

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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NUMBER 16

Purple-Gold Series Starts with Double Victory for Purple

With the sounding of the whistle Monday night the lid of a new Purple-Gold Series was pried off. The Purple's hero of two previous series, "Ann" English, started the game by slipping the leather sphere through the hoop for a two counter. "Erm" Anderson the Gold captian was not to be outdone and started her team off by a beautiful two-pointer tossed over her head. Throughout the entire game the score was never lopsided. In the last quarter the score stood 14-15 with Purple on the long end. The Gold Captain was awarded a free throw. Being over anxious to tie the score she allowed her foot to go over the line, and although the shot was good, the side was not awarded the point. In spite of the fact that Erma missed the chance to tie the score, she is said to have been the outstanding player of both teams by netting a total of 11 points, six of which were beautiful over-head shots from medium count.

Anna English played with her usual cleverness, and received many open shots which she was unable to make good. In the third quarter she began to find the net and made a total of 10 points.

Many fouls were called during the game and on looking over the score book we find that Purple had 8 fouls called against them while the Gold had 11. Purple made good five of

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Girls of Gaoyadeo Go Coasting

Pancake Feed Follows Slide

"We slip, we slide, we glim, we glide," down the old hill, around the corner, by the almost too near telephone pole, to the second bridge and then stop all too soon. The old "bobs" then have to be drawn up the hill, so "Abie", "Graham Cracker", Alexis and Benson, all offered their assistance and the bobs were soon at the top again where others were waiting their chance to take the slide of their lives. The going down is fine, but the coming back takes the joy out of life. Well could we all have uttered the words of the poet: "This world that we are living in

Is mighty hard to beat,—
We get a thorn with every rose,
But ain't the roses sweet."

All the fun, however, was not going on out-of-doors, for, in the kitchen were nervous "Ma" Dye, and her assistants, busily cooking the sausage and flapping the "panie" cakes. Were the flap-jacks delicious? Well, I guess! How they did disappear when the coasters came upon the scene about nine o'clock. We ate, and we ate, and we ate, until the pancakes were all gone and the appetite of everyone was well satisfied.

It was the end of a perfect day for the girls as they stood around and watched the four "Bob-pullers" wash the dishes.

ATTENTION

Sunday School Scholars, don't forget your promise to invite one friend to attend Sunday School this coming Sabbath.



REV. A. J. SHEA, WHO WILL HOLD MEETINGS HERE

Funeral of Rev. G. H. Clarke at Houghton Rev A. J. Shea to Hold Revival Meetings

Pastors Pitt, Shaffer, Bain, and Bedford take Part

All Houghton has recently bowed in sorrow because of the passing of Rev. G. H. Clarke, familiarly known by Y. M. W. B. members as Pa Clarke. About one week after a severe paralytic stroke Rev. Clarke passed to his reward. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning, January 30, at 8:30 o'clock from the church, with Rev. J. R. Pitt officiating. Interment took place at Levant, in the afternoon. A quartet, composed of Paul Roy, Joseph Shipman, Beverly Shea, and Louis Shipman sang "Sweetly Resting". Rev. Noah Shaffer led in prayer after which Rev. Pitt spoke from a text in the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel. Rev. J. A. Bain gave a sketch of Rev. Clarke's life, emphasizing his outstanding Christian character and the years of service he has rendered the church both locally as a conference and as a denomination. Not the least of these services were his seven terms as missionary to Africa. Rev. Dean Bedford spoke feelingly of a warm friendship with "Pa" Clarke which had lasted over a period of thirty-five years and in which they had had specially cordial and blessed fellowship. The services closed with a selection by the quartet, "Majestic Sweetness." The Senior class of the high school, the College and High School faculty, and Mrs. Clarke's Sunday School class occupied seats reserved for their respective groups.

Many students who have not known Rev. Clarke in connection with the Y. M. W. B., have come to respect and love him as a faithful Sunday School superintendent and churchman. We miss him and extend our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Clarke, Evangeline and the other loved ones who feel their loss more keenly because of family ties.

Marshall and Gordon Stevenson visited relatives in Rochester several days last week.

