

The HOUGHTON STAR

Volume XXXIII

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Number 3

William MacKenzie Heard in Political Rally Here Monday

Willkie Caravan Propagandizes

Monday evening, September 30, a large host of Willkie well-wishers—strangely absent from the revival services—lined up along the street at the center of Houghton's microscopic business section, and accorded an enthusiastic reception to the Willkie caravan which made a stop in Houghton from eight to nine o'clock.

Feature of the motorcade was a large trailer housing a public address system, a lounge and a movie projector outfit. Following in its wake were several cars full of Willkie boosters conscripted from several towns of this county.

The propaganda parade halted in front of Cott's food dispensary; and jived classics were played over the address system while a couple of the troupe erected a screen on pipes which extended from the sides of the trailer. After the spirit of the attendant group was sufficiently animated by the music, the official in charge of the campaign caravan introduced Bill MacKenzie, popular assemblyman from this county, who took over at the microphone.

Mr. MacKenzie gave a short "we love democracy and vote for Willkie" exhortation and the films were flashed on to the screen through a mirror system. The films portrayed the highlights of the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia, and pictured Mr. Willkie giving the outstanding points in his belief in regard to governmental affairs. Each decisive point emphasized brought forth a hearty round of cheering from the college boys who apparently were intent on demonstrating their loyalty to the G. O. P.

After all had sung the national Alma Mater—*The Star Spangled Banner*—the procession proceeded to Fillmore, and the crowd went home with minds full of respect and pockets filled with Republican stickers and pins.

Warden Lawes' Lecture Engagement Is Cancelled

"Unexpected official business has made it necessary for Warden Lawes to curtail a major portion of his lecture tour this fall... His engagement at Houghton College on October 15 is one which must, of necessity, be cancelled." This quotation from a letter received by Professor Smith means the stifling of the major attraction of the current lecture course, which Professor Smith has done so much to build up. We regret to announce that for the present at least Warden Lawes' lecture is cancelled.

MOSES' HOUSE ELECTS

Thursday evening, September 19, marked the reorganization of the Moses House. The meeting was called by Robert Homan. Following a brief prayer meeting the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Hal Homan; Vice-president, Harry Palmer; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert Homan.

Frankly Now...

Question: Should the United States extend all possible aid to Great Britain, short of war?

Interviewed: Mr. J. R. Albany, Senior, Pres. of the Student Body, and pastor of the Pike Presbyterian Church.

"Personally I believe that America should extend all material aid short of war to Great Britain.



For in a sense the Battle of Britain is an attempt to maintain in Europe the very moral and political standards that have characterized our own nation since its birth. While other European powers have forsaken the democratic form of government, England has remained the standard bearer of freedom. Does it seem illogical for us to wish to furnish fuel which will keep the light of liberty burning?"

6 Localites Go to Indian-Tiger Game

'Star' Reporter Gives Account

BY AL RUSSELL

Six local sport enthusiasts heard the familiar call, "Go west, young man", last Thursday evening and answered the summons by journeying to Cleveland, Ohio where Friday afternoon they were among the 45,553 baseball fans that saw Detroit's Tigers capture the 1940 American League pennant in a blaze of glory. Although their means of transportation were crude and varied, Messrs. Phillips, Ramsley, Kennedy, Sheffer, and Russell returned unharmed from the home of the Indians and despite the lack of sleep for forty-eight hours the quintet assured their friends that the trip was well worth the time and means involved.

Leaving with Mr. McCartney from "The Pantry" at 10 p. m. Thursday evening, the boys headed directly for the Lake City, but due to atmospheric conditions in the rumble seat they stopped in Youngsville, Pa. at Broadhead Sheffer's home to catch a cat nap. Tragedy No. 1 of the trip almost occurred when members of the Sheffer family discovered six vagabonds occupying the front room in rather varied positions Friday morning at 6:30 a. m. However, as this was not the first time such an incident had occurred they suspected it might be "some boys from Houghton." Resuming their trip at seven the group reached Cleveland in four hours, departed from their chauffeur, and purchased reserved tickets for the much talked of contest.

Sitting behind third base the quintet enjoyed to no end the throwing of tomatoes, eggs, and other missiles at the enemy (Detroit) players and although amongst nearly fifty thousand Cleveland rooters, the majority of the local fans cheered lustily for Detroit. The Tigers proved quite amiable in obliging the Houghtonians and eked out a tight 2-1 win over Cleveland's much publicized "bawl"

Houghton Host to Hundred Ministers

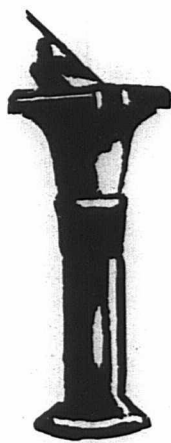
'Facing The Issue' Convention Theme

Nearly one hundred ministers from the seven conferences in the Houghton district were present at the biennial ministerial convention held in Houghton from September 24 to 26. Relatives and friends brought the total attendance to over a hundred, in addition to the college students and faculty. The conferences represented were Alleghany, Canada, Champlain, Lockport, Michigan, Middle Atlantic, and Rochester.

Taking as their theme "Facing the Issues," the members of the convention listened to outstanding men of God on such subjects as "Soul Winning," "Prayer and Revival," "The Soul Winner in Action," "Holiness Our Hope," and "Christian Stewardship." Among the speakers was the business man Mr. Charles E. Gremmels, the evangelist Rev. John R. Church, Rev. C. H. Brown of Leeds, England, and Mrs. R. O. Stull, Christian Alliance Missionary to Peru.

