

THE HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XXV

HOUGHTON COLLEGE HOUGHTON, N. Y., JANUARY 13, 1933

NUMBER 13

Memorial Chapel Honors Coolidge

Three Speakers Pay Tribute to Ex-President

The chapel exercise on Friday morning was given over mainly to a memorial service to the late ex-president Coolidge. The first speaker, Miss Gillette, presented a resume of the public career of the late First Citizen. Born into a typical New England home, his education was conducted along the familiar strict rules of that section's schools, finally topped off with an A. B. degree from Amherst. His early liking for politics, coupled with his ability in his chosen career of Law started him on his path to the presidency. His first public position was small, that of councilman of Northampton, Mass., but his steady rise carried him successfully through other city positions to county, and state offices. He began his state offices as a state senator. His ultimate position as Governor of Massachusetts brought him to the public attention through his management and executive ability shown in the handling of the Boston police strike. As a result he was made Vice President under Harding whose unfortunate death forced Coolidge into the White House. After completing Harding's term he was elected in his own right in spite of unfortunate events in his party. His policy of economy so well pleased the American people that they sought unsuccessfully to draft him for another term in spite of his assertion, "I do not choose to run". He retired to private life and was in this capacity as the First Citizen when sudden death claimed him.

Harold Van Wormer next spoke on some of the characteristics of this "best loved of the Presidents." The outstanding of his many splendid traits were his sincerity, integrity, capacity for hard work, wisdom.

(Continued on Page Two)

OWLS CLUB MAKES PLANS FOR 1933

The reorganization meeting of the Owls Club was held Thursday evening at 7:30 in the Boulder office.

Loyal S. Wright was elected president of the organization. We are looking forward to interesting, constructive programs in the coming year, under his leadership.

Foster Benjamin was elected editor of the *Lanthorn*, the annual booklet of local literary talent which is edited by the Owls Club.

Our Club is the only formal Club on the campus. The discussions held in our meetings are of intrinsic value to the mind interested in problems confronting the youth of today.

Membership is limited to the three upper classes and graduates whose manuscripts are accepted by vote of the Club.

Watch our column for further developments.

Sec'y.

Western Evangelist Heard in Chapel

An old friend returned to Houghton last week in the person of Rev. Glen McKinley, who with two companions, Miss Marian Hanna and Rev. Roberts presented Thursday's chapel program.

Rev. McKinley acted as spokesman and added a number, played on his musical saw. Miss Hanna sang a solo, "I Am Born Again", and after the short address of Rev. Roberts, sang a duet with him, "My Sins Are Blotted Out, I Know".

H. C.

President Southwick of Emerson Dies

We learn with regret the passing of President Southwick of Emerson College, on December 30, 1932. President Southwick was a master of interpretation on the platform, and for a number of years was on the lecture course at Houghton College. His visits were always greatly anticipated.

We quote the following from the *Boston Transcript* of December 31, 1932:

Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of Emerson College, died last night at his home, 454 Huntington avenue, victim of a heart attack. He had been ill since about Thanksgiving time, when he returned from his twenty-ninth annual professional tour of the United States. These trips had taken him into nearly every state in the country, and involved some 10,000 miles of travel each year. On these trips he lectured, gave readings and was an interpreter of the best literature.

President Southwick was born in West Roxbury, June 21, 1863, and was the son of John and Mary Frances (Lawrence) Southwick. He is survived by his wife, Jessie Eldridge Southwick, who before her marriage in 1889 was a member of the faculty of Emerson College; three daughters. Mrs. James Earl Potter of the Panama Canal Zone; Mrs. W. Reginald Maxfield of Westminster, Md., and Mrs. Howard DeHaven Ross, Jr., of Riverside, Conn.; and a brother, Frank Southwick, living in Waban.

He had been president of Emerson College for twenty-four years, and associated with the college for some thirty-eight years, during which time he had acted as teacher, secretary and dean, and had been a member of the board of trustees.

In 1930 Berea College conferred the degree of Bachelor of Literature on him. Before taking up his life-work in the field of education President Southwick had been on the stage, and had toured both in this country and in England, and later had taught English in the William Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. He also had given courses at a great many of the colleges throughout the country and long was a Chautauque lecturer and was connected with the

My Purpose

To be a little kinder
With the passing of each day;
To leave but happy memories
As I go along my way;
To use possessions that are mine
In service full and free
To give of love on lavish way
That friendships full may be;
To be less quick to criticize,
More ready to forgive;
To use such talents as I have
That happiness may grow,
To take the bitter with the sweet,
Assured 'tis better so;
To be quite free from self-intent
Whatever the task I do,
To help the world's faith stronger grow

In all that's good and true;
To keep my faith in God and right;
No matter how things run,
To work and play and pray and trust
Until the journey's done.
God gave to me the strength of heart
Of motive and of will
To do my part and falter not,
This purpose to fulfill.

Henrietta Heron

Expression Club Holds Novel Program Mon.

