

Choir Members Return Monday Evening After Successful Tour

Group Covered 1300 Miles in Ten Days

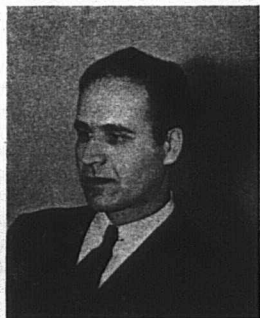
Forty members of Houghton College's A Cappella Choir returned to the campus last Monday night, twenty minutes after midnight, thus completing one of the most successful tours in the history of the local musical organization. This year's choral group traveled close to 1300 miles, presented nineteen concerts, and conducted a New York City radio broadcast over station WNYC.

Despite their weariness from the ten-day tour throughout eastern New York State, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, the choir members were quick to praise their director, Prof. Caro M. Carapetyan, and spoke of the concerts as highly successful, both old and again sparked the champions. Covering your choir activities, the *Star* reporter presents high and low lights of the last five days' itinerary.

Choir Diary

Thursday: The big city . . . Farmer Vic Smith lost among the skyscrapers. Hasn't seen so much excitement since county fair . . . Subways attract more Houghtonites . . . Peg buys another dress . . . also twenty minutes late kissing aunt bye-bye . . . fruit cocktail inaugurated between intermissions . . . Preacher Jones . . . Larry Olson at concert, no questions asked! . . . Bob and Ginny with Easter Bunnies . . . colds still plaguing choristers . . . hot lemonade concludes another day!

Friday: Comparatively quiet Sadie Hawkins' Day . . . Misses Carlson and Strong court Messrs. McNeese and Carapetyan . . . Cummings escorted by Doris Anderson and Belva Baxter, called "Mrs. Anderbox" . . . "Mrs. Whitelip" (Wightman and



PROF. CARO M. CARAPETYAN

Ortlip) still worrying about June . . . Concerts at Nyack and Corinth . . . Thrill of Nyack student body dedicating song to choir . . . Stagelighting and blue and red lights effective at evening concert in high school auditorium . . . good night's sleep for a change.

Saturday: Glens Falls . . . lunch . . . three hours' rehearsal . . . shopping and "ears lowered" . . . "Dr. Carapetyan" administers nose drops and swabes throats . . . Biggrove taped shut . . . Postmaster "MacMesse" delays delivery of mail to "Hootin College Queer Members" . . . Concert at 8:00 . . . "Case of the Bawling Babies" amuses group . . . "MacMesse" and Bennett draw prize room on tour—two singles and a double bed.

Sunday: Up and at 'em at 6:30 . . . Prof. late again . . . Peg Hamilton's folks . . . delicious dinner . . . recording in church . . . Prayer meeting in afternoon (revival spirit!) . . . Schenectady in evening . . . wonderful young people's service . . . mammoth church . . . Toscanini meets June . . . Dick's nightly ten

(Continued on Page Two)

Sadie Hawkins' Festival Proves Success as 'Hicks' Take Over

With practically every girl on the campus courting a man, or a reasonable facsimile, Houghton's annual (from now on) custom of observing "all school function day" proved to be a hilarious success last Friday when the campus changed its style completely and went on record as observing in historic fashion the annual "Sadie Hawkins' Festival." Attired in typical clothes for the occasion, the student body relaxed from the usual routine of school life and put on a "show" that will long be remembered in Houghton history.

At the morning chapel, the "in vasion" caused many a headache . . . The impromptu greeting by the "hobo" inspired audience with much general confusion and noise followed by the surprise acknowledgement . . . Prof. Shea's chagrin at having invited a bank president to speak for such an occasion . . . Most of the faculty saw the funny side of the affair . . . (?) . . .

With Lil Abner and his "relations" running around loose all day, the campus was not safe for "hooman" beings. Much in evidence were drooling petticoats, Gowanda grimaces, the latest 1942 styles from Hog style. "Johanna" Cole supplied much Center, and courting "Dog Patch"

local color for the belles of Hideous Row.

Open house at the dorm was followed by many profound regurgitations . . . Supper at the dorm proved to be a "quiet" affair . . . The vegetable corsages, so graciously presented to the "brawls", were nice munching on the scavenger hunt.

On the hunt . . . How conveniently some persons no longer owned such relics as celluloid collars . . . "Remember Pearl Harbor" (?) . . . Which is which, a Rhode Island red or a Plymouth rock (chicken) . . . And who is so daring as to risk the all-out-for-defense measures of a poor horse who is about to be ungraciously deprived of a hair from his rear whisk broom.

Tired, but happy, the group returned to the chapel where the fearless Kouwe and Hughes (supported by the gracious master of ceremonies, Romeo) downed the Walberger and Kalla team in a quite senseless, but colorful "debate" . . . The entrance of the college "mixed" quartet to sing and to mortify Eddie Danner and "Corky" French. Eddie managed to give the flirting four a successful brushoff until he succumbed to bellows of tummy-rocking laughter.

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CALENDAR

Today, April 2

7:00 Music recital in chapel

7:30 Church prayer meeting

Friday, April 3

8:15 Oratorio

Saturday, April 4

7:00 Prof. Ries' Bible Class

Sunday, April 5

6:45 Easter Sunrise Service

11:00 Easter Worship Service

A Cappella Choir providing special music

Monday, April 6

7:00 Student Ministerial Association, Pasteur Pre-Medic Club, Literary Club, Latin Club, German Club and Music Appreciation

Tuesday, April 7

7:00 Students' Prayer Meeting

Varsity Debaters In First Place Tie

Win Four Out of Six at Grove City

Last Saturday, Houghton's high-riding debate team added to its laurels by capturing a first-place tie with Westminster at the second annual Grove City tournament. Both Westminster and Houghton won four of their six debates in tying for top honors. Bill Jensen and Clinton Boone represented Houghton's affirmative team and Bert Hall and Paul Stewart upheld the status quo. Messrs. Boone and Jensen vanquished Slippery Rock, Indiana State, and the University of Pittsburgh while Bert and Paul met Grove City, Westminster, and Pitt. Probably the most remarkable feature of the tournament was the dearth of negative wins—there were a total of only four negative victories in the whole tournament.