Rev. David Rees acted as chairman of the committee which had charge of the convention program. Dean Stanley W. Wright supervised registration and arrangement of accommodations for the visitors. With the cooperation of the workers in the kitchen and dining hall, meals were served to the guests in the dining room of Gaoyadeo Hall. Besides the various scheduled addresses, there was opportunity for discussion groups and tours around the college campus. The degree of the convention's success is determined by the fact that those privileged to attend some or all of the services received great spiritual blessing from the Christian fellowship and the inspiring messages.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE? ? ?



club. The irony of the whole affair however was the fact that the star of the game was a rookie pitcher who toiled all year in the nearby community of Buffalo. Hitch-hiking was the means of transportation on the return route. Frank Kennedy and John Sheffer thumbed to Youngsville, Pa., and returned to school Saturday evening. Al Ramsley and Dirty Dudley "bummed" to Erie, Pa. where they bunked for the evening and likewise returned the next day while Al Russell flagged all night and arrived in the local metropolis early Saturday morning.

Karl Maslowski To Deliver Lecture and Present Motion Pictures On Nature Study



MR. KARL MASLOWSKI

Students to See Several Reels of Vivid Technicolor

Karl H. Maslowski, president and extension lecturer of the Ohio Audubon Society, comes here Monday, October 7, at 9:45 a. m. to show his unrivalled colored motion pictures of wild life. The talk is entitled "A Naturalist's Diary", and his friends who have seen the program say it is just that.

He starts in the spring of the year, with the fresh beauty of bursting buds and nesting birds and takes his audience through the full glory of summer to the rusty gorgeousness of autumn and the serene stillnesses of winter, when snow provides a white background for every kind of picture.

Hours spent in blinds, with every joint aching in protest, are necessary for some of the pictures Mr. Maslowski brings, while others are lucky shots that come once or twice in a lifetime, as he catches some migrant bird on the wing, or happens on some chipmunk or squirrel making off with his swag.

His insect pictures, magnified until they look as big as lions and tigers and even more like dragons or monsters from another world, are one of his specialties. A battle between a praying mantis and a grasshopper is one thriller—another is the close-up sequence of a butterfly escaping from its cocoon and drying its wings so it can fly away.

Blackwidow spiders, salamanders, red fox, hawks and humming-birds; all flit, fly, crawl, slither or swim their way across Mr. Maslowski's film to give his audience first-hand and truly close-up information on how the animal world gets along in its every-day activities.

One would expect the best from a man of Mr. Maslowski's background, which includes the curatorship of birds for the Cincinnati Society of Natural History, lectureships for both the Ohio Audubon Society and the University of Cincinnati, and much experience in both newspaper and magazine writing. He has for some time conducted a weekly nature column in the Cincinnati "Enquirer."

Dean Hazlett Taken Ill; Gives Up Duties For Now

Professor R. W. Hazlett, dean of the college, was forced to give up his duties on September 30 because of poor health. He will not return to the classroom for at least a month.

Mr. Hazlett taught in Houghton from 1923 to 1926, at which time he went to Long Island University, where he taught in the English department until 1938, when he returned to Houghton to take up the duties of dean.

Student Body Has Meeting Monday

Discuss Douglas Memorial Plans

Feature of Monday's short chapel was a meeting of the student body. Announcements were read and after devotions were given by Miss Fillmore, the meeting was opened by Don Kaufman, pinch-hitting for President Roy Albany.

Mr. Kaufman in turn introduced Jesse DeRight, who first proposed the erection of a green marble sundial, costing approximately three hundred dollars, to be paid for by student subscriptions.

After a period of debating this proposition, which is sponsored by the *Star*, it was voted that student opinion on the matter be "felt out" by a show of hands in pledging definite amounts. Since a count of pledges gave only a total of approximately one hundred and forty dollars; the movement was temporarily suspended, in order that more thought could be given to it.

However, slips were passed in the class meeting which followed the session; and a total of ninety dollars had been promised in support of the movement.

While the backing shown so far has been disappointing, the *Star* is continuing to enlist support in hopes that the goal may yet be reached. Alumni and friends of the college are urged to contribute to this fund in order that a proper manifestation for Dr. Douglas, who gave his life so unstintingly to this institution, may be made.

Men must reap the things they sow, Force from force must ever flow, Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe That love or reason cannot change. — Shelley

The HOUGHTON STAR

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1940-41 STAR STAFF

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The Greatest Memorial

The greatest monuments to the lives of great men are almost invariably erected by themselves. The world has forgotten the tomb stone of Phidias, but it can never forget the immortal work of his sculptors' chisel. Furthermore, the most lasting of all memorials are those which find their substance in the hearts and lives of men rather than in stone or bronze or physical stuff.

Our departed friend and colleague Dr. Douglas, has wrought for himself a lasting memorial in the hearts and lives of us who came within his sphere of influence. This is his true monument, and it will endure when time has ceased. It is fitting, however, that it have a physical symbol and token in the form of a campus marker, and we whose hearts will always carry his memorial shall count it a privilege indeed to share in giving our inmost feelings this tangible form.

S. W. Paine

A Fitting Memorial

One of the greatest contributors to a greater Houghton was the late Dr. Douglas. His contributions were far from being limited to his own specific field. As most of us know, he was mainly responsible for many of the things which make our campus beautiful. As a teacher, he was in a class by himself, both in the classroom and outside. What one of you that knew him does not have poignant remembrances of his ready wit and sparkling humor? He helped more than one student with important personal problems in time of difficulties.