On Monday night, January 9, the members of the Expression Club, and visitors, heard one of the most attractive programs ever given by that organization. The program was in charge of Ruth Brandes, chairman of the committee. The platform was tastefully decorated to resemble a modest home. A two-part program was given: the first part consisted of readings and musical selections, given as follows:

At Confession, Lauren William
Piano Solo, Crystal Crone
The Old Swimmin' Hole, Kenneth Wright

The second part represented three stages of sweethearts, who sang songs corresponding to their respective positions. Childhood sweethearts were represented by Mable and Dick Farwell, who sang "School Days" with appropriate gestures. They were called back for an encore, after which Magdalene Murphy and Lawrence Anderson took the roles of college sweethearts, singing "Side by Side" and "Sweethearts Forever". The last stage was that of bride and groom, represented by Dora Waite and Alvin Barker, who sang "I Love You Truly", first as solos and then as a duet. Spotlights were played on the respective couples, and with the use of colored lights, cast a romantic shadow over the various scenes.

As a whole the program was very well given; in the future we expect more performances of the same calibre from the Expression Club.

Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute and other summer schools.

English Methods Class Visits Arcade High

Wednesday afternoon, January 11, 1933, Miss Fancher's English Methods class was privileged to go to Arcade High School, Arcade, N. Y., and observe the teaching of English III and English IV by Miss Erma Anderson, who graduated from Houghton College in the class of '29. Since leaving Houghton she has earned an enviable reputation as an English teacher, to which any member of the methods class will testify.

H. C.

Science Dep't. Holds Questionnaire

Question: What is a star?

Answer:

Our sun is a star which is only 8 1-3 minutes away, as light goes, while the next nearest star is 4.3 years away. The Dog star is 8.8 years away. Stars are round and self-luminous. They are made of the same elements as are studied in Chemistry and they are from 2,000 to 30,000 degrees Centigrade warm on the surface and have speeds such that 100 km. per second is not unusual.

Question: When does the full moon rise?

Answer:

The moon rises at any time of day or night, its phases depending on that time. Since it is lighted by the Sun, we must be between it and the sun to see the full face. Hence, when the full moon is rising in the east, the sun must be in the west. Likewise when the moon is new and mostly dark it is between us and the sun. It then rises and sets with the sun.

Question: What is a shooting star?

Answer:

It has been said, "A shooting star has no more relation to a star than a cow does to Christmas." That merely implies that they are unlike. A "shooting star" is a mass of stone or iron which has come into our atmosphere. It has been stone cold (about 273 degrees Centigrade) but by friction of the air on it, its surface is heated and burns. Most completely burn, but some fall. One fell in an African marsh. Next day several inches of ice were found all around it.

(Editor's Note: These questions and answers have been furnished to us by the Science Department as an item of general interest.)

H. C.

WEDDING ANNOUNCED

Miss Ruth Ingalls, class of '34 of Houghton College, whose home is in Allentown, N.Y., was married to Mr. Rex Guild, also of Allentown, on December 22, 1932. The *Star* extends its congratulations to the newly-weds.

Gold Two-times Purple Opponents

Purple Gilded as Lion's Roar Fades

The 1933 Purple-Gold Series got off to a rather surprising start last Friday night. The Gold, rated as the under dog, defeated the Purple by a 45-40 score.

To Flint, that slippery Gold forward, the lion's share of the glory must go. He squirmed, weaved and faked until he had accounted for twenty-nine of the Gold points. Playing, perhaps the best game of his long Houghton career, he made the hard shots easily and dropped one after another. He scored the first basket of the series shortly after the opening whistle and from then on the Gold kept the lead.

At half-time the score stood 26-18, a fair margin, but for the fact that Davis, the elongated Gold center, and Fiske, Gold guard, went out on fouls. The situation seemed bad from the Gold standpoint but the team managed to keep a safe lead for the rest of the game.

The Purple showed the better brand of passwork. At times they showed some flashy floorwork which should be even better after a few practice sessions.

As to the relative strength of the two teams, a toss-up is a good guess. Without "Bob" Rork the teams look about evenly matched, if Davis manages to keep in for whole games. The tip-off is a valuable asset that the Gold can not afford to lose. "Bucky", not an intentionally dirty player, has a great deal of length to handle and somehow, some part of him finds itself in the wrong place at the right time for the referee to see it.

It would not be a surprise to have both captains show a changed line-up when the teams clash in the second game of the series tonight. Experience gained in the first game will go a long way toward making tonight's affair a torrid battle.

(Continued on Page Two)

PROFESSOR WOOLSEY SPEAKS TUESDAY

The student body heard some very good remarks at Tuesday's chapel, when Prof. Woolsey officiated. The mainstay of his talk was "Noblesse Oblige", or, freely translated, "Rank Imposes Responsibility". He stated several questions which were thought provoking, to say the least. How will we meet the responsibilities ahead? Will we be assets or liabilities? And so forth. He placed special emphasis upon the importance of self-confidence, culture, refinement and other qualities which go to constitute a lady or a gentleman.