Under the coaching of Everett Elliott, Houghton has compiled a season's record of 21 wins and 5 losses. The group inaugurated the season at Westminster winning eight straight debates for an undisputed first; in the Oregon style tournament at Shippensburg they bowed out to the new champions, the University of West Virginia, and had to be content with a second place tie; the third tournament of the year at Slippery Rock again saw Houghton fighting with California College for top honors; and Saturday's affair brought them again another first place tie at Grove City.

Last Round of Debate

In last Saturday's debate tournament, going into the last round, Houghton was undisputed leader with three wins and one loss; close behind was Pitt, Westminster, Grove City, and Indiana State. Houghton was automatically assured of a first place tie, even if it split in the last round. When the third and final round was finished, Houghton had broken even with Pitt, while Westminster, one of the most improved teams since the early debate season, annexed two victories in the last round to pull up to a first place tie with Houghton. Pitt's defeat of Houghton's negative team came as an unexpected and unexplainable surprise which cost Houghton an undisputed claim to first place.

Oratorio Society to Present Easter Program at Church

Pan-American Fiesta to Be Held in Chapel Soon

A gala Pan-American Fiesta sponsored by the Spanish department of the college, has been scheduled for Saturday evening, April 11, to follow the model legislature program which will be held the morning and afternoon of that same day in the school chapel. The plans for such a program were passed yesterday afternoon by the college faculty at their weekly meeting.

The Spanish department, working under the direction of Miss Alice Pool, and with the assistance of the Social Science Club, has planned a program of song and entertainment which will begin the Pan-American festivities. The college quartet will highlight the musical part of the program by singing a Mexican favorite entitled, "Rancho Algere." Although the definite campus site for the Fiesta has not as yet been selected, there will be music, games, color, and fun. On sale at the Pan-American program will be tamales, tortillas, Mexican novelties, and gay balloons with South American designs. Those who could contribute Mexican or South American articles for display are urged to see either Miss Pool or some member of the Spanish class.

Eight-Week Session For Summer School

Dr. George Moreland, director of the college's revised summer school session, announced this past week that there will be a new eight weeks' curriculum this year, with two four-week semesters. The session will open on Monday, June 22, and will continue through Friday, August 14. The revised curriculum has been adopted especially for those high school graduates who desire to finish their four years of college work in three years. Special courses are also being offered which will prepare for service in the army or navy.

Among the subjects that will be taught are American Thought and Writing, English Literature and Style, Shakespearean Drama, Beginning French, Contemporary French, Beginning German, American History, History of Education, Audio-Visual Instruction, General Psychology, Field Botany, Trees and Shrubs, Ornithology, General Chemistry, Introductory Physics, General Zoology, Anatomy and Physiology, Trigonometry, College Algebra, Spherical Trigonometry, Introduction to Microtechnique, General Epistles, Biblical Holiness, Old Testament History, Bible Archaeology, History of Music, Opera, Music Appreciation, Symphony, Education Philosophy, Foundations of Methods, Current Economic Problems, Educational Sociology, and Rural Sociology.

Mrs. Winona Cronk and Dr. Samuel A. Small will teach in the English department; Dr. Pierce E. Woolsey and Prof. Leroy Fancher in the division of Modern Languages; Prof. W. G. Smith and Prof. F. H. Wright in the Social Science field; Dr. G. E. Moreland and Prof. J. A. Ayres

(Continued on Page Four)

College Choir to Sing with Group

Tomorrow at 8:15 in the church, the Houghton College Oratorio Society will offer in observance of the Good Friday of Passion Week an Easter Oratorio comprising selections from Handel's *Messiah*. Although the society is smaller than usual this season, constituted of some fifty-odd students and faculty members, their effectiveness will be greatly increased by the addition of the veteran voices of the A Cappella Choir, who have just returned from their intensive Spring tour. The singers will be accompanied at the organ by Mrs. Carapetyan.

The solo passages in tomorrow night's performance will be provided by three of Houghton's most favored singers. The alto solos will be sung by Miss Edith Stearns, instructor in vocal music. Mr. Robert Homan, teacher of brass, will carry the tenor solos, and Mrs. Homan, a junior, will carol the soprano arias.

While the *Messiah*, embodying in its choruses and airs all the great central themes of the Bible, is equally suited for Easter and for Christmas, the presentation of it tomorrow night marks its first Easter performance in Houghton in recent years. From the second and third parts of the masterwork, Prof. Carapetyan will conduct the Oratorio Society.

The first part of the program will treat particularly of the sufferings of the "Lamb of God", depicting His griefs, on the cross, the scorn He received from the arrogant bystanders and the pain of separation from the eternal God. The aria "He was Despised", the recitative "Thy rebuke hath broken His Heart," and the choruses, "And with His stripes," "Surely He Hath Borne our Griefs," and "Behold the Lamb of God," bear out the theme in slow and majestic rhythms.

The last four selections, however, are in a different vein. Progressing swiftly to the thundering climax of the joyous "Hallelujah Chorus" which will conclude the program, they express, in the most excellent of strains, the triumph of the Messiah over the grave and death and His present uninterrupted intercession at the right hand of the throne of God.

Sunrise Service to Be Held by WYPS

Houghton College's traditional Easter morning sunrise service will be conducted this Sunday at 6:45 a.m. on the campus point near Gaoyadeo Hall. Extensive plans have been made by the W.Y.P.S. to make this year's program one of special interest, both for the students and townfolk.

Prof. Stanley W. Wright, dean of men, will deliver the morning message entitled, "The Preeminent Resurrection," and special music will be furnished by the college brass quartet composed of John Gabrielson, Russell Clark, George Wells, and Coe Durling. Bert Hall will lead the singing and a time will be devoted to student testimonies. Harriet Kalla, social chairman of the W.Y.P.S. is general chairman of the sunrise service.