All of this wordy recognition of the remarkable contributions of Dr. Douglas leads us to the question, "What have we who knew this great man done to honor his memory and express our humble appreciation of the good fortune we had in knowing and associating with him?"

The benefits which we received from contact with Dr. Douglas were both tangible and intangible. So far our respect to him has been mostly intangible. It seems fitting that some tangible token of our feelings should be left for those who come after us to see and to realize that we did appreciate our good fortune in coming in contact with this man.

It would seem almost a sacrilege if we should reject the chance to pay homage to his memory. The whole-hearted and enthusiastic support of all those people who knew Dr. Douglas should be assured. Students, alumni, and faculty members should be united in an effort to do what they consider to be the right thing in this matter.

Facts must be faced, and we should realize that the measure of our respect will be judged by the way we respond to the call for much needed financial support of this project. We have a boulder commemorating some long-forgotten Indian. Should we not greatly surpass this in commemorating a man who has meant so much to Houghton? Even our school yearbook is named after the memorial to the aforementioned Indian. It would be a shame if our memory of this Indian should over-shadow the memory of our own Dr. Douglas. Future classes at Houghton will not be able to see the mourning in our hearts, but will judge us by the tangible magnitude of our living.

Let's all get together and show that we do not need to be pleaded with to provide a fitting memorial. Cooperation in finances as well as in spirit will show our real feelings in the matter. Each of us will want to feel in years to come that we did the right thing in personally helping provide a fitting memorial to Dr. Douglas.

J. B. E.

BETWEEN YOU AND BEA



Alma Salisbury (plus a carload of Olean friends) paid Houghton a visit Sunday. Someone whispered that she asked about the new zoo prof... While we're mentioning company—Alberta Gherke and Nita Bell Sheffer dropped in on the old routine for awhile last weekend... And Dot Paulson is here to stay.

You snickered if you saw: Milt Klotzbach slide a plate of toast into Ruthie's lap at breakfast not so many mornings past... the McGregor-Madwid duo raise mildly guilty eyes to meet those of a solemn ministerial conventionite and his spouse just inside the door of the Science building Tuesday night... the frenzied Pantry waiters on date-nite—"Did you order milkshakes?" "Was your order ham?" (that is, you laughed if you were already complacently enjoying your order)... the collection plate do the Humpty-Dumpty act in the balcony Friday night... Bob Madden trying futilely to wipe cherry smears from his collar just before supper Sunday.

Notice: If one more girl would take physics Bob Fredenburg would have one more than he could handle and Jonesie would get a chance to lead a feminine mind through the mysteries of logarithms.

Of course you saw the pajama (top) parade Monday. The blue ribbon went to Margie Caughell for her unique presentation of "bear meets jam."

(If Al Russell finishes his tale in time, get one of the fellows who went to the ball game last Friday to tell you about the vegetable shower the ladies of Cleveland gave Hank Greenberg.)

The party line: Ruth Shea is all a-twitter with time on her hands—we mean—on her wrist. It's beyootiful, Ruth,—Willett run?

Did you hear that the Mixed Sardine Co., Inc. has been given a two year lease on the three rear church pews?... Helen Burr left the dining room hastily the other night nursing a bleeding nose. Questioned about the condition of her usually well-behaved facial rudder, we heard her say, "Oh, that Jesse DeRight! He's so-o funny!" Once somebody told us to be careful not to burst a blood vessel, but we never took it to heart before.

We've found a student who hasn't laid away a quarter to buy an IN-FO. We hear there's one more around—be looking for him, won't you?

Cues to Collegiates: To an old lady or to an invalid, a gentleman offers his arm if either of them wants his support. Otherwise, a lady no longer leans upon a gentleman in the daytime unless to cross a very crowded thoroughfare or other impeding circumstances. However, in accompanying a lady anywhere at night, a gentleman always offers his arm. Etiquette does not permit a gentleman to take a lady's arm! Only when assisting her into an automobile or bus is it correct for him to put his hand under her elbow. Over dangerous footing the gentleman goes first and then leans over or down and offers her his hand. (I know most of us do just about as we please and if it's individuality we're after, that's one way—but some one of these days we may find a nodding acquaintance with the niceties of modern society a convenient gadget).

1941 Boulder Announces Editorial Staff for Year

Production of the 1941 *Boulder* is already under way, according to Jack Haynes, editor of this year's yearbook. Promising a "bigger and better Boulder", Haynes listed the following staff:

Norman Kahler, Advertising Manager.

Helen Burr, Merwin Ellis, Subscription Managers.

Norman Marshall, Program Director
Cliff Robertson, George Huff, Photography editors.

Evelyn Birkel, Art Editor.

Lois Bailey, Florence Jensen, Write-up Editors.

Ruth Hallings, Typist.

Haynes also disclosed that both the photography and engraving contracts had been let. Guy Hamilton, of the Burnell Studios in Penn Yan, will take the pictures, and Jahn and Ollier, of Chicago, will furnish the engravings. Jahn and Ollier have had the engraving contract for the past three years.

Mr. Allyn Russell, prominent junior, is business manager of the book.

