

## Number 19

On April 6 the Choir leaves on tour.



# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during the school year by students of the College.

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## Editorial

The Literary Contest, which closes on the first of April, offers a fine opportunity to a number of students who will not take advantage of it. More than one student wishes that he or she could have a little more active part in the school life, but few of them realize that here they are offered as good an opportunity as any which they could possibly obtain. The Contest is open to all students registered in the College, except the few who have already won first place. As a usual thing, however, not more than twenty compositions at most are entered in any one field. Probably not more than forty will be entered in all the departments of the contest. Certainly someone is missing the chance he covets and yet very likely, will not see. Honor is not the only benefit which the contestants will derive. Strangely enough, the majority of those who enter, find a considerable enjoyment from their work, and get a great deal of satisfaction from doing a piece of work well. The College does not parcel out positions of honor, one to this student, one to that one, and so on. You get them when you work.

### New Catalogue

(Continued on Page Two)

tion of his mother tongue, and to open to his mind new vistas of thought and interest in the great civilizations past and present.

Courses in the field of social science, the third division, are offered with the objective of conveying to the students an understanding of the nature and development of human society and of enabling them to form a well-balanced attitude toward the problems that are being presented in a constantly changing civilization.

The Division of Science and Mathematics aims to introduce students to the vast and rapidly growing field of scientific knowledge, to acquaint them with modern methods of scientific investigation, and to indicate some of the new discoveries and developments in each science.

Courses in the Division of Philosophy are arranged to meet the needs of both full-time and part-time Christian workers, of prospective ministers, and of those with experience wishing further instruction. Many of the subjects required in the Disciplinary Course of the Wesleyan Methodist Church are covered by corresponding courses listed here.

The Division of Music offers advantages to its students for gaining practical experience in the field of Music. It purposes to produce true musicians who cultivate the highest ideals of true art and to so educate

and equip all, that while acquiring a taste and thirst for the best and highest in music they will be able to progress by themselves and rightly teach others.

The committee are to be congratulated upon this expression of a better and greater Houghton in the 1934 catalogue.

### GOSPEL GROUP

#### AT MILLPORT

An evangelistic service was held Sunday evening March 11, in Millport, Pa. The Gospel team, Donelson, Foster, Cronk and Shea, was assisted by Professor Cronk as pianist and Layton Vogel who gave a most inspiring testimony. The comfortable little church was well filled and the people seemed responsive to the message in word and song. The sermon, by Malcolm Cronk, was preceded by music from the male quartette and trumpet trio. The testimonies, especially that of Layton Vogel, added greatly to the first part of the service. Though there was no definite response to the message, a seriousness and reverence was manifest and the Holy Spirit spoke to many. May God be pleased to bless this group with an ever increasing usefulness in the winning of the lost ones.

Upon a man's own character determination depends God's choice.

—Rev. Pitt

## Literary Contest Inspiration

The essay "Far-Away Fields" which took first place in 1932 was written by one determined to win. Mr. Gross spent a great deal of time writing, re-writing, changing words, phrases, sound, logic, until the work was as perfect as he could make it. This essay is therefore one of the most polished that has been presented for the contest.

There should be seventy five contestants all likewise determined to win.

### FAR-AWAY FIELDS

By Harry Gross

I WATCHED A MOTH BEAT AT THE PANE OF my library window. A beautiful moth it was with soft greenish fuzzy body, and wide green wings set with translucent eye like spots. In the dim quiet of the June evening, it appeared king of the night insects. The study was dark except for the low lamp that cast a yellow rectangular carpet on my table. The beating, whirring wings of the moth sounded in a soft and varying cadence. Leisurely I shoved back my chair and walked over to the window and at my approach it ceased its beatings, hung there transfixed with splendid wings outspread, glorious in all its fleeting summer beauty. Beady eyes stared at me. For a moment the moth stayed thus, and then the whirring pulsating sound recommenced as it battled against the windows, striving so vainly to get at the light within.