There occurred also, in the course of good advice and reprimands, an uneasy sensation among some of the students when Professor Woolsey alluded most significantly to ruminating and over-zealous scholars.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

STAR STAFF

Managing Board

HARRY E. GROSS, '33 Editor-in-Chief
EDWARD A. DOLAN, '33 Business Manager
PROF. PIERCE E. WOOLSEY Faculty Advisor

Editorial Staff

HARRY E. GROSS, '33 Editor-in-Chief
EDNA C. ROBERTS, '33 Associate Editor

Assistant Editors

BLANCHE G. MOON, '33, News MAGDALENE G. MURPHY, '35, Features
CHESTER S. DRIVER, '33, Sports

Reporters

LENA STEVENSON, '33, EVANGELINE CLARKE, '33
KEITH BURR, '32, MALCOLM MCCALL, '35

Mechanical Staff

WILLARD SMITH, '35, Managing Editor
HOWARD DIETRICH, '33, Circulation MILDRED STODDARD, '33, Circulation

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Houghton, N. Y. under act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 10, 1932. Subscription rate \$1.50 per year. Advertising rates furnished by request.

EDITORIAL

WE'RE FUNNY THAT WAY

We're funny that way. Always doing something we shouldn't. Someone is always talking in the Library when he should be studying. Someone is always lounging in the lower hall. Someone is always ruminating in chapel. Someone is always throwing paper wads in the arcade. Someone is always messing up the bulletin board. Someone is always cutting classes. Someone is always doing something he shouldn't. We're funny that way!

—M. G. M.

YEARS MAKE NO DIFFERENCE

George Bernard Shaw, who is famous for his full beard if for nothing else, says the world today goes forward blithely to war with a song of peace upon its lips. In *Hamlet*, Claudius the King rises from his knees after prayer and goes away plotting evil. Human nature doesn't change.

—H. G.

INEVITABLE

The inevitable final exams have rolled around again—the torment begins one week from Monday. As usual, the busybodies will be flashing their A's, and among the intellectual delinquents will be heard only weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth. Can't we look ahead?

After having had a four month's advance notice of this catastrophe we cannot rightfully begrudge a low grade. Forewarned is forearmed, so let's cram!

—M. E. M.

THE DEPRESSION

While we have lost much of our "high-hat", we have learned to be thankful for just any old hat.

While we have less to live on, we are thankful we have found more to live for.

While we know much about the trials that are behind us, we are thankful we know nothing of those before us.

Our Mail

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Dear Editor:

Perhaps it was a case of great minds and their channels, more likely it was the influence of mind over matter. Anyway I was most fortunate in choosing last Tuesday for making my observations. I had heard much of what a view from the balcony might reveal during chapel concerning student nature. I took my first bearings before I knew what the chapel address was to be about. These differed widely from the commonly reported results. I understand that usually the number on the one side of the chapel devoted to literature and art during the chapel service is to the number so engaged on the other side about a s the diameter of a circle is to the circumference. The side that is usually strong in this matter is on the one which, if it is on one's left as he faces the curtain end of the chapel, it is on his right as he faces the other end. (It may be on the other side, however.) My investigation showed that the sides broke almost fifty-fifty with the side that is usually the winner having only a slight lead. Now, I want it understood that I tabulated only those who were engaged with literature. Far be it from me to watch any young person "make her coffee" in chapel. (Maybe that isn't what Dr. Woolsey said, but that's as near as I got it up there in the balcony.)

Soon some interesting things began to happen. For several minutes the sides held their neck-and-neck position. Then the girls' side began to weaken noticeably. Books closed; heads were raised, and eyes were to the front. There was a slight, very slight, weakening of this sort on the boy's side. I can not say as to whether this was because girls are quicker to recognize a good thing when they hear it, or whether fellows are more adept at reading a book with one eye and listening to a speaker with the other*. But the great thrill came when Dr. Woolsey spoke of the very thing I was investigating—reading in chapel. Then the boys' side simply went to pieces. It not only lost the lead it had maintained, but it just crumpled. The girls' side had considerable strength, it is true, but it held up remarkably well. I am only setting down the facts as they are. Others will have to decide whether it was because girls have greater determination—a sort of General Grant attitude, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all chapel." Or are fellows just a little bit thinner skinned? Or do girls show better concentration in study? Or are fellows just a little bit better losers? I do not know.

But I am dead sure that we should begin laying plans to keep the inspector who comes to inspect us for the Middle States Association from sitting up in the balcony during chapel. It would be disastrous if he should sit where I sat last Tuesday!

I. N. Vestigator.

* (Editor's note: This is funny.)

A WORM'S-EYE VIEW

Dear Mr. Editor,

Not being a rhinoceros, and naturally not having too thick a skin, some of the remarks made at last Tuesday's chapel got under the aforementioned skin, and I am ready to emit a plaintive cry into the ears of the Faculty.

To begin with, I must beg consideration that I am not one of those to whom the kind remarks of the speaker (this is to be polite; personally I consider that some of those remarks had all the ear marks of a dirty crack) was intended. When chapel time arrives, I garb myself with my most demur expression and saunter into chapel late so that I can trip over everybody's feet on the way to my seat. I sing occasionally, and helpfully point out the page to my fellow students who are, so to speak, groping in the darkness. When the speaker starts to orate, I pull my ears out to their fullest capacity and give diligent attention. If he doesn't interest my active mind, I merely close my eyes, for I find I can listen better with my eyes closed, and although professors are unkind enough to challenge that statement, still, like the burglar who specialized in upper-flat robberies, that's my story and I'll stick to it. What I mean to say is, the speaker wasn't talking to me last Tuesday. Like the Pharisee, I am glad I am not like other men.