Rev A. J. Shea to Hold Revival Meetings

Canadian Pastor will begin Services Next Tuesday Evening

A series of Revival Services will (D. V.) be held in the Houghton Church commencing February 12 and continuing over February 24. Rev. A. J. Shea, pastor of the Sunnyside Ave., Wesleyan Methodist Church, Ottawa, Canada, will be the evangelist for the occasion, and will preach throughout the series. Rev. Shea is well and favorably known in and about Houghton, where he has conducted successful evangelistic services in former years. He has given himself, throughout the years of his ministry, to personal devotion and close application in the study of the Word of God, and we anticipate for him, by the blessing of God, in these services a ministry of power. Let all Christians among us unite to pray for the blessing of God through His Word in the power of the Spirit.

The service of song will be in charge of Prof. Herman Baker of the Music Department of Houghton College.

Evening services of this series will be at 7:30 P. M., afternoon services, as per announcement during the meetings.

A most cordial invitation is hereby extended to all to be present at all these services. We especially welcome all ministers and people of neighboring churches, to be with us and to cooperate in this work of leading souls to Christ.

CARD OF THANKS

To our kind friends and neighbors, to the faculty and student body of Houghton College and Seminary, to the officers, teachers and pupils of the District School, and to all others who so kindly and sympathetically assisted, during our recent bereavement, either by word or deed; also to those who remembered us with beautiful floral tributes, we extend our heartfelt thanks. God bless and reward you each.

Mrs. Mary Lane Clarke
Miss Evangeline Clarke

Rare Treat--A Trip Abroad

Dear Alumni Editor:

Of course I want to tell you about my trip, in the first place because I was never quite so happy as when I'm thinking about it, and in the second place because I am sure that it is the only time in my life that anything I may write will find its way into print.

Naturally I had always looked forward to inheriting a million or some other impossible happening. Consequently, when a friend advised me to take advantage of a course in Nineteenth Century Poetry offered to American teachers at Oxford I was thrilled. Even a slight desire to travel seems to be the signal for a perfect influx of tour material, and I spent hours in feverish correspondence with such "celebrities" as Thomas Cook and Son, The Student Travel Club, and Temple Tours.

The personally conducted trip has always represented to me the picture of a group of women with shiny noses and run down heels frantically rushing thru art galleries and cathedrals; so I decided to limit my supervision to a week at the last. As a result I sailed all by myself June 29th from Montreal, via the *Letitia*, a small but very comfortable English boat. It seemed to me that everyone else on board had some one on the pier waving bon voyage, and I was decidedly low in spirits. I might have been embarking on a missionary venture into the wilds of the South seas instead of a six weeks pleasure tour.

Finally the last disgusting farewells were said, the gangplank was raised and we were on our way. My knowledge of boat travel had been limited to a few trips between Buffalo and Cleveland, so I'm sure there was never anyone more green. The idea of making a bath contract seemed too funny for words.

It was the English food, however, which was my Waterloo. Never will I forget that first meal—more meat than Mother and I eat in a week—coffee with hot milk and plum tart. Tarts have always meant bits of baked pie crust with drops of jelly on them. The English plum tart consists of a gluey plum substance served hot in a soup dish with a sorry bit of pastry floating on top. It is eaten with a fork and a spoon.

Barring the food, the voyage was perfect. We walked the deck, played deck tennis, shuffle board, or had a grand and glorious time loafing in our deck chairs. The sea was lovely, just like glass, and I turned out to be a good sailor.

We couldn't have had a more perfect day for our landing at Liverpool. The Custom Officers there are noted for their consideration and we experienced no inconvenience in connection with our luggage. In fact an hour after I left the boat I was on my way to Oxford.

It is amusing the different ideas one can get about places. My ideas of Oxford have always been such as might have been inspired by Wordsworth's poem—a sort of gloomy accumulation of spires o'ertopping. I'd never really been sure of the foundation, but here and there through these uncertain areas would be of course throngs of stupidly intellectual people swathed in black gowns. Imagine my surprise to find a flourishing city of 57,000 inhabitants, quite bustling and business-like.

