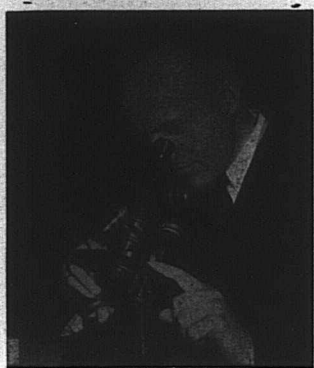


The HOUGHTON STAR

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Dr. Douglas' Thesis Was In Field of Entomology

From September 1930 to June 1932 Dr. Douglas was on leave of absence from Houghton college and was engaged in his chosen field, entomology, at Cornell University. His subject gradually narrowed to a study of small plant pests known as scale insects and aphids. Since many of these insects parasitize tropical plants, the best hunting-grounds in this climate were in the greenhouse and especially in the conservatory. Spraying is not practiced largely in the conservatory and the scale insects spread rapidly before the workers are aware of them. During this period of study Dr. and Mrs. Douglas visited most of the greenhouses and conservatories of central and western New York. The temperature and humidity of these establishments are necessarily high and continued work of this kind is very enervating.

As time progressed Dr. Douglas discovered a very interesting thing about one particular species. Usually the scale insect lacks wings, while some aphids possess them. Dr. Douglas discovered that one insect, an aphid, *Cerataphis lataniae*, which had formerly been described as a scale insect, has a remarkable life history. He says, "The rare winged form has been seldom if ever taken in collections in this country." In the thesis in his characteristically unassuming manner he writes, "By good fortune several (ten) winged forms were found and many miniature forms with wing pads were discovered."

Dr. Douglas discovered that this aphid, if crowded, either dies or produces winged forms which migrate. He concluded that the winged forms are not rare locally, but had gone unobserved. We quote again from his thesis: "I imagine that the reason they have been reported as rare in the past is due to the fact that the investigators seldom found the aphid crowded sufficiently to produce the necessity for migration." He reared two sets of five young from their natal day until they produced young and concluded there must be eight or ten generations a year in greenhouses. Dr. Douglas not only cultured these forms but made a collection of microscopic slides and photomicrographs of them. Largely due to his excellent research in the life history of this insect the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him in June 1932. This thesis is on file in the library at Cornell and Mrs. Douglas has a rough draft which may be seen at any time.

PRESIDENT OF STUDENT BODY SENDS TRIBUTE

We were lucky, we seniors. We lived four years under the observant, but unobtrusive eye of a man who has gone, leaving us with aims and determinations, only trivial compared to his host of accomplishments. The rest of us were lucky too—we saw one, two or three years of his life pass in quick succession.

We shall remember him staring out the window, reading meanings in clouds, breezes, leaves, flights of birds that few men could imagine. We'll remember his remark, "Do you ever write notes to yourself?" as he fumbled through each pocket in patient search for his precious scraps of paper. We'll remember his broad grin or his chuckle as he brought out "Oscar" the versatile cardboard anatomy chart to illustrate the "Who, what, when, where and how" of digestion, excretion, circulatory system and the rest of his stock outline.

Clay, a lab lamp and his hands were working models of anything from the Ascaris to the circulatory system of a dissected cat and remark on the fact that the left kidney is higher than the right. Then he would look out the window and perhaps ask your opinion of the war—he'd never give his own scientific opinion unless asked.

We never had to begin a conversation with "Doc Doug"—just met him and lent an ear or asked a question, and he'd talk in simple, philosophical terms on any subject of interest. We never knew just what we would learn when we talked with "Doc."

We have admired you more than you ever knew, Dr. Douglas. You have left us something intangible, but refreshing.

Paul Wolfruber,
Student Body President

Typical Class in Doctor Douglas' Ornithology

"Come on, Elwood—let's get to bed—Bird class tomorrow."

4:30 finds Doc quietly getting up, fixing the fire, and ready to leave by 4:55.

Down by the Science building we find him, green sweater and cap. Couple after couple come prancing toward him. I wonder where the pulchritude of the co-eds is? Perhaps it's too early to look in the mirror.

"Hi, Doc. Heard a chickadee already."

"Oh."

"Well, do we have a quorum?"

They're all passing the morning's greetings while Doc looks up to see if fair Pluvius will be good to them.

It's about 5:10 now. They're going down by McCarty's!

