Oratorio	June 8
Class Day for School of Theology	June 9
The Strong Bible Reading Contest	June 9
Baccalaureate Service	June 10
Missionary Service	June 10
Class Day Exercises, High School	June 11
Baseball Game, Alumni vs. Varsity	June 11
Oratorical Contest	June 11
Senior College Breakfast	June 12
Class Day Exercises	June 12
College	June 12
Commencement Exercises for all Departments	June 13
Alumni Dinner	June 13

## HOUGHTON'S LEADING INDUSTRY

### Match Making

"Don't have any manufacturing here, do you?" asked a stranger, a few days ago, as he looked over the town with a somewhat critical eye.

"Well I'll say we do," answered "Cod" Christy with his usual enthusiasm. "Upon the hill there, is the biggest match factory in this part of the country. The output is bigger every year. Come on up and we will show you a few samples."

And just then the Dean and Price drove leisurely past.

"Jibbers," cried "Cod" excitedly, "you don't need to go up on the hill, just look at that."

And "Cod" didn't exaggerate a bit about the business done each year at Houghton's m a t c h factory. It really is amazing; and so few escape it.

Take for example our beloved President Luckey. He first met here Miss Edith, whom we all know now as Mrs. Luckey. Professor Reis was another victim. He met Mrs. Ries here at Houghton. She was Miss Ruth Warbois.

"Dizzy" boasts of his mother and Dad meeting in Houghton for the first time, and thus adding to the record of the factory. We hear "Dizzy" rather feels it necessary that he uphold this family tradition.

Harry Kitterman and Almada Hall are outstanding examples. College Gossip has it, that it was love at first sight with Harry and "Meda."

Then there was the Mattoon girls—Myrtle and Nora. They didn't escape either. "Myrt" is now Mrs. Royal Woodhead, is an enthusiastic supporter.

There are countless others, some of whom we name here—Floyd Banker and Hazel Rogers, Harold McKinney and Buelah Williams, Glenn Mc—

(Continued on Page Four)

## "HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!"

For years he stood as a mighty sentinel guarding the campus. Doubtless, he remembers Copperhead, the old Indian, although no one ever heard him mention his name. With interest he has watched the progress of Houghton Seminary and College. Generations have come and gone. Youths and maidens have passed by him, but rarely did they notice him standing there. Nevertheless, he heard their whisperings and spoke of the foolishness of youth to "the Boulder."

Having weathered many a storm of wind and rain, and being of great age, his heart finally failed. During a recent storm of adversity, he fell never to rise. His remains were reverently removed to the last resting place. In short, the chestnut tree at the top of the stairs was blown down during a severe windstorm, and was removed on Arbor Day by Prof. Wright and his corps of mighty woodsmen.

## Card of Thanks

I wish to express my gratitude to all my Houghton friends who so kindly contributed to my pleasure by sending me greetings, letters, flowers, and fruit during my illness.

Ella M. Hillpot.

## THE HOUGHTON STAR



Published Weekly by the Union Literary Association of Houghton College and Seminary.

"A True Reflection of College Life."

Entered at the postoffice at Houghton, N. Y., as second class matter.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized Oct. 1923.

Subscription rates: \$1.00 per year, 5c per copy.  
Advertising rates on request.

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## Collegiate Sam Says:

Foolish is the fellow who believes all that he hears, but not nearly so foolish as he who believes nothing.

## EDITORIAL

## HONORING MOTHER

The other day a student said to a friend, "Are you going to send a card to your mother for Mother's Day?" "I may," he replied, then quickly added, "I usually send her half a dozen carnations." Doubtless the attitude of these two students illustrates the feeling of the student body in regard to Mother's Day. Next Sunday one will see practically every Houghtonite wearing a carnation in honor of Mother. She surely deserves this special remembrance, but one day cannot suffice to really show the appreciation and love due our Mothers. They have given more in love, and sacrifice than we can ever hope to repay by flowers, kind words, and thoughtful deeds. We owe mother our best — Mother — the one who has given us a home with all its attendant comforts and pleasures; the one who has deprived herself again and again for our welfare.

As students, caught in the hustle and bustle of school life, we may forget the one at home who is more interested in our well-being than any other earthly friend can be. Mother believes in us. It is up to us to show our worth. She expects us to make good. Are we keeping our trust, or do we forget her? Does her advice seem old-fashioned? Do we disregard her religion and her God?