(Continued on Page Three)

Houghton Loses Friend in the Passing of Bro. Clarke

Missionary Leader will be Missed by Church, School and Conference

In the passing from our midst of our friend and brother, Rev George H. Clarke, Houghton, as a school, as a church, and as a community has sustained a great loss. The school has lost one who served her in helping to meet her financial obligations and in directing her Sunday School; the community has lost one who took an active interest in all matters of public concern, including the interests of the district school; the church of Houghton has lost a faithful attendant and steward. Besides our community loss there is the loss to the Lockport Conference of one of its most faithful servants, one who acted as conference treasurer for many years; and the loss to the whole church of the founder of our Y. M. W. B. As Brother Clarke precedes us in experiencing the glories of that "city whose builder and maker is God" we can hear the Master's approbation: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

Brother Clarke "counted not his life dear unto himself," but rather gave it in the service of his fellow men and of his God. As, in the will of God he has finished his work, we can hear him say to us:

"To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

An account of the funeral service and the life of Brother Clarke follows:

(Continued on Page Four)

Registration Largest in School's History

Records Show Enrollment of 354 Students; Distant States Represented

The rush and bustle, as well as noise, laughter, and talking, in halls and class rooms have been unusually noticeable recently. Here and there some one has called out, "What are you going to take?"

"Eighteen hours if the Faculty have no objections," would perhaps be the reply if the person were overly ambitious.

This all took place Monday February 4th, College Registration Day for the second semester. The facts reveal the fact that Houghton College has the largest registration in her history. There are three hundred fifty-four (354) students in all departments. Eighteen of these are new students, nine of whom are registered in the College Department, four in the School of Theology, two in the School of Music, and three in the High School. Some of these have been with us in former years, and are no strangers among us. But whether or not these have been with us before, we welcome them all.

From New York State, the following students have come:

Charles Bristol, Ruth Manley, and Hazel Herkimer, Belfast; Harold Bleistein, Charles Leffingwell, and

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EDITORIAL



Collegiate Sam Says

Exams are past (passed?) and I've
emptied my wallet into the school
coffers. I feel so relieved!

FILL UP THE RANKS

A valiant Christian soldier has gone to his reward, leaving a vacancy in the ranks of the army of the Lord. Who will volunteer to fill the gap? "Pa" Clarke, a stalwart soldier of the Cross, has left this earthly sphere and joined the company of the blest. He will be missed by all who knew him, and the multitudinous tasks he performed will have to be accomplished by others. His missionary activities must be borne by younger men, "from falling hands he throws the torch"—be ours to bear it high!

Doubtless the death of Brother Clarke was caused by weakness resulting from fevers suffered while he was in Africa. Gladly he lived his life for perishing souls in the Dark Continent. While it is true that our brother did not fall "in heathen lands", the following poem should bring a challenge to us a Christian young people of Houghton College.

"In heathen lands the grasses blow
On lonely grave-mounds, row on row,
That mark their place; and 'bove the sky
The angel host adoring vie
With those who greater glory know.

"But are they dead? Our hearts may ask:
They lived, performed their glorious task,
Spent and were spent, and now they rest
In Gloryland.

"Fill up the ranks depleted so!
To us from falling hands they throw
The torch; be ours to hold it high.
If we break faith with those who die,
On us the shame! For grasses blow
In heathen lands."

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—Then said I, "Here am I Lord, Send me." Shall we break faith with him who sleeps?

STAND BY YOUR CONVICTIONS

The word of exhortation and warning delivered from the Chapel platform on Tuesday morning may well be heeded by all of us. It does one good to know that there are some people who are not afraid to say what they think of the evils about us, even in the august presence of a college student body. Why speakers act as if they are afraid to say what they believe in regard to sins which affect us one cannot explain. It is quite evident that a student body really admires a speaker, faculty member or stranger, who states what he believes although it may hit hard and smart for the moment.

Being protected, as students, from many evils of the world about us, we need to be warned of the pitfalls which lie ahead as we leave "dear old Houghton." Therefore, it behooves us to heed the warning given on Tuesday by taking unto ourselves the "Whole armor of God" described in Ephesians. Ere graduation, let us fortify ourselves with "all prayer" that we may be able to stand in the day of temptation.

Alumni Gossip

News about "Tubby" Clark

The Houghton Star,
Houghton, N. Y.
Dear Editor,

Realizing how difficult it is to extract news from the Alumni, I feel that I should pass on to you a few facts which I have lately learned concerning that "rolling stone" better known to Houghton people as "Tubby" Clark. I received a letter from "Tubby" very recently—a letter in response to a pressing appeal for news. I had intended to send a part of the original letter to you for publication, but unfortunately I have mislaid or lost the precious document; consequently I am forced to do the next best thing; namely to tell you as much about "Tubby" as I can remember from his letter.

