

THE HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XXII

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., JANUARY 24, 1930

NUMBER 14

Superintendent Speaks Before Education Dept.

Frank L. Tuthill Gives Timely Talk

Thursday morning the Educational Department of Houghton College was addressed by Mr. Frank L. Tuthill, one of the Superintendents of Schools of Allegany County. Superintendent Tuthill laid before these prospective teachers the problems which a superintendent expects from a teacher. His talk was very inspirational as well as instructional, and was based on a teacher rating scale which he had arranged. The outline of the talk is as follows: (I) Personal qualities, (a) common sense, (b) alertness, (c) resourcefulness, (d) voice, (e) Punctuality; (II) Teaching Ability, (a) reaches the individual, (b) gains and holds interest, (c) logical and psychological, (d) tests preparation, (e) recognizes effort; (III) Disciplinary Ability, (a) ethical and constructive, (b) instruction disciplines, (c) appropriate seat work, (d) develops self-control, (e) thru personal poise; (IV) Professional Spirit, (a) attitude toward pupils, (b) attitude toward community, (c) cooperation, (d) preparation and improvement, (e) interest and zeal.

Miss Cronk Entertains

Miss Barbara Cronk entertained her "bestest girl friends," Marjorie Donley, Mildred Stevenson, Edith Stearns and Velma Harbeck, at a birthday party Tuesday evening.

After she had opened her gifts and expressed her delight with a thanks for them, a delightful dinner was served. The cake, which was decorated with ten birthday candles evidenced the fact that Barbara is fast growing up.

Following dinner, games were played until the guests with many wishes for a happy year, took leave of their charming hostess.

NO YONG PARK ON LECTURE COURSE

To Speak February Fifth

No Yong Park is the author of *The Revolt of China, Making a New China, and Oriental Wit and Humor*. He is a humorist widely known as "The Oriental Mark Twain", and a world traveler who has encircled the globe.

No Yong Park is a prize-winning student in international relations, including the International Essay Contest open to all foreign students in American colleges and universities, the Harris Political Science Prize given to students of the leading universities in the Middle West, and the Pillsbury Oratorical Contest at the University of Minnesota, competing with the American students in their own language.

Born in China about 35 years ago, Park is an authority on Far Eastern Problems. His first-hand study, unequalled experience, and intimate knowledge of Far Eastern affairs make him complete master of his subject. He tells of the present political, social and economic conditions in the Far East, as few men can.

As a celebrated Oriental lecturer No Yong Park is much in demand in the universities and colleges, clubs and churches, and lyceum and chautauqua associations. His address all the way through sparkles with wit, is replete with humor, seasoned with whimsicality, intermingled with pathos and lofty sentiments, and thrills audiences as well as sending them off into gales of laughter. His gift of oratory, breadth of vision, richness of experience, wealth of information, power of analysis, and keen sense of humor make him a very popular speaker in the great cities of America and Canada.

Houghton will be favored to hear No Yong Park on Wednesday February 5, 1930 in the college chapel at 8 p. m.

NO MORE CHAPELS

No more chapels this semester. In giving the reason for this announcement Professor LaVay Fancher says, "The faculty, like the old Egyptian mummies, are pressed for time."

STATE LECTURER SPEAKS ON PROHIBITION

Celebrate Tenth Anniversary of Prohibition

The motto, "Eternal vigilance is the price of prohibition", was the first thing to meet the eyes of the students as they entered chapel on Friday. Why were these stirring words confronting them? The answer came when Mrs. Lee, State Lecturer of the W. C. T. U., very enthusiastically spoke in honor of the tenth anniversary of the Eighteenth Amendment. She read for devotionals from Deuteronomy 4:5-9, which passage of Scripture has been read throughout ten thousand meetings held to celebrate this birthday. The gist of her talk was as follows:

"Prohibition has its beginning in World's Temperance pledges signed by many of the citizens of the United States, in Total Abstinence Societies and Blue Ribbon Movements spread throughout the country. Then came the war. After the armistice the citizens again realized the great danger from the liquor traffic to the home of America and prayed for its abolishment. Campaigns were made throughout the land, and a hard battle was fought against this legalized institution.