Nevertheless I am gifted with a mind of understanding, and although I bend my frowning brow on those who disturb my slumber—pardon me I mean those who disturb the speaker—I sympathize with them in a small measure, and wish to bring their case before the august court of the Faculty. The other day I could have cheerfully boiled a fellow in oil who insisted on clipping his finger nail while the chapel address was being given, but as Professor F. H. says, I love him just the same.

The point is, people, that absolutely, absolutely, students are old enough to realize that chapel services are for worship. In the old Plymouth days prisoners were marched to church and sat under a parson's preaching for three hours, during which three hours the parson sought to show them the error of their ways, promising not so good a time even as this in the after life if they did not mend their ways. The prisoners then were marched out. This is not an analogy, but some students have a feeling that it is.

Perhaps sometimes, and this is not said to be merely audacious, inattention during chapel is due to the dullness of the speaker. If a statistician were to give us the percentages of the varieties of subjects, I wonder how it would shape up.

Co-operation between both Faculty and students is needed to effect a better chapel service for us. Singing this year is excellent, but after the opening hymn too often is the restlessness of the students apparent. As students, we do appreciate Dr. Woolsey's talk. Certainly he got his desired attention. We wish all speakers the same luck.

So students, let's shake ourselves and behave and let the dandruff fall where it may. I don't know if this quotation is appropriate, but as David Harum says, "It's good for a dog to have fleas; it keeps him from brooding about being a dog." If you can fit that into this discourse you're better than I am.

Sincerely,

Why-do-I-love-you.

Purple/Gold Games

(Continued from Page One)

The Gold girls also won their game. Getting off to a very poor start, it looked for a time as though the Purple would win easily...

The Purple showed an aggressive, peppy team, battling for every point, but they were hampered by the large number of fouls they committed, 18

in all. "Gen" Matthews was the outstanding player on the floor. She accounted for thirteen of her team's points and played a steady floor game.

MEN

GOLD

	F.G.	Foul	G.	T.P.
Dolan, r.f.—c.	2	1	5	
Flint, l.f.	13	3	29	
Davis, c.	2	2	6	
Fiske, l.g.	0	0	0	
Benjamin, l.g.	1	1	3	
Goldberg, r.g.—f.	1	0	2	
Totals,	19	7	45	

PURPLE

	F.G.	Foul	G.	T.P.
Farnsworth, r.f.	2	1	5	
McCarty, l.f.	5	3	13	
Smith, c.	2	2	6	
Nelson, c.	2	1	5	
Ayer, r.g.	1	1	3	
Albro, l.g.	3	2	8	
Totals,	15	10	40	

Referee: "Beaner" Towell

Scorer: Joslyn

Timer: Dietrich

WOMEN

GOLD

	F.G.	Foul	G.	T.P.
Hall, r.f.	2	0	4	
Matthews, l.f.	6	1	13	
Fero, c.	2	1	5	
Lapham, r.f.	1	0	2	
Fuller, r.g.	0	0	0	
Stratton, r.g.	0	1	1	
Sweetland, l.g.	0	1	1	
Totals,	11	4	26	

PURPLE

	F.G.	Foul	G.	T.P.
Burns, l.g.	0	0	0	
Meyers, r.g.	1	1	3	
Beaver, r.g.	0	0	0	
Scheffer, c.	0	1	1	
Coe, c.	0	1	1	
Frank, l.f.	1	1	3	
Cole, r.f.	0	0	0	
Lisk, r.f.	3	1	7	
Totals,	5	5	15	

Memorial Chapel

(Continued from Page One)

thrill. After entering the White House his character did not change and in spite of his responsibilities he maintained the dry humor which made him famous in anecdote. His brevity of speech and almost stern behavior gave him the appearance of a graven image, but the appearance belied an intensely human heart.

His most pleasing and personable trait was his ability to inspire people with the feeling that he was one of themselves. The American people recognized in his language, his thoughts and his ideas, their own language and thoughts.

Prof. Stanley Wright was the last speaker with three examples of outstanding events in the life of this great man. His first was the simple, homely act of being sworn into the office of President in a dimly-lit, old-fashioned, New England home by his own father, a Justice of the Peace. The tragic death of his son at Washington was a second event which showed a great man, although under the deepest condition of sorrow and unfortunate circumstances. The third and most dramatic event was the press meeting in his Black Hills residence at which he expressed his famous ten-word intention "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." These three instances are only a few highlights of the life of a man destined to join the ranks of America's Immortal Presidents.

Church Services

PENTECOST

The world needs a restatement of the cardinal truths of salvation and redemption in words that everyone can understand and can corroborate in his own life.

Pentecost means to us gift of the Holy Spirit. It had been promised to the disciples by Jesus for a long time. They knew before the day of Pentecost that it was to be something indispensable, that when the Holy Spirit came they would be guided into all truth. He would reveal to the disciples the things of Christ and also give them power. They knew that it would mean their personal witnessing of Christ through the Spirit. After the coming of the Holy Spirit, the disciples knew that it meant purification and fullness. "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost." They experienced on this day for the first time the administration of the Lord Jesus Christ from Heaven through them in the establishment of His Church and in the functioning of that Church. Jesus worked through them by the Spirit more mightily than He had been able to do while He was on earth.

