

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO  
HAV[E] NO EYE FOR A KEY-  
HOLE." — Josh Billings

# Literary Edition

## The Houghton Star

WERE YOU A  
PRIZE WINNER?  
SEE PAGE 6

VOLUME XXXV

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1943

NUMBER 25

## Going, Going, Gone!

A Study in Motives

BY ERNEST NICHOLS

Even after fifteen years of happy married life, I find that I am powerless to fathom the motivations behind many things that my wife does. I suspect, however, that the incentive behind some of the things that she does is more noble than that behind many which I do. It may be that I sometimes question her motives because I am guilty of hiding a bit of selfishness at times behind a screen of make-believe magnanimity.

The other day my wife looked up from her sewing. "What are you going to do Saturday?" she asked.

Immediately I took the defensive. I hedged. Desperately I played for time until I could learn why she wanted to know. Thoughts of the door that needed fixing, of the leaking faucet in the bathroom, and of the furnace pipe that needed cleaning all went racing through my mind. What else was there to be added to the list? Or was she subtly maneuvering in an attempt to end my procrastination of already existing chores?

"What's wrong now?" I asked, belligerently, wondering meanwhile, who had told her that I had Saturday off.

"Nothing is wrong, dear," she said sweetly. "I was just wondering."

It may be true that some women talk just to say something. My wife does not. She is a woman of few words. In fact, sometimes her words are protuberant with meaning. The flier on Atlantic submarine patrol who reported, "Sighted sub; sank same," had nothing on her. I have found it profitable at times to look carefully between her words before drawing conclusions.

### Motives Emerge

Well, I had Saturday off, and she knew it. No matter now how she found out. Furthermore, I could not read her mind or guess her thoughts. Hoping for the best, I said, "Okay, let's have it."

She picked the *Monroe County Gazette* out of the magazine rack and tossed it over to me. "I was looking at the auction sale advertised on the second page," she said. "It is on the old Davis homestead. You know we can't buy good furniture now. They are even making springs for chairs out of plywood instead of steel wire on account of war priorities. I thought we might get something for the porch."

I scanned the items listed. There were small tools, household goods, and dishes—that was it, dishes. I was sure of it. There might be an old hand-painted teapot, or platter, or some other china piece for me to pay for. Another piece of china that had been gathering dust since Putnam of Revolutionary days rode his horse wildly down the stairs—a piece for the ladies to "O-o-o-h" or "A-a-a-h" over as it sat on a shelf in one of the three cluttered china cabinets in our front room. I had about made up my mind that I would be unable to go; but then I noticed a *Winchester* carbine and a box of steel-jacketed shells on the list. I smiled condescendingly, and said, "I guess I can take you over for a little while."

At a quarter to one on Saturday afternoon we nosed our "Chevy" in between two cars, with scarcely an inch to spare on either side, locked

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## Sleep

BY

WILLA JEAN FLINT

"Come, my fine man. Here's a bird to match your own fine voice. He can sing as well as the 'King's Nightingale'. Heh! Heh! And without winding, too. Come! Come, boy. I'll give it to you as a present. Aye, I will and ask never a penny for it. He's yours without even a question. Take him and feel proud of this gift I've given you." With these words enclosed in a surprisingly soft but harsh cackle, the old woman disappeared leaving a bewildered boy with an iron cage clutched hard in his hand.

He looked quite perplexed by this sudden intrusion on his thoughts. To be sure they were nothing of great circumstance but this was sudden and he had been wondering what it was like to fly high in that endless sea of blue, to feel the complete surrender of one's self to nothingness or to fight against a strong wind as one swims against waves in an open sea. He had been wondering what it would be like to be so free, almost as the air itself, and then to feel the bars of a cage around you, trapping you, keeping you there in one single air, with no strength to fight against iron, no means of moving except in that single circle of bars. That must be the way of a bird when trapped, and a sudden rush of pity shook him. He wished that he might free every bird in the world. Yet he could not. The bird would have more than he, and how could he ever want this. A bird had no right to have more when a boy was able to crush it between the two fingers of his right

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## The Embroidery Hoop

A Little Girl, An Embroidery Hoop,  
And A Love Which Has No End

BY

MARY DUKESHIRE



... I saw the house for the first time. There was an embroidery hoop hanging from the shade in the third floor window ... "What's the embroidery hoop for?" I asked.

### Private, ERC

Pale snowflakes drifting down across my view  
Drop hesitant between the sombre pines  
As through my window, sectioned by dark lines  
Of ten electric wires, I watch the hue  
Unchanging, of the leaden sky, once blue,  
Whose dull expanse displays nowhere the signs  
That Spring will ever come. The cold sun shines  
Wanly to Southward. My free days are few.

A few days more until the call arrive  
When I must bid farewell to ways of peace,  
And quit this valley now so dear to me.  
When fratricide is done, if I'm alive,  
When this mass-murder, like all things, shall cease,  
I shall return when all the world is free.

— Alva Darling

## The Rediscovery Of Walking

BY ROBERT LONGACRE

Walking is an art that was fast being forgotten before December 7, 1941. Although there were yet some people who believed that this ancient and venerable mode of conveyance ought to be cherished (for the sake of tradition, if for nothing else), it was plain to see that it had definitely passed its day. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways."—and thus walking was destined to follow Paleolithic hand-axes and artifacts into the Limbo of the outmoded and impractical. Besides, the automobile was much more convenient, and not nearly as strenuous as the ancient custom. Anybody could see that it was foolishness to walk over to the corner store, two blocks away, when a car waited at the curb to take you there in a fraction of the time, if you would oblige it by stepping inside and pressing the starter. In the words of Emerson, "Perception is fatal";—and we had fatally perceived the folly of walking, and had resolved that henceforth we

would do as little of it as was possible. But this noble resolution was most pitifully shattered by Pearl Harbor, as the wheel of progress paused midway in its revolution, and then began its inevitable retrograde. With this auspicious development, especially in regard to the current recrudescence of walking, this brief paper ambitiously hopes to deal.

It is well, then, as we consider the renewed interest in walking, to fix firmly in our minds what that procedure involves—in a word, to make an adequate description of walking for the sake of those of our present generation who have had so little familiarity with it. Walking is at best a complicated art which the individual always has to learn again, in spite of its long use by the race. But it is only as the art becomes secondary and habitual that its value becomes apparent. Nevertheless, even this may be accomplished. But first we will consider Noah Webster's definition of walking, a word which strangely enough is neither marked obsolescent nor archaic in his dictionary: "To move along on foot; to advance by

steps, to proceed without running or lifting one foot entirely before the other touches the ground." This definition, in spite of its obvious limitations, in that it refers to another unfamiliar art, "running", that is not likely to be practiced by those who have abandoned walking, has essential merits in its intimation that walking is a process of propelling the body forward through space by advancing one foot ahead of the other, which simultaneously recedes and holds to the ground until the first foot has completed the step. Thus, walking in the habitual state, becomes, as William James has so accurately described complex habits in general, a "concatenated discharge" in which "the sensation occasioned by the muscular contraction just performed" automatically sets off the next muscular contraction. It is thus possible that walking can easily become fully as habitual as the operation of an automobile.

At any rate, it must be admitted that walking is rapidly coming into vogue once more, and the ease with

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The mellow sunlight of late afternoon gave the brownstone houses a softer appearance, so that, while retaining all their dignity, they seemed somehow less austere, and smiled almost benignly on the youngsters roller-skating on the street. I walked slowly along, thinking that not very long ago I myself had been roller-skating in that same street; yet, I was a complete alien from the children skating there now. Living twenty miles away, I was alien in locality, and being ten years older, I was alien in time.

Suddenly I felt indescribably old. It was not ten years ago that I had been one of these children—it was hundreds of years ago. The time had rolled on and on, and I alone was left standing sadly on the sidelines watching it go by.