Located far away in the Northern part of the state at Horicon, N. Y., our old friend, "Squedunk" Clark, is attempting to instruct the natives of that place regarding the secrets of Geometrical figures, and correct English. The school in which he is working has introduced High School work only this year. Therefore, he is the only High School teacher, and is instructing about a dozen future citizens in a variety of subjects including English, Algebra, Geometry and History. In the grades there is quite a large registration, however under the instruction of three teachers.

Directly after Christmas vacation, "Tubby" and his followers moved into a brand new school building—modern in every respect. When he wrote me, he informed me that he was sitting at a new desk with a "revolving chair"—whoopie! He of course explained the building better than I can. As I understand it the building is about a six roomed affair, with an auditorium and gymnasium combined. The equipment is all new—new seats, etc. It seems that Principal Clark has quite an institution to manage.

"Tubby" states that a reading of *The Lady of the Lake* would give one a pretty good idea of the country and its inhabitants where he is located. He adds, however, that he hasn't as yet met Roderick Dhue, although he presumes that Roderick is probably in the bootlegging business there "Tub" is apparently having a pretty good time up there anyway. He says he goes hunting frequently, has shot at several deer, hit some, and killed a few. The temperature, which according to Prof. Clark, sometimes reaches twenty-eight degrees below zero, should require one to engage in some sort of physical activity, if one expects to keep warm. Well, that's a little news about one alumnus, anyway.

The new school building in Panama is rapidly being completed, although I doubt if we will be able to enjoy it before some time in March.

Regents exams are over. Some failed, others passed—per usual. Best of luck in your mid-year exams.

Has anyone heard anything from "Doc" Madden this year? Better send out a "special" to him. "Ham" Kitterman also ought to be somewhere in existence. Haven't seen a letter from Prof. Hazlett in the *Star* this year either. What's the matter, Prof?

Let's hear from you. Alumni news makes the *Star* worth while to the oldsters. Let's have something from the class of 1928. Everyone write!

Always for the old College,
"Virg" Hussey.

P. S. How many alumni are going to find Houghton on Washington's birthday?

(If any more of the Alumni know about some other Alumnus we wish you would tell us about him (or her) "Virg" has done is regard to "Tubby". Thanks for the letter Principal Hussey. Editor's Note)

High School Notes

Eight Students on the Honor Roll

Monday, January 28, was the registration day for the High School. We have now 77 students seated in our study-hall. As there are only 132 seats in the study-hall we have quite "a full house." Besides the regular high school students we have ten students from college making up work over here.

"Now honor is the subject of my story," for we have a worthy honor-roll. Any student who has an average of 80% or above is on the honor-roll. The following, by diligent labor and good fortune, have their names placed on this list:

Harold VanWormer
Marcus Mathias
Donald Molyneux
Florence Smith
Margaret Lewis
Gerald Smith
Wesley Moon
Isabelle Snyder

Although this is a comparatively small list you must remember that it is quality and not quantity that counts.

The High School student-body wishes to extend its heart-felt sympathy to Evangeline Clarke, a senior, in her sad bereavement. Evangeline has not registered as yet, because of the death of her father but we hope to see her in school again soon.

Mae Young, another of our seniors spent the week-end in Lyons, N. Y. visiting Miss Bertha Williams.

We are all glad to see that Roma Lapham, who has been absent from school for nearly a year, because of sickness, has registered for the next semester.

Mr. Verne Dunham was called home last week at the death of his grandfather, Mr. John B. Wagner. The funeral was held from the home of Mr. Wesley Dunham, son-in-law of the deceased, at Allegany, New York, Saturday, February 2, at 1:00 o'clock. A mixed quartette consisting of Miss Storms, Miss Hill, Mr. Hess and Mr. Boehne, rendered two quartette numbers. The members of the Houghton Student Body extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

PURPLE-GOLD SERIES

(Continued from Page One)

these attempts while the Gold tallied only 2 of the free throws. Games can be won by fouls.

