

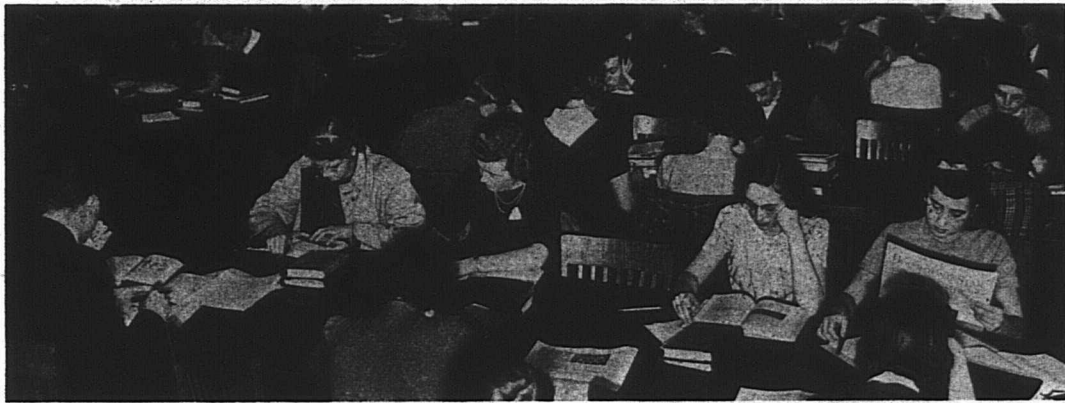
The HOUGHTON STAR

Volume XXXII

Houghton, New York, Thursday, January 11, 1940

Number 13

WHEN FANCY SOLEMNLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF FINALS



"... No more pencils; no more books. No more teachers' saucy looks." So sang we a scant four weeks ago and now look at us. Vainly regretting our vacationtime procrastinations, we hit the books with renewed vigor and determination, or is it just the inevitable pressure of dire necessity that drives us on with such brutal force? "Study without thought is vain..." said Confucius. You will observe two seekers after truth are reading the Star.

Houghton Scene of Varied Activity While Students Were Vacationing

Desperadoes Invade Girls' Dorm; Indoor and Coasting Parties Held

To the eye of the casual observer driving through our little village during the recent vacation days, a scene of restful, rural tranquillity must have presented itself. In the early mornings, or at mail time, the traveler might have seen a snow-covered farm truck standing before the village store, while its owner was in getting supplies or eagerly looking into his box for mail. Lazily rising threads of smoke bespoke the welcoming warmth of the indoors, while the winter whiteness of the long, deserted street was broken only by a solitary dark figure, hastening home from some unknown chore.

But to those on the "In," Houghton was not such a drowsy place. Long-contemplated entertaining found its fulfillment during the quiet days. The Misses Moses and Hillpot were hostesses at the Moses House to several groups. Prof. and Mrs. Ries entertained Dr. Rosenberger and the Stevens boys. Miss Rickard was hostess one evening to several of the townspeople. On another evening, Miss Rickard gave a coasting party for the students who had remained, and the young people of the town. No doubt other events occurred of which your casual reporter has not heard.

Sunday night, New Year's Eve, a watchnight service was held in the church, concluding at 12:20 with a communion service around the altar.

The girls of the town got a good start toward Leap Year activities by inviting the boys who attended the watch night service to an early morning lunch at the Inn, from 12:30 to 2:30. Mr. Black did an excellent job of chaperoning the party.

But Houghton would not be Houghton if we didn't have something of a different nature to report. There are others who could do a more complete job of telling the tale, perhaps, but they might not be willing to do so. The scene of our story is Gaoyadeo Hall; the time, sometime Friday night. The actors: prowlers (3), dormitory resident, campus celebrities.

Act I, Scene I: Enter prowlers. Swipe keys to girls' rooms. Enter one room. Turn on radio full blast. Come out of room. Lock door. Proceed to another room. Go through

same performance. Proceed to another room. Similar antics. Disappear prowlers.

Scene II: Certain resident descends stairway, seeking source of loud music. Stops before door. Decides that's one of the rooms. Gingerly tries knob. Locked! Rattles the door. No answer. Scratches head. Pauses a minute. Proceeds toward dean's office with determined step. Goes to key rack. No keys! Looks bewildered and scratches head again. Face takes on enlightened look. Proceeds to other rooms whence music pours forth voluminously. Doors locked. Meditates a moment. Takes on resigned attitude. Slowly ascends stairs. Music continues in full swing.

Act II: Scene I: Kitchen: enter prowlers carrying toaster. Slowly and carefully pick way to electric wall socket. Insert plug. Toaster begins to glow. Opens covers. Insert long black objects, (forbidden in Houghton.) Wait for a moment. Exit prowlers. Streams of white smoke billow from both sides of toaster. Odor strangely unfamiliar to Houghton's pure atmosphere floods kitchen. Odor ascends stairway. Moments pass.

Scene II: Kitchen: enter familiar figure, stepping cautiously but with determination written upon features. Eyes begin to water, and starts to cough. Cough! Cough! Through watery peepers spies object of offence. Approaches with handkerchief over nose. Gets hold of cord with free hand. Gives desperate tug. Plug comes out. Gingerly picks up toaster and ducks under running faucet. Looks around. Puts up toaster. Pauses a moment in deep, dark contemplation, amidst slowly clearing atmosphere. Casts final searching glance around kitchen and once again slowly ascends stairs.

Intervening time: Radios go off when stations sign off for night.

Act III: Scene I. 6 o'clock following morning. One corner of the dormitory, outside. Prowler approaches carrying stick. Does strange thing. Pounds on drain pipe on side of dorm. Runs away.