"Let's go in here and see if we can find a warbler or so."

Back up in the woods we see them stopping and tentatively listening for



Faculty, Students, Townspeople and Friends Attend Funeral Service Held At Houghton Church for Dr. Douglas



Interment Is Conducted by Legion Post 59

About eight hundred faculty, students, townspeople and friends gathered in the church to pay their last respects to Doctor Raymond Douglas the afternoon of Tuesday, May 21. Besides the immediate family and relatives, three groups honored him by attending in a body. They were the faculty, the local chapter of the American Legion, and local Scout troop, Troop 43.

The Rev. Mr. Pitt preached the funeral sermon. Basing his meditation on parts of Psalms 90, he said that man is a creature ever asking the meaning of life. He eagerly inquires into the mysteries of "the before and the after." "To find the answer concerning his destiny," said Mr. Pitt, "like the mariner, he must first find himself." The Apostle Paul answers this query with "You live, and have your being in God." "Our friend and brother, Raymond Douglas," concluded Mr. Pitt, "had found himself in God."

Each of three faculty members paid tribute to Doctor Douglas. Professor Ries told of his last conscious hours. Doctor Douglas constantly repeated the verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, for he trusteth in Thee" and he sang over and over again, "In the Sweet By and By." Among his last rational remarks was "Nature is so perfect. I don't see why Christians can't be just as perfect."

Professor Stanley Wright spoke of his long association with Dr. Douglas during which time he came to appreciate him more and more as a valuable member of the community. Always he was willing to help in any way he could. He desired no recognition for services and received no compensation beyond the satisfaction of

(Continued on Page Two, col. 4)

American Legion Sends Tribute to War "Buddy"

In Memoriam
To Our
"Buddy"

Raymond E. Douglas

Whose part in the World War
Supposed to end all wars
We hope was not in vain.

By fairy hands His knell is rung
By forms unseen His dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey
To bless the turf that wraps His clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

Dee Victor Thomas Post, No. 1155
American Legion
Fillmore, N. Y.

Representative of Faculty Presents Tribute to Friend and Colleague

Our campus clad in the verdant beauty of a belated springtime seems suddenly empty and deserted because we shall no longer see a familiar, bareheaded figure strolling about in quest of the latest arrivals of migratory birds, or assisting with the planting of shrubs and small trees to further beautify the college environs. All nature, at this season bursting with renaissance life, is strangely bleak and forbidding, because one who saw it all, not only through the minutely observing and cataloguing eyes of a scientist but also through the eyes of the humble lover of God's wondrous creation, in its infinite aspects and varying moods—the sunrise, the sylvan retreat, the river's low murmur, the smallest flower, the timid doe—is no longer here to interpret it and invest it with vital reality. And our hearts at this usually happy commencement time are tragically sad and desolate because a rare lovable personality, a gallant gentleman, and a dearly beloved friend and colleague has gone from us forever.

Of the loss to the school resulting from the death of Dr. Raymond Douglas, I need not speak except to say that it is even greater than we realize now; for Dr. Douglas was one of those rare persons who works efficiently and unobtrusively without benefit of fuss and fanfare, and who makes difficult problems seem easy and unspectacular. Undoubtedly his position as Chairman of the Division of Sciences and Mathematics can be filled competently; but the impact of his virile manhood and the force of his Christian character—these are qualities that cannot be compensated for or replaced. It is no exaggeration to say that in the versatility of his mind and the variety of his interests he was the best educated member of our faculty—a fact attested to in such diverse ways as his rating on an "Information, Please" program to his election as President of the Men's Faculty Club for the coming year. As the days pass, we shall increasingly miss his pervasive influence as an urbane scholar who was always an exponent of "sweetness and light" and an opponent of intolerance and academic snobbery and intellectual pride; we shall miss his pre-eminent sanity and tempered optimism in the midst of a world torn by hatred and madness.

Personally I shall miss homely little things, such as his shrewd observations and pungent asides at the beginning and the end of chapel, his penetrating comments on current events or human foibles, the apt mot or epigram. He never indulged in mere superficial cleverness, or in caustic or harsh criticism—in fact, he was keenly aware of the little ironies and tragedies of life, and never forgot that he was a member of the human species. I shall particularly

(Continued on Page Two, col. 2)

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Right, Warren Woolsey

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The Cost of Empire

It is said that encased in the great concrete abutments which support the Golden-Gate bridge are the bodies of men who gave their lives in the building of this the world's greatest span. It would seem that great empires of all kinds are seldom compacted without that most costly of all ingredients — the life blood of the builders. "Only one life — 'twill soon be past; only what's done for Christ will last."