I LOLLED IN THE COOL RECESS afforded by the shade of a low tree in the brightness of a perfect June morning, and watched a baby scramble about the cluttered floor of his play-yard. He was a cheerful little cherub, delightfully pink and clean from his morning wash, and in his skimpy sunsuit he hustled about the small enclosure with remarkable rapidity, throwing his toys about with joyous abandon. With a whoop he flung his gaily-colored rattle away from him. It landed about two feet away from the play-yard, and with his small earnest face pressed against the bars, he stretched his chubby little arm to get the toy that lay just beyond the reach of the grasping pink fingers that clawed so clumsily for it. He reached.... and reached.

I SAT UPON THE PORCH STEPS WITH A GIRL. Through the vine-covered side of the porch, the light of the full summer moon streamed, casting a latticework of constantly changing shadows upon us. Elbows resting upon her knees, she sat holding her face in her hands, a pretty face, piquant and somewhat pert, strangely akin to the rose which I had given her, and which she wore on the lapel of her jacket. We sat for some time in thoughtful silence. Farther down the street where the street-light was, children were playing Hide-and-go-seek, and I idly watched them; their happy and excited cries carried through the night air. Suddenly she burst out passionately, "Oh-!" She checked herself, and then as her control let go, she stumbled on disjointedly, pounding her knee with a small clenched fist. "I hate this life! I hate it, I tell you! I'm tired of going to work every day, and wearing the same jacket and the same dress! I want nice clothes .... I want to go to nice places .... I want to be free...."

I WALKED DOWN THE STREET WITH ANOTHER girl in the rush of the quitting hour.

Her black beret was perched on her head, and her too-high heels clicked along merrily, but on her face was a sullen look of discontent. Eyes set ahead, she treaded her way through the jostling crowd with habitual rapidity. Three girls emerged from a beauty shop, walking directly ahead of us; their freshly pressed water-waves gleamed hard in the late afternoon sun; their heavily rouged lips were a gash of red across the thor, oughly artificial whiteness of their faces, whiteness spotted with startling patches of pink. As we passed them, my companion started to speak. Her voice was tired--monotonous. "The same old thing every day--behind the same old counter....Floor-walkers telling you 'The customer is always right, Miss Durant!' Some day I'm going to get out of this ... I'm going to be a stenographer, and work in an office."

I WORKED FOR SOME TIME ACROSS THE DESK from a young man who operated a typewriter with skill and precision. One day he waxed confidential, and above the clatter of our machines he told me, "Listen brother, I ain't going to be here all my life." He looked cautiously around for the chief clerk, leaned back in his chair, and continued. "There's other places for a guy like me. Think I'm going to be a typist all my life? Work for this crashety, blank railroad all my life?" He spread out his hand meaningly. "If I don't get a raise pretty quick, I'll ...." and he talked on and on.

I STOOD BESIDE A MIDDLE-AGED MAN as he sprinkled his neatly-kept lawn. Blocks away street-cars jangled and clanged their way along, and automobiles sped through the streets, but here was the quiet of the residential district, broken only by the pleasant swishing zzzz of the squirting hose. He meticulously regulated its nozzle, then turned to me. "Nice here, ain't it? But I'm not always going to stay here. No, sir, you don't catch me sticking around in a machine shop all my life. As soon as the right opening comes along, I'm going to step in and buy a chicken farm....that's what I've always wanted to do....go out in the country and run a chicken farm...." His eyes held a far-away look.

I TALKED WITH AN OLD MAN, a man in the twilight of life. Although far past three score, he was attired in a suit of youthful cut and a straw hat with a brilliantly colored band that was at shocking variance with his advanced age. He complacently regarded his natty oxfords and the knife-like crease in his trousers, flicked the ashes from his cigar and in questioning look asked my approval. Rather wearily I murmured something intended to indicate a measured appreciation. He brightened up. "Going out with Mary tonight?" he leered at me confidentially. "Got a date. Nice girl, Mary...."

I KNOW A STUDENT. I know him well, for I have lived with him a number of years. He aspires to success, and to that end he is laboring and preparing himself, but some times the clouds darken not only the horizon but the whole sky and the goal seems lost in a maze of despair. With me he has seen these things, and with me he reflects on them, for:

The moth beat its life out against the unyielding window pane amongst the powdery dust that rose from its wings. It never got to the light. The chubby arm of the baby did not

reach the toy. It was not until he cried lustily that he got the rattle. The girl on the porch steps still wears the same jacket and dress to work every day. She is bitter.