LINE UP

Purple

	P.F.	F.C.	F.P.	T.P.
A. Folger F.	3	0	2	2
English F.	1	4	2	10
Beattie C.	2	0	0	0
Bork G.	1	1	0	2
Mattoon G.	1	0	1	1
Ackerman G.	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	5	5	15

Gold

	P.F.	F.C.	F.P.	T.P.
Anderson F.	3	5	1	11
Clarke F.	2	1	0	2
Hewitt C.	2	0	1	1
Folger G.	0	0	0	0
Sterns G.	2	0	0	0
Tomlin G.	2	0	0	0
Totals	11	6	2	14

The boys game though interesting lacked the fighting spirit that the girls combat had shown. "Bill" Albro slapped the net with the "old Pill" for the first count. From then on it was a close struggle. The Gold in spite of their handicap caused by the loss of "Jim" Fiske the star center of last year, and Paul Vogan the flashy Frosh who is suffering from a broken leg, gave the purple a mighty hard fight until the third quarter at which time the game was even. It was during the last of the game that Lou's Shipman got his range and sank the bouncer for the Purple.

such a manner that they emerged on the winning side of a 22-39 score. "Bill" Albro was the high point man of the night with a total of 6 field goals and one foul making a total of 13 points.

Flint and Mix are to be commended for their clever pass work and their fast cutting which gave them many open shots.

The next game will be Saturday night. Come out and support your side!

LINE UP

Purple

	P.F.	F.C.	F.P.	T.P.
Albro	1	6	1	13
Fox	3	2	0	4
Shipman	1	5	0	10
York	1	0	0	0
Cook	1	2	0	4
Fero	1	1	0	2
Miller	0	3	0	6
Kemp	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	19	1	59

Gold

	P.F.	F.C.	F.P.	T.P.
Mix	1	1	0	2
Flint	0	1	2	4
Fancher	1	3	2	8
Dyer	0	2	1	5
Roth	2	1	1	3
Totals	4	8	6	22

TEAMS ANNOUNCED

"Al" Folger the Captain of the Purple girls has announced her squad. They are as follows: "Ann" English, Pauline Beattie, "Ede" Bork, "Vee" Mattoon, "Vi" Ackerman, Marion Ackerman, "Mart" Dyer and Beulah Brown.

Foxie, Captain of Purple men, announced his squad to be; "Bill" Albro, "Stan" Miller, Homer Fero, Louis Shipman, Orrel York, "Bob" Cook, "Joe" Kemp and Nelson Dennis.

Erma Anderson, Gold girls' Captain, announced her team as follows; "Lil" Clark, Marion Hewitt, "Ede" Stearns, Clarice Folger, Edna Lapham, Jessie Parker, Esther Thomlinson, "Peg" Lewis.

"Ev" Dyer, Captain of the Gold boys, leads: Lester Fancher, Hugh Thomas, John Kluzitt, Mix, Flint, "Skeets" Roth and Frank.

APPRECIATION

We wish to express our appreciation to all our friends for letters and words of sympathy during our first real sorrow, also the fruit, flowers and messages that have come to brighten the hours at the hospital. We have been exceedingly glad that our hearts have said, "Amen" to all His will. Otherwise our baby's death would have been more, it seems, than we could have borne.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. Turnell of Falconer spent several days of last week with their son and other friends in this place.

ATTENTION

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RARE TREAT—A TRIP ABROAD
(Continued from Page One)

The business sections have grown up about the different colleges, so while here there may be a college quite sedate and withdrawn into itself, right beside its walls there may be a dry cleaning establishment or a wine shop, or even a grocery store. Oxford University has 21 colleges and one hall, about 60 professors and 5000 undergraduates. In addition there are six Theological institutions and four women's colleges, the latter group consisting of St. Hugh's, St. Hild's, Summerville, and Lady Margaret Hall. Our lectures were given at Summerville, but I lived at Lady Margaret hall. The other five hundred Americans were divided equally among the three schools.

Of course one might spend literally months at Oxford and still not see everything, but our free afternoons gave quite a bit of time for becoming somewhat familiar with the colleges. Christ Church, the largest college in Oxford was founded in 1546 over the place which Wolsey founded Cardinal College in 1525. In Tom Tower built by Christopher Wren in 1682 over Wolsey's Gateway, the main entrance, hangs "Great Tom", a huge bell from Osney Abbey, on which ten strokes are sounded every evening at nine, one for each member of the original foundation, giving the signal for the closing of the College gates.

Merton College is the oldest college in Oxford, although both University and Balliol were endowed before. Merton was founded by Walter de Merton in 1264 as a special training school for the secular as opposed to the monastic clergy. Its buildings are highly interesting. The gateway tower was built in 1416. The hall which has been much restored, has an old oak door with thirteenth century iron work.