HC

Open Letter

Students of Houghton college,

It seems to me that the somewhat unsatisfactory results of the student body meeting last Monday are due to two things. First, the students were not given enough time to make up their minds in a matter as important as the deposition of three hundred dollars. Second, the students did not take into consideration all the factors involved, probably partly because of the lack of time.

Viewed in the calm, steady light of reason, the proposition Mr. DeRight suggested seems to me to be an excellent one. The plan he advocates calls for voluntary contributions by faculty, students, alumni and friends of Dr. Douglas to the extent of three hundred dollars. These funds will be used to purchase and suitably erect a green marble sundial. This particular sundial cost five hundred dollars to make, and because of its expense, the company was unable to sell it. When our reasons for wanting it were explained, they finally agreed to sell it to us for only two hundred dollars. It is a unique bargain.

The suggestion was made that the funds be devoted to something practical, such as improving the front of the campus. It does not seem to me that an appropriate memorial would be stodgy and prosaic. Further, the small sum we would be able to raise would be a mere drop in the bucket towards improving the front bank of the campus. It would be sufficient to do little more than shoot the cows and rake off the leaves. Any small item of improvement would lose its identity in the whole of the change. The difficulty encountered in the attempt to raise three hundred dollars indicates the folly of trying a larger amount.

I am sure that Mr. DeRight will welcome other suggestions for an appropriate memorial to Dr. Douglas, but it seems to me that the sundial is by far the best as yet advanced. Because it is an opportunity for a unique bargain; because a sundial would be an appropriate memorial for a lover of Nature; because the identity of any other improvement within our reach would be lost; because the county plans to change the creek preventing the building of permanent structures there and because no suggestion of equal merit has been received, I heartily support the plan advanced in student body meeting.

Sincerely,

Warren Woolsey

ALLEGED HUMOUR



By

WOOZE

Kleenex True Confessions No. 38

The railway coach was crowded and a none too well dressed little boy had taken a seat beside a very haughty and fashionably dressed lady. The boy was sniffing in a very annoying manner. Finally the woman turned to the boy and said, "Have you got a handkerchief?"

"Yes," replied the boy, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

Now Who's Beefing?

Joe College: Waiter, give me a pork chop and French fried potatoes. And be sure to make the chop lean. Waiter: Yessir. Which way?

Some Line

Prof. Hazlett: I can't accept this poem. It isn't poetry at all; it's merely an escape of gas. Bright Stude: Oh, I see. There's something wrong with the meter.

Pome

They walk like this upon the street
They're young and life is bliss—
A thoughtless word, a lovers' quarrel,
And then they walk
Like this.

—Plagiarized

Riddle

Q. When's a hat not a hat?
A. When a pretty girl is wearing it.
If you don't get it, consult the end of the column.

Un-True Story

Fable: Once there was an American who knew the second verse of the *Star Spangled Banner*.

Retort Discourteous

Guest: And the flies certainly are thick around here.
Manager: What do you want for two dollars a day? Educated ones?

Nautical Question

He: Will you sail the sea of matrimony with me?
She: Sure, after you've made a raft of money.

'Ark, 'Ark, The Lark

Q. Where did they keep the bees in the ark?
A. In the archives, of course.

Q. Why didn't they play cards on the ark?
A. Noah sat on the deck.

After the flood was over and all the animals had been released with the instructions to go forth and multiply, Noah was walking around looking things over, and he saw two snakes crying.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.
"You told us to go forth and multiply and we can't. We're adders."

An inspector, examining a class in religious education, asked the following question of a little girl, intending it as a catch: "What was the difference between Noah's ark and Joan of Arc?" He was not a little surprised when she answered, "Noah's ark was made of wood and Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."

A hat is not a hat when a pretty girl is wearing it because then it becomes a pretty girl.

Music Note

Fredenburg is so dumb he thinks you play footnotes on a shoehorn.

Mars or Christ ?

Whither are we drifting in these fateful days? Is it toward peace or war? Is it not time to call a halt, before we are involved in the disaster of another world war, and chart our course in another direction? Will we sacrifice our sons on the altar of Mars, the god of war, or in the service of Christ, the Prince of Peace? For in this most critical time of our history, it seems inevitable that if we do not do the latter we will do the former.

What, anyway, is to be the destiny of these United States? Are we to be nothing but auxiliary to some European alliance, set up to preserve a balance of power over there? Is our high destiny to be fulfilled by fighting the wars of Europe, then paying the cost of the same, while those nations use the breathing spell of a few years to prepare for another war? Is this the end for which one hundred and fifty years of independence have prepared us? I believe it the duty of every American to seek an answer to such questions as these, and then speak his mind freely in this crucial hour. For it stands to reason that we shall never reach a worthy goal by continuing to drift. Much less shall we attain to an honorable destiny by listening to the noisy propaganda that storms across the Atlantic.

Again we should ask ourselves the question: What did our sacrifices in the first world war contribute toward the peaceable settlement of Europe? If Europe's problems are ever settled, they will be settled by Europeans. Interference of outside powers can only hinder a permanent solution. The imbecility of our trying to bring peace to Europe by pitching into her wars has been demonstrated once for all. In this I would agree with our congressman at Washington, the Honorable Daniel A. Reed, in a speech delivered in the House last May. "We cannot settle the affairs of Europe," he says, "in a manner which justifies the expenditure of life and treasure which it would cost. . . . We can only produce a new set of combinations out of which will presently arise the beginnings of a new war. . . . The only policy for the American people to adopt may be stated in these words — 'The affairs of Europe and Asia must be settled by the peoples who live there. And the affairs of the Americas shall be settled by the people who live here and by no one else.'"