The great domains of Assur and Babylon, of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon were cemented with the blood of their legions. The names of these builders we do not know, and their empires are but a matter of record. The rearing of pyramids, the conquest of wilderness of continents, the marking out of advanced frontiers in business, medicine, or social reform have rested upon the fallen bodies of crusaders. These great triumphs will largely be forgotten in the earth's final holocaust.

Only Christ's empire is forever. Its foundations too were laid in blood. For "he that sat on the white horse" had his vesture dipped in blood — his own. Consequently, his followers could be clothed in raiment white and clean. But though the empire has already been purchased, we can identify ourselves with it, give our lives in the service of its founder.

Blessed indeed are those who, as we and as our departed friend and colleague can know that the empire into which we build our lives comprises not merely stone, or power, or intellectual mastery, but the lives and souls of men — an eternal stuff will still be young and vital when our physical framework of things is a memory dimmed by intervening eons of time.

—S. W. P.

Life Is a Boat

by Doctor Douglas

Our Life is a boat. We were built to sail the waters. Some of us sail the oceans. Others must be content to sail the ponds. Every boat has at least one port. Well ordered boats sail chartered seas and have a home port. Others are tramp steamers, picking up cargoes indiscriminately and wandering away from the chartered courses. Each boat has a keel to keep it properly balanced. During a storm it puts into port, or if it has a good anchor, it moors and rides out the storm. Does your boat have a definite motive power, or is it tossed about by the fickle winds or becalmed when it should be delivering a cargo? Who is your captain? Does he know how to avoid the shoals and reefs? Do you have a dry dock where you can have your barnacles removed and your necessary repairs made? Are you prepared to make a voyage to be in that fleet which the great Admiral will review? Are you satisfied with the cargo which you carry? Do you always fly the same flag at your mast head or do you change it when you pass certain ships? Some of us are ocean liners; others only tugs, but don't forget that the liner may be towed into port by a tug. Some are pleasure yachts carrying very little cargo. Others are drab plodding freighters. Often the freighters carry grain to a hungry world. Some are speed boats. They carry no cargo and have no definite place to go. They skim lightly about over the surfacing creating waves which beat against the sides of the heavily laden barges. Do we have a large whistle which is sounded at frequent intervals? Do we have a log book which we would be willing to have examined closely? What kind of boat am I? Are you a submarine whose business it is to sink other boats? Are you a battle ship ready to blaze away at any one who does not agree with you? Let's keep

Faculty Tribute . . .

(Continued from Page One)

smile as he would pull from his pocket a crumpled sheet of paper, solidly written on both sides in pencil, and ask me whether I would care to glance over his "scribblings", which would turn out to light verse or occasional pieces that were invariably little literary etchings of real charm and originality. He started this habit when he first came back in 1924, and continued it after my return for the past two years. His judgment of esthetic values was unusually sound and discerning.

No moral is necessary. As human beings we are always vulnerable. Death, the universal experience, becomes unique when it strikes us through friendships, family ties, and the most sacred relationships of life. Every human being is peculiarly susceptible by reason of his common mortality. The great humanitarian and political philosopher, Edmund Burke, when apprised of the sudden death of his colleague from Bistol, said simply with moving pathos, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." The profound meaning and poignancy of these words become evident when we reflect that Burke was addressing them to the living and applying them to himself. Yet he continued his parliamentary career and attacked the problems of state with the same energy, intelligence, and high devotion as before. As Bryant phrases it in "Thanatopsis", "The gay will laugh when thou art gone, the solemn brood of care plod on, and each one as before will chase His favorite phantom", yet like Dr. Douglas we must go on resolutely facing what life has to offer us and believing that some shadows are more real and substantial than others and that the Eternal Purpose never changeth.

—Dean Hazlett

on an even keel. Carry an acceptable cargo and steer for a definite port.

Voices of Solitude

by Doctor Douglas

I stand on the banks of a tumbling torrent. The flood strains and pushes against the giant boulders which block its path and refuse to budge. The water, white with rage, darts through a narrow flume throwing a misty defiance as it plunges with a roar into the chasm below. The sunlight, peeping into the canyon, builds a chromatic bridge.