Maine was the first state in the Union to place prohibition in her Constitution. In 1911 a great drive was on to repeal this Constitutional Law. Both parties sent workers into Maine. The night before election a reporter in favor of the open saloon said to Mrs. Stevens, President of the Anti-saloon drive, "You are going to meet defeat to-morrow." She earnestly replied, "Defeat, there can be no defeat. If we lose tomorrow we shall then start a drive to reinstate prohibition not only in Maine's Constitution but in the United States' Constitution." The result was victory for Mrs. Stevens and her followers.

"The cause of Prohibition was first presented to Congress in the year 1875 by Henry Bain who had resolved to, and did present it year after year until he succeeded in receiving the majority vote. But this was not the necessary two thirds. Then a special mass meeting was held on the steps of the Capitol Building the result of which was that the Eighteenth Amendment received the needed majority vote. They were given seven years to secure the ratification of the Amendment, but in less than one year thirty-six states had ratified it, and became dry by statute or law. New York State ratified the Amendment but later repealed the State Enforcement Code. In a speech in Chicago one of the leading Anti-Saloon women made the statement that Prohibition had spread from "Sunkist" California to "Sin cussed" New York. This may seem hard on our fair state but it has a grain of truth.

(Continued on Page Two)

NEXT STAR

The STAR staff has gone into a huddle for exams, so don't look for a STAR next week. The next issue will be on February 7.

LIBRARY CONCERT IS WELL RECEIVED

Several Persons Make Debut

Those who attended the Library Concert last Friday evening were certainly repaid for going.

Following the graceful *Egmont Overture* of Beethoven, directed by Alton Cronk, Margaret Carnahan read in her smooth flowing style and with clear enunciation, the *Famine Scene* from *Hiawatha* by Longfellow. Dorothy Crouch played a violin solo, the *Swan*, by Saint-Saens. Theos Cronk made his debut on the piano by the rendition of Rachmaninoff's *Humoresque*. Houghton prophesies a successful musical career for Theos. Everyone enjoyed Leon Hines' interpretation of *Betrayed* by Tito Schipa. True talent was revealed in this number. It was singular, however to see Leon in so serious a role. The Girls' Glee Club, directed by Miss Ruth Zimmerman, gave two numbers, *My Creed*, by Garret and *Echo Song* by Harris. The delicate shadings which Miss Zimmerman secured were especially commendable. Miss Ruth Kissinger read *Dr. Carter's Mother*, a cutting from *Laddie*, in a very pleasing way, holding the undivided interest of her audience throughout. The *Valse Etude* by Saint-Saens, played by Professor Leo Lawless was enjoyed, but true to the "No Encore" at the bottom of the program, he refused to play again. The big laugh of the evening came when Beulah Brown read a cutting from *Tom Sawyer*. From her vivid interpretation one might conclude that she was in perfect sympathy with Tom. The last number was given by the Men's Glee Club, under the direction of Professor Herman Baker. They sang three songs, *The Worship of God in Nature* by Beethoven, *The Lamp in the West* by Horatio Parker, and *Song of the Vikings* by Eaton Fanning. The bold rolling rhythm of the last number was especially fascinating. For encore Professor Baker requested the audience to rise and join the Glee Club in singing the *Alma Mater*.

Teachers Conference To Convene Friday

First District Teachers to Meet at Houghton

The annual Teachers' Conference of the First Supervisory District of Allegany County will meet at Houghton College Friday January 31, 1930.

This is the Association meeting of the teachers of all the rural schools in the first district including Rushford and Fillmore. The program is as follows:

FORENOON

9:00 - 9:30 Opening Exercises
Address of Welcome—President J. S. Luckey, Houghton College.
9:30 - 10:05
(a) Delegate's Report—Mr. Greydon R. Davis, Dist. No. 2, Rushford.
(b) Business Session—Miss Crowley presiding.
10:15 - 11:15 Question Box—Miss Crowley, President of the Association.
11:25 - 11:15 Superintendent's Period.

Boulder Receives Recognition in National Contest

1929 Staff Receives Honor-award

The 1929 Boulder has won a certificate of Honor Rating in the Ninth National Yearbook Contest. The certificate was received by the staff this week.

The National Scholastic Press Association was founded in 1921 by the Department of Journalism at the University of Minnesota. Each year since its founding, the judges of the Yearbook Contest classify thousands of College and University annuals submitted from all parts of the United States.