If democracy and civilization are to be saved, they will more probably be preserved in the Western Hemisphere, than by our engaging in an uncertain conflict abroad which might result in the spread of dictatorial governments to our shores. If, while other nations exhaust themselves in the next few years, we should set our own house in order by creating real democracy



DR. H. E. ROSENBERGER

here, we might then provide a model for rebuilding the world along democratic lines. Such a destiny would be more in line with our glorious traditions, than to involve our people in generations of debt and misery in a futile attempt to reestablish a certain imperialistic order on the continent of Europe.

Finally, I am convinced that we will never preserve democracy within our own borders without the revitalizing power of true Christianity. Unless we can have a revival of true religion, democracy will degenerate into the philosophy of individualism, each man selfishly asserting his own rights and trampling over the rights of his fellows. Some regenerating power which will so transform the individual that he will have an equal care for the good of his neighbor as for his own, must furnish the cement to hold our people together in times of stress like the present. A revival of Christianity is our only hope in these desperate days.

Which, then, shall it be, Mars or Christ? The sacrifice of millions of men and billions of money on the bloody altars of war, or the consecration of these to extend the boundaries of the King of Peace? Let us enlist men, not for a foreign war, but in a battle to save America from corruption within, not to war against flesh and blood, but to fight against sin and for personal holiness, not to destroy men's lives but to save them.

Missionary from Peru Talks In Chapel Service

Mrs. Ruth Stull, missionary from Peru, spoke in the Thursday morning chapel service on the subject of "Highway and Hedge Christians." She based her remarks on Luke 14: 23. Invitations usually mean pleasant things. We, as Christians, are invited to the Lord's table. It is up to us whether we come empty handed or whether we bring saved souls with us. It is our duty to take the message to a lost world. The heathen dies in darkness, for he knows no name on which to call. There is no circumstance that Christ cannot carry us through. Mrs. Stull stressed that as long as Jesus tarries we are that as long as we are working in His "harvest fields." Although some do not accept the invitation we must carry the message. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."

Lost and Found

Found: A green Arnold pen. Harrison Brownlee
Found: Gold Bond pen with the initials L. E. Harold Crosser
Lost: A copy of the *American Mind*. Martha Woolsey
Lost: A green and brown plaid jacket. Mary Strickland
Lost: A grey Gold Bond fountain pen. Betty Lawrence
Lost: A green fountain pen. Irma Hoffman
HC
It is forbidden to kill; therefore murderers are punished unless they kill in large numbers and to the sound of trumpets. — Voltaire
It's good to live and let live, but better to live and help live. — Eleanor Roosevelt

Literati

Rings Forever

JOYCE SUTTER

Varied and strange as first impressions are, none have left the "freshie" so bewildered as the rings and bells of a single day.

While the moon still shines and the chilly air blows through the open window, the most contemptible of these ever-present evils shouts forth with its utmost power. The "freshie" leaps forth at the piercing ring of the alarm only to be confronted by a deep, dark ring framing each eye.

Must we ever behold as well as hear rings? Next is the morning bath which greets one with a continuous ring completely surrounding the enamel tub. Do you wonder we're not ringing with joy before breakfast?

Don't misunderstand. We love Houghton!

The most beloved and cherished in the heart of each "freshie", and no doubt, even by our sophisticated elders is nobly expressed by Lord Byron.

"That all-softening, overpowering knell,

The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell."

As the army of Sennacherib plunged ruthlessly upon its enemy, so the hunger-crazed student body reacts at the ringing of this, the dinner bell.

Surely we could not justly omit the finger ring. Already we have been duly informed that the acquisition of a ring for the "much-talked-of" third finger, is of equal importance with the obtaining of our A. B. or B. S. or what have you.

Yes, rings are ever confronting us. We awake with the ring of the alarm and go to bed with our head ringing in turmoil, and our hands wrung in despair because of the complex arrangements into which we have suddenly been transported.

Do I detect a faint ringing? To be sure, it's the hall proctor's bell.

Lights out!

Study Hours

MARIAN KIEFER

Listen, Roomutt, absolutely no talking tonight. I've got work to do, and how! What kind of work? Well, there's French; we have about six paragraphs of English comp. to write; an autobiography containing from one thousand to fifteen hundred words. Who, with any sense, would read the life story of a little, insignificant college freshman, pray tell? But it's just another one of those things.

(Two minutes)

Hm? What'd you say? Oh, would I like to put your hair up in curlers tonight? Well, Jayne, I'd really love to do it for you, but there's that French staring me in the face. Oh, O. K. Get out the curlers; I'll do it in three shakes.

(Five minutes)

Gee, kid, please don't disturb me any more. I've really got to work — and we only have until ten-thirty, remember. Huh? Sign for a light cut? Say, that's not a bad idea. Thanks for suggesting it. I'll go and do it right now.

(One minute)

Now! I can work as long as I wish. Signing off.

(Five minutes)

Oh, Jayne! Sorry to bother you, but did you see my pen floating around here anywhere? Oh, never mind; I've found it. So sorry to disturb you. This time I'm signing off for good.

Revival Service

Wednesday Night

"Are you going to harbor the sin?" questioned the Rev. Church Wednesday evening in Houghton church as he continued the revival services.

The text of the sermon was chosen from the book of Romans in the sixth and eighth chapters. "Romans," he said, "is a book of theology, and its principles work in any world at any time."

