

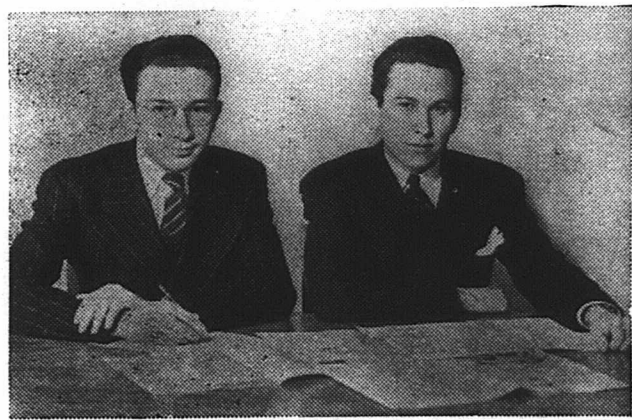
The Houghton STAR

Volume XXXII

Houghton, New York, Thursday, March 7, 1940

Number 20

University of Dayton Debaters



Left to right: MAX WOOL and CLARKE KIRBY

The University of Dayton debaters, Max Wool and Clarke Kirby, will meet the Houghton debaters, Jane Cummings and Mildred Schaner, Thursday evening in the Music auditorium. When the Houghton varsity debaters made their recent tour to the west, Dayton was then their host. Houghton now exchanges hospitality as well as forensic relations.

Le Cercle Francais and Expression Club Have Most Profitable Meetings

Sheffer Studio Shows Color Film

The February meeting of the Expression Club was opened by President Jesse DeRight who led the devotions.

A reading entitled "Wake up and Sleep" was given by Paul Stewart. Many agreed that when it comes time to get up in the morning we all think that a "bed is a wonderful thing."

A bit bewildered but well composed Ann Madwid gave an impromptu, "Beauty of the Camp Ground in the Winter." This was followed by a piano solo by Wilda Winters.

The climax of the evening was colored pictures shown on the screen by Sheffer's Studio of Amateur. After seeing the scenes taken on the campus and those taken at Letchworth park one questions the word "amateur" though. Sunsets were shown of exquisite beauty—ones that we often see on our campus.

After these pictures, the business part of the meeting took place.

French Version Of Lotto Played

The monthly meeting of Le Cercle Francais was held Friday, March 1, at half-past four in the reception room of the dormitory. Pearl Crapo, the president, opened the meeting by reading a portion of the fourteenth chapter of the gospel according to St. John. After singing a French song, the members of the club played a French version of lotto. Each player was given several large cards divided into sixteen squares, each containing an answer to a question. One person read the question from a pile of small cards. If a player had the answer on one of his cards, he read it, and was given the small card bearing the question. The person having the greatest number of small cards won the game.

MUSIC CLUB HONORS PURCELL IN CHAPEL

Homan Capably Leads Program

Chapel on Wednesday, February 28, was in charge of the Music club. The services were opened with prayer, after which Stephen Ortlip read Psalm 150, an exhortation to praise God with instruments. Following this Mr. Homan led a string ensemble composed of music students in the rendition of Henry Purcell's "Golden Age Sonata No. 9." The Purcell chorus and brass quartet then performed "In Praise of Music" from "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day."

Henry Purcell was the crowning musical genius of the late seventeenth century. Although his works are seldom played today, they show his fertile originality. "In Praise of Music," transcribed and edited by Max T. Krone, is from the finest and most elaborate of Purcell's five sections of the "Ode" to Cecilia, the martyred patroness of music. His genius is seen at its best in this work.

Due praise belongs to conductor, string ensemble, chorus and brass quartet for this inspirational musical treat.

New Gold Member

The number of Gold rosters was increased by one last Tuesday when Glenn Mix received his first income-tax exemption. The name is Lowell James and the weight was six pounds and two ounces. The stork settled down on the chimney at exactly 5:30 p. m. Tuesday, March 5. Congratulations, Glenn. If the Gold lose in the year 1958, it won't be your fault.

Calendar

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
○	○	○	○	○	①	②
③	④	⑤	⑥	⑦	⑧	⑨
⑩	⑪	⑫	⑬	⑭	⑮	⑯
⑰	⑱	⑲	⑳	㉑	㉒	㉓
㉔	㉕	㉖	㉗	㉘	㉙	㉚
㉛	○	○	○	○	○	○

Thursday, March 7

7:00 — Music recital
7:00 — Dayton, Houghton debate

Friday, March 8

7:15 — Purple-Gold game

Monday, March 11

7:00 — Art club, Social Science, Mission study, Music appreciation
8:15 — Allegany, Houghton debate; Oregon style

Tuesday, March 12

7:00 — Prayer meeting

Wednesday, March 13

Oratorio rehearsal

Thursday, March 14

5:45 — Ministerial banquet
7:00 — Music recital
7:15 — Mrs. Stull, missionary, in church.

A Cappella Choir Visits Rochester And Chesbro Sem

Bad Weather Is Nothing to Choir

After a lapse of a year Houghton's a cappella choir once more included in their itinerary a trip to Rochester and vicinity.

On March 3rd, rainy skies and slushy sidewalks failed to dampen the spirits of the choir members as they left the college at 8:30 Sunday morning for the first stop at Chesbrough seminary in Chili.

At Chesbrough a royal welcome was accorded the choir who sang for the Chesbronians at 11:00 and then were ably rewarded by dinner served in the dining hall. Place cards in the shape of sixteenth notes, individual hosts and hostesses, a tour of the campus and buildings, and general hospitality of atmosphere made the choir feel very welcome.