"Snap out of this silly mood," I told myself, "and leave the melancholia for philosophers." The advice was practical, and having a horror of being considered a sentimentalist, I made an earnest attempt to follow it. I forced my gaze to watch the house numbers, and conscientiously read every word on the For Rent signs. Vacancy, Furnished Room, For Sale, I read. Six-eighty-nine, six-eighty-seven—I stopped. Somewhere in the back of my mind something was connected with the number six-eighty-seven, but I couldn't quite think what. There was a large sign on the middle second floor window. "Auction," it said, in large red letters, and in smaller letters underneath, "September 5th at 2:00 p.m. the furniture and effects of George R. Jerome."

I was astonished. So that was why the number six-eighty-seven had seemed so familiar—this was the house of Carolyn and Mr. Jerome. They had filled my thoughts often since that last day when Carolyn had gone away, and now the whole story flooded my mind again.

I could see them plainly—Carolyn with her large brown eyes staring wistfully out of her pinched little face, and her straight blond hair bobbing about her head as we played, and Mr. Jerome, fat and sloppy, squinting over his books and stopping his work occasionally to ask us whether we were having a good time. Once more

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HC

### Sunset

Aqua-blue blanket  
With soft white sheet turned over  
the top,  
Heavy brown comforter shaded  
By light into dusty pink and blue,  
Spread sprinkled with shimmering  
copper specks:  
The sun goes to bed between  
mountains and sky,  
And pulls the hills up over his  
head,  
And light goes out.

— William Smalley



# The Houghton Star

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

Member

Associated Collegiate Press

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Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Houghton, New York, under the act of October 3, 1917, and authorized October 10, 1932. Subscription position of the institution.

This literary issue of the *Star*, itself a war-time expedient to replace the annual literary publication, is issued with the conviction that an adequate background in literature coupled with an appreciation that has been quickened by one's own creative efforts (however feeble they may seem to their originator) is indispensable to intelligent leadership. Though the demand of the hour may be for men of technological and scientific training, the long range demand will be for men who have also a genuine comprehension of western civilization and of the values for which we are now fighting. Only leadership of this sort can reduce the possibility of a repetition of the present catastrophe. Only thus can we win the peace.

— R. E. L.

The young lad balking on his teacher and explaining his behavior by saying, "I ain't been motivated enough yet," is rather accurately indicative of the reason for the lack of a more general participation in the Literary Contest held each year. It isn't exactly stimulating to be told one should write because the satisfaction of creativeness is sufficient.

In times past, the *Lanthorn* has contained place-winning entries of the contest with some other writings. In the issuing of this literary *Star*, published this year in place of the *Lanthorn*, the policy has been to publish the first placings of the three classes — short story, essay, and poetry — and a few other selections.

Since, however, the enticement of a possible breaking into print does not appear to draw out any great volume of entries for the contest, it would seem advantageous to find some other motivation. Cash prizes would be a possible solution and would be a worthy undertaking for interested sponsors. The cash prize, coupled with the honor of having the names of the three first-prize-winners engraved on the Literary Contest Cup, should be kept before the students during the early part of the school year.

In this manner, the editorial staff of the literary publication could be left free to edit the paper rather than be restricted to publish winners. It would not only give a more creative type of work to the staff, but would also expedite their work by making possible the preparation of the publication even before the final judging was completed.

— P. O. H.

The significance of Houghton to its students is closely linked with the tradition upon which the college of today stands. Tradition, however, can become only a set pattern into which we feel obligated to fit ourselves. But this need not be true . . . in fact, it becomes thus only if we consider tradition as a thing of earlier years.

We must realize that just as our tradition has accumulated from the best in thought and leadership of former years, so will the body of tradition of the student generations hence be including the best of our contributions to Houghton, too.

Along with the ideals, standards, and accomplishments of Houghton, there should begin to emerge a distinctive type of literary leadership and literary tradition. It will develop only as we, the students, conscientiously utilize whatever literary gifts may be ours.

Clean, wholesome, Christian character is the end toward which the Christian college strives. Likewise, clean, wholesome, Christian reading material of a high literary quality becomes a corollary of this end. Overdone moralizing in the name of Christian literature is not only distasteful; it too often misses the mark. That is out. Nevertheless from those trained in the Christian college there should be coming writing, high in reader appeal, literary quality, and moral standard and influence. Houghton as a Christian college should be pushing out ahead — developing a leadership in this field, as well as forging a literary tradition.

— P. O. H.

## Final Judges

SHORT STORY: SYRACUSE H. S.

Rena R. Burdick  
Mary Manchester  
Theodosia A. Moran

ESSAY: ITHACA H. S.

M. Elizabeth Elliott  
Catherine Grady  
Helen Grommon

POETRY: U. OF MINN.

John T. Flanagan  
Tremaine McDowell  
Mary C. Turpie

## "Star" Traces Long History

Originates As Monthly Magazine;  
Professor Wright On First Staff

From time to time we who live on the campus are reminded of the development of Houghton College from the Seminary "over on the other hill" to the Liberal Arts College which now stands as a monument to its founders, who not only dreamed, but worked to see

their dreams become reality. Perhaps nowhere can the history of those years be more closely followed than through the files of our college publication, the *Houghton Star*. In the yellowing pages of the *Star* of years gone by can be traced the struggles of the little Seminary, the labors of Dr. James S. Luckey, and the steady growth of the College.

The *Star* as we know it is a newspaper of college functions and activities, but it had its beginning as a magazine. The first issue came out in February, 1908, in the form of a 9 by 6, 16-page magazine. Boldly daring the hardships of the future, the editorial staff announced its intention of editing the *Star* monthly. The editorial page of that first issue included this information:

"The *Houghton Star* is a magazine devoted to educational interests. It is published monthly during the school year (10 issues) by the students of Houghton Seminary."

"The subscription price is 65¢ a year, payable in advance, or 10 cents a copy."

Editor-in-chief Allison Edgar  
Assistant Editor Estelle Glover  
Business Manager Stanley Wright  
Assistant Manager Ralph Rindfusz

In the first issue the editorial staff stated its purpose in publishing the *Star*. The first of its aims read as follows: "The article on prohibition is intended to be introduced to a long list of reform messages." Other aims included the expression of the religious life on the campus, missionary interests, and publication of samples of the work of the two literary clubs — the Philomathean and the Neosophic. In keeping with these purposes, the first *Star* contained the following articles:

"The Kingdom of Iniquity"—Theos Thompson  
"The Gleam of the Star"—Stanley Wright  
"Houghton on the Genesee"—J. A. McPherson  
"The Value of an Ideal"  
"The Philomathean Society"—H. L. Fancher  
"The Neosophic Society"—R. Rindfusz

News was relegated to a rather unimportant place. It was not until the second issue that any amount of news was published. In that March issue, a page and a half was given over to "News Items". The first three items in that column well illustrate the situation.

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## POETIC PROSE?

"The gasoline tank was placed in quite a convenient place, too. It was under the front seat. I guess the only advantage of it was that if you were a Mormon and could put all your wives in the front seat, you could know how many you had because they had to march single file out of the car."

— Hoping Henry

"Girls don't appreciate loving boys who wear glasses . . . glasses cramp his style."

— Susy Q.

"The first essential thing in writing an essay is a desire to write. This desire can be brought about by many means. The one I know best is to have an English teacher give it as an assignment." [We know it too.]

— Frederick Clemens

It is true that the word 'youth' could be applied to those who have not yet reached middle age; but strictly speaking, youth refers to those who are in their early twenties or less." [Bet you didn't know this!]

— Penpoint

" . . . to the person who is in love, ah — to him it is the most delicious state of agony he has ever experienced."

— Fredrica Liljander

"The 'crush' is a common occurrence among 'teen age girls, and may almost be considered an inevitable part of growing up. Most of my girl friends were victims of this malady, and I was no exception."

— Barbara Warren

"Roommates are interesting people — they're like picking a 'guess-what' from the candy counter."