Mr. Church built his sermon on, and attempted to prove, the recognition of "two fold sin" in the Bible. As sources of proof he mentioned the ten commandments, the 51 Psalm, John the Baptist, Paul, and quoted from various prominent men in the world. He spoke of the "God indwelt, God possessed, and God-filled" life and told of the provision which had been made for such sin.

Wednesday Chapel

"Revival can only be secured through prevailing prayer," stated Dr. C. H. Brown of Leeds, England in chapel Wednesday, September 25. Dr. Brown addressed his sermon to the ministers of the convention, student body and faculty.

"You'll never produce a revival by free wheeling," he declared. "Revolutions don't just break out. They come in answer to prayer." He traced the beginnings of the great revivals of England and Ireland back to prayer. In Ireland, he traced the revival back to four boys who started prayer meetings several times a week.

The morning chapel service was opened by the singing of "Oh, Thou in Whose Presence" by the congregation. Dr. F. R. Eddy, National agent and publisher of the Wesleyan Conference, led in the opening prayer.

Rev. Church gave the evening address from Acts 2:39, Acts 1:4. Church people have need of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. He explained that the baptism of the Holy Spirit is a definite experience following regeneration. "It accomplishes purification of the heart, gives power for the soul, and gives a radiant sense of reassurance. If we do not have it we are living beneath our inheritance."

(Ten minutes)

What'd you say, Jayne? Did I get a letter from home today? Boy, I sure did; it was really swell, especially the check for five dollars that Dad sent. Not so bad, eh? Gee, I nearly forgot! I'll have to write home tonight, too.

(Five minutes)

Jayne, give me one of those chocolate cookies that your mother sent. Thanks.

(Two minutes)

Thanksgiving? Yeah, I can hardly wait.

(One minute)

Oh, this horrid stuff! I can't do it. I'm going to . . . what's that you say? Do I want a peanut butter sandwich? Sure thing! Thanks, kiddo. That should supply the much-needed inspiration for my autobiography.

(Five minutes)

Ho-hum! I can hardly keep my eyes open. Gee, I hate to get up early. If I were home, I'd sleep 'till noon. If I were home . . .

(Three minutes)

Oh, this English is getting me down. How should I start? Can't you give me an idea? Think . . . think . . . think . . .

(Five minutes)

Phooey! I'm quittin'. I'm too sleepy to work tonight. I'll tell you what! I'm going to write a letter to Mother and Dad!

The Bread of Life

By LOIS BAILEY

The world is over-populated with "Sabbath-day" Christians. Like the Jews of Isaiah's time, who offered sacrifices and kept the new moons and appointed feasts diligently, the "Sabbath-day" Christian offers his moral and even financial support to the church and keeps the appointed times for worship. Yes, he comes to church Sunday morning; he stays to Sunday School — even puts a nickel in the plate and shakes his head over the difficulties of Job; he usually attends the Sunday evening service. Prayer meeting frequently finds him in his proper pew. He can testify and pray occasionally. Indeed, one cannot say that he is insincere in what he does. One can only wonder if he has never realized that Christianity is more than a church service, more than a testimony given in prayer meeting among Christian people, even more than a prayer uttered in a private devotion period.

Let not the reader think that these Christian activities are unnecessary. "These things ye ought to have done and not to have left the other undone." If the "Sabbath-day" Christian could only visualize the possibility of being a "Daniel Christian," if he could only see the privilege of "serving God continually," the cry of the Hypocrite! Hypocrite! would be raised less often.

Christianity is a way of life — and life does not cease when prayers have been said and church services dismissed. To be a Christian means that Christian practices, principles, and ideals must permeate the whole of life — that concerned with work and play as well as that concerned directly with spiritual activities.

At times even the most sincere Christian finds himself slipping into formality — the formality of attending service, of singing, praying and testifying at the proper times. He discovers that he leaves the spirit of worship behind him in the church pew. He finds that Christianity is meaning no more to him than "Christian duties" faithfully performed. He has lost the vitality and reality of Christian living.

Many wear religion as if it were a garment to be taken off and put on at pleasure. They wear this garment on special occasions — like the Jews, they offer sacrifices and keep fasts. No, they don't slip the garment off to commit sin and wrong their brother. They slip it off, quite unconsciously, to tend to self. They have neglected the fact that the Spirit-led life is a walk in Christ, a walk on Monday as well as on Sunday. They do not "serve God continually." They serve Him conspicuously on Sunday; they serve Self, more or less conspicuously, on Monday.

Unfortunately the unbeliever contacts the Christian on Monday. He remembers the Christian's close observance of Sunday. He fails to reconcile Monday's Self with Sunday's Christ, Monday's silence with Sunday's testimony, Monday's frown with Sunday's prayer. He concludes that Christianity is just another form of religion. By failing to "serve God continually," by failing to make Christianity what it should be — a way of life, the Christian has lost the soul for whom he prayed on Sunday.

Reader, do you "serve God continually?"

Character, like charity, begins at home. It cannot be instilled by daily spoonfuls of education. — Fechtmeier

When all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth — then only shall the instinct of liberty be discharged from that part of the earth. — Walt Whitman



BOB FREDENBURG

When the sophs took the field Friday to face the yearlings they were minus three of their first string men. These players had been lost to the Cleveland Indians and the Detroit Tigers. Sheffer and Kennedy, back-field stars, and Ramsley, outstanding guard, were in Cleveland watching the Tiger-Indian baseball game.