At 4:30 the second concert was sung at the Rochester Monroe Avenue Methodist church. The long balconies leading down to the platform gave a splendid background for the choir's processional. The presence of a number of Houghtonites and alumni in the audience gave further inspiration to the choristers.

After the concert, refreshments were provided by the church members who found that hot chocolate and sandwiches disappeared in short order.

Driving on for the evening concert at the Webster Baptist church, the choir was received most cordially by the Rev. Mr. Schehl, pastor of the church.

Following the concert the choir set out for Houghton, arriving safely in spite of unpredictable weather.

Love often makes a fool of the most clever man and frequently renders the stupid the most clever.

— La Rochefoucauld

Andrew Gih From Chinese Bethel Mission Gives 'Star' His Impressions of America

Freshmen Debate At Fredonia High

Kalla, Stewart, Hall Make Trip

Friday, March 1, found a trio of enthusiastic freshmen debaters and Dean Hazlett in Fredonia where the yearlings matched argument with the Fredonia High School debaters.

The question for debate was Resolved: That the Federal Government should own and operate the railroads. The affirmative was upheld by Samuel Leone, Charles Joy, and Roy Heppell for Fredonia, while the negative was defended by the Houghton representatives, Harriet Kalla, Bert Hall and Paul Stewart.

The affirmative maintained that the unsettled condition of the railroads merits federal ownership, that the government can assure greater efficiency without disrupting service and that government would benefit the country as a whole. The negative contended that the government is to blame for the present plight of the railroads, that government ownership has been inefficient and that government cooperation is the only solution to the problem.

The decision was two to one in favor of Fredonia.

Frosh Teams Debate At Rushford Grange

Coralie Allen and Bert Hall upheld the negative and Bea Gage and Warren Woolsey defended the affirmative of the freshman question in a debate before the Rushford Grange the evening of Tuesday, February 27. The question was Resolved: That the Federal Government should own and operate the railroads. The decision was awarded to the negative team. Harriet Kalla was the chairman of the evening.

LOCAL "BOYS" FLY KITE

Observers Thursday afternoon were puzzled by a strange object visible in the sky over the campus. Speculation ran high. Some thought it was a bird, others ran for their bomb proof shelters and still another group held to the supposition that it was merely Superman looking for some crime to unravel. In order that any wrong ideas may be righted, the object under consideration was a kite piloted by "Dutch" Kahler, Willard Cassel, and Harry Palmer.

Alumni Directors Meet

The Board of Directors of the Houghton College Alumni Ass'n, Inc. will hold their annual meeting at the college on Saturday, March 16, at 1:00 p. m. There are seven directors, each elected for three year terms. The president and vice-president of the association will be present also.

"China Will Never Be Communistic" Is His Assertion

"A nation on wheels" was the phrase Mr. Andrew Gih used in describing the United States in an interview with a Star reporter. To the easterner, he explained, who is used to traveling by train, steamship, ricksha, bicycle, chair, shapan and other slow-moving vehicles, the many fast-moving cars in America stand out in sharp contrast. Mr. Gih said he had visited four continents and believed America to be the most wasteful nation in the world. More money is spent in America on chewing gum in one year than for missions.

This led to the question of the American church which Mr. Gih described as "materialistic, worldly, and pleasure seeking." When we asked for further comparisons of the churches on the various continents, he opened his book *Launch Out Into the Deep* at page sixty-six and read the greater part of the page.

"Have you ever met personally any of the Chinese authorities?" we inquired.

Mr. Gih laughed outright. "Confucius said. . . I met Mr. H. H. Kung, now minister of finance, who is removed from Confucius by 244 generations in direct lineage." At another time he had corresponded with Madame Chiang Kai-Shek concerning refugee children. Her letters were always wrought with Christian sentiment.

War and missions naturally were close to his heart. Mr. Gih believes China will win the war against Japan because everything in the war so far has worked out as Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek said it would. The Chinese policy has been one with a long range view finally ending in victory. The Japanese are continually changing their tactics. Politically they are in a worse condition now than at the opening of the war. The moral condition of Japan is at a low ebb.

"China will never become communistic," he further stated. "We Chinese have seen for ourselves what communism has done." The Chinese love for home life is a deterring factor to communism in Mr. Gih's opinion. Capitalism is usually the target of communistic energies, and since China has few capitalists communism will not be antagonized.

Turning to his personal experience Mr. Gih told us he was converted in 1923 at a mission school in Chang-kow. He has been largely interdenominational having been introduced into the Christians by the Presbyterians, taught in a Methodist Bible School, and immersed by the Baptists.

Since his conversion in 1933, Mr. Gih has preached in colleges, in clubs, in markets, by the roadside, in ships, almost any place he could gain an audience. Doctors, professors, students, bandits, communists have composed his attentive listeners.

His chief interest now is the (Continued on Page Three, Col. 4)

The HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during the school year by students of Houghton College

1939-40 STAR STAFF

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TYPISTS IN THIS ISSUE:
Marie Fearing, Frances Pierce, Jack Mowery.

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EDITORIAL

Greener Pastures?

Almost we blush to mention School Spirit. It is a phrase that has been used so indiscriminately that it has lost its keen edge. Every college in the country has probably been told by its editorial writers that it lacked School Spirit. Pep meetings, student rallies, founders' day observances, are all held in the attempt to instill School Spirit. No doubt these artificial methods help, but just going to college develops gradually this desired quality. It is by living in a house that we in time — perhaps unknowingly until a crisis — accumulate love for it.

Intercollegiate sports do not develop School Spirit; they only provide an outlet for loyalty already built up. A large enrollment does not encourage School Spirit; numbers submerge personality, and only to personality can we attach love.