The Houghton Star

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1941-42 STAR STAFF

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Betty Peyton, Mary Lou Sacher, and Alice May Willis.

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ONE HOUR IS STILL SIXTY MINUTES...

We do not want this to appear to be "gripping." Nor are we accusing anyone.

The last ten-weeks' examinations brought to light a situation which we consider to be most seriously unfair. Some professors give examinations which can be answered in the allotted time but which might be used as a point of departure for a Ph. D. thesis. Some of the students believe that this gives the license to use three hours in which to write the answers to a so-called one hour test with a twenty or thirty minute overtime period. Other students who have another exam, or who must leave for various reasons at the end of the allotted time, may be told that their answers are too brief or undeveloped.

It appears to us that if a student has an obligation to be honest and fair so does a professor. An hour examination ought to be stopped at the end of the allotted time, and all papers should be graded accordingly. If our work is to be graded by the pound then the pretense of time limitations should be cast aside.

—C. S. R.

:o:

COLLEGE OR KINDERGARTEN...

Evidently Saint Paul considered that he had "grown-up," for in one of his famous letters he wrote, "When I was a child I spake as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." At times the conclusion seems inevitable that a great number of so called grown-up people could not reiterate this declaration of St. Paul.

However, it seems logical that any of us might recognize some things as belonging to the period of "when I was a child I spake as a child." Throwing paper wads in public meeting places would seem to belong to grade school tactics. To make this suggestion more pointed, be it known to the shame of all Houghton students that Friday evening at dinner, even before "Grace" had been asked, a paper wad from the vicinity of the notorious annex missed by inches the head of a visiting Doctor of History from a neighboring university.

Whether other foibles of Houghtonites can be traced to childishness or whether they are mere indications of the petty character of Houghton students is debatable. I leave it to the reader to ascribe a cause for students' pocketing their sugar quota for candy making, for students' inability to listen for one half hour to a dull chapel speech without the aid of a book, for the recent spontaneous uproar against dorm rules without first going to the proper authorities with the grievances. Also, is it not conceivable that much of our former doctrinal bickerings arose from mere childishness?

Somewhere a mutter arises—"the *Star* is off on another gripe again." Perhaps. But at least give us the credit of not taking the faculty and the administration apart in this instance. After all, we are only giving ourselves, and the rest of the students too, a mild indictment for questionable conduct—questionable from the standpoint of courtesy, maturity, and common sense.

L. C. B.

:o:

DEMOCRACY'S PEARL HARBOR...

The college faculty, at one of their weekly meetings before this year's "spring vacation", officially abolished the making of literary nominations from the floor of the student body. This act refers in particular to the election of *Boulder, Star*, and *Lanthorn* editors, and in so doing the local magistrates have done away with one of the few organs of student government that have existed on the campus. The responsibility now rests in the hands of the executive literary board, which woefully lacks in knowledge concerning the capabilities of prospective editors.

When a recent dormitory council was formed, we thought for a moment that times had changed, but the recent faculty interpretation of the ambiguous Handbook literature proves to us that their old "rule of the thumb" psychology has returned. Nevertheless, the student body can still elect a president, send flowers to the dead, and adjourn their meetings—but maybe even these are on the faculty's priority list.

A. R.

Shea Speaker at Teacher's Meeting

"One of the richest gifts you as American teachers can yield to our Republic is a spirit of free and independent thought to guide public action," said Prof. J. Whitney Shea, Professor of Economics and Sociology, in an address on "Propaganda" at a meeting of sixty-eight public school teachers of the first supervisory district of Allegany County in the college chapel last Monday.

During the address Prof. Shea explained the propaganda techniques the allied governments are employing at the present time in their respective war efforts, emphasizing particularly the measures of the United States has taken to serve a maximum of freedom for the press and radio.

Dr. Paine welcomed the group to the morning session of the Association, after which three of the college music faculty, Mr. Andrews, Miss Stearns, and Mr. Cronk, gave musical selections.

Mr. Willet Albrow of Rushford, and Mr. Haynes of Fillmore, who had been delegates to an Academic Principals' Meeting gave a report of the conference on problems with high school graduates. After a brief recess, Mr. F. L. Tuthill, in speaking of "Teachers as Investors," advised the teachers to get in the habit of saving systematically, and suggested several ways whereby this could be effected.

In the afternoon, questions that the teachers had concerning their work were discussed. The meeting was climaxed by Prof. Shea's address after which, opportunity was given for questions from the floor.

—HC—

Choir Diary...

(Continued from Page One)

o'clock note... One more day.
Monday: "900 more minutes," says Dick as bus leaves Schenectady... 200 mile trip to Lodi... Lunch at Cazenovia... Armstrong and McNeese order porterhouse steaks... One disappears... Prof. enjoys horse meat (just like in France!)... Smith looks nice in women's togs... MacLachlan welcomes choir with chicken supper... Gang presents Stevie, the bus driver, with gift... Gannett inspires choir from front row... Sheldon in rear pew... good concert, packed church... Bus loaded at 9:15... Everybody rarin' to go—all except Baker with more luggage... Coach, homesick, rushes ahead in college car... Houser, Landin, Marsh, Kieffer, Strong and Mann occupy back seats... "174 minutes, 30 seconds etc."—Bennett... Good ole Ho'ton at 12:20.

—HC—

Several Professors Ready for Ph. D.'s

Miss Crystal Rork and Professor F. Gordon Stockin, Professors on leave of absence working toward their Doctor's degrees, passed their preliminary examinations in graduate work last week.

Miss Rork, associate professor of Biology, successfully completed her preliminary requirements at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, and Professor Stockin, of the Latin department, passed a three hour oral examination Friday evening at Illinois University. The test, given by four professors of the graduate department, was a complete examination on all graduate studies including his two years at the University of Cincinnati, where he acquired his Master's degree. Both Miss Rork and Professor Stockin expect to return to their teaching duties in the college next year and then complete their graduate work at two summer school sessions.