— Terry Lee

"Who looks intelligent with his eyes all screwed up, and his nose wiggling like a bunny? Anyway, since when are bunnies intelligent?" [Could this refer to our "Sophomore Bunny", Ray Coddington?]

— Susy Q.

"I wonder if the Wright brothers didn't get their idea from going too fast with a Ford and wondering if they would come down again."

— Hoping Henry

## PROSY POETRY!

" . . . like a mother hen  
 . . . sheltering another new born babe."

— Lynn Shaw

One whose soft smile of blight grinned wide  
 "I'm dreaming of a pale moonlight,  
 Across the porch of two hearts, . . ."

— Augusta Havens

"The fisher then has little use for bait;  
 For fish will not in the cold creek abide."

— Abner Goldfish

" . . . our boat entwined the gloam,  
 Painting our ships a mournful dirge,"

— Sharon Lee

"March comes with blustery winds and snow;  
 The wind will never cease to blow  
 So natural it is to see  
 A hat that's blown into some tree.  
 Each person knows how it got there  
 And by this instance can beware,  
 Lest he also be called to lose  
 A hat which he would never choose."

— Ezekiel Woodpecker

"Oh, to be a butterfly,  
 And sail around all day.  
 Oh, butterfly, you need not care  
 Because the skies are gray.  
 You fly around from here to there  
 Among the pretty lands.  
 You flutter, then you settle down  
 Upon the golden sands.  
 Oh, to be a butterfly  
 And never have a care.  
 Just fly around; the world to see,  
 And go from here to there."

— Beth Gerard



## Waiting —

A Soldier Dreams of Home in Death

BY HELEN SUNDERLAND

The sun was high in the North African sky. Jeff hid low in his shell hole and tried to sleep. His head ached like fury, and he thought for sure his head would burst.

All day long bombers had been flying overhead and the constant thud of falling bombs and the cries of horses, donkeys, and humans dying were maddening. He heard a building crash and heard the anguished cries of a Moslem mother as she screamed for her husband. A few seconds later he caught the smell of smoke and the sickening and putrid odor of burning flesh —

## Sleep

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hand.

How funny it was to be so suddenly interrupted by that old woman, that queer old woman who wanted to laugh but could only form a grating sound which was like rough gravel when he crushed it under foot. How funny she was and she had given him the bird without asking if he wanted it! Really she was imposing on him a little. How could she have known he had been wishing for one? Had he been wishing for one?

Anyway, he had one now. But what should he do with it? He couldn't possibly take it home. Mother would be quite frightened by it. She hated things that were too alive. She said there was something queer about them. They made her feel as though they were watching her. Silly thought! Of course they couldn't be. Why, they had no brain, or at least a very small brain. It only seemed as though they were watching you. But it made no difference. He couldn't take it home. Yet he couldn't leave a bird, a bird caged as this bird was caged, in the middle of a street. There was but one thing to do—to take it home and plead with his mother to let him keep it.

He hurried down the street swinging the cage slightly in his hand, appearing very unconscious of all these facts while inside the words were singing over and over again that he now had a bird. As he climbed the steps that led to his door, he smiled, feeling the psychology of smiling before entering a storm. As he closed the door softly, he peered anxiously into the hall and tip-toed to the door of the living room.

"Mother."

"Yes, dear, I'm in here." The words floated out to the hall. "Did you close the door?"

"Yes, Mother," and he peered around the living room door and up at his mother. "Mother, I have a present for you, or rather for me. Mother. It was given to me. May I keep it if I take care of it? Please, Mother. It's very nice and the old

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## To Loveliness

What lovely beauty unsuspected lies  
Where mortal gaze doth seldom chance to roam.  
The catacomb of honey-bee's deserted home;  
The stern unyielding force of storm-blown skies.

What priceless loveliness the morning dew  
Where sleep-drenched flow'rets all unopened lay.  
The lark's fleet soar; the glory of a breaking day;  
The sunlit path, a prism, steeped in countless hue,  
Which leads from mossy bank to wooded green,  
From there to misty cobweb, fairy-sown.

'Ere time from this brief instant flies,  
And loveliness as yet unseen  
Shall vanish to a world unknown,  
What lovely beauty unsuspected lies.

—Margaret Snow

## Contest Winners

### SHORT STORY

- 1 The Embroidery Hoop Mary Dukeshire
- 2 Waiting . . . Helen Sunderland
- 3 Eternal Vigilance Ward Hunting

### ESSAY

- 1 Going . . . Ernest Nichols
- 2 Just a P.K. Helen Sunderland
- 3 Stars Marjorie Calhoun

### POETRY

- 1 Private, ERC Alva Darling
- 2 Sunrise Alva Darling
- 3 Time Mary Ellen Perry

## Heaven

"Heaven is not alone a place up in the blue,  
You hold it in the hollow of your hand,"—  
And when I read these words I began to understand  
The sweet burning pain which cuts my heart in two  
Whenever I hear your voice, or feel your gentle touch;  
I know it isn't much, and yet, in such moments  
I can glimpse the rapture meant to be, for us, until  
eternity.

—Ardareth Hober

## The Embroidery Hoop

(Continued from Page One)

I had the feeling of hundreds of years having passed during the last decade.

I read the sign again. There could be only one reason for this auction; Mr. Jerome must have died. The thought shocked me. Somehow he had seemed ageless to me as a child, and even now, I reflected, he couldn't have been much over fifty. "September 5th," the sign said. Why, that meant that only a few days ago the auction must have taken place. I noticed a smaller sign on the basement window, which I had overlooked before. "House for Sale," it said, "Open for Inspection".

Being seized with an irresistible urge to see the inside of the house once again, I slowly mounted the stoop, thinking meanwhile of how I had first met Carolyn and Mr. Jerome.

I liked Carolyn the first time I saw her. She was entering the third grade late in the term, standing, frightened and alone, at the teacher's desk while her transfer papers were checked. From the way she smiled back when I grinned at her, I knew immediately that we would be friends. Every day we walked home from school together along Seventh Avenue until we came to Carroll Street, where she turned to the right and I to the left, and we had to stop our chatter.

Then one day Carolyn invited me up the street to jump rope, and I saw the house for the first time. There was an embroidery hoop hanging from the shade in the third floor window which greatly aroused my curiosity. "What's the embroidery hoop for?" I asked. For a while Carolyn refused to answer, but I coaxed until she gave in.

"Uncle George hung it there," she told me, "because he said his love for me was just like that hoop—it keeps going on and on and has no end."

When I met Mr. Jerome, I could hardly believe that he had said such a thing, for he was definitely not the type of person from whom one would expect such a sentimental remark. At first his appearance repulsed me, as it did most people, but later I came to

take him for granted, although I never could develop much fondness for him. Carolyn, however, seemed to disregard his fat body, squinty eyes, and irritating laugh, and looked upon him as a kind of fairy godfather. The mere thought of Mr. Jerome as a fairy godfather was incongruous; nevertheless, Carolyn's attitude gave me that idea.

Although I was able to take Mr. Jerome for granted, the neighbors certainly were not. I noticed that my friends were not allowed to go to Carolyn's house to play with her.

One day, while we were sitting on the stoop fastening our roller skates, I decided to settle the question that was in my mind. With a frankness characteristic of children, I asked Carolyn why she was living with her Uncle George instead of with her father and mother. Her mother, it seemed, had died of pneumonia when Carolyn was still too young to remember her, and her father had married again. Later, among the many reports that were circulating, I heard that her father was a drunkard, but Carolyn never told me so herself. "Have you any sisters and brothers?" I asked her.

"Twelve," she replied quietly. "What!" I exclaimed. "Twelve! You must have lots of fun at home."

"No," she said, "I hate home. My stepmother likes my stepbrothers and sisters better than me, and we never have enough to eat."

I regarded her as a being from another world. It was unthinkable that people should actually be going hungry. "Why didn't your Uncle George give your family food?" I asked.