School Spirit, after all, is not the result of massive stone buildings or intricate and expensive laboratory equipment. It does not come from attending a school that has the tallest skyscraper or the largest campus or the most strategic location.

School Spirit results from intimacy: knowing for yourself school history in terms of pioneering and sacrifice. It results from friendship with president, administration, faculty. It comes from seeing through the physical equipment into the devotion of the men and women behind the organization. School Spirit is fostered by friendships of student with student, because college life cannot be divorced from human life.

Houghton has tremendous School Spirit — and doesn't know it. Houghton has character to exhibit to a skeptical world, coupled with ability. Houghton need apologize for nothing; let schools whose stadiums clink with whisky bottles, whose halls are foul with tobacco smoke, whose language is punctuated by generous profanity, whose conversation flows constantly to sex, whose materialistic thoughts bar all doors against God — let them do the apologizing! —K. L. W.

Recreation Hall

For several weeks now the Recreation Hall has been the scene of much activity. It is filling a long-felt need in Houghton's social life. We have never before had any place for normal, healthy recreation. This has been a major cause of an acknowledged social insufficiency. In other words, the young people of Houghton have majored too strongly in "spring-fever" the year around. A good percentage of the objections have come from the students. The upper-classmen will remember the publicizing of this problem through "All-College Week."

The Student Council and the faculty decided that this year something was to be done about the perennial project of fixing the Recreation Hall. The council sponsored a Halloween party and a Friday night program for the benefit of the hall. This enabled them to buy the first equipment and make a start toward something better. Prof. Stockin and Coach McNeese were empowered to carry out many necessary improvements which the council would have been unable to do. They instituted the present successful system of supervision and purchased more games.

A schedule of hours when the hall will be opened is to be published. It will be available for group meetings, but it is hoped that most of these will be arranged for Monday nights. There are enough games for about fifty people, and Prof. Stockin and Coach say that they plan to add more if the students use the hall enough to make it advisable. They will be grateful for any suggestions for improving the present arrangements in any way.

Much of the present popularity of the hall can be attributed to the efficiency of the student supervisors. They have fixed the

Andrew Gih Again Conducts Chapel

Gives Essentials Of Soul-Winning

The student body again had the privilege of hearing Mr. Andrew Gih in chapel, Friday morning. Mrs. Gih, who was with him this time, sang a song in Chinese. The English translation was "The Lord Gives Peace."

The message of the morning was taken from the gospel of Luke. There are four main divisions — (1) repentance, (2) regeneration, (3) the baptism of the Holy Spirit and (4) being filled by the Holy Spirit. The real sign of being filled with the Holy Spirit is "the overcoming of the temptations of the devil."

With the use of the blackboard Mr. Gih showed that wherever Christ was there was a crowd. He then showed how the fishermen, Peter, James and John were unsuccessful until they had the help of Jesus. Christ must be on the throne of our hearts before the message of God can come from our hearts. Mr. Gih asked, "Why not forsake all and follow Him?"

Purple Reserves Beat Gold Fems' Second Team

Wednesday afternoon the reserves of the women's Purple and Gold teams met on the local gym floor with the dark team emerging victorious. The Purple girls completely outclassed their opponents in the first half of the play. In the second half the Gold defense and offense began to work. The Purple lassies made no points in the third quarter and only one double decker in the fourth. However, the Purples, by using Thornton's height to good advantage under the basket, had built up a lead which the glittering co-eds could not overcome. Thornton was high scorer for the winning team making 10 of their 16 points, and Richardson led the Gold reserves with 8 of the 12 points. The game was decidedly divided into two halves, the first Purple and the second Gold, which is not indicated by the 16-12 score.

Box Score:

	Purple				
	G	F	T	PCT.	
Thornton	5	0	10	.277	
Fuller	1	0	2	.250	
Schoff	1	2	4	.333	
Guards: Wallberger, McGowan, Larson, Gehrke					

	Gold				
	G	F	T	PCT.	
Richardson	4	0	8	.266	
Geores	1	0	2	.066	
Berry	1	0	2	.166	
Bell	0	0	0	.000	
Guards: Moody, Waterman, Lovell					

Score by quarters:

Purple	4	14	14	16
Gold	0	2	8	12

CARD OF APPRECIATION

We hereby wish to express our sincere appreciation and gratitude for the many kind tokens of love and material helpfulness received from friends in the college and throughout the town in this time of illness.

The Clocksin Family.

place up a great deal in their spare time, and, as everybody probably knows, they are sponsoring tournaments. The enthusiasm which these fellows are putting into their work deserving the whole-hearted approval and cooperation of the students.

This is one Student Council project that, with the complete support of the faculty, has been carried out successfully. They have been frequently referred to as "students' stooges," but in Hazeletonian English this means something like "representatives of their respective student constituents," which sounds to me to be just what they are supposed to be.

— J. B. E.

Are Our Souls Tuned For God's Blessing?

By Dr. Douglas

There is a broadcasting station which has been in operation for thousands of years. The owner and operator is God. This station operates on a definite wave-length. If anyone is willing to make the necessary adjustments in his receiving set he may receive news of vital importance at any time of day or night. It is a powerful station when properly tuned in, but, like other stations is subject to static. This static is in the local receiving set. Some of the adjustments have not been made properly. Self-interest and the Devil are also broadcasting. They are also powerful stations and must be tuned out if a clear message is to come over the station. Many people have forgotten which number to dial. Others never took the trouble to find out. Some are trying to listen to two stations at once, others, for various reasons, are not interested in one station but try one station one day and another the next. The celestial broadcast is best heard in solitude and frequent dialing of the proper station seems to improve the receiving set rather than to wear it out. When did you and I tune in last? Was there a lot of static? Which station comes in the best on your set?