Mr. Robert Luckey, class of '36, son of Houghton's former president, has had his Doctor's thesis recently accepted at Cornell University. At the present time, Mr. Luckey is a member of the undergraduate faculty, teaching mathematics in the University.

—HC—

Emily Markham to Teach at Coeymans

Miss Emily Markham, a senior science major from Jamestown, became the third member of this year's graduating class to secure a teacher's position. Miss Markham signed a contract last Monday and will teach science next year at Coeymans, New York, fifteen miles south of Albany on the Hudson River. The town has a population of about 1200 and slightly under 500 attend the central school. Miss Markham will teach one chemistry course, two courses in general science, and one in biology. In addition to these she will teach 7th grade science two days a week, and 8th grade science two days a week.

During her four years at Houghton, Miss Markham has been a member of the college chorus, freshman debate, Forensic Union, and the Expression, Pre-Medic, and Social Science Clubs.

—HC—

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank my friends for their prayers and for the kind remembrances which I received during my illness.

Norma Landphair

Number of Students Serve on Gospel Teams in Week-end Extension Services

Exceptionally good services with people receiving definite spiritual help characterized the extension work of the past week-end. Warren Hartway, who preached for two services at an interdenominational charge in Kirkville, reported a "general melting" with evidence of the Spirit's working. He was assisted by Barbara Mills, Lillian Fisher, Ella Phelps, and Jack Haynes, the latter of whom spoke for the young people's service.

At Syracuse, in the Willett Memorial Wesleyan Methodist Church, where Rev. A. J. Shea is pastor, two souls were definitely helped. Bertha Reynolds, Martha Woolsey, and Harland Hill, with Alden Gannett preaching, composed this party. Two young Christians found fresh victory at Portageville. Bill Jensen, accompanied by a trio composed of Harriet Kalla, Kay Walberger and Jean Flint, preached at Strykersville and Wales

Center, with one soul professing Christ in the morning.

Dr. Paine at the invitation of the Ministerial Association spoke at a union service in the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Canisteo. Sunday evening, Warren Woolsey and Virgil Polley, who accompanied him, gave their testimonies. Another member of the faculty, Prof. Ries, preached at the Swains Evangelical Church where Floyd Sovereign is pastor. Special music was supplied by Helen Burr, Marie Fearing and Doris Anderson. William Calkins, preaching at Stannards, was assisted by Jane Markham, Joanna Shultz and Hazel King. Bert Hall preached at Oakland and Frank Kennedy at the Pike Presbyterian Church. Mary Lou Sacher, Elizabeth Pollen, and Edwin Mehne ministered in music at the Bliss Methodist Church where Kenneth Lord is pastor.

Spiritual GLEANINGS

BY ROBERT LONGACRE

"Jesus said unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say—Master." John 20:16

One of the plagues of the modern church is its superficial use of terms that once possessed the profoundest meanings. Our vocabulary is one of conquest and victory, while the lives of many of us continue in defeat. We invoke in the song the presence of the Holy Spirit, "in all his quickening powers;" but as a current writer suggests, we would probably jump through the window in fright if our prayer was ever answered. In short, our New Testament phraseology has to many of us degenerated into the empty use of convention. To inject fresh life into this traditionalism would almost mean to many a rediscovery of Christianity. Easter is not the inappropriate time to do this. As we meditate on the vital truth of His resurrection, perhaps a new sense of the all-but-forgotten significance of our commonly used religious terms may break upon us.

Especially is this true of the term, "Master," of its commoner synonym, "Lord." When Mary spoke this word to the risen Saviour it came leaping to her lips—leaping from the depths of a heart whose obedience and submission knew no bounds. Many of us who habitually use the same term may sometimes be woefully forgetful of its implicit meanings. Jesus once confronted his audience with the rebuke "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Luke 6:46. This question, indeed, must present itself to every logical mind. Every soul that ever comes to Jesus for salvation finds in Him a Master whose claims are irresistible. Growth in Grace is but the expansion of His Lordship throughout every area of our lives. The word "Lord," then, to Christians presents a world of meaning.

The primitive Church was born in fire and blood. It literally had to fight for its existence against a hostile world. On every side the hot, suffocating winds of paganism threatened to stifle its breath. It was not strange that the Christian community amid this conflict retained a deep sense of the Lordship of Jesus. They adored Him, they fell at his feet and worshipped Him as their absolute Master. To be a Christian was almost synonymous with abandonment to the whole will of God; the strange phenomenon of the unyielding Christian was relatively scarce.

This Easter season we need to emphasize anew the Lordship of Jesus in a world abounding in nominal Christians. If the present chaos does nothing else, it may at least cause for some decades clearing of the religious atmosphere. The sceptical, compromising liberalism of the past decades has nothing to offer a generation crying for certainties; and its rose-water and lilac atmosphere seems a trifle out of place in the present turmoil. His resurrection is our supreme certainty but with that certainty comes an inseparable responsibility. We can but pray that many will learn the meaning of "Jesus is Lord"—that we ourselves may in a fresh way bow before Him and breathe out of our hearts those sacred words that loyalty can utter. Let us, like Mary, hail our risen Master.

CAMPUS CENTER
for
Good Food and Drink
—College Inn

Want Ads



By "BEEPS"

Drooling down Shea Boulevard "Omnipotent" Oehrig stumbled into town with Beeps—a little the worse for wear. Beeps and Oehrig were marching through the breadline at Woolworth's back door. One of those "Million dollar babies a la 5¢ store" lipstickked out into the driving rain:—

"Hats off! There's a lady," Oehrig wolfed.

So Oehrig doffed Beeps' hat in the rain, and his head shrank 3 inches.

We had scads of fun at the York-wood holiday—guess they called it "All School Function Day"—just to let timid girls feel welcome. Beeps and I watched the dates stumble past—boy, those girls sure proved their worth as scavengers. They certainly should—practice all year round on us guys.

"Silence prevailed in the dark corner until I heard a shriek... a scuffle of feet... another shriek... Beeps blurted, "and then I found Lucy and Antonio... it took twenty minutes for Lucy to convince Antonio to hold hands."

