

HOUGHTON STAR

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, NEW YORK

May 18, 1944

In Appreciation . . . Four Years

"Rock View" is the name given to a promitory in the Rockies where the traveller can stop and look back over the way he has come. We of the senior class have reached "Rock View" this week . . . and as we look back over the way we have come we dream and remember . . . and smile in remembering . . . though our eyes may be wet.

These things we will remember:

The rain-drenched campus which first greeted us (on frosh week it always rains) . . . and the empty feeling in the pit of our stomachs when the car pulled away with mother and dad waving valiantly . . . our initiation to campus life and the secrets of how to study . . . then there was our Soph year . . . we went down in newspaper history with our spectacular class STAR . . . and that was the year too which we will always remember for the soul-searching February revivals in the church where men meet God.

As Juniors we had a lot of fun and work in putting out the *Boulder* . . . and we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly in those harrowing days of turning the gym into an old southern mansion, rather priding ourselves on the result. As for this year, it has meant so many wonderful things to each of us that we couldn't begin to enumerate them. Most recent perhaps in our book of days are the banquet at Rushford and the hectic hilarity of Skip Day.

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Spiritual Manna

The world of today is charged with power. Think of the two thousand horse power engine that pulls the airplane majestically through the air at four hundred miles per hour; think of the turbulent Colorado River as it rushes madly towards its outlet carrying eleven thousand tons of sediment per hour, think of the finger that enables contact to be made and the lights of the entire city flash on. All of these portray power which may be reduced to scientific formulae. However, there is a more mysterious power which defies the cold logic of the scientific method.

Jesus said, "After that ye shall receive power." In the upper room one hundred and twenty people waited pa-

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Betty Bartlett Presents The Final Senior Recital

Miss Betty Bartlett, violinist and pupil of Prof. John M. Andrews, was presented in her senior recital by the Music Department on Thursday evening, May 14, in the chapel before a large and appreciative audience. She was accompanied by Miss Ruth McCammon.

Miss Bartlett's first two groups, the Handel *Sonata* and a Mozart *Concerto* were played with an evident and finely expressed depth of feeling. Her third group was composed of several contrasting numbers from the passionate *Ave Maria* by Bach-Gounod to the lively gypsy *Czardas*.

Throughout the entire program Miss Bartlett's fine technique and deep tone quality were notable. She played with ease and finesse the more difficult sections of her program and gave a very pleasing performance.

Annual College Athletic Banquet Held On May 13th; An Informal Program Instituted**Senior Debaters Win Inter-Class Series**

On Tuesday evening, May 9, the Seniors and Freshmen met in the college chapel for the deciding debate of this year's debate tournament. Having selected the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved: That Houghton Should Adopt a Three-Semester Year", the representatives from the frosh, Helen Gleason and Leslie Beach, made their constructive speeches very strong and well based. The sages, Harland Hill and Walter Robie held their strong fire until their turn at rebuttal when they engaged in a slight play on proverbs and apparently unanswerable challenges to win the judges' decision.

The judges for the occasion were Miss Frieda Gillette, Dr. Robert Lucky and Prof. Alton Cronk with Mrs. Cronk, advisor of the Forensic Union, acting as chairman for the occasion.

Debate was resumed this year after a year's vacation and has favored subjects very pertinent to Houghton and the interests of the student body. Plans for next year's activities have already been formulated with an expectation of even more interest and pleasure and perhaps a broader schedule.

Class Will . . .

In full recognition of our approaching and sure decease as a class, we, the Seniors of 1944, do hereby set forth our last will and testament being possessed of all our faculties and a sound mind and desiring above all to make our humble contribution to our less fortunate colleagues for their happiness and that of their posterity.

We, the Seniors of Yorkwood (Lu-

Flower Wins A Big "H" For Four Sports

The annual Athletic Banquet was held at Moonwinks in Cuba, N. Y. on Saturday, May 13. The program was informal, consisting of impromptu songs rendered by the Girl's Trio, and a violin solo by Margaret Snow. The highlight of the evening's entertainment was David Flower's rendition of the "double barreled" subject, "Why the Longest Way Around Is the Sweetest Way Home".