DISTRICT U. B. HEAD SPEAKS IN CHAPEL

Rev. Reed of the United Brethren church in Salamanca led in the opening prayer and Dr. Paul Weaver, District Superintendent of the United Brethren brought the message of the morning.

"Be still and know that I am God" Psalm 46:10 was the text of the morning. "We ought to have a moratorium on noise, hustle and bustle of this day," said Rev. Weaver. We have lost the act of meditation and we would be so much better off physically, spiritually, and socially if we would be still and listen to what God has to say to us.

Most people of today want reality and the one place we can find this is in the sanctuary of Silence. We must know and find God for he has the blue prints for our lives and has plans for each and every one of us. Rev. Weaver also brought out the fact that emphasis in prayer to God does not depend on repetition but on sincerity and true communion.

HIS X WAS AN X

From *National Amateur Journalist* is the following classic description by Ken Wilson whose name now appears on the list of students at Butler university:

To thx Xditor:
A fwx wxkxs ago I usxd onx of your typxwritxrs. At first I was plxasxd, but not for long. You sxx, thx troublx is this. Xvxry timx I want an x I gxt an x. Now this is gxtting mx mad. Bxcausx whxn I want an x I want an x, not an x. This is xnough to makx anyonx mad. How would you lixk to gxt an x vxry timx you wantxd an x? An x is an x, not an x. Do you sxx what I mxan?

Josxph Xdward Jonxs.

The saying that beauty is but skin-deep is but a skin-deep saying.

—Herbert Spencer



PUISSANT PUNDITS

By J. P. Q. DeRight

Well, here we are again, right back where we started from, after I had to get out of town two weeks ago. And if certain statements were to be made about the dorm questionnaire, I'd be able to start off again. I didn't get a chance at one of those blanks, and I wanted to. I think we've been getting pie a la mode too often, and I just hate to have to use milk on my cereal all the time.

Feather, you know, is raising a lip-tickler; one of the admiring throng asked him: "Isn't it tough trying to eat soup with a moustache?" "Yes," said Feather, "It's quite a strain."

A group of girls were talking in the halls. Said one, "I like Marion Smith, but isn't she addicted a little to loquacity?"

Lenoir came back indignantly with: "No, she never touches a drop of anything strong!"

Jack Haynes had a job somewhere last summer in an office, and the first day the boss said: "Son, do you know the motto of this firm?" "Sure," said Jack. "It's 'push.'"

"Now where," asked the boss, "did you ever get that idea?" "Why, it's right on the door. I saw it as I came in."

Trouble in the practice teaching department! One little boy just wasn't doing so well, and the parent came up to see about it. After discussion, the parent said, "Wouldn't you say that my John is really trying?"

The novice teacher did not hesitate. "Yes, very," was the reply.

It seems that Miss Ortlip has painted portraits at some time or other. One time a man came in to see her, and said, "I'd like you to paint a portrait of my late uncle." "Bring him in," she said. "I said my late uncle," the man corrected her. "Oh, that's all right. Bring him in when he gets here."

It's leap year, of course, and one young lady here received a rebuke from her mother in this connection. Said mother: "Don't you know that it is not proper for a young lady to turn around on the street and look at a strange young man?"

Said the daughter: "But mother, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking to see if he turned around to see."

On debate tour somebody asked Wes Nussey if he didn't get sick of looking at a good-looking man. "Not often," said Wes. "But when I do, I just lay the mirror down."

This same Mr. Nussey, very particular about his personal appearance, is a rabid anglophile. Still, he took great offense when Mr. Sheffer remarked that it looked as if the Canadians were coming out on top. (If you don't get this, ask Wes to tip his hat.)

And incidentally, Wes is going to have a date with a girl whose last name is Nussey next Friday night. Keep your eyes open, folks.

Suicufnoc say: Editor who tries to do things (with unpaid volunteer feature writer) shouldn't.

Literati

MORE POETRY STUFF

by Shirley D. Babbitt

In a copy of the *Lantern* recently sent to me I found a very interesting article by Mr. Kenneth Wilson, entitled *The Stuff Poems Are Made Of*. I agree most heartily with the thoughts expressed by the author. Lines 'must be forced into existence'. That is the way with nearly all writing or expression, oral or written. Only a few gifted members of what was once called the gentler sex seem to be exceptions to the rule.

Some lines are forced into existence easily; they come with little or no effort. Others are recalcitrant, perverse, stubborn. They take much effort and persuasion; then they come with halting steps and calloused feet.

Perhaps it may be a bit of balm to the beginner to know that even the most versatile of writers has the same experience. Doctor Holmes has written how all but a few lines of his poems often came easily, and one or two lines would keep him working for hours, days, or even weeks. Then he often gave them to the world without being satisfied with the result.

Before I proceed further I wish to state a favorite dictum of mine. Everyone and anyone who is articulate can write poetry. It is not a jest. I am in earnest. Perhaps the poetry will compare most miserably with that of the master poets. So will his prose compare most miserably with that of the prose masters. We do not say the students cannot sing, but we know their best efforts compare most miserably with those of a great choir. We do not say a person cannot speak because he lacks eloquence. If we use Lincoln or Burke as a standard, how many of us can write simple prose? Compared with Johnson or Coleridge, how many of us can converse? I think the reader will get the point I am trying to make regarding the matter of comparison; if not, it will merely prove my contention regarding the writing of prose.