Scene II. 6 o'clock, in one of (Continued on Page Four, Col. 4)

JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Recreation Hall Becoming Reality

Work Progresses During Vacation

While we were enjoying our Christmas vacation to the utmost, work on the Recreation hall progressed swiftly towards its goal. Through the persistent efforts of the Student Council, alterations have been made with startling rapidity. The new floor, which was laid this summer, has been sanded and partly painted by some of the students. Plumbers have installed a new water system which was not to be had before. On one side of the floor courts for shuffle-board have been marked off on the floor, while on the other side there will be tables for ping-pong. Naturally, we are well pleased that the Recreation hall is being repaired for our use, but none of us seem to think that help might be needed and to offer this help which would be gladly accepted. Think of how much more quickly the work would progress if a few of these students would go to it and push the work forward with their muscles instead of sitting by and waiting for it to be finished so that they can use it for their own enjoyment.

Seniors Take Debate

Seniors Vance Carlson and Alan Gilmour, representing the affirmative of the question "Resolved: That it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all," were victors in the year's first inter-class debate. Competition was provided by juniors Allan McCartney and Jane Cummings.

Details of the debate will appear in next week's Star.

'Impressions of Pres. Bond' by Dean Hazlett

Describes President Bond As He Was Way Back When

Professor Bond dead? Impossible I thought! Some rare individuals have the gift of perennial youth; and if ever there was a person with this Puckish, elusive quality, it was he. I cannot imagine him without sparkling high lights in his eyes, a buoyant lift to his step, and an exuberant lilt to his voice. Then harsh present reality... age... death... blinding realization... the incredible flight of the years... the inevitable touch of spiritual nostalgia and soul sadness... a haunting sense of the timeless past and the evanescent now. The shutters of darkened memory open and close with startling abruptness and vividness... and I see places and figures that I have not thought of for years, pass in kaleidoscopic review.

Episodic... impressionistic... intensely subjective... even sentimentalized—no doubt... yet for me the living essence of a vital personality—what more will remain of any of us?

Just before Christmas, 1904... almost 35 years ago to the day a small boy not yet in his teens... very sophisticated, very rebellious, and very lonely and frightened, arrives with parents and the family possessions on bobsleds... we own a house in Houghton in anticipation of such an event, but the departure is hurried... largely on my unappreciative behalf... to escape the allurements of the wicked county seat metropolis! I am ushered into the office of the President of the institution that is to have the dubious honor of my involuntary attendance. The President, of course, is a party to the conspiracy... he and my father along with Professor McDowell have been classmates at Wheaton...

The office proved to be a place of horrendous mystery... a huge, high-ceilinged room in the northwest rear corner... also the biology and chemistry laboratory... on one side, a collection of lizards and reptiles preserved in glass jars... on the other side a cabinet with neatly labeled geological specimens, donated by some unknown benefactor in the interests of science... a heterogeneous assortment of dirty test tubes and broken apparatus... rusty fixtures and leaky plumbing... a galvanic battery and a friction generating machine with hand electrodes... the arcana of knowledge!

At the far corner of this ogre's den... half-concealed by cobwebs and debris... the President himself... sitting in profile at his pigeon-holed desk by a window set in a abrupt projection of the building—an architectural puzzle probably designed to give more space for the chapel rostrum directly above. This window commands a side view of both the rear and the front approach toward the village... its strategic value I do not appreciate until later. I find myself standing before a man with a very broad and high forehead, and with a slightly receding chin half-concealed by a very brown and bushy pair of gracefully curling mustaches... I cannot speak... I am suddenly fascinated by his prominent Adam's apple that seems to bob around disconcertingly when he talks... and yet the moment I hear the sound of his voice, I knew that I (Continued on Page Two, Col. 2)

NEW DORM BELLS RING IN NEW YEAR

Modern Methods Replace the Old

It seems that this year's dorm tribe has an eye, (or an ear), for sophistication. The old twist doorbell didn't have what it takes, so a new one with the proper "umph" has been installed. This new affair announces callers in a pleasing, ladylike manner, producing a sound entirely foreign to the surprised ears of the visiting horde, that are accustomed to the old scraping jangle. This dainty addition seems to "take" with everybody.

Public opinion, however, veers distinctly concerning another newcomer, who although just as anxious to please, apparently lacks the lung power to rule over a dormful of noise, giggles, and clicking heels. This bell, taking its abode at the foot of the main stairway, is being highly criticized from all sides. It doesn't wake the girls in the morning... it can't be heard at mealtime... The complainants rank as gaining perceptibly as meals are missed and first period classes cut. But be indulgent, girls maybe this thin-voiced little infant will, under the influence of your frequent bedlam, learn to speak more insistently.

Dick Robinson, Young Evangelist, Has Chapel

Rev. R. L. ("Dick") Robinson brought us a most profitable and forceful message in chapel on January 5. Drawing his text from Hebrews 11:7, his topic was the "Faith of Noah." He developed his talk by comparing Noah's faith with ours, stating the characteristics of Noah's faith and how we might apply them to our own faith. Rev. Robinson pointed out that Noah's was a working faith, and we must give evidence that we have faith, that Noah based his on divine revelation, tested it by a long delay—120 years. We may not always see the answer to our prayer right away, but we must stand firm, until such time as God sees fit to aid us. Noah was moved by fear, and exercised his faith amid conditions of unbelief. He had a faith that condemned the world, putting the devil to shame. He had a giving faith—as we must have, for we have a blessed inheritance in heaven.

The HOUGHTON STAR

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1939-40 STAR STAFF

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EDITORIAL

Ye have not passed this way

1940 has become a reality. That year was of special significance to a class of freshmen who entered Houghton in the fall of 1936. That class was the class of '40. And now, four years later, 1940 has actually come. Once an indistinct goal, it is now a realized ambition.

The New Year has been likened to a clean slate, to a fresh page, to an unrevealed mystery, to an untraveled road. It is all of that. But it is something more. It is a year that will uncover weakness in your former years. The slate is not altogether clean, nor the page completely unspotted. All the years from the dawn of time have blended with each other to produce 1940. All of your twenty or twenty-one years unite to determine largely what the next shall be. Their ballots are already cast—you cannot change the result now—you may only discover it.