Still behind the counter is the other girl, serving each customer rebelliously.

This month the young man completed his sixth year of typing at the same desk. He still talks of Some Day when ....

Mary terms the old man a doddering fool....and he is.

AND THE STUDENT looks at these....and wonders....

—H.C.—

## Sunday Evening Service

The pastor brought a very searching message to his congregation on Sunday morning, March 11, using as the basis of his sermon these words: "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal." Rev. Pitt felt called to challenge his hearers with the truth of God's place for them in His service in the light of the recent revival.

In proving that God has a place of service for everyone of His children, the speaker used as an example the calling of Elisha to fill Elijah's place. He said that God stooped to lowly place in choosing Elisha because He was seeking a man of character, and Elisha truly stood out prominently in God's esteem. Elisha had a quick understanding and a keen perception. Though he was busy with the cares of life, yet he understood what his receiving of Elijah's mantle really meant because his eyes and heart were open. There was also a wholeheartedness about Elisha that made him willing immediately to part with his worldly "valuables" so that there would be nothing to which he could return. He proved his humility by willingly serving Elijah for ten years before he took the real place that God had for him. Finally, Elisha was unashamed to claim everything that God had for him.

In Israel there was a national need to be filled, and God chose Elisha to serve in that place, not because he was a man of outstanding ability but because he met God's need as a man of character. God calls the man, not the accomplishment. To each one He gives the call, not only to eternal life but to a life of service.

—H.C.—

## After Bacon on Lobbies

A lignivorous, effervescent, Poly-woggleous, petroliferous hydrophobe, deciding to promote further ecstasy for his present environment, has decided in all his phosphorescent wisdom to close the printing office against public intrusion. We have no doubt that the author of the act was none other than a very musical gentleman who would have to think twice to whistle "Old Zip Coon", and who, in his spare time occupied himself in thinking up brilliant wisecracks against the author. Evidently his chief object was to promote private interest in the crew of stenographers (or similar office workers). The "chaos" mentioned, I believe in connection with it, was a very insignificant item. The fact is, that the new vivacious stenographer had too much outside company to enthalize the printer, who is a very amicable sort when it comes to stenographers. We can see no reason for closing the public lobby. It was a very sociable place and in spite of the usual presence of the aforementioned microphyte (the musical printer), we derived much enthusiasm from it.

—Tom Ellis





## Tales Out of School

"That's the first time I have had a chance to get back at them," was the reaction of a Section A student to the suggestion that freshmen write hundred-and-fifty-word anecdotes, or reminiscences of their Houghton-trained high school teachers. Robert Burns' wish, though possibly not yours, is hereby granted. Alumni have the privilege of seeing themselves as others see them.

(The list is incomplete because only two sections of the composition classes were solicited and none of the upperclassmen. For lack of space only brief selections were made from some of the papers. Names of authors are omitted by request).

### Alfred Colburn

The geometry students of Belfast High School hurried into the classroom with worried expressions. Every one was scanning the page of his textbook turning the leaves with nervous, trembling fingers. All ears were alert for the sound of steel heel plates clicking down the hall, hoping against hope that a guardian angel would send a book agent to detain Mr. Colburn in the office. With sinking hearts they heard the familiar tap.

Dark brown hair lying in even waves—freshly pressed suit with a silk handkerchief folded precisely in the breast pocket—a well-cared-for hand running nervously over the back of his head—such was the appearance of the tall, slightly stooped young man who entered the room carrying the inevitable compass and plan book.

The quiz proved to be short and harmless. The students breathed a sigh of relief, and prepared to settle comfortably in their seats for the rest of the period. How quickly he changed their minds. He literally shot questions left and right, giving the pupils only breathing space, when he reverted to his particular phrases. "Do you understand it? Is it clear?"

As the tingle of the bell re-echoed throughout the building, a slight frown shadowed his face. If only he could have had a few more minutes to explain that next proposition—Merciful heavens! those boards mustn't be left like that. Where's an eraser? He must remember to get a box of chalk tonight. Why did he keep dropping chalk on the floor? Nervousness. Perhaps he'd been out too late the night before. His mother told him he had.

Such is the life of a village schoolmaster.