Assuming that it is possible for every person to write poetry, the first thing is to get an idea. Mr. Wilson might call it an experience. We both mean the same thing. The idea must be something that stirs the writer, appeals to his imagination, awakens his feelings. It is the cause, the motivation through which the lines are to be forced into existence.

Now we have the idea, we must ponder over it, look at it from every side, consider every angle, try to discover all its possibilities. I, personally, have a great advantage over many people when it comes to turning a subject or idea in my mind. With so much vacant space there is no difficulty, few incumbrances. It is like turning a small piece of furniture in a large auditorium, but little danger of bumping into other pieces or ideas.

After meditating over the idea and pondering upon it, the real forcing of the lines into existence begins. Some will come with a little coaxing. It is not necessary to begin at the beginning and build the poem methodically step by step. The idea must be kept in mind and each line made to point toward the ultimate objective, but it matters little whether the lines first forced into existence are eventually to be the beginning, middle, or end of the finished poem.

To illustrate the operation I shall review the process of working in my own case. Several weeks ago I heard the honking of wild geese and stopped to watch them. It is a common experience to many people, and one may observe that nearly everyone will stop whatever he may be doing to watch the moving V. I think practically all people are somewhat moved emotionally by the sight.

I have seen many flocks of wild geese, most of them larger than this

one, but as I watched them keep their V form as they battled against the gale another idea came to mind. Recently I had read something about, or seen some pictures of, sky writing by airplanes. The thought that wild geese kept a definite letter form during centuries of migrations flashed upon me. Here was sky writing in Nature, older than any message of advertisement. Sky writing has a purpose; it is to tell something, to induce people to use a certain article, a beverage, a soap. Of course the old saying, that flying geese foretell cold weather, comes to mind at once.

Here, then, was the whole experience or idea. It was both experience and idea. I had the tingling, exciting thrill that always comes when I have the inception of a poem. You have all had the same feeling when you pondered over what to write or how to write a theme. Then it flashes upon you. "Oh boy, ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!" The cartoonist who made that statement famous undoubtedly had the same experience with his picture making.

For more than a week I turned that raw material in my mind. In fact it must have been in my subconscious mind practically all the time. Several times during the next few nights I woke up with the idea. Numerous word combinations came to me, most of them unsatisfactory. The one tangible thought that stuck was that sky writing had been known to geese for centuries. Ultimately that became the climax or high point of some verses I managed to force into existence. In this case there was no spontaneous burst of words with 'the suddenness of an April shower.'

Finally, about ten days after the first experience, I began actual work of forcing the lines—manhandling the muse, as it were. I went on my trip to Cuba and had paper and pencil with me. Over and over in my mind I tried varied combinations of words to force into existence and crystallize into definite form; the amorphous ideas I had harbored.

Two expressions came from the effort. One pertained to the prophecy of storm; the other to the V or wedge shape of the flock of geese. Many word trials were tried before I had anything remotely satisfactory. I was alone and did the testing aloud to myself. At last I had words that gave expression to ideas I desired and also were acceptable in rime. With considerable satisfaction I kept repeating my quatrain until I felt sure of it. Then I stopped beside the road, got out pencil and paper, and wrote the lines. Cars passed me and people curiously looked to see what I was doing, but that troubled me not at all. What did it matter that they stared at me—I had actually with a lead pencil bludgeoned four lines into existence!

It is impossible for me to keep more than four lines in my stunted mind at one time; therefore I dismissed my stanza entirely when I drove away. At once I began on another. This came more readily. I had driven about eight or ten miles for the first four lines; about five or six were sufficient for the second. It was an expansion or enlargement of the first stanza, and yet I had not touched upon the key idea of sky writing. Again I stopped beside the road while I wrote.

When I resumed my journey I was ready to attack the sky writing idea. I found difficulties with rime while working on the second stanza, but they had been overcome easily by use of a synonym. Now I found a greater difficulty. The last two lines of the quatrain came easily; the first two were stubborn. I had mastered the second stanza by discarding the word *old* and substituting the commonplace word *old* and meeting the necessary change with suitable word

in the riming line. After much work on the words *flock of geese*, I at last gave up. I could not think of many rimes to match *geese*, and I could not work in those I did think of. I did want to change the thought I had built up in my mind. At last I overcame the difficulty by changing from the plural to the singular and letting one goose symbolize all geese. Even then I did not get a satisfactory line to correspond.

That was a thirty mile stanza and only half satisfactory at that. As I wrote it I read the three in sequence. I thought to myself that the lines might pass as a short poem as they were, but finally decided that an introductory stanza to give setting of time and place would be an improvement if I could hit upon suitable lines.

I had half formed some lines tentatively in mind when I overtook a man who wanted a ride. He did not look too vicious; therefore I took him in. Of course I recalled lurid stories of robberies, murders, and similar possibilities. I knew, however, that if the worst should happen and he should kill me for money, I would still have the ghastly satisfaction of leaving him nothing but disappointment and a half finished poem. He turned out to be a preacher and quite harmless, although able to force a line of his own into existence with but little effort. He must have thought me a poor listener. At least I found his conversation no help to me and the poetry business.

After cudgeling lines for sixty miles I was now in a belligerent mood and determined. For fifteen miles he rode with me, but I had sweet revenge for his talking. At last the lines were whipped into shape despite other distractions; I pulled out to the side of the road and wrote them before they could evaporate. My passenger watched me with curious interest. After writing the stanza I took retaliatory measures with him. Here was an unusual opportunity. He was in the car and could not get away unless he gave up a free ride. I hope I may be forgiven—I read the whole poem to the poor victim and he endured it, suffered heroically from beginning to end.