"Oh, he's not my real uncle," she said, "but I wish he was. I love staying here with him." Her skate now being fastened, she started off down the street.

I was not satisfied, however. "But Carolyn," I called after her, "if he's not your real uncle, why did he take you to live with him?"

She looked surprised at the question. "Why, I don't know," she said. "I suppose he was lonesome in that big house with nobody else

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## Going, Going, Gone!

(Continued from Page One)

the doors, and started up the road between two long rows of vehicles. I say vehicles for no other term would fit. There were ancient models and late models, and some were neither ancient nor late. Those that had windshields had stickers displaying various letters of the alphabet prominently placed before the driver. There were vehicles powered by motors of more than a hundred horsepower. Some were powered by only one or two horses, and these had no stickers on the windshields. More and more of these low horsepower conveyances seemed to be coming out of hibernation.

We approached the large crowd which had gathered, and from a point of vantage on a porch railing, where I had been left to amuse myself while my wife was browsing around among the furniture—or china ware—I watched a most interesting panorama as I waited for the sale to begin. There was the overcoat and the light jacket, side by side, the heavy winter cap with ear flaps, and beside it the bare head.

I noticed one young lady who was wearing wool socks and ski shoes, and another with light, scant anklets and oxfords. My sympathy was aroused for the latter, a slight Miss of about eighteen years, who, I thought must be suffering from the cold. I wondered at the time what could compensate for standing around all afternoon in a cold February wind without enough clothing on to cover one's person. Since, however, there is much which I have not yet been able to fathom even in one as close to me as my wife, I despair of ever arriving at any satisfactory explanation of mental processes impelling actions in those who are total strangers. It is possible that my concern for the young Miss so slightly attired was totally superfluous, redundant, and completely wasted, for I am told that the mind has great power over the body. The preoccupation of her mind upon a certain young man in the crowd may have rendered her insensible to the cold.

Some of these rural folks under my observation blended with the crowd, even as the sea and the sky on a hazy autumn day. They were not tall, nor short. Their gait and manners were ordinary. Neither were they fat, nor thin, nor were they dressed in new clothing, nor old. Only as they moved was one reminded of their presence.

There were others, however, who, because of their dress, or manner, or some physical characteristic, stood out from their surroundings as definitely as did a great pine tree which I once beheld standing alone on an Iowa landscape. A blue-eyed lass clad in a flaming red coat and white rubber boots was one of these. So also was a man who appeared to be about six feet four inches tall and weighed not less than two-hundred and forty pounds. The clothing of the former, but the person of the latter drew the attention.

I had just observed another "outstanding" person—a portly gentleman, slightly past middle age, where life is said to begin, when the cry of the auctioneer disrupted my train of thought.

"All-I-r-right, ladies and gentlemen, right this way," he was saying in a high, cracked voice. "We have just what you want, and we'll take just what you offer us for it. Who wants this shovel? How much am I offered? Twenty-five cents? Who'll make it thirty? Forty? Who'll make it fifty? Sixty? Sixty? You all

(Continued on Page Four)



## The Embroidery Hoop

(Continued from Page Three)

but Mrs. Farran." Mrs. Farran was the housekeeper—a thin, angular, gray-haired woman and I could understand that she would not be very good company. Carolyn's answer satisfied me completely, and we skated off gaily.

There were not many people, however, so easily satisfied. Why, the neighbors wanted to know, should a disgusting-looking man like Mr. Jerome want to bring up a little girl like Carolyn? Why couldn't he have taken one of Carolyn's little stepbrothers, if he merely wanted to help a poor child from the slums? And was Carolyn legally adopted? If not, why not? I found out later, from Carolyn herself, that her father would not permit Mr. Jerome to adopt her for fear of losing some money when Carolyn would be old enough to work.

These questions were repeated again and again, each time increasing in subtle implications, until the gossip about Mr. Jerome and Carolyn reached enormous proportions. Some of this gossip reached Carolyn through Mrs. Farran and through the school children, and I began to see a change in her. She seemed less carefree than formerly. "What is the matter with you, Carolyn?" I asked her.

"Nothing," she said. "Why should anything be the matter?"

"Well," I answered vaguely, "you seem different, and I thought something might be wrong. Aren't you happy with Mr. Jerome any more?"

She was silent.

"Is he mean to you?" I pursued.

"No," she answered vehemently, and I could see the tears gathering. "He's always nice to me, no matter what people say."

Baffled, I let the subject drop, and we went on with our plans for Carolyn's twelfth birthday party. Yet as time went on, she grew less and less like herself. Finally the inevitable happened; Carolyn came down to my house to tell me that she was leaving Mr. Jerome and going home.

"Home? But I thought you hated home."

"Oh, it's not so bad, I guess," she said. "Anyway, people aren't always talking about me there."

"Don't you like Uncle George any more?" I asked her.

"Not much," she said. "Mrs. Farran says I'm doing the right thing to go home. I'm glad that my father wouldn't let me be adopted."

I was heart-broken to see her go. "I'll see you again sometime," I said.

"Maybe," she answered, and kissed me good-bye.

"Be sure to write to me," I told her, but she never did. That was the last I had ever seen of Carolyn.

The next afternoon I went up the street to tell Mr. Jerome how sorry I was that Carolyn had left, for I felt that he and I would miss her most. I hesitated a little before ringing the bell, because I felt I hardly knew Mr. Jerome at all. He lived in the far-away world of grown-ups, and, as far as I was concerned, he only provided background for Carolyn. Only on this one afternoon did I really catch a glimpse of Mr. Jerome as a distinct personality; I have wished since that I had been more discerning, but children must busy themselves with roller skates.

When Mr. Jerome came to the door, he was surprised to see me standing there. "I know you'll miss Carolyn terribly," I said, "and I wanted you to know that I will too."

He walked silently into the house, and I followed him. Still without speaking, he sat down at his desk, gazing at a picture which he held in his hand. Suddenly, to my consternation, he began to sob. "Carolyn," he cried, "Carolyn!" As he bent

over his desk, the picture fell to the floor. I glanced down at it casually expecting to see a picture of Carolyn, but I was disappointed. The name "Carolyn" was written across the lower left-hand corner of the picture, but it was of a Carolyn I had never known—an older Carolyn, with lovely blond hair and large dark eyes, wearing a dress of another generation.

I stood in the center of the room, not knowing what to do; but since Mr. Jerome's sobs did not abate, I tiptoed quietly from the house. I looked back only once—to see whether the embroidery hoop was still hanging in the window. It was.

I never saw Mr. Jerome again. Years afterward I heard that after Carolyn had left, he lived the life of a recluse, scarcely ever stirring from the house. As for the picture, I never mentioned it to a soul. Perhaps, after all, children are not devoid of discretion.

That was the story of Carolyn and Mr. Jerome—or, at least, all of it that I knew. I went back over it in my mind as I walked up the stoop to the front door. Probably, I thought, I'll never hear of them again, but at least I can pay the tribute to their memory of walking through the house once more. My words to Carolyn kept going through my head. "I'll see you again some time," I had said positively. Now I knew that I had been wrong.

My footsteps re-echoed through the empty rooms. Upstairs I could hear some movement. Someone else was evidently inspecting the house. Rather unreasonably, I resented the intrusion. This house was Carolyn's and Mr. Jerome's, and no one else had a right to walk callously through it, prosaically investigating closet space. I walked upstairs myself, for, if possible, there was something I wanted to find.

A cheap-looking, gaudily-dressed young woman was standing near the window looking through a pile of rubbish. Startled by my approach, she jerked up her head and dropped something from her hand. I approached the pile of rubbish and spoke politely to the girl, but she merely gave me a distant nod.

I was provoked. What right had this unnaturally blond, over-painted, hard, young woman in Carolyn's house? I glanced down at the pile of rubbish. Yes, there on the top of some newspapers was the embroidery hoop. The girl saw me eyeing it, and gave it a toss with her foot. "It's funny what crazy things you'll find in old houses, isn't it?" she said, in a hard, husky voice.