Perhaps the picture has been overdrawn. We are not inevitably at the mercy of our past, although we cannot escape meeting its demands. We may begin to turn the rudder which shall, eventually, maneuver a crossing of the current.

Of this we are certain: we have not passed this way heretofore. Would it not be a gesture of wisdom at the start of this new year to commit our lives to Him who knows the end from the beginning?

K. L. W.

Into the darkness

"Go Out Into the Darkness and Put Your Hand Into the Hand of God"

As the old year has closed and New Year has opened, those words from the Christmas greeting of King George VI are in the heart and on the lips of millions. Wherever the radio message was heard—ashore, afloat, or in the air—they brought to a listening multitude fresh assurance that "Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

They were words fitly spoken by a monarch whose fingers may feel the pulse of a feverish world. We must not forget, however, that while these are heartening words, they are likewise sobering words.

"Go out into the darkness" of the new year full of possibilities giving opportunity for new adventures. If the future were as well known as the past, all teasing desire to "lie dangerously" would become as colorless as the drab past. The darkness of the future does not intimidate the soul of the magnanimous man. He dares to live because his striving is not selfish. He steps into the darkness to light new beacons that other men may walk in safety. It is this man who ignores the failures of the past year and in faith puts his "hand into the hand of God" to conquer in the next year, or next year—or to die an undefeated spirit.

Although the darkness of a year to come suggests possibilities it also infers uncertainty. At the beginning of last year none, but One, could have foretold with accuracy the events that were to ensue. At the beginning of this year the king of a great empire prudently paused in quest of the guiding hand of God.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." Wise men pause because of the danger that there lurks for the uninstructed traveler. The rich and the poor, the young and the old,—yes, all of us may say with Archdeacon Frederick George Scott, famous as a Canadian padre in the Great War, when he wrote in the *New Year's Day Bulletin* of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Quebec city:

"At the door of another year
Waiting I stand;
I enter without fear
Holding God's hand."

W. B. N.

PRES. BOND...

(Continued from Page One)

have found a true friend... even though I am not willing to admit it then.

A spring day... *dolce far niente* for two small boys... longing looks at the softly rippling Genesee from the chapel windows... a whispered colloquy... an exaggeratedly casual exit from the rear door on an ostensibly legitimate errand... then when out of sight as we think, forgetting the window in the L, a sudden sortie over the bank and across the railroad tracks to the swimming hole... clothes discarded with reckless abandon... shivering ecstasy induced by the chill of the water rather than twinges of conscience... a sudden premonition... a sinister shadow! We both turn to look... Lorenzo Dow, now a famous geographer, and his companion, the future dean of Houghton College... and see... a familiar elongated figure silhouetted against the skyline... index finger crooked impressively in a gesture of unmistakable invitation... virtually a command. No words are spoken... none are necessary. For the remainder of that year we await with cumulative suspense a summons that never comes... and postpone our ablutions until after school hours or Saturday night.

Chapel talks then as now... didactic and digressive... hackneyed and hortatory... yet one picture with its caption persists... a tall, slightly angular figure of a man who seems taller than he really is because of the erectness of his head and the innate dignity of his carriage... who lean precariously over the edge of the platform with index finger, leveled directly at me, so it seems, as I squirm uneasily... a ringing, challenging voice... "What is your purpose?"... iterated... reiterated... "Young man, young woman, what is your purpose?" There are many ribald after-chapel jests and clever student impersonations... but I never expect to escape that digital indictment and reverberating interrogation, with so many terrifying and also tremendous implications. God help us all to be clear and positive on this vital point as Professor Bond was.

Awaiting disciplinary action again... this time for the possession and the perusal of contraband literature... viz., so-called dime novels that really cost but five cents, certain cheaply bound brochures with luridly lithographed covers, narrating the thrilling escapes and stupendous adventures of the Merriwell Bros., Frank and Dick by name... probably one reason for our premature arrival at Houghton... and not inconceivably one of the causes for a later professional interest in English Literature! Professor Bond defers sentence until he has time to scan the proscribed fiction for evidence. Privately I feel that he cannot help succumbing to the lure of these epics, but of course, he can never admit it... therefore he will be doubly stern and severe, for that is the way of adults... he outguesses or outmaneuvers me when at his request I quakingly enter his sanctum... greeting me with disarming mildness, he says that he has really been surprised to find that the worst thing

LATIN CLUB

Roman amusements was the theme for the Latin Club meeting held Monday evening in the reception room of Gayadeo hall.

Louise spoke concerning children's amusements. She explained that probably the first and most common children's toys were the "crepundia" or "rattles." These not only served as amusements but also to offset evil spirits. Many games similar to those played by children today were enjoyed in Roman times also. The Roman children played with dolls, small carts and wagons, tops, etc.

Miss Luce Hatch gave a humorous talk on Roman gladiators. Gladi-

about the stories is their pictorially sensational covers and that the hero is a very admirable and manly young fellow... do my ears deceive me?... in fact, he is always a model of good sportmanship and good morals with never any doubt of his attitude toward evil as represented by the villain. But Professor Bond tactfully adds that there is so much to read in the library that one can't afford to waste much time upon that which is decidedly inferior in literary value. I am so overcome by such unexpected broadmindedness and sound critical judgment that I stammer something and back out of the room without noting that he has failed to return the confiscated volumes!