Coach McNeese awarded the varsity letters to the different varsity teams that had been chosen, as the climax of the evening and the school year in athletics. Big "H" awards were made to Phil Chase and Bob Harper, both earning a letter in three sports, and to Dave Flower, the second man in the history of the award to win a letter for outstanding ability in four sports.

The sportsmanship awards, always a highly coveted and sought after honor, were made this year in the form of very pretty white sweaters. The fellow and girl who manifest the most sportsmanlike and consistent conduct as well as outstanding athletic ability are chosen each year and formally lauded at the banquet. The athletes to be honored this year are Eileen Gebhardt and Forrest Gearhart.

cille Hoag, Betty Bartlett, Betty Clark, Ila Grandy and Helen Foster) solemnly bequeath the ladder we depart with, all forbidden electrical equipment, and soft soled slippers to the Juniors.

Forrest Gearhart—to South Dakota my den of iniquity, my wolf clothes, and my Hebrew organ.

Jeannette Estes—I bequeath my extra avoirdupois to Miss Alice Pool.

Marion Birch—my ability as a barber to Woodrow Wilson Harmon.

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Class of '44 Visits Cornell University, Watkins Glen on Skip Day

Three o'clock, May 3rd. . . up on the campus. . . the track and field meet was in full swing. . . however, at various and sundry spots designated aforetime. . . small groups of the elite of Houghton College. . . namely the class of '44. . . wandering here and there to disappear suddenly and completely. . . one by one cars slip out of Houghton. . . while others watch stealthily to see of there are any Juniors lurking about in the shadows. . . Baldy, Burp, Prof. Stockin, Jennie, Percy. . . all got away without being discovered. . . Marion didn't fare so well. . . one Senior suitcase missing. . . a cup or two broken. . . Zahniser isn't around yet. . . six extra people to dispose of. . . Junior oppo-

sition. . . all these add up to confusion. . . but finally, doubly loaded, we started out. . .

A short wait at Fillmore. . . an accident scene staged by Gerry, John and Jayne. . . a shifting of loads. . . 4 o'clock. . . ready to go . . . where. . . oh, you know. . .

Stops and starts. . . a big hill. . . water for all of the cars. . . a draining of anti-freeze. . . beautiful weather. . . dusty roads. . . detours. . . every cross road meant three honks, the signal for stopping. . . which way to go. . . Prof. Stockin's map became dog-eared, a treasure to be guarded tenderly, our Bill of Rights and Declaration of Independence all rolled into one. . . an electric fan in Percy's car slightly out of place. . .

more stops. . . more starts. . . the Hidden Inn . . . what was it they were hiding. . . Doc Ashton's insignia. . . a class emblem he called it. . . some class, eh what?

Wayland. . . one car left the rank and file of the rolling army. . . an amazed filling station attendant, positive that the invasion on this side had come. . . over 50 famished travelers, hot and dusty and thirsty. . . ice cream cones. . . chocolate covered do-nuts. . . pretzels. . .

Geneva. . . sailors everywhere. . . didn't see Barker and Crosser. . . probably studying. . . at Waterloo, this was. . .

10 p. m. . . a tourist camp outside of Seneca

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HOUGHTON STAR

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IN APPRECIATION . . . FOUR YEARS

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But we would be selfish if these were the things of Houghton we remembered most. As we proceed, cloaked in our newly-acquired academic dignity and are given those long-awaited sheepskins, the traditions of Houghton which we have grown to love and make a part of ourselves will be crowding our minds. We might find it hard to articulate them because some thoughts go too deep for mere cold words . . . but from way down inside we'll be saying that this is one of the days to lay aside and keep separate forever . . . and our hearts will be welling with a fierce pride for Houghton and those things for which she stands.

We loved our alma mater because of the wind blowing through tall dark pines . . . the lazy stroll of couples on a spring afternoon . . . flickering shadows on the circle of faces around a fireplace . . . but more than these: the sincere friendliness of each faculty member and genuine interest in our every problem . . . the fellowship of student devotions together . . . the inspiration of individual Christian lives . . . a college devoted to building a credo for life centered on the Lord Jesus Christ . . . these are the things for which we have a deep and abiding appreciation in our hearts . . . and our prayer is that always we might be worthy of the designation, *Houghton, Class of '44*.