Probably the most beautiful as well as the richest college in Oxford is Magdalen, which is pronounced as if one were laboring with a hot potato, "Mandlen". The scholars of Magdalen are called "demis" because they receive only half the allowance of a fellow. From the first it enjoyed royal favor; in fact, the present Prince of Wales studied there. He is said to have carried out his democratic ideas even at school, and to have found his place at table among the commoners instead of at the high table reserved for the aristocrats.

The English faculty were most hospitable and saw to it that we were all frequently entertained at tea. It was heaps of fun after the first time when we found that they were at heart just as unbending as our own professors over here.

Some of these people have the strangest ideas about American education. One of the tutors who chaperoned our house said she didn't see how we got anything out of college because we took so many subjects. The English system is, of course, much more highly specialized than ours.

Every Wednesday we were taken on sight-seeing tours via Char-a-banc, a huge motor bus. The first week we went to Compton Wynyales, an old Tudor mansion, and to Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the Washington's. The latter is supposed to typify the good feeling which exists between Great Britain and the United States.

Our next trip took us to Warwick Castle, the main features of which are Guy's Tower on the right, the Gateway in the Middle, and Caesar's Tower on the left. The latter has loop holes ingeniously arranged in a man-of-war for the long or the short bow. The sloping base of the tower was well fitted for hurling cannonballs, and was so constructed that a cannonball hurled by the attackers would rebound upon them.

Our last trip was formerly approached by a drawbridge over a moat, but that has been replaced by

a stone arch. Within the drawbridge is a portcullis, behind and overhead of which are four holes thru which hot lead might be poured on the heads of the assailants.

Our last trip was to Stratford-on-Avon. Probably that was the place I had most looked forward to, because after all to an English student England means Shakespeare, and Shakespeare means Stratford. It is a bit unsatisfactory, however, because the relationship between the man and the place is so uncertain. It is supposed that Shakespeare was born here, that he sat in this chair, that he slept in this room, the guides glibly instruct us. But, whether he ever saw the inside of the house or not, it was inspiring to read the autographs of such people as Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, who at least had enough faith in the authenticity of the place to visit it.

Anne Hathaway's cottage is lovelier than any artist has depicted, for the English gardens are more beautiful than lies within the power of any artist to depict. It was in the possession of the Hathaway family until 1910. The old "courting settle" by the fireplace where William was supposed to have sat with Anne is the most uncomfortable-looking contrivance. Poor thing! No wonder he had the wrong out look on marriage with such a start.

I'm sure you are all saying that I have what Professor Hester used to term "the malady of absolute recall", so I shall hurry on.

Four days is rather a short time in which to see London; in fact, I can see you who have been there simply gasping at the idea. However, necessity is the mother of invention, to be trite.

My first day was spent at the National Gallery. I know this statement sounds ridiculous because I have never been especially interested in art; but I defy anyone to spend less than a day there, if he is making a one and only visit. I was especially attracted by the Italian and Flemish paintings.

Westminster Abbey might well have claimed another day. The Poet's Corner had always been a sort of Mecca to me, but it was the grave of the Unknown Soldier which moved me most deeply. When across the sea, we realize keenly how much more Europe suffered during the catastrophe of the last war than we did. The official wreath to the Unknown was impressive; but far more significant were the countless floral offerings—tiny bouquets, small hand-made wreaths, sprays pitifully meager, which no doubt represented great self-denial on the part of the donor. That in many cases, these small tokens meant also an uncertainty of the fate of loved ones, I have no doubt; and the pathos of the whole tragedy we call warfare brought tears to one from whom the war itself had been comfortably remote.

Fortunately because I was there over a week-end, I was able to visit the Houses of Parliament. The place was simply packed with tourists, French, Italian, German and American, who were taking advantage of that one public day, and we were literally shoved through.

The corridors are exquisite with mural paintings. The House of Lords impresses one as being more luxurious in its gay red, which is in marked contrast to the somber green of the House of Commons.

London shops are quite like American shops, except that one is served, instead of being waited on, and rides in a lift instead of an elevator. Prices are much the same as at home; in fact, I should not recommend London to anyone looking for bargains.