Final vignette... 1917 or 1918... I have forgotten the exact date... but what are minutes or milleniums to the historian or philosopher? I am teaching at Kansas State A. C... I visit Miltonvale for the first time... meet old friends—Lorenzo Dow, Theos Thompson (now Dean of Men at Nebraska), President McDowell, and—Professor Bond who has but recently resigned from the presidency... I look him up at his new place of business, the local grist mill of which he is one of the proprietors... a dust-covered, almost indistinguishable figure appears... with still luxuriant mustaches whitened with sifted flour... but with the same kindly solicitude in his voice, the same warm handclasp, the same quizzical gleam in his eye... nothing will do but that I come to his home for dinner... his wife Hattie West Bond who taught Latin at Houghton and who some years after this visit was to meet a tragic death at a railroad crossing in Wheaton while returning to her home, makes me very much at home... John, who was born in the white house now occupied by Mr. Babcock, just after my own arrival at Houghton, has grown up... Silas Jr., is still at home, I think. We spend an hour or two in animated conversation... memories of Houghton days... inquiries concerning former acquaintances, including my own father... and then... silence for over twenty years. Strangely enough this last meeting seems much more indistinct and far away in point of time than the first occasion.

I have but one regret... Professor Bond, I wish that I had known that you were living in Wheaton when the debaters were there last spring... I do know where you are now... there could never be any doubt of your purpose and your destination... you fought a good fight and kept the faith... you left your imprint upon the school and an influence upon future student generations that they may be unaware of... and through your death you once more become articulate, if only for this brief moment... your purpose?... my purpose? Vale, Professor Bond! I too loved you.

—HC

Some persons are so devotional they have not one bit of true religion in them.

—Haydon

There are still a few who think that "college bred" is a four year loaf made from Dad's dough.

—Marion College Journal

atorial combats began in about 264 B.C. in Etruria and Campania. At the first the combats took place at funerals and gradually grew very popular at Rome. These combats were usually held in the colosseum and sometimes lasted for days. Several combats took place one after another and the first pair of gladiators fought with blunt weapons in order to get the audience used to the combats but the remaining combats were fierce for each pair of gladiators would have clean sand to fight on and at the end of each combat the sand would be red with blood.

The Paleolinguists enjoyed singing Latin versions of humorous English rounds.

By

J. P. Q.

DeRight



PUISSANT PUNDITS

Well, here we are, back from a happy new year, all ready to get in the harness again and feeling somehow very natural in a harness. Some of us, because we've been away so long, are getting our lines tangled and are kicking over the traces. But we'll probably settle down after a while.

I got in a fight over vacation—you know, one of those guys you just can't please no matter what you do. I got sore at him and told him he didn't have the brains of a hen, and he said if I didn't take it back he'd hit me. So I said he didn't have the brains of a hen, and he hit me anyway. Such is life!

Had company for Christmas and I overheard one of the guests ask Dad "How's your son makin' it at college?"

Said Dad, "Makin' it? He's not. I'm making it and he's spending it."

Well, that's not as bad as the fellow who made his father think he was working by telling him he was on the scrub team.

Dorothy Paulson got a new R. C. A. radio for Christmas from the old man with whiskers. I asked her how she liked it. She said, with never a trace of a Scotch burr, "The radio's fine, but the light is too dim to read by."

The very first day after vacation, the physics class was talking about mixing things and Mel James remarked that it was "easy, just like mixing milk and water." We might explain here that Mel is a farmer. (Don't tell this one at the dorm.)

The same day, Prof. Pryor wished us a happy New Year, and then in the discussion of sound, asked, "Now what has that in relation to sound that I just said?"

Gerry McKinley, a bit disillusioned after the sudden termination of his vacation, replied, "Noise!"

And Prof. Gordon Stockin, the campus authority on Julius Caesar, says that when a man meets a woman in argument, he usually does just like that famous figure of antiquity, "he came, he saw, he concurred."

And I think it was John Smith who said, "I don't like girls." When asked why not, he replied, "They're too biased." When I asked him to explain what he meant "Biased", he said, "Sure, biased. It's bias this and bias that until I'm nearly broke."

I had a very Merry Christmas, happy in the thought that my fans were thinking of me. They both sent me Christmas cards.

—HC

ALUMNI NEWS

In the Humphrey Baptist church, Humphrey, New York, a double wedding was held on Saturday evening, November 25, 1939, when the Misses Vera Bay ('36), and Beulah Bay (ex '43), were united in marriage to Mr. Charles M. Humphrey and Mr. Robert Oyer, respectively. The Rev. Mr. Norris, of Great Valley, New York, performed the ceremony.

Miss Marian Brown ('38) sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," accompanied by Mrs. Clifford Gilman, a member of the Great Valley high school faculty.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Humphrey are residing in Findley Lake, N. Y. where she is teaching. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oyer will reside in Hamburg, N. Y. where they will run a delicatessen on Main Street.

—HC

The truth is always the strongest argument. —Sophocles

Literati

The following imps. (which stands for the plural of an impromptu) were written one morning recently in about twenty minutes by members of a freshman English section who had no inkling whatsoever that such a fate was about to be theirs. An uninitiated person may well inquire after reading them what magic formula has been invoked to produce sketches containing such spontaneous wit and wisdom, such schrewd analysis, to spend hours laboriously grinding out draft after draft of a theme when such charming improvisations may be turned off with such facile grace!

However, much depends upon mood and motivation. An incitement to be lightly imaginative, *carte blanche* to employ subdued humor and subtle satire, success in inspiring implicit confidence in the writer that no retaliatory measures will be resorted to by the teacher, and above all, a provocative topic—these are the principal ingredients of such concoctions. For this particular assignment, the subject announced was "The Peccadillo of Professors", promptly translated by one student into "Punk Profs" for which alliterative gem he was rewarded with an A. Just as easy as that! Some of these versions slightly expurgated appear below.

We, the Students

By Beatrice Gage

The students shivered. A few nervous ones clutched their pencils in clammy hands. One was heard to whisper, "Mine isn't done! What d'you think he'll do to me?"