Speaking of the Cleveland Indians, they are probably the least respected team in either league this year. It all started last June when the players wanted their manager removed because he scolded them. Since then rival teams have sent them rubber pants, rattles, perambulators, and one baby's bottle. When the season started no one thought they had a chance of coming through, but today they appear to be one of the best, most looked down upon teams in this country.

While we're still on the subject of national sports we might take a look at football. Cornell is picked by the experts as the team which will chalk up an undefeated season this fall. Carl Snavely says that his boys have a 300 to 1 chance of going undefeated, but indications are that the Big Red team will have one of the best outfits it has ever had.

In the local gridiron series we're picking the frosh to take the lead followed by the sophs, juniors, seniors, and the academy in order.

When the freshmen and sophs clashed last Friday, the frosh were on the long end of the dope sheet; however their offense didn't click. Both lines appeared weak on the offense with the edge as far as weight with the sophs. The frosh have a pass combination which they failed to utilize to its fullest extent. That combination is Markell to Hollenbeck. The sophs should be considerably stronger when they have their regular men back. Last year one of their best offensive plays was short bullet passes directly over the line with Kennedy doing the slinging and Sheffer throwing the long ones.

At last week's senior-junior game there was plenty of kicking. Most of this was directed toward official decisions and some of it was for the benefit of individual players. What these two teams needed most was someone to kick a football. In this pigskin encounter the average distance which the ball wobbled per boot was 31 and 33 yards.

It appears that Frankie Markell is headed for the captaincy of the frosh athletic teams. He led the tug of war team and is now guiding the frosh football squad.

This next article, while not pertaining to sports, had to be related here or I fear it never would have been told. Very often by some queer quirk of fate a feature editor has a chance to do some reporting for a paper. This happened recently when an "Allegedly Humorous" columnist wrote an article on a lecture. After the paper was on the street the lecturer rushed into the news office and

Juniors and Seniors, Freshmen and Sophomores Fight to Scoreless Ties in College's First Two Gridiron Encounters

Weather Makes Offensive Play Slow and Poor

The senior and junior football teams collided Wednesday afternoon and found each other tough competition. The game ended as a scoreless tie that was due as much to the adverse playing conditions as to the evenness of the teams. Recent rains made the ground soft and bogged down most running plays. Overhead a strong wind hampered the passing attack and made the weather so cold that only a few hardy fans watched the game.

The kickoff was at 3:55. The toss went to the juniors who received on the eastern side of the field. From the kickoff, the game seesawed up and down the field. Evan's toe sparkled frequently to save the seniors from onrushing juniors, but Marshall's timely passing kept them coming.

During the half, it started to rain, with a slight suggestion of snow. The juniors were first to return. After a few minutes wait, word went around that the seniors were quitting. Coach McNeese was heard to say, "I guess that the seniors are getting cold feet." Five minutes later they arrived on the field.

In the last half, many passes were intercepted and the tossing was evidently less cautious. With the game at stake, nothing could be lost by taking a chance on a long pass. Seconds to go, Evans rifled a pass to Tuthill who caught it on the juniors' 31 yard line. He never got in the clear. The gun barked before another play had begun.

Pre-game dope favored the juniors. Coach McNeese said that he felt the juniors would have a slight advantage. He gave as reason the names of the fellows who later stood out in the playing. The seniors, in his opinion, lacked the man who could make their efforts count in touchdowns.

asked a somewhat startled reporter if he had written the story entitled "The Curse of Drink."

Woolsey admitted that he had. "Well," demanded the woman, "what do you mean by saying the lecturer was evidently full of her subject?"

On our own national sports front an interest in mass athletics is beginning to show itself. This is a healthy indication from several angles. For the last few years our sports have become more and more professionalized. Thousands of people watch two teams perform and though they can quote statistics on each player they have no part in the game. These people are beginning to realize that it's more fun to play than to watch play.

Another aspect worth considering is that of national defense. The muscles which are developed by watching a football game do not play as important a part in marching as do those developed in actually playing the game.

Hollenbeck and Houser Star

Last Friday afternoon, a sophomore team forced to present an impromptu line-up, and a freshman aggregation handicapped by lack of organization fought to a scoreless tie in a game replete with brilliant plays and unforgettable "boners."

The second-year forces found it necessary at the last minute to call on a trio of new players to substitute for Kennedy, Sheffer, and Ramsley who suddenly took it into their heads to go to Cleveland the night before. However, these replacements filled in adequately, so that teamwork was at a premium.

Meanwhile the yearlings exhibited a wide array of talent; but lack of practice and experience of playing together combined to bring about a lack of cohesion and balance.

The failure of the potential scoring force of the stalwarts to materialize may be laid to the lack of a good passing attack. Stone did as well as could be expected; but the burden of the passing has always been shared previously by the absentee members—Hank Kennedy and Brodhead Sheffer. Meanwhile, Hollenbeck of the frosh exhibited superior passing skill but he could not find the necessary number of good receivers.

However, the outstanding weakness of the freshman attack lay in their line play. Houser, Clark, and Fredenburg broke through practically at will, forcing the yearling backs to make hurried passes and kicks. This explains the low kicking average and high number of pass interceptions.

There were only three first downs, all gained by the second-year lads. The first came around the midpoint of the first quarter on two completed passes and a penalty for unnecessary roughness. A flat-zone pass later in the quarter nearly netted the sophs a touchdown when Clark took the ball out in the open and scampered across the line unmolested; but the play was called back on an offside ruling.