I could not trust myself to speak. As quickly as I could leave the room, I ran downstairs to the basement to await the girl's departure. No brazen hussy was going to see me take that embroidery hoop from the rubbish pile.

In a very few minutes I heard the clicking of heels overhead, and knew that she was leaving. I hurried upstairs to get the hoop, but it was gone! Why should the girl want to take it, I wondered; there were only two people in the world who might want that hoop—myself and Carolyn. Suddenly the truth dawned upon me, and I rushed from the house. "Carolyn!" I called, running down the street after the girl, "Carolyn!" but she did not turn. I overtook her and touched her arm. "Carolyn," I pleaded, "don't you remember me?" but she brushed away my hand.

"I never saw you before," she said, looking straight at me, and walked quickly on.

I stood and watched her go down the street, seeing through my dim eyes only the round bulge in her pocketbook, and a little girl named Carolyn.

## 'Star' History

(Continued from Page Two)

illustrate the type of news of the early Star:

"Professor Wm. Greenburg visited Buffalo, Saturday, February 20."

"Leland Boardman made a flying trip to Olean, Saturday, February 13."

"Ray Washburn spent Sunday, February 21, at his home in Bellville, New York."

Sources do not agree as to whom credit is to be given for the beginning of the Star. In the first issue, some little recognition is given to Miss Estella Glover for her work in arousing interest and actually getting things under way. The editorial states: "We have talked more or less of a college paper for years and vaguely considered ways and means, but it remained for Miss Glover of Kansas, a new student this year, to actively inquire into this subject and to correspond effectively on its behalf and to talk us all into a sense of our deficiency and a lively enthusiasm for the new project." Other sources suggest a possible beginning of the Star from the Philomathean Society. Evidently such a step caused a friction with the rival club, the Neosoph-

## Going, Going, Gone!

(Continued from Page Three)

done?—Sold! for fifty cents."

The auctioneer was a little old man with a cane. His mustache and hair were long and gray. His hearing was no longer keen, and thus there were occasional raised bids that he missed. His step was infirm and his movement slow as he started the sale. Why not? He had been an auctioneer for sixty years. Today he was wearing a soiled felt hat with the brim turned up on both sides. His overcoat had been black, and well tailored, but now it was a dark rusty brown, long out of date, and threadbare. The cold wind reddened his ears, and caused him to try to keep them warm with first one jersey-gloved hand and then the other.

As the ancient little man began to dispose of the articles one at a time, more life began to come into his movements. His eyes began to sparkle, his hand and step became steady, and his speech quickened. The firehorse had heard the bell! He forgot his cold ears. He stripped off his overcoat. He raised his voice. Seldom now did the raised bid escape his notice; even his hearing seemed to be keener. Exhilaration was in his countenance and in the sound of his voice. The crowd caught his spirit and bid recklessly. Here was action, conflict, and strife. Where was the weak little old man now? Gone! I saw in his place a warrior-general who skillfully set one contender against another until one was beaten; who found another to take the place of the vanquished, and then another, until the highest bidder stood victorious, the article of contention in his possession—at what a price!

The tempo of action quickened. I was swept into the spirit of the sale as one contest followed another in quick succession. Then I heard my wife's voice—she was bidding—"A dollar and a half." Again I heard it, but this time it was, "Two and a half." The third time I heard her voice she was saying, "Three and a half."

What was she buying? I had been so interested in the old auctioneer, and in his skillful manipulation of the conflict that I was paying little attention to the articles being sold. But now my wife was about to spend three dollars and a half, or maybe more, and I began to wonder what she was bidding on.

The auctioneer was holding the

article above his head. It was shining in the afternoon sun—a teapot of the Colonial period. He was saying, "Four I've got. Four and a half, quick, or you'll lose it."

I looked toward my wife, scowling, but she did not see me. She did not want to see me. Her voice rang out, "Four and a half."

Indignation was arising within me. What did she want of another old teapot, anyway? And what other woman was foolish enough to want it? My indignation took another turn as I saw Mrs. Van Snip bid five dollars. My wife did not bid again. No one did. The auctioneer was saying, "You all done?" I looked frantically for my wife, but she had disappeared. Mrs. Van Snip was about to get the teapot. That would never do. The auctioneer was now saying, "Five dollars a-a-a-and—"

"Six dollars," I blurted.

Mrs. Van Snip shouted, "Seven and a half."

Determined now to out-bid her I shouted back, "Ten dollars."

Mrs. Van Snip turned away. No one wanted the old teapot that badly. The sale was over.

"On the way home my wife asked, 'What ever made you bid on the teapot?'"

"Didn't you want it?" I asked, smiling as disarmingly as I could.

"Yes, but—," and then suddenly she asked, "Why didn't you bid on that gun? I thought sure you would."

Again I just smiled, and said, "I'm satisfied."

She gave me a look and a shrug which said more plainly than words, "I can't figure you out." With that the subject was dropped.

I was satisfied that Mrs. Van Snip did not get the teapot. It was satisfaction to compensate for loss of the gun due to Mr. Van Snip's engaging me in conversation while someone else bought the gun for him. I was satisfied, too, that my wife thought that I had bought the teapot just because I wanted her to have it.

No, I do not think I shall ever know to any great extent the motives back of the actions of my closest friends, or even those of my wife; nor need our relationships be the less happy or trustful because of it. I suppose, however, that were I more virtuous myself I would consequently put a better interpretation upon the motives of my wife, and thus come nearer guessing the true impulses of her heart.

## The Rediscovery Of Walking

(Continued from Page One)

which our nation is re-mastering the habit should prove one of the hopeful signs of our generation, and the evidence that the race has not yet reached the limits of its adaptability, in which case we would have need to fear a fate similar to that which overtook the Dinosaurs. But, as even the dullest mind may now perceive, this concern can be safely dismissed. *Walking is becoming the fashion again*; everywhere across this wide land we see people practicing it after long abstinence; men, women, children, white-collars, proletarians, all classes and all ages, we once more are taking up this primitive practice. Even a fool can see that our racial adaptive functions have not atrophied.

One curious result has ensued which will make thoughtful people everywhere marvel. People are not only adapting themselves to walking, but some even profess to enjoy it. With many, of course, the pleasure is on a low and somewhat sensual plane; they report, to wit, a certain physical stimulation throughout their bodies, and a sense of exhilaration from the free play of their limbs. Others, however, report that even the mind seems to be bettered by the practice. These people, with all the zeal of new converts, go to great lengths in describing the benefits of the practice, and claim that, among other things, they experience a release from emotional tensions and a new psychological poise. Sad to say, many of these results they attribute to a rediscovery of the value of "meditation"—another discredited art which is undoubtedly an outworn medievalism. Again, they rather tend to glorify "Nature", in spite of the fact that science has proven that the universe is essentially unfriendly to man, and that he does best to create his own world for himself without looking outside himself for his salvation. Indeed, without being unduly severe with those who profess to find great pleasure in walking, we must say that either their pleasure is of a most primitive variety, or that their profession of it is only a semi-conscious rationalization of necessity. We still claim that the chief reason for feeling gratified over the renaissance of this practice lies in its stimulation of the adaptive functions.

But, finally, in all fairness, we must admit the possibility that the claims of the new devotees of walking may have some foundation. If there is a genuine value in the habit, we would do well to discover it now, and to retain it even after the necessity of its practice is over. We will watch the devotees and see if they still persist in their practice after the automobile returns. If they do, we may well allow that their expressions, "release of emotional tension", and "psychical poise", refer to concrete realities of human experience—metaphysical though they seem. The universe is, after all, a mysterious thing, as the Principle of Indeterminacy and the Theory of Relativity seem to indicate. We may find a permanent place for walking in the universe. If we do, even the long, protracted struggle in which the world is now engaged will not be in vain; the blood will not have been needlessly shed; and the brighter side of it all will appear. And we will be spared the necessity of speculating on the possibility of evolution's developing wheels upon our bodies to take the place of our outmoded pedal appendages.