On and on the bludgeoned bivouac bounced... up into the castle of powder and perfume.

"You'd wonder why they need so many radios in a girls' dorm—the way they cackle," Beeps remarked.

Passing down the aromatic halls, Beeps and I found Doc and Madame X. Here's what happened at his seminar:—

"Meet you at 3:15," Doc urged.

"O. K.," Madame retorted.

"Better make it 3," Doc hurried.

"O. K.," Madame replied.

"I'll see you between 2:30 and 2:45," Doc concluded.

In and out we staggered... Fried-felt's hole looked like a refugee from a deteriorated dump... they even gave E. Reynolds a room... Corky and Danner trying to get down the hall beside each other at the same time... every time they wanted to breathe they had to wait for a door to open on the side.

And then that night with Casey ballyhooing how he held the back-stop down with the Mudville Morons.

"I remember the time," Beeps said, "when Casey had to write a theme on baseball in ten minutes. Casey stalled... Casey stalled... Casey stalled... finally he wrote... 'Rain—no game.'"

And soooo... as the dying groans of unfortunate Casanovas trembled into the purple darkness... Beeps and I calmly reposed on our couch.

Just as Danner said as he gathered up the remnants of his German goitre...

"Now I know how Pearl Harbor must have felt when she got riddled."

—HC

Sadie Hawkins' Day...

(Continued from Page One)

And the climax of the day... Doc Small, looking like a rejuvenated Prof. making the rounds with Ruthie Brooks. "Blondie" opened all the doors, carried his books, called roll and presented him with a diminutive cup cake adorned with a lone candle at the evening meal... as a matter of coincidence Doc and Sadie Hawkins had picked the same day to celebrate their birthdays!

—HC

William McClusky, ex '44, was the guest soloist on the "We Three" program, broadcast last Saturday evening over Buffalo's radio station, WBEN.

Mr. Robert Rork Killed in Accident

Mr. Robert Rork, 31, of Fillmore, a former member of the class of '35 and a referee of vicinity basketball contests, was electrocuted last Friday night about 5:30 when he touched a live wire during the course of his work as a lineman for the Rochester Gas and Electric Company.

The accident happened in Fillmore near the milk plant and three hours' effort to revive the victim proved useless. Mr. Rork is a nephew of Miss Crystal Rork, Associate Professor of Biology, now on leave of absence at Cornell University. The funeral was held from the family home Tuesday afternoon with the pastor of the Fillmore Methodist Church conducting the service. Surviving are Mr. Rork's wife and his parents, residents of Perry.

In an effort to raise its 1942 quota of \$165,000, the American Bible Society is sponsoring its fifth annual sale of "Read the Bible" seals. The local sale will commence Monday and will be in charge of William Smalley, Carl Fulkerson, Robert Oehrig, Rachel Boone, and Robert Longacre.

Stanley W. Wright has recently resigned his position as chairman of the committee on water works. As yet the new superintendent has not been named by the administrative division of the college.

Dr. Harrison Pierce of Houghton, who has been the medical doctor of Portageville and Almond C. C. C. camps, has been transferred to Butler and Branchville, New Jersey, where he is accepting a temporary governmental position for the month of April. Dr. Pierce left yesterday to assume his new duties.

Rev. Percy Crawford of Philadelphia, pastor of the Young People's Church of the Air, a Sunday afternoon Mutual hook-up, will speak tomorrow night in the Calvary Gospel Tabernacle of Buffalo where Rev. Walter Keeney, former assistant at Churchill Tabernacle, is the pastor. Several local students are planning to hear Philadelphia's radio preacher and leader of the Pine Brook Bible Conference at this service.

Monday's Chapel Speaker



Dr. Raymond V. Edman, president of Wheaton College, Wheaton Ill., will speak in chapel Monday.

Chapel Choir Gives Week-end Concerts

The Chapel Choir, under the direction of Miss Edith Stearns, was busy again this week-end, singing in the near-by vicinities of Rushford and Belfast on Sunday, and Caneadea on Monday evening.

Sunday afternoon was spent at the Methodist church in Rushford where the spiritual songs and fervent singing of the choir were appreciated and highly complimented by an audience of about seventy-five.

Although the choir sang to a smaller congregation at the Methodist church of Belfast in the evening, the concert proved to be better than that of the afternoon, both musically and spiritually. A feeling of whole-heartedness and deep sincerity in singing interpretation could be sensed by the hearers on the part of the entire choir.

At Caneadea Monday night, the members of the Methodist church heard the college choral group. The song *Open Your Eyes* by Macfarlane was one of the choir's best rendered songs.

Up to date the choir has held concerts in Bliss, Pike, Belfast, Rushford, and Caneadea. No concerts have been scheduled for the Easter week end, but it is expected that the choir will accept engagements throughout the remaining part of the year. George Wells is serving as general manager of the group this year.

All About Books

BY WARREN WOOLSEY

The creation of genuine literature requires in the author a sensitive, intelligent mind, a degree of "articulateness," and an artistic conscience. On the other hand, writing needs only a mood, pencil and paper and an elementary knowledge of the English language. (Theodore Dreiser and James Fenimore Cooper were successful even without the last item.)

The aim of this column is to impress upon the reader the fact that he himself can write. Every one of you occasionally feels the urge to write something—satirical verse, a vignette, poetry, a short story. I submit to you that, as a hobby, writing offers the highest kind of compensation, in pleasure and satisfaction certainly, and very possibly, considerable financial remuneration.

By way of documentary evidence supporting this column's thesis that almost anyone willing to make an honest, persistent attempt can write passable verse and better prose at least, here included are three short prose selections written by local students. They are not exceptional from the literary standpoint, but they do indicate what you can do yourself with a certain modicum of effort.

Dave Morrison's cleverly-conceived, well-written short story illustrates its type very well. Short shorts, or vignettes should have the strictest kind of unity, consisting usually of a single incident whose action is swift and incisive. The use or rejection of the trick ending depends upon the subject matter and the author's intention.