The frosh nearly earned a first down late in the second period when they passed and ran 19 yards in two plays to put the ball on the soph's 23 yard line. However, the Stalwarts stiffened, holding the yearlings to no gain on two more plays; and the frosh never threatened again.

Early in the third quarter the sophs again seemed headed for a score when Buck passed twice for a total gain of 22 yards and a first down. However, Babbitt of the yearling line, slipped through the Stalwart wall to catch Buck yards behind the scrimmage-line. The sophs were forced to kick and provided the most hotly-discussed play of the game, when Madden apparently fumbled Stone's punt and Clark, Houser, and Scrimshaw all fell on the ball three yards from the goal line. However, referees McNeese and Eyler, after a lengthy consultation ruled that Madden did not touch the ball; and awarded the offensive to the frosh.

Liberty relies upon itself, invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, and knows no discouragement. —Walt Whitman

THE PANTRY

The Sweet Shop on the Campus
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Fresh From Our Frier

Yearlings First to Score In Current Gridiron Race

Open Letter

I have been asked by our *Star* Editor, Mr. DeRight, to write a letter to the student body to clarify the views of the minority faction, which desires a memorial to our late, beloved Dr. Douglas to be a practical memorial.

Dr. Douglas was a practical man! To you Freshmen and new students I will explain further, because we want your support in this movement, for it is twofold in its purpose: To erect a memorial to our beloved Dr. Douglas, which to the best of our understanding is the memorial he would prefer, and to erect a memorial in which every member of the student body can have an active part, carrying forward the project which he had so skillfully begun.

We who knew him well, remember that he was often seen standing on the brow of the hill, overlooking the vast chaos below. We who could share his dreams, remember that he desired more than anything, to see this sloping hill dotted with stately trees and flowering shrubs, with real grass, to which the students could point with pride and say, "What a beautiful campus! How we wish that Dr. Douglas could see the fulfillment of his dreams."

All great men have dreams, dreams that sometimes cannot be accomplished in one man's short lifetime. Lincoln saw his dream of a free American people come true; our Dr. Douglas did not live to see his dream crystallize, but we his students, influenced by his life and his dreams, should continue his work so that future students may realize the fulfillment of his great ambition. In carrying on the beautifying of our campus, not only would the students enjoy the delightful landscape, but also all those who passed through the village. This would typify the life of our beloved, naturalist professor, who gave unselfishly to those with whom he came in contact as well as to those he knew intimately.

Throughout his life, Dr. Douglas worked with an unselfish devotion, not only to maintain the high standards of the institution, but to increase its efficiency and add to its beauty. The last work he did was a part of his project of beautifying the campus. He could not complete it—shall we not accept the challenge to carry on his work, and to complete a memorial that will be a lasting testimonial to this "pioneer spirit" in the development of Houghton's beautiful campus. —Tom Gardiner

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Walker Highlights Brilliant Contest

A fighting academy team learned Monday afternoon that points and not yards gained win football games. The high school gained 155 yards as against 96 gained by the frosh. The frosh lost 19 yards and their opponents lost 67. Walker's kicks for the academy averaged 33 yards and Hollenbeck's one boot went for 38 yards. The yearlings intercepted 3 passes and the academy two. The frosh blocked one kick. The final score showed the yearlings to be ahead 10 to 0 by virtue of a touchdown, a conversion and a field goal.

The frosh kicked off to the high school and the academy lads showed the local fans the first attempt at razzle-dazzle ball handling which has been displayed this year. At the end of the first quarter the scoreboard read 0 to 0 with the most of the playing having taken place in midfield.

Early in the second quarter Markell intercepted a high school pass. Adam went through guard for 6 yards, a pass from Hollenbeck to Smith gave the frosh 6 more yards and a pass from Markell to Reese for 15 yards gave them a first down and goal to go. Markell then threw the pigskin to Smith for 8 yards and in the next play Reese caught Markell's pass just before it hit the ground to give the frosh a 6 point lead. Markell then converted to make the score 7-0.

The yearlings kicked and the academy boys started their march down the field. A pass from Lewellen to Walker netted 15 yards and one from Walker to Lewellen for 30 yards put the ball on the frosh 8 yard line and gave the academy boys a first down. Lewellen then threw to Walker for 2 yards but on the next play the ball went into the end zone giving it to the frosh on their own 20. The half ended with the ball in midfield.

In the third quarter the frosh kicked and on the first play a pass from Lewellen to Walker gained 60 yards and put the ball on the 6 yard line. Three incomplete passes and a running play which lost 6 yards gave the ball back to the frosh.

In the beginning of the last period the academy staged its third march down the field but again they lacked the scoring punch. Walker threw to Falkins for 22 yards and again for 9. The high school then picked up 5 yards on an offside penalty leaving them 7 yards to go for pay dirt. Lewellen passed to Walker for nearly the seven yards, but the ball was put down on the six inch line. Two incomplete passes failed to score and then the academy lads lost 19 yards on a fumble and the ball again went to the frosh.

In the closing minutes of the game Hollenbeck carried the mail through the center of the line for 23 yards. A pass from Hollenbeck to Reese gave the yearlings 26 more yards and put the ball on the 4 yard line. An end run and 2 incomplete passes failed to move the ball and on the fourth down Markell kicked a field goal to put the frosh ahead 10-0.

A man can hide all things, excepting twain —
That he is drunk, and that he is in love. —Antiphones

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