The door swung suddenly open and closed with an angry little click. A formidable personage strode masterfully into the room, deposited his burden of books and papers with the air of a lord upon the patient desk before him, cast a sweeping glance over the waiting class, opened his thin, pale lips, and from an angle of surprising proportions, snapped "Well?"

Faces, stanchly prepared for the attack, assumed stoic expressions and sat in provoking silence.

Again, the thundering tones shattered the silence. "Well? Are they finished? Bring them to the desk immediately! Well? Why do you hesitate? Come—I say come!"

At last a thin little voice—the voice of a frightened child instead of a college student—spoke from the front row. "None of us has finished our theme, sir. We found no available material on the assigned subject, sir."

The man flushed with anger and did what he felt was his duty. With words, he went through the same performance as did the hickory-stick professors of by-gone days. A feeling of antagonism grew in the breasts of the listeners, and that already too great breach between student and professor widened perceptibly.

The students hated the course, the teacher, and in rash moments, the whole educational system.

Sunday School Parties

Two college girls' Sunday school classes, the S.O.S. class and The Gleaners, joined in a party held at the dormitory Saturday evening, January 6. The interesting program, presented by members from both classes, consisted of reading, songs, and impromptus. The novelty of the evening was Rachel Boone's playing on a shepherd pipe which she made of bamboo. Of current interest were Ruth Shea's comments on "Why Girls Stay Single," and Frances Wightman's remarks on "Le a p Year." Miss Rork, when asked what kind of apple polishing she preferred, stated that she did not like apples, but watermelons.

What's wrong with our picture?

I place the blame in a large part upon the professor. Instead of being a glowering ogre stuffing unwanted facts down unwilling throats, the ideal professor should work with his students. He should make his subject so vital that the pupil forgets he is studying—he simply drinks in the knowledge.

I have failed to discover pupils who really have an aversion to learning. A professor can make or ruin a student by his approach. With a responsibility such as this, wouldn't it warrant more thought on the part of the instructor on his method of approach, rather than concentration simply upon subject matter?

Pity the Poor

By David Morrison

During my short span of years, I have been bothered continually with what I consider fallacies of professors. These fallacies grate against my age-ripened reason. They are ones I would not commit if I were ever so unlucky as to fill a professor's shoes.

There is one erroneous belief held by high-school teachers that especially bothered me during my sojourn in that type of institution. This fallacy appeared in the form of an accusation, which followed the deprecations that most fun-loving boys will be guilty of during their years of learning. Such activities as paper-wad throwing, and tripping a fellow-student as he walks down an aisle, come under this particular type of crime. As soon as someone was apprehended for the misdemeanors, down would come the tirade upon his head.

"My, my! It's time you fellows stopped acting like five-year-olds. Those are kiddish tricks. They are to be expected from kindergarten children but not from you. The idea—sixteen years old and don't know how to act like a grown-up boy."

I strenuously object. Boys of an adolescent age should not be accused of childlike mentality or pusillanimous characteristics because of their mischievous actions. They are only acting their age. A child of kindergarten age does not have the "creative" imagination to think of throwing a paper wad; nor does he have the muscular co-ordination to propel such a missile accurately. Such attributes are picked up in grammar school entirely.

High school professors, however, are not the only pedagogues guilty of fallacious beliefs. I have found some of my college professors are guilty of popular delusions. Many of these will be reflected by the marks received by the students. In fact, I am guilty of taking advantage of some of these devices whereby an unsuspecting professor may be beguiled into adding a plus to one of the initial letters of the alphabet. But most of the time I have to work for my grades!

Sunday Evening Church

"And after that they go... somewhere, but where?" With this thought, Rev. Mr. Black closed his sermon on Sunday evening, January 7. His text, found in Ecclesiastes 9:3, reads, "Madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead."

People give evidence of moral madness in at least four ways. One may live in opposition to his better judgment, realizing that he is doing wrong. One may live as a "creature of time," disregarding the fact that he has eternity to consider. Also one may live apart from the love of God, rejecting the gift of Jesus Christ. Lastly, one may ignore the claims of God's laws.

Personality What and How

Dr. H. E. Rosenberger

What personality is we cannot say in very definite terms, but that it is, everyone will agree. Also, everyone will agree that it is desirable and its cultivation of extreme importance. It is a big factor making for success in any occupation or profession. And it is the chief factor in all our social relations. To have friends one must give something to that relationship. And all that anyone has to contribute, indeed all that a true friend asks, is just that we be the right kind of person, the kind with whom they would like to associate.

For our present purpose, let us define personality as the sum total of traits or qualities which make a person different from other people—it is his individuality. It is that about a man or woman that makes them unique, yet not the uniqueness that repels by its oddity, but the uniqueness which attracts us and influences us in wholesome ways. For one to say that he did not care to possess such power would be either a confession of ignorance (of the meaning of personality), or the evidence of a lack of sincerity. Whether we think about it or not, we all like to associate with individuals who have it, and each of us would like to believe that we possess qualities that enable us to attract and influence other people.

We could sum it all up by saying, "Personality is being a person, or just 'being one's self.'" This might be accepted, if we did not all of us then settle into the lazy belief that we are all we need to be just as we now are. But to make this easy assumption would be a capital mistake, for none of us would then try to discover our defects and build the right kind of personality.

Another error should be avoided, that of assuming that personality is something on the surface, such as fine dress, a constant smile, a pleasing voice, or even nice manners. Those who emphasize these things exclusively are too superficial for any but very brief friendships. But we are trying to discover the basis of lasting friendships, and with people who are worth knowing.

How, then, shall we build attractive and effective personality? In answering this question, we shall consider two aspects of the situation; both of which are necessary to personality: 1) That which can be done only in association with other people, and 2) That which we, and only we, can do for ourselves. We consider the first at this time and reserve the latter point for a later article.