Mother appreciates every thoughtful act and remembrance, but what she desires above all is to see her children living up-right, God-fearing lives. The highest tribute we can pay to our mother is to follow her God and pattern our lives after Him. "Honor thy father and thy mother, for this is the first commandment with promise."

Let each one of us honor Mother on Sunday by attending Church, then during the coming days endeavor to be the persons that Mother expects us to be, taking the advice of the newsboy, Noodles Fagan:

While walking down a crowded city street the other day,  
I heard a little urchin to a comrade turn and say:  
"Say, Jimmie, don't yer know, I'd be as happy as a clam,  
If I only was de feller dat me mudder t'inks I am."

"She t'inks I am a wonder, and knows her little lad  
Would never mix wit' nottin' dat was ugly, mean or bad.  
I often sit and t'ink how nice 't would be—gee wiz,  
If a feller was de feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."

So, folks, be yours a life of toil or undiluted joy,  
You still can learn a lesson from the small, unlettered boy;  
Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed on a star—  
Just try to be the fellow that your mother thinks you are.

## LOCAL NEWS

Crandall's house is receiving a fresh coat of paint.

Will Calkins went to Perry, Wednesday to see his aunt, Mrs. Crawford.

Roma Lapham was taken to the Warsaw hospital on Tuesday.

P. B. Loftis was in Rochester on business, Wednesday.

The state road through Houghton has just been tarred. If you don't believe it, ask "Pa" Clarke.

Mrs. Peck is spending a few days in Silver Springs.

M. C. Cronk's niece from Penn Yan visited here, Tuesday.

Mrs. Harrison Weaver visited her mother the first part of the week.

Harold McKinney's wife and son are spending a few days here with Mr. and Mrs. Williams.

Will Calkins and wife were in Horell, Sunday, visiting Mrs. Calkins' brother and the Silsbee's.

Mrs. Nellie Fagen and children are visiting at the home of her parents, R. H. Houghton and wife.

George Washbon left Monday to spend some time at the home of his son, Floyd Washbon, in Cazenovia.

The measles epidemic is causing considerable suffering and inconvenience. Even "Theos" has had to give in and take his share.

"Andy" Warden says he can't afford more than four girls just now. Mr. and Mrs. Will Lapham were in Warsaw, Wednesday.

## LECTURE COURSE

We meant to take notes on the programs given on Wednesday but so absorbing did Mr. Parmenter become that pad and pencil were forgotten. The general opinion of the students is that the last number of the 1927-1928 lecture course was "high class". The genial personality, the humor and kindly witticism of the speaker undoubtedly made a great appeal.

The chapel talk was called "The Pill." It certainly was a mixture of everything—ideals, shrewd thoughts, suggestions, shots of wisdom, stories,

and humor.

The theme of the evening's entertainment was that service is the only means to happiness. In connection with it, Mr. Parmenter discussed art as life perfectly revealed through truth and love. "Dramatic art", in which he is most particularly concerned, "is doing the most effective thing at the most effective time, in the most effective way." Every point was supported by illustrations from the lives of great or celebrated people, or personal observations, interspersed with stories and jokes.

The reference to Major General Wood and the political campaign of 1920 was of particular interest to every history student.

Both of the speeches were highly popular with the audiences; the truth told simply and dramatically made a far greater appeal than a long-drawn-out discourse could possibly have done. We hope that if Mr. Parmenter finds the opportunity, he will visit us again. We like him.

## Have You Seen Them?

If you haven't you ought to, for they are worth seeing. Where are they? In the College Office! What are they? "Glimpses of Houghton College" the new picture book showing views of our Campus. The volume contains twenty-four views of the campus, and pictures of student groups. There are twenty pages, bound in an attractive brown cover. That these books will be the means of impressing young folks in favor of Houghton can be no question.

Mention STAR Advertisements

## MOTHER

Bertha Inwood Michael

Who watches o'er the babe with ceaseless care  
Though long the weary day and sleepless night?  
And though her face grows pinched and wan, her eyes  
Are ever glowing with a heavenly light;  
Who feeds and tends with loving gentle hands  
Or hushes fretful cry, or wail of pain  
And ever at her post of duty stands  
And does it all for love—and not for gain?—A Mother.

Who trains the tender minds of boys and girls  
To do the things that's honest, pure and true,  
And teaches them life here is more worth while,  
If only these things they will always do?  
Who opens to their wondering childish minds  
The secrets of the life they've just begun?  
Who tells them of the beauties God has made  
And tells the precious story of his Son?—Their Mother.