My trip thru the English Lake District and thru Scotland was conducted by the Temple Tours people. There were only three others in the party so we were able to do what we wanted to do. Probably the high spot in the Lake District was Grasmere, which you will remember as Wordsworth's

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home. In the church is a marble tablet to Wordsworth's memory. The churchyard is always sought out, for there the poet with other members of his family lies at rest. His description of the church is so apt that I am going to repeat it for you:

"Not raised in nice proportions was the pile

But large and massy; for duration built

With pillars crowded, and the roof upheld

By naked rafters intricately crossed

Like leafless underboughs, mid some thick grove

All wither'd by the depths of shade above;

Admonitory texts inscribed the walls

Each in its ornamental scroll enclosed,

Each also crowned with winged heads—a pair

Of rudely painted cherubim; the floor

Of nave and aisle, in unpretending guise

Was occupied by oaken benches ranged

In seemly rows."

Dove Cottage is a tiny thatched hut at the foot of a large hill. Here Wordsworth with Mrs. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, lived during the greater part of his career. De-Quincey was a frequent guest. The relics kept at the cottage include an entire edition of Wordsworth's poems, portrait of Wordsworth and his family, furniture of the house as it was in the poet's time, and the bedstead from Rydal Mount upon which he died.

Half-way up the hill back of the cottage is a rude arbor with a single wooden bench overlooking the garden at the back of the house. It is supposed that here many poems, such as "The Green Linnet," "Michael," "The Daffodils," "The Ode On Intimations of Immortality," and possibly "The Prelude" were composed.

Scotland was lovely, although very cold. Edinburgh is probably the most beautiful city I visited. It has very wide streets, and well-kept parks with delightful flower beds. The castle is interesting as it is a real fortification. Soldiers in kilts satisfied my anticipations of Highland Laddies. The trip through the Trossacks was especially pertinent, because for four years, I have been trying to get high school pupils to appreciate Scott. Ellen's Isle and Guy Mannering's Castle were items of interest. Scott's Castle at Abbotsford is imposing; one feature of this structure, the library with the private passage to his room which the poet was wont to use to avoid disturbing the family, should appeal to all of you who enjoy getting up early in the morning to study. This struck no responsive chord in the writer of this letter; but then, I am not a poet.

The final thrill of the whole journey, omitting the mention of three miserable sea-sick days on the return trip, was our visit to the birthplace of Burns at Ayr. The tiny cottage—so small that one wonders how so large a family could be housed there—looks just as Long in his "English Literature" description has always brought the picture to my mind. The Brig of Doon where the Gray Mare lost her tail, the Church where Tom saw the witches holding their pow-wow all were an inspiration to a teacher whose pupils can see no beauty in the poetry of Burns.

And the last statement after all, sums up the value of the entire trip. To me personally the recollections are more of a goal attained, that is, I have been abroad; but to me as a teacher, the mind pictures are more easily drawn upon for the benefit of my English pupils because I can link the personal acquaintance with what we are studying; I can say, that "I saw The churchyard, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, etc.," and the pupil remembers more vividly and takes a deeper interest because I make that statement.

That is the sort of personal touch I have tried to impart in this letter, to give a reaction so peculiar to myself to the sight of these places of general interest and knowledge that you would not be bored by the description. If I have succeeded, I have attained my objective; if not, I have done my best, and with that must be content.

Dorothy Peck.

**HOUGHTON LOOSES
A FRIEND**

(Continued from Page One)

The funeral services of Rev. George Hobson Clarke were held in the Houghton Methodist Church of Houghton, N. Y. at 8:30 Wednesday morning, January 30th, and on the same day at Levant, N. Y., at 3:30 P. M. At the former the Rev. Pitt, pastor at Houghton, officiated assisted by Rev. James Bain, Lockport Conference Pres., Rev. Noah Shaffer, pastor of the Fillmore Wesleyan Church, and Rev. Dean Bedford of Rochester, N. Y. Rev. J. S. Willett of Syracuse, N. Y. officiated at Levant, giving a soul stirring message from the text: James 4:14. He was assisted by the pastor, Rev. E. L. Elliott, Rev. James Bain of Cattaraugus and Rev. R. J. Smeltzer, pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Falconer, N. Y. Music was furnished at both places by the Houghton Male Quartette.