### A Ho'ton Knight in Action

Instead of rushing up on a steed with floating banners and waving plumes, our hero, the Houghton Knight, hurriedly paces into the schoolroom. It is a good thing he isn't clad in the clanking armor of old for it would seriously impede his long, brisk stride, and besides would n't look well covering his six feet four inches.

Mr. Fisk, for so our knight is known, is a gallant man, not in battle, but in the classroom. Oc-

asionally, however, when necessity demands it, he is fearless in battle. Much to the chagrin of a pupil who has been guilty of disobedience. He needs no other challenge to action than failure to obey. But this only adds to the respect in which the students hold him. His genial personality and understanding heart endear him to all who know him. We can truly say that our modern Launcelot possesses all those knightly characteristics celebrated in the days of chivalry, and some essentially modern ones, such as patience, perseverance and understanding.

### Ione Driscoll

Nobody could get away with anything when she was around. Miss Driscoll ruled over her classes with an iron hand. One of her main hobbies was to catch someone chewing gum.

She was considered one of the best teachers in Fillmore. Her students greatly regretted the loss when she left for Africa.

### Erma Anderson

(Taken from two themes)

I think I shall remember Miss Anderson longest for her systematic methods of teaching. She introduced into the high school the "unit system." Under this plan the different types of literature are studied as a unit, each complete in itself. All work relative to the subject is bound together into a booklet or unit with appropriate covers. Each unit contains an index and illustrations of the work studied. In addition to the unit projects are worked out for additional credit.

Miss Anderson also introduced the system of the assignment sheet. The first sheets in the English notebook are devoted to this purpose. The date is written in the margin with the assignment opposite. The system enables the student to know what work he is responsible for and at the same time keeps his assigned work in a definite place and form.

Miss Anderson always maintains the most attractive classroom in her high school, and really makes English a subject of interest to all.

From her teaching experience she can adduce many anecdotes to spice the recitation. Humorous things also frequently occur. For instance, one pupil told her that Charles Hogg wrote a "Dissertation on Roast Lamb," and another that Pollyannus was Lord High Chamberlain of Cladius' Court in *Hamlet*.

### Doris Neal Smith

I can see times when we of the North Cohocton-Atlanta High School must have exasperated Mrs. Smith almost to tears. She was usually even tempered, but once aroused her eyes would snap. What would happen to the disturber is best expressed by the word wilt. I know because I caused the disturbance more than once.

Out of school she was undoubtedly the best sport among the women of

the faculty. No party or outing was ever planned in which she did not play a part. I don't know what she did athletically while in Houghton but somewhere she learned how to deliver a terrific right. I was on the receiving end once, so that is no mere chatter. I trust she never used that on Harlan, but if anyone should see him he might ask.

### Harlan Smith

Prof., just Prof.—that's what we always called Harlan Smith. He would come into school in the morning with his light hair parted exactly in the middle. Before ten minutes of the first classes had passed, he acted determined to have the curly mass shaved off because it just wouldn't stay put.

I saw him exasperated just once. That was when one of his students told him Muscle Shoals was a huge oyster bed in Chesapeake Bay.

Prof. was very conscientious about his work and was always ready to help one out of the tough places. I can say no two teachers had as great influence on me, and I believe on many other students, as did Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

### "Sara B"

Mrs. Gelser was one of the most sincere and best-liked teachers in my high school experience. She was willing to give as much time in assisting her students as they would take. Although she was always a little cross, as Regents approached, she made up for it by offering any amount of opportunities for review classes. We appreciated "Sara B's" unselfish interest.

### Willett Albro

"Bill" (to all his friends) ably fills the position of assistant principal at Rushford High School.

On the basketball floor he is a flash—a star, who has led the town team to many victories. He is the high school coach for track, baseball and basketball.

His philosophy of life attracts his students. Expressed in his own words: I believe it would be: "Know where you're going; then start." Certain statements of his are long remembered: "Religion makes a person more contented with his lot. Mine does." "Sports, and one's behavior while engaged in them, show a person's true character and qualities."

Mr. Albro often speaks of his lack of height. "Napoleon was shorter than I; I may still amount to something!" Among ourselves, therefore, we called him little Napoleon.