Who guides the youth and maid across the years  
All fraught with danger, which they cannot see?  
And since they cannot always understand  
How patient and how tactful she must be!  
Who gives her time and strength and skill and mind  
To make their lives more bright than hers has been,  
And with her prayers and life and good advice  
Is striving daily to keep them from sin?—'Tis Mother.

And when the nestlings fain would leave the nest  
To build themselves new homes, who willing stands  
To help with all her earthly goods and store  
Or gives the labor of her tireless hands?  
Who is it you can always count upon  
In health or sickness, through the changing years?  
Though other friends may falter or e'en fail,  
Who willingly shares your happiness or tears?—Your Mother.

Who comes with grief and pity in her heart,  
If we in sin or folly go astray;  
And though the whole world turn away from us  
Will never cease to hope and love and pray?  
And if we walk in honor's path of right,  
Who will rejoice with happy tear-filled eyes;  
And though we never win great fame or wealth  
Will always hold us as her greatest prize?—Our Mother.

Who looks toward the future without fear,  
For as she older grows, faith grows more bright?  
How tenderly she talks to us at times  
To help us do the thing that's always right!  
All honor to our noble Mothers, here  
We'll crown them with love's royal diadem;  
But when God crowns those who have done his will  
We think he will give his brightest gems—to Mothers.

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**RELIGIOUS ENVIRONMENT  
PRODUCES  
SUCCESS**

The effect of religious environment in producing men of genius is illustrated in data recently published by American eugenicists. A Protestant clergyman's son has one chance in 20 of being listed in "Who's Who." The physician's son has 1 in 105, the farmer's 1 in 680. The skilled laborer's son has a tremendous advantage over the unskilled labor, for his chances are 1 in 1600 while the latter is only 1 in 48,000. The atmosphere which characterizes the home of the minister of the gospel thus makes for success even in this world.

Mankind is beginning to grasp that populations consists of people with different hereditary endowments. This is true of different groups, such as racial or occupational groupings. The material development of the Protestant nations of Europe, their worlds leadership in all lines of endeavor is due largely to the children of their clergymen. Conversely, the backwardness of Jesuit-controlled areas in both Europe and Latin America must be due in part to the Roman Catholic policy of celibacy. This has through the centuries drained their populations of the offspring of their spiritually high-powered leaders, both priests and nuns.

**CHRISTIAN WORKERS  
AT MT. MORRIS**

Sunday evening the Christian Workers held a service in the First Presbyterian Church of Mt. Morris. The meeting was led by Ernest Crocker. After the song service, Professor Boardman led in prayer. The Misses Viola and Luella Roth sang a spirit-filled song. In the testimony service that followed, not only did the Houghtonites take part but also members of the congregation. Miss Treva McKinney brought a message in song. A chorus from Houghton then sang a special number. The message was one that gripped hearts. We believe that the service was inspiring not only to those who went from Houghton, but to those of Mt. Morris who attended as well.

**Dick Wing Beats  
Burnham in  
Pitching Duel, 2-1**

First Game of Season Reveals Some Good Baseball—Also Some of Opposite Brand

Dick Wing, young portsideer from Chesbro Seminary, succeeded in the rare and hitherto almost impossible feat of defeating Houghton's premier pitcher of several years standing in a tight pitching duel, 2-1, last Thursday afternoon, the game serving as a climax to a successful arbor day. The game was the first of a series of Varsity vs. "scrubs" games, the purpose of which is to determine the twelve men to make up the varsity baseball team of '28 to oppose the alumni team in the annual varsity-alumni game commencement week.

The game, a seven inning affair, was a pitchers' duel from beginning to end. In fact the work of the pitchers was the bright spot in the afternoon's pastime. Besides holding the enemy to three hits, Dick contributed a nice double to the cause. Burnham also pitched air-tight baseball with the exception of the first inning when hits by Lane and Doty, a wild pitch, a passed ball, and a sacrifice, produced the two runs required to beat the varsity.

The personnel of the teams which

bore the appellations of Varsity and Scrubs, bare no significance as far as the final varsity line-up is concerned, the division being made in this way to render the game more interesting. Batteries: Scrubs—Wing and Lane; Varsity—Burnham, Leffingwell and Bates.

**Hospital Drive**

Figures in round numbers:

Gold	\$2400
Purple	\$2200
Faculty and Others	\$1680
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$6330</b>

Captain George M. Whitaker, Quarter-Master of the National Military Hospital, at Marion, Indiana, is visiting his parents, Prof. and Mrs. C. B. Whitaker.