What Pentecost meant to those disciples, it means to every Christian. If it does not mean all this to us, the challenge is there—"be filled with the Spirit". The world has not been evangelized before this, not because of lack of money or lack of men, but because men have gone while the voice of God said, "Tarry".

God will lead us and satisfy us if we seek Him. All men can have the filling of the Holy Ghost and cleansing. We are cleansed by the blood of Jesus Christ, but the power is the Spirit of God. We need the courage to act as the Spirit guides, and if we do not have the backbone to do this, we need to be sanctified. We need to read the Bible for ourselves, and not take other people's words. The willingness of the disciples to be led and their complete obedience secured for them the blessings of sanctification and the power of the Spirit. The man who is full of the spirit in purified, and he who is purified, is full. God intends the cleansing and fullness to be permanent.

GROSS—RUSSELL

December 31, 1932
Holland Patent, N.Y., Miss Ruth A. Russell, Buffalo, niece of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cotes of this village, and Harry E. Gross, Sardinia, were married at 7:30 P.M., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cotes by the Rev. Alfred Gross, Sardinia, brother of the groom. Miss Winifred Isaac, Arcade, N.Y., sang two numbers, accompanied by Miss Ruth Isaac. Miss Helen Cotes, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march.

A luncheon was served after the ceremony. The house had seasonal decorations. Out-of-town guests included the parents of both bride and groom and immediate relatives.

WEEK-END VISITORS

The following former students were in Houghton recently:

Erma Anderson, Elsie Bacon, Beulah Brown, Paul Roy, Lawrence Benson, Golda Farnsworth, Emelene Ballard, Alta Albino.

Music



Column

Three Great Masters Shushed at Concert

New York, Nov. 5.—(Associated Press)—The three who were shushed were Frede Grofe, the music maker, and Joseph Lhevinne and Sergei Rachmaninoff, a couple of piano players.

Here's the picture: Carnegie Hall, Friday night; Mr. Paul Whiteman on the podium leading his young men through the intricacies of a program of symphonic jazz.

The intermission had just ended and Mr. Michael Gusikoff was drawing a bow on the "American Concerto" of which he is the co-composer. Strolling down a corridor behind the circle of boxes where the Messrs. Lhevinne and Rachmaninoff, two gentlemen whose fingers have raced up and down many a keyboard from the same stage where jazz at that very moment was being put into circulation.

A round, beaming-faced gentleman met them. It was Frede Grofe, who only a few minutes before had bowed from a box in acknowledgment of cheers for his "Grand Canyon Suite."

Mr. Rachmaninoff was on record in the public prints as desiring to meet Mr. Grofe, having been impressed by Mr. Grofe's compositions. Mr. Lhevinne was not on record in the public prints, but he was glad to see Mr. Grofe, too.

The gentlemen effected introductions and they began conversing in what they would probably call pianissimo agitato crescendo accelerando fortissimo. Meanwhile Mr. Whiteman was out there on the good old podium and Mr. Gusikoff's chin was taking a firmer hold on the fiddle as the "American Concerto" swung along.

Mr. Rachmaninoff said he thought Mr. Grofe's stuff was very good. Mr. Grofe said Mr. Rachmaninoff was no slouch in his line either.

The conversation was rapidly approaching the Kaffeeklatch stage. Boxholders were turning around and giving the three master of music dirty looks. The trio paid no heed. They were oblivious to dirty looks; they were in the Grand Canyon with Mr. Grofe's mule, his sunset, his cloudburst and his hoof-raising finale.

An usher approached them. She didn't know who they were. She didn't give a whoop. If one of them happened to be the composer of a prelude in C Sharp Minor, another happened to be a high priest of the keyboard, and the third one of the leading American modernists, she should worry. That was their business. Hers was shushing.

She drew in a deep breath. She looked down in their respective eyes.

Mr. Gusikoff on the stage went into a presto and Mr. Whiteman took a firmer grip on the music rack.

The usher said:
"S-h-u-s-h!"

The Messrs. Lhevinne, Grofe and Rachmaninoff, slunk away. They did not even pause for a "please-to-have met-youse."

Prof. Bain's Students in Voice Recital

Wednesday afternoon the second voice recital was held in the Music Hall auditorium. The following program was given:

The Lotus Flower	Schumann
Ivone Wright	
Invictus	Huhn
Philip Anderson	
The Post	Schubert
Richard Hale	
The Wren	
Lucie Wilson	
The Lost Chord	Lutetian
Malcolm Cronk	

This was the first public appearance for the first three soloists and they are to be complimented on their performance. The others did comparatively as well, especially Mr. Cronk with his interpretation of "The Lost Chord". The accompaniment for Mr. Anderson's and Miss Wilson's numbers overpowered the voices hindering their full ability being shown. These recitals are interesting because they give the students an idea of what others are doing.