These annuals are rated by a point system, each department of the book receiving its individual rating. The yearbooks securing the highest rating are given an All American rating—the zenith of achievement in this field.

The 1929 Boulder was the first of our yearbooks to receive an honor rating. This is merely another indication that Houghton's efforts are receiving recognition and only a suggestion of what the future will bring forth.

Council Proposals Meet With Success

Supper Hour Changed

At the last regular meeting of the Student Council a number of matters of importance were brought up and acted upon. A recommendation was sent to the Faculty setting forth arguments in favor of having the supper hour changed to five thirty p. m. instead of six p. m. as at present. The Faculty acted favorably upon this recommendation and it went into effect last evening.

Warren Thurber and Chester Driver were appointed a committee to make necessary arrangements for creating an ice skating rink somewhere in the vicinity of the campus.

The matter of a Senior Dorm for Senior Girls only was thoroughly discussed, and a recommendation was made to the Advisory Board that the Senior Dormitory be used exclusively for Seniors unless housing conditions make it absolutely necessary to house other students there.

The Council has been working with a Faculty committee on the question of giving formal credit for participation in extra-curricular activities.

AFTERNOON

1:00 - 2:00 Music in A Rural Community—Prof. Herman Baker, Director of Vocal Music, Houghton College.
2:10 - 3:00 English Grammar in the 7th Grade—Mrs. Edith Hertenstein, Fillmore High School.
English Grammar in the 8th Grade—Mrs. Purl Haskins, Fillmore High School.
3:10 - 4:00 Inspirational Address—Building Monuments—Prof. Stanley Wright, Dean of Men, Houghton College.

FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE

JANUARY 23—FEBRUARY 1, 1930

Morning examination hours—9:00 - 12:00 a. m.
Afternoon examination hours—1:30 - 4:30 p. m.

DATE

CLASSES

Thurs. p. m., Jan. 23 2:30 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes
Friday a. m., Jan. 24 10:30 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes
Friday p. m., Jan. 24 8:00 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes
Saturday a. m., Jan. 25 11:30 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes
Monday a. m., Jan. 27 Freshman English
Monday p. m., Jan. 27 8:00 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes
Tuesday a. m., Jan. 28 1:30 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes and Sophomore English
Tues. p. m., Jan. 28 11:30 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes
Wed. a. m., Jan. 29 9:00 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes
Wed. p. m., Jan. 29 German I
Thurs. a. m., Jan. 30 10:30 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes
Thurs. p. m., Jan. 30 9:00 Monday, Wednesday, Friday Classes
Friday a. m., Jan. 31 Freshman Mathematics and Instrumentation
Friday p. m., Jan. 31 Oratory I
Saturday a. m., Feb. 1 2:30 Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Classes

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1930



Collegiate Sam Says:

I can stand all the slurs on myself
Which question my good sense and
knowledge,
But this is the one I've shot people
for:
"Do you work now, or still go to
college?"—Ex.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

The Student Council and a Faculty committee have been working for some time on a subject which should be of interest to every person who is concerned with the proper recognition of the several phases of collegiate life. The problem which they are considering is whether or not extra-classroom activities should receive more formal recognition and how credit should be given.

Although it is not thought advisable to increase the required number of hours for graduation at the present time, it has been decided to give credit next year for certain activities. This credit will not count toward graduation but will be entered upon the permanent records in the Registrar's office and will be included in the transcripts if the students so desire.

The Faculty and Student Council would appreciate student opinion including suggestions on what activities should receive credit, how much credit they should receive, and if the requirement for graduation increased to more than one hundred and twenty hours.

This is a student matter. Express your opinions to your Council representatives.

EXAMS!

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To speak of many things,
Of shoes, of ships, of sealing wax,
Of cabbage and of kings."

For the past twenty weeks we have been discussing "many things" but now as the day of reckoning draws nigh we notice that semi-annual phenomenon recurring. Psychologists may give it their high sounding names but it always has been, and will ever remain just plain "cramming". Why cram? To pass the exam, of course. Why worry as long as we make a "D". We can get grade points some other day. The faculty should not object. We've paid them for the course.

"But what did you get out of that course?" says your conscience. With fear and trembling we promise, and may we keep it:

"I hereby highly resolve to do better work next semester."

HOOS HOO IN HOUGHTON

He has a sense of humor, a disposition to be coveted.