He is a real teacher, a real friend and as boys say, a reg'lar guy.

### Charles Pocock

Mr. Pocock was not one of those teachers who is always "bawling" someone out. But we would all have enjoyed such a method more than "that look." Even if we were not guilty, the look was enough to make us think we were.

At the beginning of the term, he always talked to us in a fatherly way. He emphasized the fact that if we did not study, we were not fooling the teachers but cheating ourselves—I am sure that every student of Rushford High School would say that they were in some way inspired by Professor Pocock.

### Gordon Allen

During the two years Mr. Allen (class of '29) taught in Groveland and coached the basketball team, this team won the county championship.

When he first came to Cuylerville the school had a bad reputation be-

cause of the foreign element, but Gordon soon improved the behavior of the school. Every student in the school and the citizens of the village admire and respect him.

When any of Mr. Allen's friends visit him, he takes him into his office puts his feet on the desk, and makes his guest right at home. In class he wears a most stern look.

### John Mann

The story is told of Rev. Mr. Mann's helping a boy whose family, it was rumored, was in exceedingly poor circumstances. He took the lad to Buffalo in an attempt to help him forget his sorrow. At the close of the day's adventures, they went, at the request of the boy, into a Five-and-Ten. What was Mr. Mann's amazement to see him pay for a ten-cent article with a ten dollar bill.

I can vouch for the fact that Mr. Mann is capable of practical humor. I well remember that after a wedding ceremony he had performed, he took a leading part in putting the groom's boots on the bride, and showered the groom with shoes, rice, and beans.

### Cassius Conner

The three high school subjects I took under Mr. Conner I passed with good grades. Many teachers are partial to favorites, but with him friendship ceases in the classroom.

### Andy Warden

One day several years ago a young man from Houghton with flashing eyes and a very military walk took over the position of instructor in history in Barker High School. Being stern, with a hard look in his eyes, he was feared by the students. . . . Of all the teachers in the school he was the hardest and most addicted to making the students work and be punctual.

### Anna Duggan

Miss Duggan had the ability to make us settle down and get our work done at the beginning of the period so that we could spend the remaining time having a history spell-down, or engaging in some similar means of interesting study. She knew her stuff and could put it across in an original way.

### Edna Haynes

Edna Haynes is a petite, blond person, much too young in appearance to be the presiding officer of a school room. . . . Judging by her attitude she sometimes comes to the conclusion that one must not be too gentle with high school students.

### My Teacher from Ho'ton

One afternoon eleven high school seniors, eight mischievous boys and three amused girls, were in the chemistry laboratory, where the teacher, a rather thin, spectacled, conscientious son of Houghton was endeavoring to acquaint them with knowledge far in advance of their flagging curiosity. Each of them was tittering around the long table at the front of the room demanding calcium chloride, phosphorous, a thermometer, hydrochloric acid, glass tubing, or some other chemical or piece of apparatus. The poor Houghtie was obviously disconcerted as he turned to his chubby lab assistant.

"Donald, where are those bottles of carbon dioxide you made yesterday?"

"Oh, you dumped some silver nitrate solution in them by accident this morning."

"That's right, isn't it? Well, we'll leave that part of the experiment out. What do you want, Arthur, another

beaker? Get him one, Donald."

"There aren't any more. You forgot to order them last week."

"Too bad. Use this bottle then, Arthur. Don't pour the water into the acid like that, Betty; you may get burned! Where are those towels, Donald?"

"I couldn't find any after you rearranged the storeroom last Saturday."

—Surely a little absent mindedness is to be excused when a man has such a charming wife as Stephanie and adorable child as Victor Pierre.

## Boulder Chips

1925 saw the second publication of the Boulder. A precedent had been established the previous year and, although the new undertaking was a marked success, wise and skillful management was still required during its infancy. Evidence shows that this was not lacking. Determination and ability made its continuance possible.

The responsibility for the production of this Boulder was placed in the hands of Ernest Crocker and his staff, with Dean LaVay Fancher as faculty advisor. The book was dedicated to President Luckey and contains the records of the first graduating class of Houghton College. Three of that year's graduating class are at present members of our faculty: Rachel Davison, Josephine Rickard, and Alton Cronk. This is one of the many instances wherein the ideals and standards of Houghton College have proven their impeccable value.