The other two selections are descriptions. Walter Whybrew, a music student who graduated in 1939, convincingly compares the transition from winter to summer to a gigantic overture. The other is a word-painting of an imagined Indian ocean sunset.

These particular selections were made because the writing is creditable, but any of you could do the same thing. Try it. I can guarantee you'll never regret the time spent in creative effort.

S. O. S.

BY DAVE MORRISON

"The moment I stepped into the shop, I could feel the tension. You pick up a few instinctive traits after you've been a trooper for ten years.

"Appearances may be deceiving but I can spot a crook anywhere. I didn't like the looks of those two mugs over in the corner of the shop. But you can't start a shooting match, either, merely on instinct.

"I walked up to the counter and dropped a quarter on the counter in front of the young fellow who was the clerk. 'A package of Luckies', I demanded in the customer's usual manner.

"He nervously slid the pack along the counter to me, and stepped to the cash register, punched it. When he handed me the change, he made a couple of meaningful glances toward the register. I couldn't catch on to anything, so I started for the door. As I swung around to close it behind me, I caught sight of what he had rung up. So that was it! But I had to make sure.

"Pardon me," I said, "but my partner wants a pack too. I forgot it momentarily." I handed him the money. Again he punched the register and the numerals were the same.

"I stepped back and quickly covered the men in the corner...

"As I was saying, chief, that kid's smart. There aren't many who would think to pull that stunt with a couple of thugs behind them. Any dumb cop has the imagination to see that two 3's and an 0 can stand for... S. O. 3."

March Morn

BY WALTER WHYBREW

(Just for the sake of contrast and to recall a happy memory.)

The sun was climbing above the eastern hills, shedding its rosy beams over a glittering fairyland of ice and snow. The air was still and a deep peace pervaded those morning hours.

Creeping from the hills on the eastern edge of the valley the broad beams of the sun touched with magic fingers the ice-crusts trees. In the background a shimmering haze slowly lifted, uncovering the marvelous beams of Nature's handiwork. A million pin-points of light glittered from the ice, while in the open fields the snow lay soft and white.

The warm breath of a southern breeze gently caressed the laden branches, causing a whisper as of a mighty symphony, Nature's symphony, playing an adagio movement from the symphony of Winter.

Here and there a brave little bird added its solo tones in a flute-like welcome to the glorious sun. An occasional crash of falling ice formed a contrast in a fortissimo passage and the drip-drip-drip from the rooftop added its rhythm to the rest.

As the sun rose higher the glitter from the ice grew stronger and the pianissimo of the symphony grew into a forte as more and more ice crashed from its lofty perch before the warmth of the creeping rays.

Winter is struggling in its last attempt to avert oblivion but Spring is slowly pushing forward, reaching a little farther each time. Winter is staging its rallies, throwing all its force into a last minute stand, threatening to overcome the youthful Spring. But what a glorious resistance the stubborn old fellow is making!

(Continued on Page Four)

In My Opinion... Army Preferences?

The war has united the whole nation in a mighty cooperative program. Houghton, too, has helped and will continue to help in this all-out effort. Approximately thirty-five Houghtonites, according to *Star* statistics, are now serving in the country's armed forces. Within a few months, many more of the fellows will be called to duty by Uncle Sam. In view of this, our roving *Star* reporter went on another of his "talking tours" with this question on the end of his tongue:

"Considering the fact that you may be drafted soon, in what division of the armed forces would you prefer to be placed?" Typical answers follow.

Al Ramsley, Junior from New City—"I prefer the Army because I think there is more opportunity for advancement in my major field, chemistry, in that division. Also, there is a greater need for technically trained men in the Army."

Cliff Little, a Freshman from Elmira—"I don't know why, but somehow I feel as though I won't be taken into service. If I had to choose, however, I believe my preference lies with the air force since I have studied aviation and have always been interested in it. Then too, it is a field in which a man can make a little money and from which he can step into a civilian position."

Burt Swales, a Junior from Law-

renceville—"Since I have taken no college course which could be a direct transfer in any branch of the armed forces I would enlist in the air corps just before I am drafted. I prefer the air corps for it has a certain fascination in place of other types of combat."

Carl Wagner, Sophomore from Sinclairville—"Although I have not had enough math to qualify as yet, I believe I would prefer the naval air corps; the navy because I do not care so much for land operations, the air corps because I like it and it offers a chance for good pay."

Walt Creque, Freshman from Newark Valley—"I expect to go into the Army as I am unable to enlist in any other branch of the armed services. My preference, however, is the Coast Guard or Navy, but since I have to go in the Army I want to get into mechanics or some of the mechanized units."

Kenneth Lord, a Senior from Syracuse—"I have always been interested in big guns, so the artillery would attract me; I want to shoot something bigger than a rifle. Besides, they don't make you carry those big guns and in operating them you're nearer town and farther away from the enemy than otherwise."

Joe Fortner, Junior pre-med from the West—"Hoping to be accepted

into medical school this fall, I will automatically become a Second Lieutenant in the medical corps. Upon graduation from medical school I will become a First Lieutenant in active service. If I'm not accepted into medical school, I hope to get into the medical corps anyhow for that is the nearest to my field of interest and offers training for future rank—if I don't get slapped in the face with a bullet."

Lewis Wakefield, a Senior from Houghton—"It has always been my desire to enter the Coast Guard Service and at the present time the Coast Guard offers a three months Officer's Training Course. I think I should like to enter that branch of service with the prospects of becoming an officer."

Paul Mullin, a Senior from Phoenix—"Personally, I like the air corps—there is nothing like it! There you receive the desired action and you don't come back mangled—it's either dead or alive and able to carry on after the war."

Leonard Metcalf, a Senior from Oswego—"I would prefer the navy, a section like the Coast Guard or Merchant Marine. In these fields a man is given a better than even chance. With a college education he may be commissioned as Second Lieutenant and that's not bad."