He is a member of the faculty, a possessor of much "grey matter."

He likes his newspaper.

Answer to last week's Hoo: Mrs. Helen Stark.

Birthday Greetings

Jan. 25—Nellie Hewey

Howard Dietrich

Jan. 28—Lowell Fox, '29

Jan. 29—Claudene Ackerman

Jan. 30—Margaret W. Baker

Jan. 31—Blanche Gearhart Tucker

Paul Steese, '27

Kenneth Storms, '27

ALUMNI NEWS

"Ede" Davis '29, came back "to dear old Houghton" for a short stay. Mamie Churchill '25, was rambling round Houghton this week.

Joe Kemp '29, got out on the floor between games at the Purple-Gold game.

Paul Steese '27, couldn't resist the lure either. He went a skating at the Cove too.

"The Cove," mecca of graceful (and otherwise) skaters, was visited last week by "Ikey" Driscoll '27. She can certainly "trip the light fantastic" on skates.

Mrs. Hazel Banker, a former Houghton student, sent a letter from Sanjan, Thana District, India the other day. Here is an excerpt from it. "We have just returned from camp, where we have spent a month in a village a few miles from here. Mr. Banker tented there last year and we did have a welcome back this time. We appreciate that. Brother and Sister Doty have taken over the work at Sanjanso we are free for the winter to spend our time in direct evangelistic work. The entire letter is to be read in Mission Study, Saturday evening, February 8th. Look for it in a later issue of the Star.

"Dad" Tierney '25, was one of the interested onlookers at the first Purple-Gold game.

ALUMNI LETTERS

Dear Editor:

At the present time we are engaged in a series of special services assisted by Rev. G. Visser, also a former Houghton student. A few hearts are acknowledging their need but we are longing for a revival fire which will touch the needy souls around us. Students and Alumni, pray definitely for a Heaven-sent revival of old fashioned religion right here in America.

In the issue of December 13th of the "Star" we noted with satisfaction the organization of a new Alumni chapter, and the outline of plans for other organizations, but we were disappointed in not finding a place for a Michigan Chapter. Although not so numerous, yet we believe that there are enough who attended Houghton to make such a chapter possible. No better method can be found for keeping the Alumni in touch with Houghton, and Houghton in touch with the Alumni.

Your space is probably more valuable than my time. This leaves us all well, and looking forward to our next visit to Houghton, and expecting another copy of the beloved "Star" on the next mail. Alumni, our slogan should be, "Every Alumni a contributor to the Alumni column".

A couple of Houghton Boosters,
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Crocker.

Dear Editor,

I have intended to write sooner but procrastination has kept me from this pleasurable duty.

This morning in chapel our music teacher played "Our Director" march and its words. "Come back to dear old Houghton" brought my thoughts back to happy days when the class of '25 were reveling in the distinction of being Houghton's first college graduating class.

Just now I am far from the Genesee Country. I am teaching French and History at Fleischmanns, N. Y. in the beautiful Catskill Mountains. Houghton memories are not lacking here either for our principal is Robert E. Havnes, well-known in the days of Houghton Sem. We have only a small high school here. The population is largely Jewish and during the winter, they go to New York or Lakewood, N. Y. My largest class is History A which boasts 18 ardent disciples. My smallest is French II.

HOUGHTON HAPPENINGS

Clive Wetherell ex'32, Olean, N. Y., was in town Friday and Saturday.

Mary Alice Sloan '30 spent the week-end at her home in Allentown, N. Y.

Ethel Thompson '31 has returned to school after having been absent for several weeks.

Harold and Helen Douglas, who visited in town several days during the past week, have returned to their home.

Aubrey Arlin '33 and Willard Smith Sem '30, who were ill during the past week are able to be in school again.

Several students went to Buffalo Tuesday evening to hear the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, directed by Stock.

Eileen Loftis and her room-mate from the University of Buffalo spent the week-end at the home of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Loftis.

Elsie Congdon '32, who was called home on account of the death of her grandmother one day during the past week, returned to school Sunday afternoon.

High School Notes

The High School students are busily engaged this week in exchanging their knowledge with the teachers for excellent (?) grades. The State Authorities on the Board of Regents have evidently decided that they should "ease up a bit," for their "products" have not been as difficult this week as previously. However, the teachers seem to have set out to discover what the students really know, since no one has noticed any "snap" tests among their examinations.