RADIO PROGRAMS

For those who are interested in listening to "uplifting" music, interest may be found in the following radio programs during the coming week:

Saturday—
11:00 a.m. (WJZ)—Philharmonic Symphony. Children's Program. E. Schelling.
—p.m. (WJZ)—Met. Opera "Lohengrin"
4:00 p.m. (WEAF)—Buffalo Symphony. 3 Symphonies. Brahmes-Ingram.
8:15 p.m. (WJZ) Boston Symphony. A. Spalding—guest artist
Sunday—
12:15 (WJZ) Roxy
3:05 p.m. (C) Philharmonic Symphony. Bruno Walter.
4:00 p.m. (WEAF) Chicago A Cappella choir.
9:00 p.m. (WEAF) General Electric with guest artist.
10:30 p.m. (C) E. Hutcheson.
Monday—
4:00 p.m. (WJZ) Radio Guild
8:30 p.m. (WEAF) Tibbett
Tuesday—
10:00 p.m. (C) Josef Bonim. Symphony with guest artist.
Wednesday—
2:30 p.m. (WEAF) Westminster Choir.
9:00 p.m. (WEAF) Symphony—guest conductor.
Thursday—
7:30 p.m. (WEAF) Concert Footlights. Louise Bernhardt, Contr.
Friday—
11:00 a.m. (N) Walter Slamiorch

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Jan. 18. College Orchestra concert in Rushford.
Junior Music Recital next week.
Jan. 26. Manhattan String Quartet Concert on Lecture Course.
College Chorus—working on the oratorio, "Seven Last Words".

To Ye Olde Editor

Now Harry is a mighty man
Even as you and I;
And he possesses a handsome pan
Even as you and I.
But Harry lately sealed his fate—
He's entered the marriage tie
The Dean no more can rule each date
As she does you and I.

He likes to tackle something new
Even as you and I
We hope that his fate he'll not rue
Even as you and I.
He's surely bound to see it through
His motto is "Do or die"
(But he would rather die than do)
Even as you and I!

Here's hoping the couple have lots of luck
Even as you and I:
For they will need a lot of pluck
Even as you and I.
If heaven on them grace will lend
The world they will defy;
They probably want this rhyme to end
Even as you and I.

'Twas the nite before Friday,
And all thru the school
All the STAR Staff were busy
With pencil and rule.

Poor Harry was pacing
And tearing his hair,
For copy was lacking
To edit the STAR.

Each member was trying
His hand at real verse
On the Editor's choice
"For better or worse".

Murph with her pencil
And I with my pen
Were cracking our brains
For words to begin.

When finally they came,
'Twas Murph was inspired,
As she rattled off words
That rimed as tho hired.

But the fun just began:
For the biggest job going
Was to get it all printed
Without Harry's knowing.

We bribed, and we tried
To steer Harry away
'Till the STAR was all out
And the poem displayed.

When at last we succeeded,
It was thanks to the wife
Who carried him off
And thus saved our life.

But the wish of us all
That we tried to express:
"Congratulations to both
And to both success."

—A Reporter

Apologies to the author of the familiar original.

The STAR Staff of 1932-33 offers sincere congratulations to Harry and wish him the best of success throughout the coming years.

Vegetable Immigrants

1. Celery originated in Germany.
2. Onions originated in Egypt
3. Citron is a native of Greece
4. Oats originated in the East
5. Rye originated in Liberia
6. Parsley originated in Sardinia
7. Pears and apples from Europe
8. Spinach—Arabia
9. Sunflower—Peru
10. Mulberry tree—Persia
11. Horse Chestnut—Thibet
12. Cucumbers—East India
13. Quince—Crete
14. Radish—China, Japan
15. Peas—Egypt

Exchange

We find the following clever item in "The Loudspeaker" coming from Onondaga Valley Academy in Syracuse:

TURNING THE DIAL

"When you give your husband one piece of this angel food cake he'll ask for—"

"The Death Song now being played by—"

"The League of Nations which—"

"are joined by the network of—"

"The Sisters of the Skillet now singing—"

"News Dispatches by the courtesy of—"

"Clara, Lu 'n Em who are at—"

"11:30 Bulova Watch time—"

"Raiding the ice box for a piece of this most famous—"

"Journey through Scotland by—"

"Amos and Andy, who are now—"

"Running between the Raindrops chasing—"

"The Columbia Broadcasting System—"

"Till we meet again in a —"

"Midsummer Night's Dream—"

"At 3:00 o'clock next—"

"Peace Conference—"

"Now signing off—"

"Good night"

"Toodle oooooo—"

W. Y. P. S. Convention

The W. Y. P. S. of the Southern District of the Lockport Conference met at Cattaraugus, N.Y., on Friday, December 30, 1932 for their first all-day convention.

The societies represented and number of delegates from each society were as follows:

Levant 27, Bradford 18, Forestville 12, Olean 4, Brocton 3.

Meeting opened at 10 A.M., with devotional service. Song and praise led by Marian Wright of Forestville and prayer by C. Elliott of Levant.

10:30 discussion, "What Our Local W.Y.P.S. Has Accomplished and Hopes to Accomplish" by the following:

Irene Hebner—Cattaraugus
Hazel Cheney—Levant
George Adams—Bradford
Mrs. Wyman—Forestville

Followed by singing by the Bradford group.

11:00 a business meeting at which constitutional provisions were read.

Secretary Pro tem elected—Harold Elliott. Nominating Committee—Professor Lynford Sicard, George Adams, Howard Dietrich.

Meeting adjourned for dinner.