If we were to ask these teachers the method by which they had attained their present station in life, wouldn't they respond in words to this effect? "I always dreamed of doing certain things and I vowed to myself that, going about it in the best manner I knew, I would accomplish those things if it were at all possible." Here we have the essence of the concomitants of success—a desired goal or end, a never-say-die determination to achieve that end, coupled with intelligent and wise judgments to guide and shape the course. Chance may bring something worthwhile, but it may be only temporary for chance also takes away. The Boulder's permanence and quality was not built up by chance but by those same requisites necessary to individual success.

## Miss Gillette Speaks in Chapel on Tools

Tuesday's chapel, conducted by Miss Gillette, was based on the topic of "Tools." She suggested that many people say they cannot do good work because they do not have good tools to work with; however, if we should put forth more effort we could do more regardless of poor tools.

The beautiful "Madonna of the Choir" was painted on a barrel top. In past history a king picked up a damaged sword cast aside by a disgruntled soldier and led his men to victory. Kipling in "If" speaks of stooping and building up with "worn out tools."

All of us are tools of a greater Power. Isaiah says "we are the clay. Thou art the Potter." The world may regard us as tools in His hands. A poet has said, "Christ has no hands but our hands" and we should submit ourselves to Him that He may use us as good tools for his Divine plan.



# Squirrel Food

Cracked by Two Nuts

Definition by Goldberg: A mized quartet—a group of two ladies, one man, and a tenor.

The printing office force is on the lookout for a man who came into the printing office on Monday, and wasted at least forty minutes of the head chief printers time, asking questions a wise man couldn't answer. No, it wasn't a student. We said a man.

The Beach Nuts are working on the proposition, "Why is a ball game?" None of them have been able to offer a reasonable theory, but they've all agreed that a good bawl isn't what it used to be. After all, a ball can't be game, unless it's puffed up and tight.

Titus: Say, you know money is awful tight these days.

Bill: Yeah, I know it. I'd like to find some in that condition. I'd run it in.

In memory of the fly who ate too much bologna to fly, and so got swatted, we offer this moral: Don't buzz around when you're full of boloney.

The Owls' Club discussed the possible veracity of a report that mosquitos are growing as large as those which one member said were so large that they ate up a cow which was left outdoors during the night, and later that night were heard ringing the cowbell for the calf.

This week's definition: Steam. Steam is just water gone crazy with the heat.

Titus was all fogged up, last night, but Joslyn soon brought him out of it.

Aldy went into the animal house at Alfred to see the rats along with the rest of the boys, but when he got ready to go, he couldn't pick out the boys. Rats!

The results of the private contest the Houghton students staged on the Alfred "Wind-o-meter" were: Joslyn—260 cu.in.; VanOrnum—270; McCarty—280; White—283; Farwell—284; Titus—285.

Ye editor couldn't keep it below 295. Joslyn's reaction time was .2 sec. The rest of the boys were fast but they were in the dust when Jozzie limbered up.

Titus robbed the ball machine.

## The Evangelical Student

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." --Jesus.

Too many times we have heard Christianity called a religion of weakness. "If I were not strong enough to take care of myself morally," some unconverted people say, "I should be willing to beg help from God. But while I have sufficient will power of my own, it seems childish to ask power from Someone Else."

Still, we wonder if in the Christian life God does for us what we can do of ourselves? We cannot be Christians without Him, and yet with all the help which He gives us, we find the Christian life requiring every bit of strength we have.

Unless we foolishly assume that when we are saved Christ makes us weaklings, we can only conclude that the battle of the Christian is different from that which the unconverted man fights, and that it is far greater. We hear Christians confess that they are weak, and we decide that they have lost whatever moral stamina they once possessed, while what they really have lost is a sense of their own moral greatness. They see in its proper proportions and they begin to combat it at its source, the innermost depths of the heart.

The unsaved man honestly tries to check the expression of sin, but his real battle has not come until he sees it as a thing of the heart. Then he sees sin as a force which only God knows how to check. He realizes that, though he may be strong enough to take care of himself moral-

ly, God alone has the strength to take care of his heart and to enable him to fight a winning battle against inner sin.