SPIRITUAL MANNA . . .

(Continued from Page One)

tiently in prayer until they were startled to find themselves dominated by the Holy Spirit. Immediately that pungent power enabled Peter to lead three thousand to Christ.

God recognizes only the Holy Spirit as His Workman on this earth. All Christians have the Holy Spirit, but the Holy Spirit does not have all Christians. As we continue to walk in the light which God gives us we realize instinctively that there is a power which we must tap if we are to be dynamic Christians.

The instant that we recognize our need of the Holy Spirit, we are prepared to submit to Him. Jesus said, "Tarry!" What glorious hours are those spent on our knees when we meet Christ face to face. Then Paul's cry, "He must increase, but I must decrease," becomes our own. When all of self is pulverized and we have thanked God for the victory, then our part is complete. How blessed is that time when we wait with a child-like faith; but even more blessed is that time when the Holy Spirit is recognized and He becomes the King of our life.

This experience is not always startling. Often there is only a slight emotional change, but we know for a fact that it is real and vital. No reason can defy the experience, for it is not just one in the past. It is real every moment.

The Holy Spirit is able to prepare hearts for our speaking to them, to whisper gently to people as we speak to them "for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Spirit," to enable a Christian to become a soul winner, to cause fundamental messages to be powerful, and to make the Christian life an abundant life.

As we have descended to receive the Holy Spirit, now we ascend because Christ is our life. With Christ as our life we breathe out the words of Isaiah, "Here am I, Lord, send me," and hear the Master say, "If God be for us, who can be against us".

SKIP DAY . . .

(Continued from Page One)

Falls . . . only a half mile from Betty Clarke's home . . . a flurried, frantic welcome committee . . . "been on the look-out for about three hours" . . . a campfire, spaghetti, salad, hot coffee . . . looked and tasted good to tired, weary but happy voyagers . . . devotions around the campfire with the Lord very close to each one in the fun . . . choruses . . . taps for the army . . . sleep for some . . . a game of 'three deep' around the campfire for the intelligentsia . . . Doc Ashton and Prof. Stockin included . . . cozy cabins . . . comfy beds . . . pajama promenades . . . midnight (and even later!) rides on the canal . . . Aldy pulling in late with Vic and Dick . . . finally, sleep . . . and snores . . .

Reveille at 7:45 a. m. . . eager, expectant . . . the Seniors roll out for breakfast . . . bacon, eggs, steaming cups of hot coffee, rolls, tomato juice . . . a visit to the gift shoppe . . . reloading, repacking . . . gathering of wits together . . . destination unknown . . .

More stops and starts . . . Taughannock Falls . . . renamed Burpie's Falls in honor of you know who . . . finally, Ithaca . . . Cornell University . . . Mike and Alfonso . . . servicemen galore . . . Miss Rickard . . . lunch at the Recreation Building . . . the library stacks . . . theses . . . some getting lost . . . the tower . . . the chimes . . . reloading . . . still glad we go to Houghton . . .

Watkins . . . one half hour to do the Glen . . . waterfalls . . . Doc Ashton and his umbrella . . . a young Chamberlain . . . repacking . . . reloading . . .

Three honks . . . Hornell and familiar territory . . . over 50 dirty, dusty, weary, happy Seniors and advisors . . . and a banquet . . . a clean-up period . . . Peg's iron comes in handy . . . so did Rev. Wilcox's house . . . last minute rehearsals . . . then food, choruses, new class song, rounds . . . a program . . . Victor's a good sport . . . fun and laughter . . . the class will . . . repacking . . . reloading . . . back to Houghton . . .



Rank 'n' File



The last STAR . . . the last prayer-meeting . . . the last club meeting . . . the last exam . . . the last blue book ticket . . . all of these mean not only the end of the school year for everybody, but to me and to the rest of the Seniors it means the last time that we'll be seeing most of the kids regardless of all the resolutions we make now to keep in touch with one another. Four years in a place like Houghton is a blessing in any man's language. It isn't out of sheer sentimentality or patriotism that we say these things, it's because we realize what a privilege we have had to finish our college education when so many of you had to leave in the middle of a school year.