SPEECH ON PROHIBITION

(Continued from Page One)

"In review of the ten years of the life of the Eighteenth Amendment the benefits derived from this great law are: Saloons gone; less drunkenness; less vice; more wages; less poverty; happier homes; more homes; better children; better health; happier America.

"President Hoover came out strongly for law enforcement in his Inaugural address when he said in the words of Lincoln 'Let Reverence for law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles upon her knee; let it be taught in the schools and colleges, and preached from the pulpits; let it be enforced in courts of justice, and let it be proclaimed in legislative halls; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation, and let all sacrifice unceasingly upon her altars.'"

consisting of 4. In connection with Fleischmanns, I wish to make this statement to forestall future inquiry: Fleischmanns yeast cakes are not made here though the village is named in honor of old Julius Fleischmanns of yeast cake fame.

To answer other questions asked I would say that I do enjoy my work very much and am planning to attend Middlebury School of French next summer. I was there in 1926. I am not married, needless to say.

I think my most interesting experience since leaving Houghton was seeing the White House at Washington and shaking hands with President Hoover last April. I had been in Washington before but never had been inside the Executive Mansion.

Sincerely,

Laura B. Baker

The Open Forum

Dear Editor:

These "Johnnies" that think they haven't got their money's worth in entertainment and association privileges until they have impartially endorsed every number on a concert program with vigorous, voluminous hand-clapping—well, they must have felt rather queer last Friday night at the Library Benefit Concert, for the program was rendered as printed.

"Delightfully different," "pleasingly unique," "quite unusual," "charming" and all the nice words don't begin to express the sweet satisfaction that the little footnote, *No Encores*, brought about. For four years now we have patiently heard Houghton concert programs grow,—yea, double themselves by the encore method, i. e. by applause of a deafeningly double-forte quality that nothing but "more" will squelch. So far as we know only the prayer and announcements have remained immune!

Director Stokowski of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra has requested his audiences to refrain from applauding altogether. He considers this type of applause vulgar and wholly non-artistic. To him, silence is the perfect response of an appreciative audience! We're really quite old-fashioned in some respects, you see!

Indeed, program-makers have always had to consider this fatal weakness of Houghton audiences and shorten their printed programs accordingly to allow for the customary encore addition. We extend scented bouquets and heartily congratulate the superior intelligence of those responsible for last Friday night's program. We trust that our education in concert etiquette will not be neglected until, by the help of sufficient reminders, we have become proper creatures. We shall then have taken a big hurdle towards cosmopolitan conventionalism!

Might we suggest that our next progressive step in the process of higher evolution be that of commencing eight o'clock programs at eight o'clock. It would be immensely interesting and perhaps profitable to discipline those indolent procrastinators who delight to saunter in at eight-fifteen or thereabouts and cast "I-told-you-so" glances at everybody who had told them to hurry up. This dramatic entrance so stimulates their ego that after a few successful attempts along this line, they become thoroughly convinced that no concert could possibly begin until they have arrived.

—B. Natural.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM OLD "STARS"

He: "I can go with any girl I please."
He He: "But what girl could you please?"

"A bachelor bought two eggs. Upon arriving at his apartment he decided to have the eggs for supper. He was about to crack one of the eggs when he noticed the following writing on the shell: 'I am the pretty daughter of a farmer and would like to get married. I have several marked so if you are interested write me immediately, Miss'"

Of course he was interested so telegraphed her. The following morning he received a reply like this: 'You are a trifle late. Was married six years ago and have four children.'"

First Student: "Where do the bugs go in winter?"

Second Student: (absent-mindedly) "Search me."

PATRONIZE ADVERTISERS

A GOOD SHOT

By Beulah L. Brown
(Continued from last week)

In vain did the Comstock family search the house, but the certificate seemed to have vanished as completely as if it had never existed. It certainly was a fine state of affairs because without a teaching document the family would have to find other means of livelihood. Helen was the only one of the family who remained her natural self, but she was endowed with such an abundant supply of mischief that it was as natural for her to laugh and cut up pranks as it was for the sun to rise in the east.