This indeed is a strange world in which we live, with many strange people too. I reasonably presume, however, that after all, the world itself is not so strange, but it is human nature that is so strange. It is this strange human nature that I wish to consider.

Isn't it strange that when a person finds something good, like Christianity, that he does not wish to share it with others? Strange isn't it that when a man discovers God that he does not want to learn more of God? Strange isn't it that when a man finds a thing like Christianity to be good that he does not want more of it? Isn't it strange that when God has made such ample provision for a Spirit-filled life that souls who testify to saving grace do not want sanctifying grace?

It is indeed strange to me that people are not inspired to seek after a Spirit-filled life after reading the lives of the famous and pious mystics of the early Christian Church, such as St. Francis of Assisi, St. Bernard de Clairvaux, St. Francis de Sales, Bonaventura, St. Cyprian, St. Jerome St. Chrysostom or St. Augustine, to say nothing of the more modern and famous personalities among whom may be mentioned, Fenelon, Whitefield, the Wesleys, General Booth, John Fletcher, George Muller, Cardinal Newman, Bishop Francis Asbury, Bishop Philips Brooks, and many others too numerous to mention, but true saints of God.

When one has read the lives of such men two things are inevitable. First, he is going to feel and appear poverty stricken spiritually, and second, he is going to become mighty dissatisfied and discontented with his own life, and rightly so, for some one has wisely said, "contentment with present attainment will start the sculptor chiseling on your tomb stone." And because of these two things he will be beginning to "hunger and thirst after righteousness", and if an honest and sincere soul, he will begin at that moment to seek the fullness of God and the Spirit-filled life.

Verily these men were saints, but were all men and "subject to like passions as we are," yet were so filled and so permeated and possessed of the Holy Spirit that they changed the course of history, and multitudes will be in Heaven because of them. It would be more than strange, would not it, if Almighty God should show favors to a select few and withhold His mighty baptism of grace and power from so many? Surely what God has done in the past He will do again, "for Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever." Men only need to meet the conditions and God will manifest Himself, for the promise is unto us. On the day of Pentecost men were pricked to the heart by Peter's sermon and cried "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and Peter answered, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is to you, and to your children, and to ALL THAT ARE AFAR OFF, even as MANY as the Lord God shall call" (Acts 2:38, 39).

So thus we see that we too can have "the gift of the Holy Ghost", "be filled with the Spirit", (Ephesians 5:18); "have life and have it more abundantly" (John 10:10), be "rooted and grounded in love", (Ephesians 3:17); we can be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us" (Romans 8:37); we can have "peace as a river", and "righteousness as the waves of the sea" (Isaiah 48:18); we too may have that "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (I Peter 1:8) which the world will never be able to take away from us, "For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, no height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:38, 39)

Seeing, therefore, that such rich heritage lies ahead of us yet untouched and unexplored, let us not become satisfied with our present spiritual attainments, for God has provided even greater things for those who love Him. And having "tasted that the Lord is good", now let us "go on to perfection" and grow strong, fat and flourishing on the Word and Spirit of God!

O, young Christians aspire to higher things in the Lord, grow in grace, crave the Holy Spirit, feed upon the Word of God, don't be satisfied short of God's very best for you, and may our constant prayer be, as we meditate upon the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus, these Lenten days "Oh, for the Spirit's quickening power;

Oh, for a soul-refreshing shower; Oh, for the Pentecostal power; Lord send it now."

W. W. A.

## Dr. Blaisdel Will Speak to Pre-Medic Club

The Pasteur Pre-Medical club of the college is indeed fortunate in being able to obtain the services of men who are doctors and therefore have had experience in the fields of greatest interest to the club. At the last program Dr. A. H. Lyman spoke upon the subject "Diabetes and Insulin," and on March 19 Dr. Blaisdel will speak upon the subject "Pernicious Anemia and the Liver." Everyone is most cordially invited to attend this meeting.

## SPORTS

### DID YOU KNOW THAT?

Blondy Ryan, the sensation of the 1933 World Series is quite likely to be on the bench when the Giants swing into their league schedule. Travis Jackson will be his successor.

Don Brennan has at last broken into the Big Leagues and will pitch for the Red Sox in '34.