It's been fun writing this column, maybe it's because I did so little of the work. All I had to do was get you to write and then compile the replies. A summer-school STAR will be printed and there'll be many more issues next year, so keep on writing, telling us of the new places you have seen, new addresses, and any new contacts that you have made. Good-bye, fellows . . . the very best of luck and God's very best for you.

CLADER IN THE PACIFIC

Ensign Durwood Clader ('40) is far from the U. S. A. right now for he's doing duty in the Pacific. Durwood taught zoology here the year after he graduated.

"Since my tour of duty out in the Southwest Pacific, I have been receiving the STARS and find them very interesting in many instances . . . such as the Service-men's column in which there are a number of men with whom I had been acquainted and wondered what they were doing with themselves. As yet I haven't seen nor heard of any of Houghton's former students in spite of the many, many coincidences I have had. The last edition I received proved very interesting in many parts, especially the column by Dr. S. I. McMillen, the latter of which is a bit "down my alley" as a civilian and even now, having seen some of the things which he mentioned (Feb. 17th edition).

"Having only been out of the States a bit over nine months, I have had some rather enjoyable times. However, what I've seen and done in the meantime is not for mention which makes me quite uncommunicative. At present I am doing island duty on one of the islands out here and to say the least it is not glamorous in spite of what sentiment people may have regarding it. I am looking forward to sea duty again which is far better as far as I am concerned.

"Is the Pantry still over-crowded with 'coke dates'? There are many things that I have wondered about since leaving Houghton that it would take a volume of stationery to write all the questions."

WILSON IN MISSOURI

Pfc. Gordon Wilson (ex '45) writes from Camp Crowder in Missouri.

"After six delightful months in ASTP at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., Uncle Sam has deemed it necessary to deport me. The foreign strand I find myself on is known in these parts as Missouri—quite a wild country, too. The inhabitants have ac-

quired skill in speaking the English dialect. Rather confusing at first, though.

"I quickly dissuaded 'classification' from considering me as a 'pole-climber' recounting the little unsuccessful bout with Gordy Barnett on the greased pole at Frosh initiation in '41. (Gordy got the upper hand in a few moments, if you recall.)"

GLENN BARNETT IN ENGLAND

Pvt. Glenn Barnett who was recently here on a furlough says: "I am now somewhere in England. I do love this country with its green fields and quaint buildings. I haven't received the STAR because of my changing address and I really miss news from home. I'd love to be in my graduating class this spring. The future is bright for a Christian for Jesus never fails."

CLARK AT MAXWELL FIELD

Bud Clark, or should we say Lt. Kenneth Clark, (ex '46) is now down in Maxwell Field.

"Maxwell Field besides being a Pre-flight is also a B-24 school. And that's what I'm trying to herd around the southern skies—a freight car. We are required to know everything about our 20 tons of airplane and how to do any of our 10 crew members' jobs. In fact, after this stop our next is to pick up our crews for combat."

SERVICE SHORTS

Catherine Bonnyman (ex '44) is in the Nurse Cadet Corps in New York City. Bonnie seems to enjoy her work there a lot (wonder if there's a laundry available in which to pursue her favorite hobby—pressing).

Marvin Eyler was made a first lieutenant April 29th in San Diego. Marvie likes his work and just recently had the chance to entertain Phil Ake and Wilbur Waaser at his home.

CLASS WILL . . .

(Continued from Page One)

Alden Gannett—my fascination for red hair to Ward Hunting.

Elizabeth Pollen—I advise the Juniors not to let Sadie Hawkins' Day go by without a date.

Victor Smith—my promptness at 8 o'clock classes to Warren Anderson.

Burdette Curtis—my bashfulness to Bob Harper.

Sarah Jane Atwood—my introversion to Mary Dukeshire.

James Martin—I bequeath the loving care of some thirty headaches to some brave person who won't be embarrassed by pajama parties.

Carolyn Keil—my horn to the frosh so they can "horn" their way through.

Hi Hill—to Bill Smalley all the type lice of the print shop.

Eileen Gebhardt—I give my duties as a housemother to a student of psychology!

Carol Gilliland—I give my little book, *The Secrets of a Waistline* to Harold Herkimore Morey.



The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
Proverbs 4:18