—HC—

For Spring is like a symphony  
Which fills a soul to set it free.

—Ed Mehne



## Thinking Them Over

BY  
MARY DUKESHIRE

The Anti-vivisection League wants me to write an article for their magazine next month. "Think over your experiences with animals," their letter said, "and write something that will help us in our crusade against the slaughter of poor, innocent creatures merely for the sake of experimentation."

I can't understand why they chose me for such a task—probably they don't know that my sister used to perform tonsorial operations on caterpillars, or that she and I amused ourselves one summer by murdering in-offensive jelly-fish. I've never even considered being an anti-vivisectionist myself, but I must have had an experience with animals at some time or other that would help the cause. I feel I really ought to make some attempt to comply with the society's request, since the president of the League is our landlady's second cousin.

All day I've been racking my brain trying to think of an experience suitable to write about. Once a wasp stung me, but I don't suppose the society would be interested in that. While I was walking through the mud under a cow bridge, the wasp stung my hand. All I had done was to lay my hand lightly on a stone. How was I to know that there was a wasp on that particular stone? My hand hurt terribly—but what's the use of going into detail? The incident is certainly not material suitable for the League's official organ. Official organ" is what they call their magazine. It's the "Official Organ of the Anti-vivisection League of New England."

Nor would there be any point in telling about the time I got entangled in a calf's chain and he dragged me all around the farmyard, or about the time a horse stepped on my mother's foot. The society is definitely not looking for that sort of thing.

Most people who write for the magazine seem to write about cats or dogs. I see that there is a picture of a beautiful angora cat on the cover of last month's issue. Well, we once took care of a friend's angora cat for two weeks, but when our friends took the cat back, they left us with its fleas. My mother spent two weeks trying to get rid of those pesky insects, but that wasn't the end of the affair.

About this time I came down with an unknown disease which the state laboratory diagnosed from my blood as Rocky Mountain fever. A health officer came to the house and, inquiring solicitously about my health, asked whether I'd been bitten by any ticks.

"No," I replied, "just fleas."

His sober face lighted up with excitement. "You mean you've had fleas in the house?"

"Hundreds and thousands of them," I replied without exaggeration.

"Have you any here now?" he wanted to know.

I told him that there might be a few left down in the cellar. He asked if he might go downstairs and try to catch one.

"Certainly," I answered, "go right ahead." I stood at the head of the stairs and nearly had convulsions watching him hop seriously around among the miscellaneous assortment of boxes, books, furniture, and tools that clutter up our cellar. He almost caught one once, but he tripped over the clothespin box, and the elusive insect escaped. Finally he gave up and came upstairs. I comforted him by giving him the address of our friends who owned the cat. "Probably it still has some fleas left," I told him, and off he went on his quest.

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## Sleep

(Continued from Page Three)

woman wanted me to have it. May I, Mother?"

"Please. Keep what and who gave it to you?"

"Keep the bird, Mother, and an old woman gave it to me. She laughed and said she had a bird for me and went away. Please, Mother. It's a very small bird and I'll keep it out of your way. Besides, it's caged and anything caged can't be too alive. May I keep it?"

"No, dear." But these words brought such a cry that the poor mother was certain she had dealt her child a mortal wound and she was quick to make amends. "Hush, dear. Of course you may keep it if you keep it out of my way. Hush. I said you could keep it."

The crying ceased and the boy beamed up at his mother and went proudly, swinging the cage slightly as he went, to his room.

He put it in the small window of the alcove where it hung swaying on its chain to the accompaniment of squirrels' chatter as they hunted for stored nuts under the eaves. The bird seemed well content with its new home and master and filled the room with a melodious vision of song.

The boy remained there with it, listening and watching, forever listening and watching, as though fascinated by the slight sway of the cage and the delicate tones that came from within. He forgot that the trees were changing from winter gray to green, that the ice was breaking and boys following streams with fishing poles. He forgot to listen for the returning birds with songs shriller and sharper and with bodies living and free. He forgot even to remember that the days were turning into warm spring and that life was nothing but out-of-doors. His mother called it "Spring Fever" and applied the usual tonics. Strange, it was, that he took them without complaining and went directly back to the bird.

But he felt no strangeness. It was his mother who was full of foolish, womanish ideas. How could he be ill when his days were being filled by this peculiar, new sense of peace which had come when the bird had first filled the alcove with the melodious vision, when it had first sung its song of sleep.

How foolish was the world. It was but racing for an intangible dream. Why didn't they know? It

## To A Little Boy In A Sunsuit

Hello there, little blue-eyed boy.  
How are you today?

You say you're fine. Well, that is good.

And what's that game you play?  
Oh, you're building a tunnel

Away through the sand

To find the sandman

And fairyland?

Here's wishing you luck,

My dear little man.

Some day soon you will grow up

And find that life's not only

A land of dreams where sandmen

And fairies play all day,

But is full of sorrow and sadness

And dark with dismay.

— Virginia Latshaw

## Tapestry

Do not grieve, Father, that thy  
only son is gone

To fight for freedom and the  
right;

To clear this cloud-smudged  
world of the night

So deep and dark and sinful

That no man can peer through

The thick, black weaving of sin

From which dangle clumps of

human life.

Only God can see the upper side

of this knotty tapestry—

The streaks of crimson so hor-

rible to us below,

The fast-forming silver in your

hair,

The blue melancholy of your

thoughts,

May above form a beautiful

sunset exquisitely blended.

— Ina Jackson

was very plain. It had been plain since the bird had first sung to him. It had sung "sleep, sleep." Over and over it had brought forth the words distinctly, without tremor. Why couldn't they hear? Why did they look at him as though he were ill? The bird had sung it. It had continued to sing it every day, every hour since. Why couldn't they feel it? It had filled the alcove with the presence of sleep and he wanted only to remain there, where there was no thought of reason, nor any reason for thought.

It was as though the song held him, held him stronger than chains, kept him, bound him to the bars of the cage, sapping all strength from him as he was lulled by the tunes of the bird.

Why did he stay? There was the day without, the day he used to love. Why did he stay? There were the streams and fish; there were the trees and the sky stretching boundless and blue like a transparent sea, without bay and without beach. Why did he stay? There were the forests with birds, birds aplenty who were free, without cage, without bar, with voices loud and shrill flowing out on the breeze. Why did he stay with the voice of this bird, this lone, pale bird whose wild, flowing voice, not shrill, strong nor free was choking him, binding him, smothering him with the fine voice of "sleep".

And he longed for the days "out-of-doors". There was something sure about them, something tangible and certain with reason and cause. Here, here, there was nothing but that abominable voice which persisted in ringing in his mind, yielding tones of the singular majesty, sleep. It was binding him, mystically but surely to the iron bars of the cage, binding with white fingered threads, endless and magnanimous as song.

He must get away. There was the door with the stairs beyond. He could go down and out into the open air. He could call and his mother would come. He could call and the whole world would rush to his side. He need but put out his hand, break that swaying chain and stop it forever. He need but reach in, take this pale bird, crush it between his fingers and its voice would be stopped forever. He could choke it as the song was choking him. And the cage continued to sway, exact in the strength of the circle the chain offered it.

Yet the voice became weaker as the bird grew weaker, dying slowly from lack of attention. The boy could find no time to tend it. He could only stand near listening to its song. The tone had never been strong but now it failed even to fill the small room. Slowly the clearness failed and the word "sleep" could scarcely be understood.

## Waiting —

(Continued from Page Three)

are going to play baseball tonight. Maybe Lynn will play tennis with me. I'll ask her anyway. She is a pretty girl. Funny I never visited her much before. She has always been Sam's sister 'till now. I think I love you, Lynn. I love you, do you hear?