First, then, we must remember that we can never build personality by separating ourselves from everybody, but only by establishing right social relationships. For personality is largely, though not wholly, the result of acting with, and reacting to, other people. If we would keep in mind that in our everyday relations with others we are building some sort of personality, good or bad, it would help us in establishing right social relations. For we can never create personality in isolation, nor, as some fondly hope, by associating with a single person in a special relation.

If we would make the most of our relations to people in the building of a strong personality for ourselves, we would take care of three points:

1. First, we must learn to take a friendly interest in many people. We must learn to like people, just for what they are, not for what we can get out of them. It goes without saying, I hope, that a thoroughly selfish person can have no lasting friendships. But it does need to be said, and often repeated, that a person who is either overbearing or over-timid will find much difficulty in forming lasting friendships. One way to learn

Sunday Services

SUNDAY MORNING

In keeping with the world-wide week of prayer, the Rev. Mr. Black spoke, Sunday morning, on "A Call to Prayer." Using I Timothy 2:1-8 as the basis of his sermon, the college pastor showed us our duty in prayer, the place prayer should have in our lives, and the range of prayer—"the world as our parish." Emphasis was placed on the Biblical exhortation that we pray for kings, and rulers, and those in authority. "I Timothy 2:8 shows the conditions for success in prayer," he pointed out. Those conditions are a holy life, a suitable spirit, and faith. "I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting." God is able to send a revival if we will heed His call to prayer.

W. Y. P. S.

Reading first a number of verses from the book of Revelation, Jane Cummings, speaking in the W.Y.P.S. service on January 7, gave a talk on "Overcoming." She warned us that from our conversion on, Christians have to wage war against Satan. Though the enemy does not use some of his tactics which are well-known, yet he has a key to every heart. But God is working as well as Satan. On the cross, in apparent defeat, Christ was conqueror above all else. We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us.

A girls' quartet, composed of Evelyn Bryant, Margaret Clawson, Dorothy Falkins, and Betty Ammons, sang in the service.

To like people is to study human nature in its varied forms—see the differences in people. And we must learn to become interested in people in spite of their peculiarities, or even perversities, always remembering that we, too, have peculiarities of our own.

2. Then each of us must try to discover what it is in ourselves that offends and repels others, and try sincerely to eliminate it. I must not assume too much of human perfection in myself or conclude that the main difficulty in establishing friendships with desirable people is entirely their fault. Often the worst faults lie in ourselves, by us unrecognized, nor need we expect others to point out our defects. It is only a rare and faithful friend, and a daring one at that, who would be brave enough to do that.

3. We must realize, finally, the great value of friendships, and we must prize the friends we have and seek to gain more. As Samuel Johnson said, "If a man would have friends, he must keep his friendships in repair." For the gaining and maintaining of friends is an art, and must be studied as any other art is studied, if we are to succeed in it. For the time will come for everyone of us when we will need a friend more than anything else, and if we have been careless in our friendships we will find ourselves alone, for the "friend in need" will not be at hand.

"What sweetness is left in life," asks Cicero, "if you take away friendship?" Let us hear his counsel again: "Let this be established as a primary law, that we expect from our friends only what is honorable and, for our friend's sake, do only what is honorable."

And the greatest friend, the most valued and faithful of all friends is the Friend who is above—the One who laid down his life, not only for his friends, but most wonderfully for his enemies. He is the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." In friendly association with Him, and in creative fellowship with those who eminently know Him, lies the possibility of building the finest type of personality.

The Cure for a Sinsick World

By Henry Ortlip

In these days of international strife and insecurity, when great men's hopes for the advancement of civilization are faltering, there seems to be little hope for the healing of the world's many scores and bruises. The "doctors" from Geneva seem to have fled at sight of the horrible condition of several of their most needy patients.

But in the midst of this hopeless appearing situation, is there no physician who can administer the proper means of cure? Is there no great, all powerful physician who is able to heal the insane and raging fevers of mankind?

There was once a great Physician living on this earth. And those sick in body and spirit thronged him by the waysides as he journeyed about healing their wounded spirits and souls, as well as their physical maladies. He declared himself to be "the way, the truth, and the life", and by prophets of long ago he was called the "Prince of Peace".

"But", says the man of the world, "what has happened to him? Where is he now? If he was all that he claimed to be why is the world in the terrible predicament in which we find it today?" And to this question the Christian replies: "The Lord Jesus Christ, having triumphed over death has gone back to God, the Father for a short period. But he will soon return and he shall set up an everlasting kingdom and rule the nations with an absolute government of peace. But for the meanwhile, he gave great powers to his servants when he commanded them to go into all the world and offer the prescription which can heal men's wounded spirits and patch up their gashes caused by strife.

Though Christ did not predict that the whole world would appreciate his remedy; nevertheless he has made full provision whereby all might be healed from sin, and he has commanded that all men should be given an opportunity to accept the Gospel."

Jesus likened us unto stewards in his parable in Mark 13:34 saying "The Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to his servants and to every man his work." Christ has left to us the responsibility of reaching the whole world with the gospel. If the whole world would accept the full Gospel in its transforming power, the troubles of the world would vanish. But, regardless of whether or not the whole world accepts God's remedy, we still are responsible for the completion of the task which Christ has commanded. He has said, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. And lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28:18-20).

And in spite of the conditions as they are seen today, we Christians, ought to take an attitude of fearless courage in responding to the great privilege of proclaiming the great message of redeeming love to a lost and needy world, for it is the only message that can cure sin and give hope to face the apparently dark future. The command is still: "Go ye." What have you done about it? Does Christ's command fall on your ears in vain?

We as Christians ought primarily to be interested in spiritual and eternal values, having an abiding habitation in the heavens according to Christ's word. Thus, the upset conditions of the material world ought not to dim our missionary vision nor slacken our missionary activity. The command of Christ is still "Go ye."