**HOLD Y'ER SIDES!**

"All clever men are conceited, aren't they?"  
"Oh, I don't know. I'm not."

Diner—"This ham is bad."  
Waiter—"It can't be; it was only cured last week."

Diner—"Well, it must have had a relapse."

Miss Gillette (in history)—"When was the revival of learning?"

Waddy—"Just before the last exam."

"The students were so entranced this morning that they stayed in my room all during lunch hour."  
"Why didn't you wake them up?"

"Harry ate something poisonous."  
"Croquette?"  
"No, but he's very ill."

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Houghton, N. Y.

**REV. SHEA WRITES FROM  
CANADA**

*Radio Rouses Him to Action.*

(Continued From Page One)

Esq., Houghton College, Houghton, N. Y.

At this sudden announcement the dark form squirmed; his sleepy eyes caught fire, illuminating the once dimly lighted room to a state of exquisite glare. No longer did the lanky radio operator sit merely in the "Etherial Chamber." Be gone! Rather, at that moment it was transformed into an etherial chamber of Fond Remembrance. Of a truth, that unseen voice spake of an auld pal o' mine, Virgil Hussey, and he was saying that my old friend desired to hear words sung that would cause him to think on eternal realities.

Although it would have been almost impossible to employ a thermometer to take temperature of the affectionate department of the heart, I am sure you will believe me when I say that the same was strangely warmed, as well as overjoyed, when hearing your name mentioned over the air, and for so worthy a cause. Hence the epistle.

I am quite a size now, physically speaking only, it being that my present standing totals nearly 6' 3". When walking I stretch just as far, much to my discomfort, sometimes. You would be very tall also, I think. After all, this is more satisfying than the opposite.

The time to close this would be now, perhaps, so I shall. Someday I hope to attend the College, but you will have graduated by then, no doubt. My ultimate occupation will hover about the evangelistic field, I expect, and favoring the musical side of this, God's great work. And so naturally, I should like to attend at Ho'ton, if there is where I could advance to at least human perfection, along the line mentioned. Experience lends this, perhaps.

Till Niagara Falls, friend and brother,  
G. Beaverly Shea

**CHAPEL IN CHARGE OF  
"MAROON AND WHITE."**

(Continued From Page One)

guessed it—"move up" day!

The Seniors were in charge. Goldie Davidson directed the music and Helen Kellogg led the devotionals. Then the program! The Class Will, read by Ruth Crouch, was indeed clever and the poor juniors nearly matched their caps as the seniors' generous gifts came piling down upon them. Anna Duggan gave a delightful piano solo, "The Old Refrain" by Kreisler. Then Virg, the loquacious senior-class president, gave a happy class history. Those seniors have sure had some gay old times! We wonder who was to blame for the class song? It was good anyhow. That class motto on the wall, "The End Crowns The Work," made the words of the song doubly impressive. As Ralph Jones' familiar tenor rang out clear and strong on the words of that song, "In the Garden of My Heart," we couldn't help but wonder what we'd do without Jonsey next year.

Then the juniors began "moving-up," discarding their crepe hats at the platform and marching back decorated with silver crepe strips with the name Senior in big red letters to fill the vacant senior seats. Some more "moving-up" and presto—sophs became juniors and froshs became sophs.

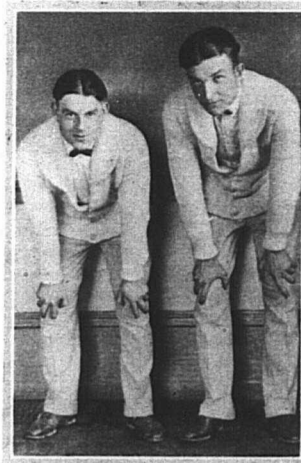
Congratulations, Seniors! your some bunch! what possibilities lie before you thirty seniors!

"Then give the world the best you have  
And the best will come back to you!"