The BOULDER advertising agents were attempting to get ads from the town merchants, and to enforce their arguments, threatened that unless a \$50 ad were forthcoming, they would move the Music Building downtown.

Mac MacCall is seeking to marry the first Senior girl who gets a job!

George Press was walking along to the Dorm when an irrepressible wit remarked, "By the way, George, you certainly express your emotions in your walk."

The campus of the Fordham School of Law is above the 40th story of the Woolworth Building. That's about as near Heaven as any lawyer ever gets.

The other nite in orchestra practice one of the first clarinets got through five minutes ahead of the rest of the orchestra, so he started playing backwards.

At the University of Buffalo some of the students earn extra money by acting as mourners in funerals. How about weddings?

Until last Tuesday's chapel we thought "ruminating" meant changing room-mates during semesters.

We held two positions during vacation but were forced to leave because of inability to fill them. The first was in the Eagle Laundry. What do we know about washing Eagles? The second was in a grocery store and our first duty was to lay some eggs in the store window. What does that proprietor think we are, a white leghorn?

The College Man

The college has become a lifesaver. If it were not for college, the parents of high school graduates would certainly be up against it, for at this period, the average fellow is too full of mischief to settle down to any life-task, and too lively to be left without something to do. Where is he going to spend the years of his prolonged period of infancy? The college solves the problem. In fact, papa can get rid of him for four years and have nothing to do but pay his bills. It is really better than he had hoped for.

Consequently, Johnnie goes to college. For a while the young Freshman is really up against it, for the upper class-men don't appreciate him as they ought. But after the first few months of tribulation, the young private begins to develop his sea legs. Close contact with other more developed infants makes him see his deficiencies and quickly he goes to the task of eliminating them. It is a task. He learns all the inside stuff on how to do and act. His manners undergo a complete transformation, his speech, his dress—well, you just don't know him. In a year or two we see this undefeated spirit develop into the unequalled personality of the college man.

The college man is a rugged individualist. Free from the exacting strictness of parents and high school teachers, and as yet ignorant of the rigid demands of the world, he is free to become what he likes for four precious years.

This individualism is forcefully manifest. The college lad leads in the latest, whether fad or fashion. Although generally an impecunious gentleman, he is the best-dressed man in America. Let him wear something

and the world wears it. His endorsement means money to the manufacturer, and his applause the making of millions. His very slang is heard in every little jerky theatre and main street in the land, while games played between his "alma mammas" provide entertainment for millions.

The modern college man is being condemned by many. True, he does present problems. He is costly to parents and governments. Often he doesn't seem to appreciate what is being done for him. Even his habit of continually parading something new is a sore spot to some old fossils; while others contend that his morals are abominable. Admitting all that, I still contend he is a capital fellow. Besides, what would we do without football?

ATHLETES' TRAINING

The following letter written by Coach Knute Rockne of Notre Dame shortly before his death to the Rev. Lentz of Wellsville is printed here as an example of the beliefs of one of the finest trainers of men that the country ever had.

"Mr. Richard E. Lentz
Christian Temple
Wellsville, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Lentz,

Replying to your letter of the 21st, I wish to say that I do not allow my players to use tobacco in any form.

My experience has shown that tobacco slows up the reflexes of athletes, lowers their morals, and does nothing constructive.

Athletes who smoke are the careless type and any statement to the fact that smoking helps an athlete is a falsehood.

With best wishes,
Sincerely yours,
K. K. Rockne
Director of Athletics"

Psychology and Busses

I settled down comfortably into the well upholstered chair of one of the de luxe, coast to coast busses. I took my hat off, put it under the little clip provided on the chair ahead, and was all ready for an enjoyable trip. I told myself, "This is going to be a good trip: the driver's fast, the bus isn't crowded, and it's a beautiful night." Everything looked rosy right then. Two hours later, after Jersey City, Newark, Montclair, and a few other cities had slipped past the window, I had changer my mind. "Everything looked rosy only if it were in the radius of the red light near the emergency door." The bus seemed to have lost some of the "de luxe" and gained some of "the old grey mare". Realizing that I had at least twelve more hours of jolting ahead of me, I decided to sleep.

I pressed the little lever on the arm of my chair. That was supposed to make the chair recline, but it did not. I pushed harder and harder without the least bit of co-operation from the mechanism involved. So I got out in the aisle to work. I knocked my hat down, almost sprawled full length in the aisle when the bus stopped suddenly, and after a little more concentrated wrestling won the struggle; the chair reclined and after a couple of minutes I did too.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of just nothing at all, but that operation, usually so simple, failed me entirely. So I tried counting sheep. I had to work so hard to get the sheep over the fence that I forgot all about sleep. Then I turned sideways and "curled up" if I had performed that act anywhere but on a bus. Busses necessitate "doubling" rather than "curling". After I came to the painful realization that that was an easy way to break my neck, I decided to try psychology.

One Sunday evening Dr. Paine, a well-known psychologist, had broadcasted a talk on "Sleep". Sprawling in an easy chair at home I had been soothed, made calm, and nearly lulled into dreamland. Being a firm believer in the dominance of mind over matter, I started to follow Dr. Paine's directions for inducing sleep, I relaxed first one leg, then the other, then one arm, and then the other. But by this time the first leg was tense and necessarily so. I had to brace myself to keep from sliding on to the floor. So I had to begin all over. When I got as far as relaxing my neck, the driver sang out, "Ten minute rest and comfort stop." Who could resist that?