Sophomores Continue Winning Streak by Eking 31--32 Win Over Yearlings

Yearling Zone
Almost Stymies
Mighty Sophs

The mighty soph quintet added another to its ever growing string of scalps by eking out a narrow 31-32 victory over the yearling squad the evening of Friday, January 5. The frosh, who have been weak all season with the exception of their 30-31 upset of the varsity in a pre-season game, took a new lease on life at halftime, reducing the soph thirteen point lead to a scant one point margin. Bruce "Mighty Milkman" McCarty led the second half attack, making eleven points with his own two little hands.

In the first half the sophs were easily dominant. The frosh employed a zone defense for the first time and it took them until the second half to get it functioning effectively. Their passwork was good, but not good enough to penetrate the orange and black end of the court long enough to split the meshes. Dave Paine, the bulwark of the soph defense, was in there all the time breaking up the frosh offensive. The second period was marked by a large number of unsuccessful attempts to pierce the circumference of the little hoop with the inflated leather sphere.

When the horn sounded for the second half a new frosh team came out on the floor. Their zone defense tied up the mighty soph offensive so effectively that they made only nine points in comparison with twenty-one on the part of the yearlings. The frosh began to find the basket a little better, but not quite well enough, for in the last one or two minutes they got several chances to sink the clinching shot but all went wide of the mark. However, in all fairness it must be said that the frosh put up a gallant fight and that if they continue in this second round of the series as they did in this game, some of the other highly rated teams will have to look to their laurels. On the other hand, the sophs should be commended on the bulldog determination with which they clung to their ever diminishing lead and for the last quarter push that makes all the difference between a good team and a mediocre one.

Bruce McCarty, of the yearlings was the high scorer of the game with fifteen points and Red Ellis, captain of the sophomore cohorts, was the runner-up with thirteen tallies. The box score is as follows:

Sophomores				
	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Eyler	3	0	6	.33
Paine	4	1	9	.29
Wakefield	0	1	1	.13
Ellis	5	3	13	.53
Foster	1	1	3	.66
Gardiner	0	0	0	.00
Freshmen				
	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Sheffer	3	1	7	.25
Kennedy	0	0	0	.00
Houser	3	0	6	.14
Van Ornum	1	1	3	.22
McCarty	7	1	15	.50
Donelson	0	0	0	.00

CARD OF SYMPATHY

The death of Mr. Roy Failing, father of George Failing, ('40), came rather unexpectedly on the morning of December 18 at Miami, Florida, where he had gone because of ill health. Interment was made at Dover, Delaware where he had formerly resided.

The college and particularly the senior class extend their sympathy to George and relatives of the deceased.

Sports Calendar

Friday, January 12

Frosh vs. junior women at 7:15 p. m.

Senior vs. soph women at 8:15 p. m.

Monday, January 15

Sophomore vs. H. S. women 4:15 p. m.

Wednesday, January 17

Sophomore vs. H. S. men 3:30 p. m.

Academy Lassies Defeat Soph Fems

Doryce Armstrong
Tosses in Clincher

The academy lassies emerged from the fray the victors last Monday afternoon when they encountered the sophomore fems on the hardwood court by the narrow margin of a double-decker tossed in by Doryce Armstrong with about 8 seconds to play in an overtime period. Billie Paine was the star of the game by virtue of her floor game and because she provided seventeen of the twenty-six points the high school scored. The final score was 26-24 in favor of the Bantams.

The sophs held the lead during most of the game but they were unable to recapture it at the most vital point in the game, the overtime period. They were in there all the time fighting hard. Bert Reynolds came through in the closing moments of the game when the score was 24-22 in favor of the high school, and split the meshes for the two points necessary to tie the game up. The overtime period was a thriller. Neither team was able to score until Doryce Armstrong tossed one in for Bantams.

Billie Paine was the outstanding player of the game. She was high-scorer with seventeen points while Doris Driscoll was runner-up with sixteen tallies. Betty McComb, also of the academy, was the spearhead of the high school defense. It is safe to say that the Bantam lassies use the zone defense to better advantage than any of the other girls' teams.

It should be added here that undoubtedly one of the chief factors contributing to the high school victory was the fact that Walt Sheffer, genial mentor of the high school English IV class, promised them they wouldn't have to do any of their tomorrow's assignment, if they were victorious.

The box score reads as follows:

High School				
	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Armstrong	3	0	6	.444
Paine	7	3	17	.379
M. Fancher	1	0	2	.066
Woolsey	0	1	1	.500
Sophomores				
	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Driscoll	8	0	16	.216
Reynolds	2	2	6	.200
Carlson	1	0	2	.250
Lupish	0	0	0	.000
Luksch	0	0	0	.000
guards — Lawrence, Fulton, Lupish, Murch.				

The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

—Carlyle

Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist.

—Emerson

SENIOR WOMEN HAVE FIVE STRAIGHT WINS



New Year's Resolution number one for this group of senior women is to carry on in 1940 the winning ways which they exhibited in 1939. Annexing five straight contests in the win column, the last victory being a double overtime win over the class of '41, Gerry Paine and Co. are current favorites to annex the ladies' court crown. Their nearest rivals are the frosh who have won four and lost one. Shown in the picture, front row right to left are Georgia McGowan, Millie Schaner, Gerry Paine, and Doris Veazie. Back row: Mary Helen Moody, Pat Hampton, Coach Blauvelt, June Markey and Mary Tiffany.

Frosh Fems Beat Gallant Soph Team

Display Latest Court Fashions

In an overtime period, a hard fighting sophomore girls' basketball team met defeat Friday evening, January 5, at the hands of the frosh sextet. The sophs led in the early minutes of the game but the final score showed the favored Frosh five ahead 21 to 19.

The soph girls came on to the floor attired in their orange uniforms. Throwing tradition to the winds, they wore long black stockings. The only diversion from this mass of orange was Kay Murch, who wore dark glasses and a white hair ribbon. The freshmen offered a colorful array. Gage and Fancher wore blue; La Sorte, red and blue; French, green; Waterman blue and yellow and Newhart, white with a red hair ribbon.