**HOUGHTON'S LEADING  
INDUSTRY  
Match Making**

(Continued From Page One)

Kinley and Grace Steese, John Wilcox and Alice Buchholz, T. J. Tomp-



LLOYD TINGLEY and KENNETH GIBBINS

Former Houghton Cheerleaders

Who Found Their Match Elsewhere

son and Mabel E. Davie, Garrett Vissar and Rosa Crosby, Paul Fall and Dorothy Jennings, William Gearheart and Mildred Jones, Clyde Meredith and Carrie Coleman, LeVay Fancher and Zola Kitterman, Edith Warburton and Charles Pocock, George Boyce and Suessa Dart, Matthew Gosby and Ella Lane, Ralph Davy and Josephine Cronk, Ernest Crocker and Dorothy Bennett, Cecil Huntsman and Mary Steves, David Rees and Mabel Benton, Arnold Pitt and Ernestine Hotchkiss, Archie King and Vivian Saunders, John Willett and Ascha Washburn, Perry Tucker and Blanch Gearheart.

And so we could go on and on. These are just a few "samples" as "Cod" called them.

Of course every good product should have a guarantee, and Prof. Wright furnishes a very good sufficient one when he states very emphatically that he never knew a Houghton marriage to end in a divorce!

And yet in all things there are a few skeptical ones, two of whom are pictured above, "Ting" and "Gib." They thought it wiser to look elsewhere for their life partners. Well, we sure wish them all kinds of happiness.

**MISS TAFT SPEAKS IN  
CHAPEL**

Christian Americanization

(Continued From Page One)

This work is a big challenge to the American people. It is a responsibility which we must face, especially since so many Americans hold themselves aloof from these our brethren and sisters instead of lifting them to a higher plane of living by Americanizing them. Shall we accept the challenge?

**A TRIP WITH THE GLEE CLUB  
Things Aren't Always Sunshine  
And Roses**

(Continued From Page One)

"Deacon Fox is going with Andy Warden. He's taking a big chance, but maybe he'll get there."

"Aw, they'll be here in a minute. Start the motor, Reverend. Step on 'er! Step on 'er!"

And the pilot suddenly places his well formed-foot heavily upon the starter. Soon the tardy ones arrive, and with a few shouts of farewell from the occupants, the "carriage" slowly rolls down Sem hill, wheels around the corner, and hits up a forty-mile-an-hour pace for all points East.

"Hey! can't you move over about two inches? I haven't got enough room to wiggle an eyelash!"

"What do you want for a nickle, any way—canary birds?"

"Oh, for the love of Pete, did you bring along that old horse fiddle, Johnny? It takes up more room than a train of cars."

"Hey, Mattoon, how much is she makin' now?"

"Fireman save my child! That last bump took all the wind out of my sails!"

"Oh, my head! Boy, I'll never be the same again!"

"Great Caesar's ghost! What'er we ridin' over, anyway? I wasn't meant for any rocky mountain goat."

"You dumbell! Keep your feet out of my face! What's the idea?"

"Oh man, but I'm sick. This exhaust is awful. Maybe, though, its Gleason's feet. Open a window, can't you? For the sake of dying humanity, do something!"

"How much farther is it Prof? I'm paralyzed from head to toe! Can't hold out much longer! Kluzitt has been walking all over my pedal extremities ever since we left Houghton. Forty miles more? May the fates preserve us!"

"Get out of my lap! Can't help it if the road is rough and all the springs in this contraption are broke to smithereins. I've got my own troubles to 'tend to."

"Hey, you're sitting on my coat-tails. I haven't been able to move for the last ten miles."

"Well, cheer up boys; it won't be long now."

Then with a wicked gleam in his eyes, and a diabolical smile on his lips, Gordy suddenly remarks, "Here we are, boys! There's the school-house. Let's sing *Crossing the Bar*."

Out of the faithful bus pour the weary Glee Club members, their faces seamed with care and fatigue. Through the High School building they tramp, shed their overcoats in a convenient room, and make their way to the platform.

"Will that curtain pull, John? No? Well, fix it up, if possible. Wonder what they thought we were going to have here—afternoon tea? Push that table off the stage! Tune up your instruments! Set a chair or two out here! Don't stub your toe over that carpet when you march on to the stage. All right! Everybody ready? Up goes the curtain!"

Then the boys attempt to show their wares to the listeners. They sail through the program with flying colors in spite of the small audience, and receive a big ovation after singing the *Alma Mater*. The homeward trip is almost a repetition of their recent journey, except for the fact that the boys are a little more sleepy and a little more out of sorts. A mouth organ screams in one corner of the bus. Elder Roy strikes up "Come Back to Dear Old Houghton" while Entry cuts in with "Nearer My God to Thee". At last the chariot comes to a groaning, squeaking halt in front of the College Inn, and the boys, also groaning and squeaking, pile out, to answer the call of the feather bed. Such is life! Such is life!