SKY WRITING

Down through the cold, crisp, autumn air
Come clear, discordant honkings loud.

At once alert, I turn to stare
Into the low, gray, autumn cloud.
A moving V of living cuneiform
Against the gray in silhouette
Is warning of bleak northern storm
Enroute that has not reached us yet.

This message writ like runes of old
Is ancient, age-old, autumn lore
To savages the warning told
In prehistoric days of yore.
Our modern boasts are often wrong,
But tinkling cymbals jangling loose;

Sky writing has for ages long
Been known to every flying goose.

And now, before leaving this subject, which has grown already to excessive length and become too personal, I should say something to encourage others to write poetry. As is every play with words, it is great fun. It furnishes unlimited enjoyment. You will be surprised at the result—not great poetry, perhaps; but poetry that will open to you entirely new fields of pleasure. Every poem or effort at poetry is a challenge; you will soon find keen satisfaction in tilting with words. The rules may make it seem difficult, but they keep it within bounds and make it an art instead of a free-for-all.

A Challenge and A Contest

Watch next week's *Star* for an important announcement growing out of further developments in this exciting account of why and how a poem comes to be written anyway. Every student will be eligible to compete for a prize offered for the best single line

Dorm Food' Topic Of Chapel Speech

Dr. Paine Answers To Questionnaires

In an honest effort to determine whether the criticisms concerning the "dorm" meals had a real basis, students were asked last Friday evening to answer certain questions concerning the food both generally and specifically. The result of this action was given by Dr. Paine in chapel on Tuesday.

He first read selected Scripture passages, some depicting the murmurings of the Israelites, others exhorting believers to be content under any circumstances. Then he reported that of the 293 questionnaires distributed, 201 indicated that the meals had been satisfactory, 49 unsatisfactory while 43 were unchecked.

Although many requests cannot be granted, there will be a slight change in dorm policy. New toasting and frying equipment will be installed. A choice will be given between vegetables, these vegetables being served in side dishes. Thanks to the questionnaire there will be new equipment, better meals, and no more criticism—maybe.

EXTENSION WORK

The speaker at the Allegheny County Home on Sunday, March 3, was Everett Gilbert, representing the Houghton W. Y. P. S. Music was provided by Ada Stocker, Margaret Fox and Wilda Winters.

Floyd Sovereign spoke in the evening worship service of the United Brethren church at Great Valley, N. Y. Special singing was by a mixed quartet: Ada Stocker, Margaret Fox, Lester Paul, and Richard Slater.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Dr. Harrison M. Pierce, formerly of the staff of the Battle Creek Sanitarium and Hospital, Battle Creek, Michigan, announces the opening of Medical Offices at his residence in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Fred Daniels, in Houghton. This office is thoroughly equipped for Physiotherapy and X-Ray.

Doctor Pierce is a native of Allegheny County, born and reared at Alfred. He holds degrees from Milton college, the University of Wisconsin and the University of Illinois, and has practiced Medicine and Surgery since 1924.

Editor Wesley says this happened in his Canadian army—"Com-pa-nee atten-shun!" bawled the drill sergeant to the "awkward squad." "Com-pa-nee, lift your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

By mistake one member held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's leg. "And who is the galoot over there holdin' up both of his legs?", shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.

Andrew Gih ...

(Continued from Page One)

Bethel Mission and Orphanage. Fifteen of the mission and orphanage buildings were destroyed by the Japanese. Every ounce of steel was taken off for bullets even to the door-knobs and screw nails. Hongkong is now the head quarters of their work which is even larger than before the outbreak of war. The orphanage has 500 children whose parents have been killed in the war. There are 20 million such children in China today.

Mr. Gih's closing remark was, "Please pray for our mission!"

to be used as a substitute for one in the poem, which was unsatisfactory to the author and to several readers. Can you find this line?

TOO CHEAP

By Henry Ortlip

It is common for us to judge the value of things in terms of what they cost us. When we were children we esteemed a hard earned quarter with a sense of a higher value than we did one for which we hadn't raised a finger.

There are many Christians to whom Christianity does not appear to be a vital and a real thing simply for the reason that their Christianity costs them so little. These, although not fully appreciating their meaning, rest in the words, "Jesus Paid It All," but they give little attention to the ensuing words "All to Him I owe." Little do they realize "the debt of love they owe." They are more concerned with their own selfish interests than they are with the fulfilling of Christ's command to be fruitful Christians.

The fact that we do not have to pay for our salvation does not mean that it does not cost anything. The cost of our salvation is so great that nothing within our powers that we can do could ever obtain salvation for us. For after man has done his uttermost to save himself from sin he still finds "the ladder to safety" too short.

But because man was not able to lift himself from his deplorable and helpless state, God paid the cost of our salvation. And God gave the dearest possession that he had in order that this might be accomplished. He "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

Our salvation also cost Christ most dearly. In order to meet the demands of the law of justice which was violated by our sins, Christ "made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. And... he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." (Phil. 2:7-8)

If we realized more fully what price Jesus had to pay, what earnestness, what sacrifice, what suffering, anguish, and agony of soul it cost him for our salvation, our lives would really prove that we believed in our hearts the words "all to Him I owe."

If our lives as Christians are going to prove what is the perfect will of God, the Christian life will cost us something too. Our service to Christ will not be out of irksome compulsion but because of our own sense of the greatness of our task and of our responsibility to the rest of the world. What good is Christianity if it isn't worthy of the best that is in us? So high and worthy a task does Christianity embrace that it merits the fullest and best employment of all our faculties and powers. Men will go to the limits of material expense and human endurance for some scientific research or for some humanitarian plan. Cannot we, in whose hearts the light of the glorious Gospel has shone, sacrifice as much or more than men in secular fields are doing for motives of less importance in the eyes of an omniscient God?