The first quarter held little excitement. It was primarily a shooting duel between Doris Driscoll, Ruth Newhart, and Jean French. Driscoll came out ahead with four points. The frosh were unable to find that elusive hoop which brings in the two pointers.

In the second period both teams made slightly greater progress. The frosh overcame some of the sophomores' lead. When the period ended the score stood 5 to 7 with the sophs still ahead. French made one double decker and a single and in the same period Ruth Newhart made two points. Doris Driscoll made three points for the sophs. The majority of the playing during the period was on the frosh end of the court.

In the third quarter Driscoll hit the jack-pot for ten points. French matched her point for point and Newhart made a double decker to overcome the soph lead. At the end of the quarter the score board read 17 to 17.

The final period was hard fought, but there was little scoring on both sides. French made two points early in the period to put the frosh ahead. With one minute to play Driscoll made a two-point tally to tie the score. The final minute was a fight to the finish with neither team being able to score. This left the scoring at nineteen all.

In the overtime period the frosh gained control of the ball after the tip and never allowed that magic sphere to leave their possession. After a jump ball Fancher cornered the ball, passed to Newhart, who flicked

VACATION ACTIVITIES (Continued from Page One)

dorm rooms. Occupant in peaceful slumber. Dreaming about European wars, which had been going along quietly. Suddenly great din occurs. Must be the bombers! Din continues. Occupant wakes up. Din continues, and then suddenly stops. Occupant shakes off covers, ejects self from bed, hastens to window. Fails to see offender. Turns from window and slowly climbs back into bed.

Intervening time. Dormitory occupant has related strange incidents to campus celebrity. News passes from celebrity to celebrity, and reaches right one. Opinions advanced as to who the prowlers might be, and celebrities agree on certain gang.

Act IV. Scene I. Later in the day. In notorious office. Campus celebrity faces confessed miscreants of preceding night's unusual activities. As celebrity reasons with them of righteousness, judgment, etc., Appearance of cringing culprits becomes more and more sheepish. Celebrity dismisses them and they slink from office, sadder but wiser boys, we hope. Curtain.

CARD OF SYMPATHY

Mr. George Murch, father of Kather Murch ('42), passed away on Christmas Day at his home in Falconer after a year's illness. Houghton college wishes to extend its deepest sympathy to Katherine and friends of the deceased.

As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar, it will cease to be popular.

—Oscar Wilde

the ball to French. French cut the strings for the winning two points. Thus ended the first game of 1940 to be played in Bedford gymnasium. When the cheering died away the score read 19 to 21.

Bill Olcott, attired in white knickers, white sport shirt, black gym shoes and with his hair in beautiful waves, handled the game in his usual efficient manner.

The box score:

Freshmen				
	FG	F	T	PCT.
French	8	1	17	.250
Newhart	2	0	4	.060
Fancher	0	0	0	.000
La Sorte, Waterman, Gage				
Sophomores				
	FG	F	T	PCT.
Driscoll	8	1	17	.264
Reynolds	1	0	2	.250
Smith	0	0	0	.000
Carlson	0	0	0	.000
Fulton, Lawrence, Murch, Lupish				

BLEACHER



GOSSIP

(Eds. note — Guest columnist this week is Bill Olcott, senior sportster who will manipulate the weekly syllabifications and tell you what's what in the local athletic limelight. Take it away Bill!)

If Friday night's contests are to be any indication of our 1940 brand of basketball, it will doubtless be wise to check up on our insurance policies. Two thrilling games ushered in 1940 in a pandemonium-producing debut that would bring joy to the hearts of the most critical Madison Square Garden fan.

With Doris Driscoll dropping in shots all over the court, the sophs were able to hold the frosh to a 19-19 dead lock after 32 raging minutes of play. In the 'sudden death' overtime, frosh Jean French swished an overhand shot that left the crowd gaping till after the girls left the floor.

Then Red Ellis led his soph men on the floor and for 3 quarters proceeded to baffle the yearlings, leading 22-10 at the half and 29-20 at the third quarter.

All went as expected until early in the fourth quarter when Captain Sheffer split the meshes with a long shot to revitalize the thus far bewildered boys to a five man fury. The score board underwent a leveling off process. But the havoc had been wrought and the gallant frosh dropped to a 2 point defeat but gained the admiration of each leather-lunged rooster in the stands. However, no thrill-seeker was disappointed in the games.

The incoming freshmen teams at Houghton operate under a terrific handicap. True, most of the boys, and girls too, have played considerable basketball elsewhere, and thus lack of experience isn't the difficulty. Lack of organization and teamwork have proven themselves to be the downfall of many early-season frosh teams. The writer of this column would strongly advocate a split season, played in two rounds, with the winners of each round playing for the interclass championship. This would afford the slow starting frosh teams the necessary time to adapt themselves which privilege the single round which is now in vogue denies them. If such a system were instituted the frosh who have an excellent team, would be able to bring their team to the top rather than being lost in the depths for the entire season. Every one would start the second round fresh with the new year, and the resulting competition would be far keener. However, this is, at best, a suggestion.

Football for the year is definitely over. In the many 'Bowl' games the results were as follows:

Rose Bowl — U.S.C. 14, Tennessee 0
Orange Bowl — Georgia Tech. 21, Missouri 7
Sugar Bowl — Texas A & M 14, Tulane 13
Cotton Bowl — Clemson 6, Boston College 3
San Francisco — West 23, East 11
In the intercollegiate basketball world, Madison Square Garden is the Mecca for great teams. The Southwest champions, New Mexico Aggies, invade the Garden to meet a tough Temple outfit, Cornell meets Colgate in Upstate New York's main scrap, and in the Big Ten heavy firing has begun with Ohio State.