Professor Morris Comstock had formerly been a Methodist minister, but owing to circumstances he had been forced to teach in a High School. His daughter Helen had been born in a Methodist parsonage and after a score or less of nomadic life the family had come to live in the village of Prattburg. Here is where we first find Helen and take a look into her life. The fact that she is happy-go-lucky is not to be denied, but behind that bubbling surface there was an unusually keen intellect, which seemed to miss nothing that was going on about her. In school she didn't study but she always managed to get good marks by doing a little cramming at test time. Her father scolded her sometimes but he was forced to admit that her marks were as good as those of the best students.

Short, chunky, animated expression, brown bobbed hair and a pair of unusually bright eyes—all these belonged to Helen, and there was not a person in the village that did not know the girl. When any pranks were carried on Helen was always suspected of having something to do with them and not usually were the people mistaken. Helen called her father "Prof." just as the other students did, which was a source of wonder to some of the good towns-people. Often she would come to the school in the morning and say, "Well, you kids had better watch your step today for Prof. got up from the wrong side of the bed this morning. Our dog, Spot, was the one who discovered the fact first but I'm not hesitating to spread the news."

People who did not know Helen well might think that she talked and carried on at her father's expense, but in reality she loved him with all her heart, with an unusually self-sacrificing spirit which made her father cherish her so much that often he tried to cover it up with gruffness.

On that same day when Helen was sent home from school, that day when the document had gone missing, she had tumbled into bed feeling very satisfied with the excitement of the day, for she was sure that the certificate would turn up in a short time. As she snuggled down in the covers, she felt that life was one joyous occasion, and to think that next year she would be going away to college! More good times lay ahead of her and she meant to let no opportunity slip by. Suddenly she smelt smoke and heard a crackling sound like that of dry shingles burning. There was no mistake about the fact, and from evident indication, the house was being fast consumed by flames. Helen rushed downstairs and out of doors where she found neighbors gathering, but there was nothing that could be done. The family was safe but the house with all its contents was leveled to the ground.

Not until the house lay smoldering in its own ashes did Helen realize that it meant more than the mere burning of their home but it meant that her father's certificate was gone forever. Their only means of support was taken away. However, Professor Comstock was permitted to finish his term in the High School, although

the headquarters at Albany reported they were unable to support him with another certificate.

The family moved into a new house where they were kept cheerful by Helen's ever optimistic presence and her bright remarks. Again when June came, the Comstocks moved to a small town on the Hudson where Professor was forced to take up farming as a means of supporting his family.

There is an old adage that farmers must be born and not made. Poor Professor Comstock was not born to be a farmer and he never succeeded in making himself into one. Some how or other his crops did not yield fruitfully. The biggest reason was that the soil needed fertilizer but Professor was not able to buy this. All the time down in his heart he was hoping that a new certificate would be sent to him so that he could resume his old profession. Several schools held their doors open to him but he must earn enough money to go to the University and win a new license. Day by day he grew more discouraged but tried to cover up his symptoms with a brave smile.

Helen of course had to give up her college career. Instead she went to training class and hired out to teach the third and fourth grades in her old home town of Prattburg. Plans had not come true and there was her poor father running a farm when he longed to be in the school room. Helen was the same Punk of two years back who kept things so lively and interesting for her family for her numberless letters that her father realized what a daughter he had.

One night when Punk was spending the night with Scruffy she remarked, "Two years ago I was living right across the street from you with Mother, Father, Brother Willie and our dog Spot. Remember our wire line and the messages we used to send across?" Scruffy smiled as reminiscently as her nineteen years was capable, and went for the box in which she had kept those memorable notes and letters. Together they read them over and laughed, especially at the note:

"Dear Scruffy, I certainly beat you home from school this noon but don't feel bad for Prof's bark is worse than his bite."

Lovingly, Punk.

P. S. I'll be back this afternoon whole and sound."

Then Helen turned the paper over and there was the printing on the other side. Yes, it was the teaching certificate that her father had supposed was burned. No longer would he be forced to till the soil, now he could return to his beloved job of teaching school. Helen felt the tears come to her eyes, but they were tears of happiness.

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1929 Boulder Staff who published the year book that received honors in the National Contest

PROF. RIES ACQUIRES KNOWLEDGE

Professor Ries is a much wiser man than he used to be. Why? how? you ask. Ah; here is the "secret of his success". He asked the Freshmen to write themes, and they did. They told him some facts that are not alone interesting, but perhaps may prove valuable to future historians. Enough of this sarcasm, "we all make mistakes." Here are some of the statements that were made: "Moses was born in the bulrushes."