I stand on a lofty summit and see the distant ridges with a faint halo of mist about them at my feet, a mile below, an amethystine lake reflects its last feeble rays as the early evening shadows climb up the mountain side to fill the valley's brimful with haze. A zephyr floats past with chilly breath. Light clouds drift by so near that I wonder what would happen if I should strike one with my cane. In the stillness I can almost hear the stars twinkle as they momentarily peep through rifts in the gossamer.

I look down from the door of my cabin on the shore of an inland lake. There is a faint rap, rap, rap on the sandy beach as the ripples wave goodbye to the sun, and glancing skyward, I see the heron winging sedately up the golden path toward the horizon. A mother duck and a fleet of young pass silently by in single file and a loon calls to his mate. The fog, impatiently waiting in the marsh, reaches out ghost fingers and pulls a billowy mass of canvas over the lake. In the dusk a fish leaps out and catches a newborn May fly. The day is done and murky night is tucking her skirts into the valley. A thrush plays taps for the creatures whose day is done and the dragon fly comes back to his hangar. The May flies dance their nuptial jig. The mosquito sharpens her dagger and the "lightning bug" fill his lantern. The cricket sets the tempo and soon the crepuscular concert is going full tilt. The air throbs with sound and the monotony puts me to sleep. All too soon the night grows chilly and an uneasy dog wakes the rooster on a distant farm. He mounts his post and blows his trumpet to start the matinal chorus. The morning blushes. Night beckons to the reluctant fog; Phoebus peeps over the horizon and another day is born.

I go to the shore and stand on the craggy wave-swept strand. Among the rocks the sea weeds toss their Medusa locks which are flung out as streamers like the tresses of a Valkyr. There is a ceaseless pounding of the surf, blow on blow, as it implacably gnaws and gnashes at the age-old rocks which seem determined to resist to the bitter end the incessant hacking at their bases. A solitary gull drifts by, turns his head to look at me, and goes home to tell his friends that I am not a choice morsel cast up by the sea.

I stand among the dunes and witness the invasion of nature. The wind hurls phalanx after phalanx of sand against the pines which grip the shifting soil with slipping toes. The needles moan in their travail, powerless to help, feeling that their days are numbered. Nearly stands a ghost tree buried to its neck. Others are now kneedeep in the glistening sea. A few turfs of bunch grass, sand cherry and juniper have advanced into the enemy country pitting their puny efforts against the merciless foe.

Standing upon a giant tabletop I peer out over the valley. A thousand feet below a thunderlike silver serpent slithers among the rocks with its head disappearing in the distance. Its young hurry down the gorges in pursuit. The distant ridges stick their heads above the valley floor and those in back lean forward to peek over the shoulders of their neighbors. A lone eagle is writing in the sky as he keeps vigil over the valley.

A painful whiteness reflects from the blanket of diamonds and myriads of tiny mirrors throw out their light like a million rainbows. The pine, in its ermine coat stands haughtily by as the oak reaches out his arms to collect a feather robe to stop his shivering. The frost pinches the ears, yet the river appears to steam. A flock of tree sparrows alights upon some tall weeds scarcely visible above the snow. From a low bush a cardinal whistles to remind me that the food scraps which I tossed out yesterday are now covered.

The clouds have drawn a curtain to hide me from the sun and the gentle wind dies away so that even the aspens forget to shake their leaves. Soon there is a touch of chill and a breeze chases little scuds of wool across the sky. There is a flash and a later roll of distant drums. A gray sheet is advancing over the hill and the first few large drops of rain make little craters in the dust. The lightning hurls sharp little stabs of light like giants striking sparks with their swords while mumbling away in their beards. Sheet after sheet of rain advances, and the grass looks a deeper green. Suddenly a silver finger darting from behind a cloud, points at a lone pine tree which instantly burst its jacket with a roar and throws chips for a radius of a hundred feet. The ground is greedily drinking, yet it cannot swallow fast enough and little rivulets are rolling over one another in their haste to join the brook. The heavenly combat continues in the distance and already the sun is preparing to hang a rainbow in the sky.

In these my rambles I hear the voices of solitude, unsullied, chastening and yet uplifting, until, instead of being a mere watcher, I am part of each scene. I sense that behind the apparent conflicts is a Guiding Hand that weaves the destinies into a colorful but perfect pattern.