Mr. Clarke was born at Bradwell on the Sea, Essex, England, November 20, 1867. He was baptized by the rector of the Malden Mission of the Primitive Methodist Church on Jan. 15th, 1868. He with his parents and two sisters came to America in the summer of 1874, locating first at Gerry and then at Levant which he has for the last fifty years called home.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Clarke yielded his life to the claims of the Gospel and shortly afterwards united with the Levant Wesleyan Methodist Church of which he was always a member until he transferred his membership to the Houghton Church during the last few years of his residence here. The man who perhaps had more to do in shaping his life and moulding his character than any other was the late Rev. R. F. Dutcher for many years pastor of the Levant church.

In September, 1893, Mr. Clarke was married to Miss Anna Perring of Levant who was for many years a teacher in the Public Schools of Jamestown. On Nov. 22 of the same year they set sail for the Dark Continent. They labored side by side with our pioneer missionary, the Rev. H. W. Johnston. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke suffered many attacks of hematuric fever. On March 19, 1897, Mrs. Clarke was laid to rest beneath the Africa palms in the Kunso Cemetery.

Upon Mr. Clarke's return to the states, he spent a year and a half as a student in Houghton Seminary. Urgent need on the field hastened him back sooner than he had planned for the work was left with only one lady missionary, Miss Hattie Brooks. She assisted the Christian and Missionary Alliance and Mr. Clarke carried on alone until July, 1900 when he was united in marriage to Miss Mary L. Lane, a teacher from Houghton Seminary.

Upon Mr. Clarke's second return to the states, he did much deputation work and on the 10th of December, 1902 organized the Young Missionary Workers' Band which has proved such a large factor in arousing interest among the young people and children of the church. Its beginnings were small but from a membership of 1,006 in 1903 and the sum of \$600 it has grown to a membership of over 16,000 and during the last 25 years has poured into the treasury of the Church \$416,735.63.

REGISTRATION

(Continued from Page One)

Madeline Shergeir, Fillmore; Kathryn Fairfield, Angelica; Mildred Hill, North Chili; Mary Alice Sloan, Allentown; George Wolfe, Albion; Clifford Bristow, Rochester; Mary Maher, Pike; Adelbert Edwards, Cortland; Jack Crandall, Houghton. We are also glad that Aletha Fairfield has been able to return after a period of absence because of illness. We also notice that Crystal Rork is planning to study Theology.

Willard Dekker has come to us from Merrill, Michigan.

Then, too, we have two students who have come from the Sunny South—Luella Waller is from Carthage, Tennessee, and Florence Fish has returned to us again from White House Florida.

We are looking forward to a good semester of work, play and spiritual development.

Students Hear Rachmaninoff

On Friday, January 25, a group of students journeyed to Rochester to hear the master pianist Sergie Rachmaninoff who appeared in the Eastman Theater. It was their exceptional privilege to have to take stage seats as the entire house was completely sold out. Therefore they were fortunate in being able to get a "close-up" of a great pianist in action. The program, as all his programs are, was very interesting and taxing. It started with a Mozart Sonata; then came two short Scarlatti sonatas and the Schumann Carnival. After the intermission came a Chopin group and two of Rachmaninoff's own compositions—the Moment Musical and his transcription of Kreisler's Liebesfreud. He played three encores, among them his famous "Prelude in C sharp minor" and "The Flight of the Bumblebee." It is absolutely useless to comment on his playing and his interpretations. Suffice it to say that he was complete master at all times.

In the afternoon the same group attended a concert given by the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra which had as its guest conductor Dr. Arthur Rodzinski the assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony. The program consisted of the Overture to Oberon by Weber, the Caesar Franck Symphony in A minor, the Chopin piano concert in C minor and the overture to Tannhauser. The soloist was Miss Henrietta Schumann, a very talented 18 year old pianist. This proved to be a real treat to all who attended.

THE MODEL WOMAN

I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down
When she goes out to tea.
She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing-school
And joins them in their chats.
She never beats a salesman down,
Nor asks for pretty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.
These statements may seem very strange—

At least they may to some:
But just remember this, my friend—
This woman's deaf and dumb.

—Selected from "The Grit"

NOTICE

We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the innumerable kindnesses of the student body, faculty, and townspeople during our recent sorrow.

Rev. J. C. Long
Florence Long
Dorothy Long

Miss Burnell and Miss Rothermel spent the week-end at Sonyea as guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cooper.