Back in the bus again, I decided to go on with the next part of the psychologist's instructions and meanwhile relax whatever parts of me I could, for I had discovered that conditions did not permit complete relaxation. The instructions were somewhat like this: Try to see a black hole the size of a nickle between your eyes. Watch it steadily and let it grow larger and larger until there is complete darkness. Now you feel a sweet peace and calm settling over you. Things aren't as bad as they seem. Tomorrow brings another day with joy and happiness. Now sleep, sleep, sleep. Don't worry, there's nothing to worry about. Now you're floating down a warm shallow river, rocking gently from side to side. Now sleep on and on and on.

SPORTS CHATTER

Several times last Friday night we expected both teams to be penalized about fifty yards for unnecessary roughness, but finally we realized that a basket-ball game was being played instead of foot-ball. Perhaps it was the type of uniforms that enabled us to reach that conclusion.

In the system of athletics used in Houghton, roughness of the type displayed Friday night has no place here. Not only will this type of play create hard feelings among members of the teams, but also among the members of the respective Purple and Gold sides. Outsiders who come in for the games will leave with an unfavorable attitude toward Houghton sports. An attitude of, "if I get away with it, it's O.K.", will be fostered, and last but far from least, someone is very likely to be seriously injured. We realize that basket-ball is not a "pink tea" affair, it needs to be aggressive and fast to be interesting, but let us not lose sight of the fact that primarily athletics are meant to develop not only sound bodies, but also a good sense of fair play.

Judge Landis, the high mogul of baseball, cut his salary the other day. What an argument this is going to be for the owners when reduced salaries become the main topic in the households of many ball players.

There is much speculation as to how big a cut "Babe" Ruth will take. Rumor has placed the amount as high as \$25,000, but undoubtedly five or ten thousand, at the outside, will be nearer correct. Personally we believe he is worth the \$70,000 he received last year. He attracts far more than that amount into the coffers of the Yankees and is still able to bust that apple out of the lot.

Cornell has abandoned their whole athletic program with the exception of basket-ball for the rest of the year. Base-ball, rowing, boxing etc., are all canceled.

It must be that the depression is still with us.

The International League is up in the air about what to do with Jersey City and the Reading Albany franchises. Both have been weak sisters in the League for years, but fewer clicks on the turnstiles lately has made the situation serious.

Publisher Announces New Anthology

Publication of "American College Verse", an anthology of poetry by 107 students representing 72 colleges and universities, was announced today by Henry Harrison, publisher of 27 East 7th Street, New York. The book is edited by Mr. Harrison and illustrated by Charles Cullen.

Sheldon Christian of Tufts College was awarded first prize of twenty-five dollars for his poem, "The Pagan Poet." J. Russell Lynes, Jr., of Yale University took the second prize of fifteen dollars for his contribution, "Parade," and Betty Law of Elmira College and Mary Stix of Wellesley College split third prize of five dollars each for their respective poems, "Two Women", and "Song of Youth." The judges who selected the prize-winning poems were Benjamin Musser, William Griffith, Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheyney.

"American College Verse," containing seventeen full page illustrations by Mr. Cullen, is bound in suede, stamped in silver, stained in tan, and retails at \$2.50 a copy.

Well, I could see black all right but all I could feel were draughts and the hard chair back of the person in front of me. He had reclined his chair so far back that he almost slept on my lap. And I'm sure I couldn't get that rocking motion. Most of the bus motions were up and down.

My conclusion is that busses and psychology just don't have anything in common.

CARD OF THANKS

To the student body of Houghton College:

We wish to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kind expression of your sympathy.

Daniel C. White and family

BLESSINGS OF SCIENCE

I love my radio because,
Through nature's philanthropic laws
When crooners croon or wind-bags drone,

Or chanters blow the saxophone,
Or advertisers bang the drum
For facial cream or chewing gum,
Or lack-wits clown for laughs and fail,

Or aunties coo a bed-time tale,
I can, while gladness brims my cup
Reverse the knob and shut them up.

Sat. Eve. Post

"If I stand on my head, the blood all rushes to my head, doesn't it?" No-one ventured to contradict him. "Now", he continued triumphantly, "When I stand on my feet, why doesn't the blood all rush into my feet?" "Because", replied Hostettler McGinnis, "your feet are not empty."

One of the guys coming home from the New Year's Party put a letter in the letter-box, looked up at the town clock, and thought he'd lost twelve pounds.

BILLY: Papa, are caterpillars good to eat?

FATHER: Oh, don't talk about such things at the table!

Mother (getting curious): Billy, why did you ask that?

BILLY: I just saw one on papa's lettuce, but its gone now.

Tourist: How's business around here?

Native: Its so quiet you can hear the notes at the bank a block away, drawing interest.

Pamela: Isn't Roger a naughty dog. Mummy? He ate my doll's slipper.

Mother: Yes, darling, he ought to be punished.

Pamela: I did punis' him. I went stwaight to the kennel an' dwank 'is milk!"