"For over fifty years Edison worked various inventions and has taken out more than three hundred patents."

"Lindbergh obtained the good will of Mexico by marrying the daughter of the president of Mexico."

In the following tabulation, the column at the left contains Frosh spelling, the column at the right is Webster's.

dollers	dollars
attened	attended
writing	writing
liturature	Literature
King Leer	King Lear
radium	radium
pius	pious
durning	during
ounce	once
they	their
ten person	ten persons
Havard	Harvard
schoolship	scholarship
was borned	was born

It is mighty hard to use queer, unfamiliar words, and sometimes the use is queer and unfamiliar. Listen to this:

"My home has a pleasing nostalgia."

"Every man has a cognate."

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Count de Coupons

Dear Count,
Could you tell me why Chaucer's spelling is so bad?

A Sophomore

Dear Soph,
After consulting with Miss Rickard, we have come to the conclusion that the poor chap must have had a stenographer.

Count de Coupon

Dear Count,
My husband persists in a queer belief that men's clothes are practical. How can I make him change his mind.

Mrs.—

Dear Mrs.
Drop a bug down his back.

Count de Coupon

Dear Count,
Please tell me why Mr. Kellogg wears such a long mustache.

Quaero

Dear Quaero,
So when he's home his wife can't tell who's talking.

Count de Coupon

Dear Count,
I am soon to suffer a History exam, and I should like to know if you have any ideas why George Washington stood up in the boat.

Green Horn

Dear Green Horn,
Perhaps he was Scotch and just had his pants pressed.

Count de Coupon

Dear Count,
Why is college like a washing machine?

O'Reilly

Dear O'Reilly,
Because you get out of it just what you put in, but you'd never recognize it.

Count de Coupon

P. S. Readers of this column,—The Count is still seriously ill, but at your service. I remain,

Fuller Oil, Secretary.

—H C—

When Days Are Dark

Can you sing tho others sigh
When days are dark?
Do the hot tears come tho smile you try
When days are dark?

Is your own heart strong and true
Kissed by Heaven's refreshing dew,
Or do you other folks make blue
When days are dark?

Can you reach out a helping hand
When days are dark?
Can you strew kindness o'er the land
When days are dark?

Do you realize the fun,
Know that half the battle's won,
If you'll only help someone
When days are dark?

Do you sympathy despise
When days are dark?
Do you troubles grow in size
When days are dark?

Do you magnify your woes,
Think there's someone on your toes,
Count and recount all your foes
When days are dark?

Do you long for joy now past
When days are dark?
Does each breeze seem like a blast
When days are dark?

Do you every pain exalt,
Is your neighbor worth his salt,
Is it his, or just your fault
When days are dark?

Why not shed a little light
When days are dark?
Live the Word, and live it right
When days are dark?

—Emily Jones

WHERE ARE THE CAMPUS KINGS OF YESTERYEAR

"The great majority of the Campus Kings have what is usually called personality." Henry F. Pringle reveals in the February College Humor. 'And they follow with diligence and no small degree of skill, a program approved by generations of alumni. The important thing about college, they have been told, is success on the campus. It was well enough for a prospective teacher to make Phi Beta, America's standard of culture, but the man who planned some other career must concentrate on more important things. Students' success counted in that most dim and forbidding of all places, the outside world. The business manager of a college paper knows how to run an office. He knows, the alumni whisper, 'how to handle men.' The athlete of a varsity team has learned how to fight. Life, it is set forth, is very much like a football game. Adopt this system, many an undergraduate has been advised, and the path to success lies smooth before him.

"Sometimes, alas, it does not. I make no generalizations. I am willing to concede, statistics to the contrary being lacking, that Taffy Brown, the Football Star, the Shingle Hound and the Social Light may be exceptions. The fact remains, however, that the Campus King Frequently finds it impossible to adjust himself when he leaves college. The success so glibly promised proves elusive, and the contrast with the days he has known is terrific.

"So, too, the Campus Queens. These enchanting girls, after whom the stag line edged farther and farther into the center of the dance floor, return to Emporia or Middletown or Henderson and marry the village Babbitt. There they are bored or neurotic as they settle down into their middle-aged spread, wistfully unhappy as they dream of the days when men clustered on the porch of the sorority house. There I shall leave them; I knew them when they were slim and young and lovely, when date for April was elaborately negotiated in February.