I enjoyed Sunday dinner at your home, Mrs. Martin. The turkey was excellent. You and Mr. Martin and Lynn were swell to me. And I appreciate it. These visits are always something to remember, when I get back to camp. (Some day I'm going to ask what happened to Sam.) I should tell lots of people I appreciate them while I still have the opportunity. Life is so short.

Let's go to church, Lynn. I have always wanted to take you to church so we can enjoy the stained glass windows together. I like to hear you sing too. Maybe we'll sing "Fight the

The day came when it ceased altogether and the bird lay cold and stiff, quite dead. With the song the vision disappeared leaving him free, freer than he had been since he had had the bird. The mother rejoiced and felt the relief that her boy no longer was ill and that the bird was dead. She threw its body into the ashes and instructed the city men to make certain that they did not let it fall anywhere on the grounds.

From the window of the alcove he watched it go, certain that he was now freed. Then he heard again the same soft tone, the same flowing words of sleep. He felt himself grasped in the same mystic vision of the endless threads of song. It filled the room again with its claiming presence, clutched at his heart with its cool hand and drove all desire of life from his brain. Without looking, without knowing, the boy felt its presence and with sudden desire to free himself forever from this menace, he threw himself out of the window, turned in the air, and fell heavily upon his neck.

The next day in the paper was this notice: Joseph Letson, ten-year-old son of Robert and Mary Letson fell out of an upper window on April 17 and died immediately with a broken neck.

Four days later an old woman, accompanied by a man in uniform, climbed to the door of 7 Elm Street and rang the bell. It was opened by a sad-faced woman.

"Pardon me, ma'am," the officer said, "but I came for the 'parakeet' that this woman stole from the Zoological Gardens. She said she gave it to your little boy."

Good Fight" or "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." It doesn't matter to me as long as I hear you sing. Please wear that white linen dress. You look so much like a Red Cross Nurse in it. Your black hair shines so. It looks ebony against that white dress. You're an angel anyway, Lynn.

Some night I want to take Dad and Mom to the opera. They have worked so hard for me. Maybe when I get to be a Lieutenant I'll have enough money to see one. This camp gets me down. I wish Lynn were here. She'd read to me and I'd feel better. I hope she doesn't read *How Green Was My Valley*. That's too sad. Everybody dies in that. It seems so everything I do I think of Lynn. I wish we were Mr. and Mrs. No, Jeff, you don't either, 'cause you might not come back from this thing called war. I'm quite snug and safe here at camp but wait 'till I get shipped. I'll probably get my head blown off. Then what would Lynn do? I wish I could live my own life. I deserve to be happy just like other kids—Sam, for instance. No, there's something wrong with Sam. Don't think about that now.

I think I'll take a dip in the lake. It would cool me off a lot. I'm dying of the heat. But I can't do that 'cause there's no lake around Evans-town. Sam and I used to take the old Ford to the big swimming hole but I can't even place Sam or the Ford. That's a funny thing.

I am going to take Lynn to the U.S.O. show some time when she comes down to visit me at camp. Letters are so inadequate to express my deep and innermost feelings. I really want people to know I love and appreciate them although a soldier doesn't have many means of expressing it. I want to do my best in this war and I will sacrifice everything, even my life, if it will hasten the end and provide safety for the folks and Lynn against cruelty and violence. I am going to make a fine soldier and a good loser if I should lose.

Those Durham twins are cute. Mrs. Durham is so proud of her Captain husband and has the most infinite faith that he will return to her and the babies. She boosts my morale when I see her helping to make soldiers at home in the camp. She'll arrange dates, sew my chevrons on for me, or help me to gain courage when discouraging news comes from Washington. I wish I knew her better. I would like to talk to her about marrying Lynn before I go "across"; she seems so happy with

(Continued on Page Six)

## Wishing

I stand alone tonight, here on the mountain top,

And feel my heart within me reaching out

To touch that star above, burning silently,

As it has for aeons on.

Had I my say, I'd pluck it from its velvet setting,

Take the moon and all her precious jewels

And frame them with a diadem of clouds.

Then, I'd hang this picture safe within my home

Where, when care oppressed and the world and all  
its din grew near,

I could gaze upon it, and in solitude

Feel the distant, restful harmony of nature

Speak peace unto my heart.

— Ardareth Hober



## To A Chinese Vase

When I first looked upon your symmetry  
Disinterested, I turned to pass along.  
Perhaps it was your line arrested me;  
I looked again. 'Twas like an Eastern song  
Whose distant strains strike magic in the ear—  
Seductive minor notes that charge the air  
With sense titillating charm. When I drew near  
To pass my fingers softly o'er your fair  
Full-bosomed contour. Rare perfection in  
Your saturated shades I found, as though  
The artist splashed a glass of sparkling wine  
On you in frenzied ecstasy. I know  
Your loveliness surpasses all I say;  
A master poured his life in you one day.

(A tentative revision  
Dedicated to Madame Chiang Kai-shek)

When first I saw your flawless symmetry,  
As idly curious I strolled along,—  
I paused. Perhaps your lines arrested me,  
Or tinted glaze—but like a sudden gong,  
I heard barbaric notes, wild Eastern strains  
Of clashing cymbals mixed with trumpets' blare,  
And saw pagodas splashed in summer rains,  
While princesses and dragons filled the air.  
Quaint visitor from old Cathay, whose voice  
Is strangely sweet, thy ancient lore doth speak  
Of love of beauty, life, and peace. Such choice  
Proclaims the deathless valor of the weak,  
With loveliness surpassing words or clay,  
An artist thus poured out his soul one day!

## Thinking Them Over

(Continued from Page Four)

Later we found out that I merely had an over-active thyroid, but we've been suspicious of angoras ever since. Well, that won't do for an anti-vivisection periodical.

Let's see. We tried to keep guppies and turtles, but they died. You know how those things happen. For no reason whatsoever the fish and turtles just up and died. It was ungrateful of them when my father had taken so much trouble to see that they were properly cared for, but I try not to judge too harshly for their sudden demise. They didn't live long enough for me to have any experiences with them worth writing an article about, but maybe I can think of something else.

Oh, yes. One night, when we lived on the first floor of a Brooklyn apartment, a cat jumped in our front window, ran through the whole length of the house, ate the meat out of a pan of pea soup which was standing on the stove, and escaped undetected. We blamed my sister for eating the meat and nonchalantly dined on the soup the next day. The following night the cat came again, looking for another feast, but this time my father caught him and gave him a good talking-to. Don't be too hard on us for suspecting my in-this-case-innocent sister. Although she denied having taken the meat, when we asked her how it tasted, she replied, "Good."

I certainly can't write about dogs, because we never owned any. My grandmother had a cocker spaniel once, but all I remember about him is that he dragged pieces of shredded wheat all over the house. And my aunt had a collie a long time ago, but he bit my father's hand. If the society really wants a good article on collie dogs, they can reprint a chapter from one of Albert Payson Terhune's books. This would be much more sensible than asking me to write an article. I simply can't think of anything to write an article about.

When I was very small we had a yellow cat, but my mother had to get rid of it, because I tormented it so. We never owned a canary, or kept guinea pigs, or raised pigeons, and any mice we've ever had have been purely coincidental. I guess I'll have to give up trying to write the article. I called the family in to give suggestions, but the only suggestion they gave me was that I'd better change my seat because I was sitting on the chair with the termites in it.

So that's that. I am definitely not going to write an article for the Antivivisection League, even though the president is our landlady's second cousin. It would be easier to move.

## Midnight

Midnight sky —

Cold — blue,

Silver moonlight

— Stars, too.

Midnight silence —

Noiseless roar,

Deafening stillness

— Always more

Midnight air —

Tingling — clear,

Endless space

— All so near.

Midnight moment —

Time stands still,

Yet rushes onward

— Where it will.