—MC—

Ornithology . . .

(Continued from Page One)

a chirp.

"I wish that wren wouldn't be so talkative."

"Let's browse around here for a while."

Here it is 6:00 o'clock and they're way up near Clark's.

Turning towards the road an occasional sparrow flits out while a pheasant tries to make the lime light.

By 6:30 we find them coming along down the road by the reservoir.

By 6:50 they're right near Doc's house.

"So long Doc."

"Sure got a lot out of class today."

"Oh."

—MC—

Funeral . . .

(Continued from Page One)

doing something that needed to be done.

Doctor Paine described his contributions to the Houghton. He has contributed stability, sagacious counsel, abundant energy and himself freely. His kind, cheerful, optimistic philosophy was something no one associated with him will soon forget.

The Rev. Mr. McLiester, chairman of the Board of Trustees, expressed the deep regret of the church at the loss of a Christian gentleman and an accomplished scholar. The Dean of the School of Theology, Professor F. H. Wright led in prayer.

The special music was provided by the a cappella choir which sang "Peace, Perfect Peace," with Louella Fisk as soloist, and "Oh, Blest Are They." Halward Homan sang "In the Sweet By and By," the song Dr. Douglas had sung shortly before his death. Before the service Barbara Cronk played an organ prelude.

The burial service was conducted in the beautiful Forest Hill Cemetery at Fredonia by the Fredonia Memorial Post (No 59) of the American

Doctor Douglas' Life in Review

Joined Houghton Faculty in '24

Dr. Raymond E. Douglas, Professor of Biology and Chairman of the Division of Sciences and Mathematics at Houghton College, died at the Genesee Memorial Hospital in Fillmore, New York, on May 18, 1940. He was taken seriously ill on Sunday, May 12, with obstruction of the intestinal tract and complications. He did not recover following an operation.

The funeral services were held at the Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Church on Tuesday at 2:15 p. m. eastern daylight saving time. More than 500 students, the faculty, hundreds of friends and alumni paid tribute to this man who to them was an unusual teacher, a scholar, and a sympathetic friend. He is survived by his wife and son, Elwood.

Dr. Raymond E. Douglas, the son of Charles M. and Minnie Gast Douglas, was born at Fredonia, N. Y. on December 28, 1896. He received his grade school and high school education in Fredonia, graduating from the latter in 1916. After spending one year at Hillsdale College (Mich.) he was drafted in the U. S. Army and when the Armistice was signed he was on a boat ready to sail for Europe. In 1920 he married DeLeo Smith. He returned to Hillsdale where he was an assistant during 1922-1924 to Dr. B. A. Barber, of the famous Slayton Arboretum and graduated with a B. S. degree in 1924. Mr. Douglas then joined the faculty of Houghton College and from 1922-1925 he was affiliated with the University of Michigan Biological Station. During the summer of 1927 he was ornithologist at Penn. State College. In 1929 he received the M. S. degree from the University of Michigan, discovering occidiosis, a little parasite, in rabbits. During the summer of 1930 he was a member of the University of West Virginia Biological Expedition. At Cornell University Dr. Douglas worked out the life cycle of a rare aphid and made it produce wings in confinement, thus earning his Ph.D. in 1932.

Since 1933 Dr. Douglas has been director of the Houghton College Summer Session. Since 1934 he also has been Professor of Biology and Chairman of the Division of Sciences and Mathematics. On the Houghton Campus he held a number of responsible positions. He was a member of the president's cabinet, advisory board; the scholarship committee; Commencement marshal; and chairman of the Committee on Grounds. In his work on the latter committee he made a large contribution toward the beautification of the campus, through the planting of trees and shrubs.

Dr. Douglas was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He also belonged to Post 412 of the American Legion.

— Publicity Office

Legion, of which Dr. Douglas was a charter member. Dr. Henry Edmonds, Commander of the Fredonia Legion, and Mr. John Russ read the Legion burial service. The six-gun salute was fired three times under the direction of Mr. Archie Rogers. Professor Ries offered prayer and the service was concluded by the playing of taps. The flag which draped the casket was presented to Mrs. Douglas by the Legion Commander. About fifty persons from Houghton including the faculty, laboratory assistants, and roomers at the Douglas home attended the burial service.