The Christian church of today ought to hang its head in shame for the neglect of "so great salvation". Oh, that we might feel as the Apostle Paul felt when he said, "I am debtor to the wise and to the unwise, to the Greeks and the barbarians." Also he said, "I count not my own life dear unto myself," but he was possessed of a passion to spend and to be spent for God. Oh, may we have a spirit that will grip our hearts in such a manner, and constrain us to an unstinted giving of our lives and our all to the most noble and worthy cause in heaven or earth, that of winning men to the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

Golden Gladiators Vanquish Purple Pharaohs in Third Of Current Color Contests

**Goldy-Locks Win
23-20 in Prelim
To Hold Purple**

Friday night's encounter has left the Pharaoh followers singing the "Deep Purple" blues. For the Gold, by virtue of their 34-22 win have gained a 2-1 lead over their opaque-suited opponents and need only one more to retire the color championship for the second consecutive year.

Concentrating on short, snappy passwork that seemed to leave the Pharaohs "puzzled," the Gladiators out-played their opponents by a margin even wider than that of Wednesday night's tussle. In fact, before the contest had reached the mid-way mark, it had become a "Ho-hum, when are the Purple going to score again" affair. Not that the contest was devoid of thrills and action. However, the inability of the Pharaohs to penetrate the Gold defense made their playing tend to become listless.

Biggest surprise of the evening came when the Purple deserted their traditional zone and started with a man-to-man defense. However, this change proved ineffective, as the Gold ran up a lead of 8-3 in the first quarter.

The second quarter was even more of a run-away for the Gladiators. Pete Tuthill started the quarter's scoring with a successful free-throw. During the next two minutes, Dave Paine hit the net with three consecutive quarter-court tosses. After Blauvelt answered with one from center for Pharaohs, Dave dropped in two more from the charity stripe, and Evans added a field goal for good measure. This burst of scoring gave the Gold the auspicious lead of 19-5.

The Gladiators retained their wide margin of superiority during the third quarter, increasing their lead to twenty points and the score to 28-8. This period's scoring was evenly divided between Paine, Weaver, Houser and Evans for the Gold, while Taylor's set shot and Olcott's free throw gave the Purple their three points.

In the final stanza, the Gladiator reserves took over, and the scoring was practically even until the last minute when Taylor dropped in two from under the basket, and Olcott added another from the side to prove Purple superiority in at least one quarter. The final score stood at 34-22.

Supreme in making point-profits was Dave Paine of the gilded line-up with 15 markers while Frank Taylor stacked up 7 counters for the Bluebloods.

Box score:				
Gold	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Tuthill	1	1	3	.285
Evans	2	1	5	.238
Ellis	0	1	1	.333
Paine	5	5	15	.435
Marsh	1	0	2	.333
Mix	0	0	0	.000
Houser	2	1	5	.333
Torrey	0	0	0	.000
Weaver	1	1	3	.400
Purple	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Olcott	2	1	5	.167
Eyler	0	1	1	.250
Taylor	3	1	7	.222
Sheffer	1	0	2	.167
Blauvelt	2	1	5	.250
Prentice	0	1	1	.500
Sackett	0	1	1	1.000
McKinley	0	0	0	.000
Bennett	0	0	0	.000
Wakefield	0	0	0	.000

Friday evening the Gold lassies recovered from two previous defeats to win over the Purple aggregation by a 23 to 20 score. This was the third game in the color series. A Purple win would have clinched the girls series and so the Gold lassies came out determined to make a goal line stand. There are no individual honors to be handed out. The Gold's defense worked well, keeping the Purple forwards down to 2 points in the first quarter. The Purple guards retaliated by holding the golden forward line to one point in the final quarter. Shirley Fidinger led in the scoring with four field baskets and two free throws. Billy Paine and Jean French were close on her heels with eight points apiece.

The opening quarter was marked by a large number of fouls. Newhart and Fidinger each completed a free throw for the Gold. French and Fidinger also accounted for a field basket each. Billy Paine's long shot was the only tally given to the Purple girls. During this period both teams used a zone defense, but at the end of the eight minute stretch the Gold was on the long end of a 6-2 score.

At the beginning of the second quarter coach Blauvelt changed his purple defense to a man for man in an attempt to stop the Gold forwards. Fidinger opened the period with a shot from under the basket which was followed by one by Newhart from the same place. Jerry Paine made a foul shot making the score 10-3, and then made a one hand push shot. French evened things up with a shot from down under and Schaner came through with a long shot. Two baskets by Billy Paine brought the Purple total up to 11. A long by Fidinger and a running side shot by French boosted the Gold score to 16 as the quarter ended.

During the half the remodeled Houghton college band furnished music which had fans keeping time with their feet.

At the beginning of the third quarter Gerry Paine went in as guard and Doris Driscoll took her place in the forward wall. Shaner made a side shot followed by a foul shot by Newhart. Fidinger then made a foul shot bringing the score to 18-13. The Purple guards then returned to their zone defense in a last effort to check the mounting Gold score. Fidinger and French each made double deckers for the bright clad team and Driscoll made one from down under for the Purple.

The fourth quarter opened with the score 22 to 15. The dark hued defensive line began to work to perfection and the Gold forwards were unable to complete a field basket in this period. Driscoll made a side shot followed by a free throw. Billy Paine then took the cover off the basket from under and brought the score to 22-20. Now it was the Gold's turn to protect that precious lead in closing minutes of play as the Purple had had to do in the two previous games. Newhart sunk a foul shot just to be on the safe side and with that the game ended.