Midnight —

— Ward Hunting

## Local Judges

### SHORT STORY

Prof. and Mrs. LeRoy Fancher  
Mrs. Mary Neighbour  
Miss Edith Stearns

### ESSAY

Mrs. S. I. McMillen  
Mrs. George Moreland  
Prof. Claude Ries

### POETRY

Mr. Shirley Babbitt  
Miss Anne Madwid  
Dr. Pierce Woolsey

## 'Star' History

(Continued from Page Four)

tion with the printing of the *Star*. Equipment of the staff did not include a printing press, and the *Star* had to be printed at the Rushford Spectator office. Frequently copy was late, and since it must be in Rushford at a particular time, the editor had to put on the finishing touches on the way. Through rain or snow, heat or cold, the Bedford team of horses made the trip to Rushford with copy for the *Star*. The story is told that on one journey the ink in the editor's pen froze. Now, and for about thirty years, the printing has been done at the College Print Shop.

Several members of the Houghton College faculty have served on the staff of the *Star* while they were attending school. Prof. Stanley Wright, now Dean of Men at Houghton, served as the first Business Manager and later, in 1910, became Editor-in-Chief. When Mr. Ray Hazlett took over as Athletics Editor in 1912, he wrote in very characteristic style, "It becomes my melancholy duty as chronicler of our gymnastic events to announce that, contrary to the expectations expressed in last month's issue, basketball has at last died a natural death. A few last struggles by the Preps preceded its dissolution and then it was no more." (Of note in that same edition was the following news item: "Reverend Frank Wright recently sold his road horse and is now looking for another.") When the new school year began, Mr. Hazlett directed the *Star* staff as Editor-in-Chief.

The treasury was at a low ebb when Mr. Claude Ries became Editor-in-Chief in 1917, for the editor stated in one issue, "This issue is six instead of eight pages because the *Star* Treasury is low and the management will not run into debt."

The *Star* remained a monthly magazine for seven years. In 1911, three departments were added to the editorial staff: Athletics, Alumni, and Organizations. On October 14, 1916, the Union Literary Society voted to double the number of the issues, making it a bi-monthly, in newspaper style, and publishing a special magazine edition at the end of each semester.

In 1922, the editorial staff declared for the first time the definite policy of the *Star* to furnish news. In an editorial of that year, the Editor stated, "The *Star* believes that the school publication is primarily to furnish the students and alumni with news concerning the institution itself rather than any extended amount of essays and articles, the principles of which can be read elsewhere." Since that time the *Star* has become a newspaper with special columns rather than a magazine, and although changing slightly under individual editors has endeavored to print campus news.

Both the *Boulder* and the *Lanthorn* have been offspring of the *Star*. Last issue of the *Star* in its first year started a tradition which continued as a part of the *Star* until 1924.

## Waiting —

(Continued from Page Five)

her lot. Maybe I'm a fool not to marry Lynn, but she said "not yet" when I asked her. I'll wait as long as she wants to. She does look so enchanting in the uniform she wears at Red Cross. I hope if I am hurt, I can have a nurse as gentle and sweet as Lynn. Lynn, talk to me! You are so far away. I can't hear you, Lynn.

I wish I could figure things out. Things puzzle me. Things like Lynn and Sam and my actions.

Life is so short. I am going to be thankful for everything I have. Even thankful for the correct number of ounces of cereal in the Corn Flakes box. I take too much for granted.

I don't think I ever did thank Joe for lending me twenty-five dollars to go home on furlough. I am an ungrateful pup. I didn't tell Mr. Strauss I enjoyed his flower arrangement at graduation, either. I must do both those small kindnesses for my loyal friends.

When I get out of khaki I'm going to work harder at the plant and spend more time in the laboratory. I let some of the equipment go, and I should have finished some of my experiments.

I'm going to finish *Anna Karenina*, too, and I think I'll try to read *The Return to Religion*. It seems good to know I can lie in the hammock on the lawn and read, and bite into cold Mackintosh apples. I am happy. I am lucky, too. Life in

## Geometry

I learned of—

The circle and its perfection,

The line and its infinity,

The angle and the square.

Yet I wonder at—

The sun and its magnitude,

The horizon and its secrets,

Time and heaven.

— Marjorie Calhoun

These "special Commencement issues" gave special emphasis to the graduating class, including pictures, class prophecy, and short write-ups of campus organizations. This was quite an undertaking for the poorly financed *Star* staff. In 1924 the "special Commencement issue" was put out by a separate *Boulder* staff. The *Lanthorn* is a younger offspring than the *Boulder*. In 1915, the first Literary Contest winners were published in the Commencement Edition of the *Star* and much of the winning material was reproduced. In 1932, the Owl's Club, a campus organization, took over the responsibility of publishing the contest material, and the *Lanthorn* severed connections with the *Star*.

The Houghton *Star* celebrates its thirty-fourth year in 1943. The first editor would probably recognize nothing but the name, for thirty-four years have brought many changes. Comparisons might be drawn indefinitely between the early *Star* and the one of 1943. But the most significant thing to note is that the *Star* has grown and developed into a college newspaper that compares favorably with any other small college newspaper. It is now a member of the Associated College Press. The Houghton *Star* has been, and now is, performing its duty of printing campus news in a very acceptable manner, reflecting the many phases of college life and the distinctive spirit of Houghton College.

the army isn't so bad after all.

Joe, play checkers with me. I'd like to talk to you about home and your furlough. I have been wanting to talk to you for a long time. I admire you a great deal, only I never told you so before. That was good of you to lend me the money. I had a wonderful time at home. Things were a bit blue and lonely without the old gang back home, but I saw a lot of my girl and it was good to see her. I feel so snug and deeply contented down inside when I think of Lynn. That is real happiness to have a friend you can talk to and tell all your troubles to. Don't you think so, Joe? I miss companionship of the home folks most of all in the army. And I hear we might be sent overseas soon. I have no fears and that's funny. I thought I would be an awful coward when the news reached me. I want to go over and show the Japs we are red-blooded Americans.

I don't want to kill any Japs. I love them. They have sisters and sweethearts back home just like me. Every time I shoot at one, I'm afraid I'll pray that he doesn't die. I don't want to kill anybody.

The Germans are nice, too. Gretchen Gunther is nice and she always helps me with Intermediate German when I need help. She knits socks for the Russian relief, too. I feel sorry for her because lately the students at the university have been calling her a Nazi and a pro-German. That's silly. There isn't a more loyal American family in the United States than the Gunthers. Their uncle is even writing a book, *Inside Latin America*. People judge the Gunthers too quickly and I know the Bible says, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." I read, too that I should love my enemies and I do. If ill befalls me I know I shall be in eternal peace because I hold no hate for anyone.

The army teaches me lots. I am stronger and I think clearer. I am on my toes and alert. I understand the ways of men more thoroughly. After seeing boys from poor homes who don't have the advantages, I realize it takes a heap of living to make a home!

The boys say our day for going is fast approaching. Oh, well, may the best man win.

Jeff's company left in the early fall for North African shores. The company had a week to enjoy Africa and visit the interest centers. The boys had a very pleasant time before settling down to the serious and nasty business of killing and fighting a hard war.

The orders were given to establish a beachhead and all was ready. The fellows were given hand-grenades and told always to be on their guard for the enemy in any form: snipers, bombers, or guerrilla troops.

Jeff and Sam were bringing up the rear in single file in their line against the wall when bullets started whizzing. Sam heard them first, and tried to cover Jeff, but he was hit in the stomach with a row of bullets. He screamed "Jeff" as he fell, and Jeff wheeled around quickly but a bullet caught him in the stomach and another row struck his hand, mowing it off.

Jeff fell and rolled over like a dog three or four times and then crawled over into a ditch. A refugee passing by stopped and wound his coat around his head, turban fashion, and rubbed his powdered coffee over his face to make him resemble a native. Before the refugee left, he placed a hand-grenade in Jeff's good hand. Nothing could be done until help came from friends.

Help was too long in coming.