Duffer's Divots

—By JIM AND DAVE

Dave asked me to take over this portion of his column because of the questions we have received as we tried to hit that little white "pill" with a club, out here on the campus and because of the interest some of you are taking in golf.

So many have come up and said, "You aren't so hot or else you wouldn't dig up the ground so." I'd like to point out that in hitting iron shots, as we have been doing here on the campus because of our confinement to a small space, it is practically imperative that we take what the golfers term "divots." The purpose of this is to aid in guiding the shot and controlling a straight "follow through." The "divot" should not be taken, however, until after the moment of impact. That is, immediately after the club strikes, or almost simultaneously with the impact, the club should start its process of severing the ground for some distance before completing the "follow through." The "follow through" is the remainder of the swing after the ball has been hit and is most essential to good golf.

Golf is said to be, along with billiards, the most scientific game in the world and the most difficult to master. There are so many shots, clubs and distances to master, also tension, mental temperament and concentration to dwell on while playing, that golf proves itself difficult. Complete concentration is necessary from the time one tees off the first tee until the last putt has dropped on the last hole. Other sports offer moments of relaxation, but in tournament play in golf, the player must never stop until he has completed his round. The penalty of stop brings disqualification and probably the loss of thousands of dollars to a top ranking money-player.

Outlines Strokes

Perhaps an outline of strokes from the tee to the green will help you to better understand golf.

On the tee: Use a wooden club for the long distances. Take a stance fairly wide playing the ball off the left instep or heel. Also the overlapping grip (pros say this is the least tiring and the most effective.) Use a long smooth back swing cocking the wrists at the top of the swing. There is little hesitation at the top of the swing. The body is in continuous motion from the start of the swing until its completion. The wood is supposed to start the ball low and keep it gradually rising for the sake of distance.

2nd Shot (long iron) On the shot the concentration point changes from hitting on the up-swing to hitting right down into the ball, more or less. Sometimes a divot is taken even on the longer irons. The pros generally take a divot with every shot with the irons. Aside from the concentration point change, this shot is played little different from the wood. The swing is a trifle shorter, and the ball is played off the left heel or a little closer the right foot. (note this slight but imperative change.) The long irons include the irons from 1 to 5. The stance is narrower on each successive iron and the ball is played farther back on each one.

3rd Shot The short irons (those irons from 6 to 10) produce a more upright swing and much shorter with a lesser body action. On a short iron shot the feet are nearly together and the ball is played off the back foot as much as possible, but not too far back to keep the wrists from coming through at the proper time.

On the Green A putting stance is something that must suit the individual. There is no set style of putting and the pros tell you to first find a comfortable stance that affords you the accuracy you need.

In this outline I have left out all the trouble shots and trick shots that are encountered by the better golfer. I have only tried to give you a few of the highlights of the stance and swing on any long hole of any golf course. You will find only the shots as they will lie from one shot to another if the previous one has been perfectly hit.

Watching Craig Wood

On returning from work one day last summer, I learned that Craig Wood, national open golf champion, was playing an exhibition match with three local pros at the Grover Cleveland Course. Dashing out to the course, I finally caught up with the match at the sixth green. As I approached the green, a cheer went up from the mob of spectators who were packed closely around the scene of play. I learned from a straggler that Joe Rook, the Grover Cleveland pro, had sunk a beautiful thirty-foot putt for a deuce and was now leading the champion by a stroke. That didn't seem quite right to me, but the match was still young.

The seventh hole is a killer—585 yards is a third of a mile, you know—par 5. Wood was the last one to tee off. As I watched the three locals on their tee shots, I wondered how any one could be much better than they. Wood was the shortest of the four, as his drive hit a spectator and stopped stubbornly at the 250-yard marker. I thought he'd be lucky to get on in three and take a par on the hole, but I didn't know Wood. He played a driver shot ten yards short of the green. A fellow next to me said that the champ had played the shot short so that he would be sure not to go out of bounds. I rather doubted this statement until a little later in the match. Then, while the others took pars on the hole, Wood chipped his third to within a foot of the pin for a neat birdie. Taking a birdie 3 on the eighth and a par 3 on the ninth, Wood closed out his first nine with a 4-under-par 32 and enjoyed a two stroke lead over his nearest competitor.

Wood's Hitting Power

It was on the six hundred yard tenth that I was convinced of the tremendous hitting power Wood possessed. Hitting an easy 275-yard tee shot, again one of the shortest of the bunch, he played a driver shot on the fairway in one of the most beautiful shots I have ever seen and was five yards over the green in two. Again, while the others were taking par 5's, he showed his superb short game to great advantage, playing a ship shot that almost netted him an eagle, but refused to drop. After taking par on the eleventh, he came through again on the twelfth with a bird. Although his tee shot, which should have rolled up on the green 375 yards away, bounced badly and lodged on the top of a bunker thirty yards short of the hole, he dropped a niblick shot next to the pin for the payoff.

Coming into the eighteenth hole, Wood had a good chance to set a new course record by dropping an easy putt for another bird. Without hesitation, he stepped up, lined up the stroke, and let it go; but the ball rimmed the cup and obstinately refused to drop. His first time on the course, Wood had to be content with tying the course record with a 32-32, 64 performance.

In trying to analyze the difference between Wood and his companions, I was somewhat baffled. Why was he the champ? Was it that he hit a longer ball? He could, but he seldom did. Did he play perfect golf? On

Volley Ball Schedule

Friday, April 3
4:00 p.m. Seniors vs. Sophomores. Women
6:30 p.m. Seniors vs. Sophomores. Men
Monday, April 6
4:00 p.m. Juniors vs. Sophomores. Women
6:30 p.m. Juniors vs. Sophomores. Men
Tuesday, April 7
4:00 p.m. Seniors vs. Frosh. Women
Wednesday, April 8
4:00 p.m. Juniors vs. Sophomores. Women
6:30 p.m. Seniors vs. Frosh.
Thursday, April 9
6:30 p.m. Juniors vs. Sophomores. Men

Library Acquires Several New Books

them being *Autobiography With Letters* by William Lyon Phelps, and *Cordell Hull* by Harold Hinton. Miss Wright also stated this week

Miss Florence Wright, college librarian, has announced the acquisition of several new books, among that the library would appreciate student suggestions for new books, and as far as possible would attempt to purchase volumes which have obtained unusual student popularity. Other new books recently acquired by the library are *Army Talk* by Eldridge Colby, *Lou Gehrig* by Frank Graham, sports writer of the *New York Sun*, *Storm* by George Stewart, *Pied Piper* by Nevil Shute, *Mission to Moscow* by Joseph E. Davies, *What We Can Believe* by Randolph C. Miller, *Young Ames* by Walter D. Edmonds, author of *Drums Along the Mohawk*, and *Mathematics: Its Magic and Mastery* by Aaron Bakst.