The classy Fillmore town team put a real scare into the champion Rochester Central squad in a swift game which ended 47-50. Bill Farnsworth starred for the losers with 19 points.

Lou Little spoke before a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. in Wellsville last week and explained how he maintained the morale of his team which won the Rose Bowl Contest.

Niagra University placed three men on the Buffalo Evening News Western New York Five which is as follows:

Rybak F., Flynn F., Stoll C., Hogan G., and Kantak G.

The best advocates have chosen the Giants and the Senators as 1934 champs, but how about the Red Sox? Don't forget them for they have a great array of stars.

The Giants have a 2-1 margin on the Philadelphia Athletics in a training camp series.

Syracuse has taken over the Jersey City franchise of the international League and will boast a brand new stadium for the opening game.

What has become of our 1933-34 Purple-Gold series? In the minds of many, this series which had the prospects of a real series, has been nothing short of an absolute failure. The first four games of the boys series were very exciting and interesting and resulted in a tie with each team boasting of two victories. At this point the Girls series was practically conceded to the Purple squad so interest dropped off. The boys series also faded from view as more important proceedings took its place. There has only been one Purple-Gold game since the first of February and there is no telling when the series will be completed. The question at stake is whether the athletic schedule of our school should be shoved aside and interrupted with by most everything else in the program of activities. A long series of special meetings disrupted the schedule, club meetings and chorus practices has prevented playing games on other nights than Friday night and engagement of players in town teams has interfered with the best functioning of the basketball schedule. This state of our athletic affairs is a very poor advertisement for this department of our school, which should be a live and active department. Without a doubt a serious condition has arisen and should be noticed in further attempts to disarrange the schedule of athletic events.

In direct contrast to Houghton's laxity in sports events, we see the High Schools of the surrounding counties seething with excitement over the sectional playoffs. In Allegany county, Bolivar, Cuba and Angelica were victorious in their respective leagues. These teams went to Alfred last week and locked horns with Corning Free Academy, Canisteo and Prattsburg respectively. As a result of these playoffs, two Allegany county teams will go to Rochester. Cuba will represent the B league and Angelica the C group while Corning Free Academy of Stuben County will represent the A division as usual. In Wyoming county also two squads will journey to Rochester for the sectional finals. Arcade, who boasts a great season will represent the B division while the well-known and high class "Red Raiders" of Bliss-High School will carry on for the C league. These county and sectional playoffs stimulate a great deal of school spirit in the High School groups and it seems rather to put to shame Houghton's meager sports program

## RESOLUTIONS

We, the teachers of the first Supervisory District of Allegany County, in conference at Houghton, N. Y., February 9, 1934 offer the following resolutions; that we extend thanks:

First, to Superintendent Tuthill for his efforts in arranging and carrying through so successful a program;

Second, to Dr. Beven, Miss Miller, and Miss Hicks for so ably inspiring and instructing us in the field of Education;

Third, to President Luckey and Houghton College for the kind hospitality shown and the splendid dinner served;

Fourth, to Professor Bain and the choir for the excellent concert rendered, and

Lastly, to all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the conference.

We suggest that these resolutions be printed in the Houghton Star, the Fillmore Observer, and the Rushford Spectator.

Respectfully submitted,  
Mrs. Pearl Cornwall, Miss Ruby Hatch, C. H. Pocock, Committee

## LIGHT BEARERS SERVICE

Jack Reed opened the Sunday afternoon service by reading a Scripture lesson found in James 1:22-27, after which he led the testimony service.

Mr. Glenn Donelson brought the message of the afternoon. His text was found in II Corinthians, verses three to eighteen inclusive. He compared the Christian life with a mirror. Each must be covered; the mirror is a piece of covered glass and a Christian life is one covered by the blood of Jesus.

As a mirror must be washed to be kept clean, so must the Christian be washed with the water of life.

Christians, he said, must not allow their lives to become rusty because then they will not truly reflect the glory of Jesus.

As people generally judge Christians by the way they reflect Jesus, they should be careful how they reflect.

The real purpose of every Christian should be to reflect Jesus and all that He has done for them. The more Christians there are in the world the better place it is, if each be truly reflecting the light of salvation.