"Among all the disillusionments which follow commencement day, the saddest is the discovery that the very alumni who have shouted the loudest regarding the value of outside activities are often the least inclined to take care of the men who have, as the saying is, made good on the campus. They share with other business men a coldly practical point of view. To an increasing degree they are beginning to make inquiries regarding the scholastic records of the men they hire. It often dawns on the Campus King too late that the accomplishments which meant so much at school were but parlor tricks after all. Why learn to run an office by being business manager of the paper? He could have found out more by working in an office for six months.

"It may be excellent practice to boss competes and thereby handle men. But the new graduate discovers that no one asks him to handle men."

—H C—

Hear about the two taxicabs colliding and the thirty Scotchmen being injured?

—Tennessee Mugwump

Child: Father, what is an optimist?

Father: An optimist, my child, is one who expects to get a laugh out of my answer.

Pull the curtain from the sun,
Make the gloomy shadows run.
Count your blessings one by one
When days are dark?

What It Is Like to Hear A Real King

I had vowed in my heart (if that's the place that you vow) that I would get up to hear King George. What a thrill it was going to be to hear a real King! Americans are supposed to be bereft of all feeling of reverence for Aristocracy. Maybe it is a sign of mental weakness or of a flabby back-bone, but I still have regard for His Majesty, the King. Well, to continue, I did get up. Mazette! 5:45! A la bonne heure pour moi, au moins, n'est-ce pas? It was worth the effort of both my mother and myself, but I guess she worked harder at awakening me than I did at getting up.

Well, I came storming down the stairs, "one shoe off and one shoe on." Soon, of all the cat scrapes and dog fights, none of them could beat the noises that were coming out of that loud speaker. We thought it must be the King. You see I had never heard a real King, and so did not know what to expect. "You have been listening to noises in the House of Lords." Boy! I'll bet that those Lords wore out a lot of shoe leather. Man! They were all scuffling their feet.

Brother Windsor finally came on the air. I mean His Majesty, by the Grace of God, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, whose voice we heard began to speak. Thrilling? Oh, not so hot. We had just a common ordinary he-man's voice. There wasn't anything divine about what he said. It was a good speech. I hope to hear the old boy again. Even though a king is sort of a back number, it's "kinda" thrilling to hear a fellow they call Emperor.

Kenneth W. Wright.

—H C—

Oh, yes, and about the golfer about to be hanged. He asked, as his last request, for a few trial swings.

—Grinnell Malteaser

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MY BEAUX

I've got a beau,
His name is Jim,
He looks like something
The cats dragged in.
Eyes are crossed,
Got a fishy stare,
Head all shiny
And minus hair.
Nose is hooked,
Mouth sinks in,
Beard is shaggy
On a give-in chin.
Tall and skinny,
Legs are bowed,
Knees knock together
And pigeon-toed.
Not much for looks,
Got a ear of tin,
But a darn good man
For the shape he's in.

Ex.

—H C—
Voice (from next room): Willie, don't call the Joneses up; they have measles.

—N. Y. Medley

TODAYS HUMOR

"Hello! Hello! Who is this?"
"Who d'you want?"
"I want Joe Plotz. Are you he?"
"No; I'm Knott."
"Well, who are you?"
"I'm Knott."
"Not what?"
"No; not Knott Watt. I simply am Knott. And what's your name?"
"Watt's my name."
"Yes, that's what I asked. What's your name?"
"Correct as the dickens. I'm Watt, I am."
"Say, are you trying to be funny?"
"Certainly not. I'm trying to tell you that my name's Watt."
"Oh, I see. You're Watt, I'm Knott."
"Who's being funny now? Don't kid me, son."
"Aw, shut up!"
(Bang!)—West Point Pointer.

OVERHEARD

Elsie: "The only way to get freedom around here is to get married, and then you're tied down."

A BETTER JOB

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TO HAVE LATER YOU MUST DO WITHOUT NOW

It is perhaps necessary for many to do without some things now in order to have them later.

ANTICIPATING the future is sensible and logical. Sometimes it requires unusual courage to say: "I CAN'T AFFORD IT," but—having that courage brings its own reward.

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