—HC—

Summer School . . .

(Continued from Page One)

in the Nature department; and Profs. Marvin Pryor, John Ayres, and Dr. Moreland in the Laboratory science division. Teaching in the Mathematics field will be Miss Rachel Davison; Prof. F. H. Wright will conduct the religious education classes, and Professors Andrews, Cronk, Homan, and Carapetyan will be in charge of the musical subjects offered. Miss Bess Fancher will teach the educational subjects and Prof. J. Whitney Shea will teach in the Sociology field.

Prof. Myron H. Woods of the Cheshbrough Seminary faculty will assist in the chemistry department at the summer school.

the contrary, he was often in hazards, stymied by trees, or behind the field. Was he a putting wizard? Definitely not. He asked no more of the greens than any other golfer. He missed a couple that were ridiculously short. Did he work harder than the others? I wouldn't say so. It was the effortless ease with which he executed every shot that made his play such a joy to watch. True, he has an unlimited repertoire of shots, complete relaxation, control of every situation, long hitting ability, and a flawless short game. These things can be attained to a certain extent by anyone who cares to put the time in it. When I had thought it all out, I had to conclude that, to a certain extent at least, the guy was right who said that "champions are born, not made."

FILL UP FULLER —
—AT FILLMORE—
—Good times—
Good food Good friends
—Sparky's Restaurant—

Volley Ball Season Opens As Seniors Down Juniors

Frosh Volley Ball Debut Ruined by Big, Bad Sages

The frosh men made their debut in the volley ball competition last Friday when they suffered a decisive defeat at the hands of the seniors.

Fresh from a hard-played contest with the juniors, the seniors found their underclass foes an easy match by comparison. Getting down to business early in the match, they rang up scores of 21-6 and 21-7 against a definitely inferior frosh outfit. Eyler, Will, Lord, Haynes, Foster, and Mullin carried the winning colors; the frosh combination included Walker, Lewellen, Hannan, Darling, Waaser, Little, and Pritchett.

The senior women took their second win at the expense of an inexperienced yearling combination Monday afternoon, winning in straight games, 21-5 and 21-12.

Living up to a pre-season speculation, the girls in orange took the game in their stride as the frosh feds, unable to match the pace of the play, fell easy victims to the sages' onslaught. Driscoll and Reynolds again sparked the champs' attack.

Monday evening the juniors vaulted into the win column by defeating a hapless freshman men's team in two straight games.

After taking the first by a score of 21-4, they ran into something like competition in the second, but won handily, 21-12.

Sheffer, Woolsey, and Kennedy turned in fine games, while "String" Miller's height was used to great advantage. For the frosh, Walker and Lewellen were outstanding. Noticeable in the frosh attack was their immusically and spiritually.

—HC—

Literary Column . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

Sunset Off Madagascar

We were just a few hours from Madagascar when the squall sprang up so suddenly we hardly had time to lower the sheets fore and aft before we were in the midst of it. When the mad fury of the storm had spent itself two hours later, we pursued our former course amid the most beautiful *chef-d'oeuvre* by the master artist, Nature, I ever have seen in all my wanderings. Even the Lascars, who had been trembling in abject fear during the storm, crowded to look out the portholes. They were held speechless by the majestic splendor of that moment. Their language contains more words for beauty and loveliness than ours because they live where Nature's magic brush lends enchantment to all life and even they, searching, as I am now, for *mots juste*, were unable to put into poor, plodding words the feeling the scene created. I felt as if I had climbed some ethereal beanstalk and were stealing a glimpse into the home of the gods.

High overhead on the port, a rainbow arched its back, shimmering in the sun, like a multi-colored cat stretching after its forenoon nap. Low on the horizon on the starboard, the round, red sun hurled his last few rays in a desperate attempt to stave off the approach of night. The gentle waves, silent and restful after the lashing of the storm, reflected the sunlight, making a long, golden carpet, like an approach to the throne of the Sun-god, Ra. Then it faded, as night crept in on all fours.

Sages Favored to Take Championship

Last week the current volley ball season got off to an impressive start as two hundred excited fans cheered the faculty men in their first appearance on the court Wednesday evening against an "unknown" team. They bowed gracefully but definitely to a hard-hitting team of crack girl athletes. A curtain spread across the net kept the identity of each of the teams a secret—theoretically.

In the second game of the evening, the senior men took the lead in the inter-class series by defeating the juniors in a closely-contested match. Taking the first game 21-17, the sages lapsed into a ragged style of play which cost them the second game 12-21. A revamped lineup and some good teamwork in setting up those pay-off kills saved them the final game 21-16 and established them as favorites to retain their title.

Important factor in the senior victory was their ability to set up opportunities for their spikers, Foster, Eyler, Will, and Mullin. Outstanding play of the losers was the heads up play of Sheffer and Woolsey, with elongated "String" Miller doing the bang-bangs.

It was the senior lassies all the way when they met the juniors last Thursday afternoon. The champs wasted no time in copping the first game 21-7 and went on to take the second by a 21-16 margin.

Reynolds and Driscoll combined to give the seniors the winning push, while Lucille Thornton's play sparked for the losers.

The only junior threat came in the second game when they totaled thirteen points, but their rally fell short and the seniors had once again proved their superiority.

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—The Pantry

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