Joe Palone handled the game in a very fine manner, although in the second quarter he admitted that several times he was behind the ball as it raced madly up and down the floor with hard fighting girls always after it.

True eloquence consists of saying all that is necessary and no more.
— La Rochefoucauld

Purple Girls Eke 24-23 Victory in Wednesday Battle

**Clincher Tossed
From Mid-Court
By Gerry Paine**

Wednesday evening the Gold girls appeared on the Bedford gym floor determined to make up for the 23 to 20 defeat which they had suffered in the first of the color series. Fans will long remember their desperate attempt to do this in the final quarter of the game. When the papers had stopped dropping from the balcony and the game was over, the score board showed the Purple to be on the winning side of the ledger with the score 24 to 23.

The first quarter was marked by the ball moving up and down the court with neither team doing much scoring. Early in the game a foul was called on Newhart, and Schaner made the basket to put the Purple ahead by one point. Near the end of the period Schaner sunk a shot from down under and French matched it with a side shot to make the score at the end of the first quarter read 3 to 2.

The second period saw both offenses working better, but the edge was still with the Gold and they managed to build their lead up to 11-7. During this time excellent guarding for the Gold by Doris Veazie kept the ball on the Gold half of the court most of the time, but the ball failed to find the center of the hoop. For the Purple Gerry Paine made 2 under the basket shots and one foul shot, while sister Billy came through with one foul shot and one running side shot. Jean French completed two side shots and one foul shot for the Gold.

The second half started with bad passing by both teams. Gerry Paine made one long shot and one running side shot for the Purple lassies and Billy Paine added a one hand push shot and Millie Schaner came through with a shot under the basket bringing the total up to 19. The Goldettes had to content themselves with two foul shots by Jean French, making their total 9.

Coming into the final quarter, ten points behind, the Golden belles decided it was time to unlimber their long range guns. Before the first minute of play had elapsed, Jean French had hit the bulls-eye with three long side shots. The dark girls recovered somewhat during a time out. Resuming play again Gerry Paine sunk a shot from under the basket and Newhart hit pay dirt for the Gold with a long shot. Gerry Paine then increased the Purple lead by making a foul shot. French brought the Gold to a position only one point behind their opponents by making a basket from center court. Newhart then swished the strings from the number 5 position to put the Gold on the winning side of the line. With 9 seconds remaining to play Gerry Paine shot from the center of the court and completed it, putting the Gold out in front 23 to 24 where they stayed. The Gold took the ball and French tried a long shot as the final horn sounded, but it was no good.

High scorer was Jean French who made 19 points for the Gold, completing 47.8 per cent of her attempts. Next in line for scoring honors was Gerry Paine with 14 points for the Purple.

The smallest man is often the biggest problem.
—Your Faith

We have not enough strength to follow our reasoning.
— La Rochefoucauld

Big Reversal Is Seen in Second Of Color Series

After reading the final legend, Gold 34, Purple 24, on the scoreboard, each of Houghton's self-styled sport-authorities turned to his Muse and said for the 'steenth time, "I don't understand it, what has happened?" The complete reversal from the form displayed by each team last week even left Coach McNeese round-mouthed and the Star sport-writers shaking their heads in bewilderment.

Just as the initial clash was cloaked with a Purple cast, so Wednesday night's encounter was Gold-plated from the outset. Featuring passwork that was cautious without being slow, the Gladiator attack rolled up a 9-0 lead in the first quarter, six points of which were dropped in by Frankie Marsh.

The Pharaohs started their scoring in the second quarter when Eyler sank a foul shot, and Prentice followed a few seconds later with a field goal from the side. From there on, the scoring was practically even until the half ended with the Gold leading 16-9.

However, the Golden Warriors again took the play away from the Purple during the third quarter, outscoring them 11-6. The Pharaoh's fast break, which worked so effectively during the initial contest, was completely blanketed by alert Gladiator guards. Meanwhile the Purple set offense was unable to work the ball in as the Gold defense forced them to take long shots and made many pass-interceptions.

The Purple again had slight advantage in play during the last quarter, but it was merely a faint parting shot at the Gold who finished ten points ahead. The latter merely concentrated on protecting their lead, which they did without any serious threats from the vanquished.

Frank Marsh, Jasper's cloud-scraper, led all point-getters with thirteen counters. Close behind was elongated Peter Tuthill with twelve. Prentice led the Purple scorers with eight points.

Box score:				
Gold	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Evans	0	0	0	.000
Ellis	3	1	7	.287
Mix	0	1	1	.333
Tuthill	6	0	12	.222
Paine	0	1	1	.084
Marsh	6	1	13	.437
Purple	FG	FT	T	Pct.
Prentice	3	2	8	.333
Eyler	2	1	5	.273
Taylor	2	0	4	.133
Blauvelt	0	1	1	.052
Sheffer	2	0	4	.162
Olcott	1	0	2	.084
McKinley	0	0	0	.000
Sackett	0	0	0	.000
Bennett	0	0	0	.000

Purple Reserves Beat Gold in Second Contest

Monday afternoon the Purple reserves recovered from their defeat of last week to win over the Gold second team to the tune of 23 to 25. Black paced the winners with eight points. Frendenburg was high scorer for the Gold men with 12 tallies. The Gold took an early lead and at the half led 16 to 9. Under the basket pivot shots by Black brought the score to 18-19 with the Gold still leading. The score went to 21-21 with three minutes remaining to play. Pratt sunk a pivot shot from pnder the basket for the Gold and then McKinley sunk two long shots as the final whistle blew to put the Pharaohs out in front by two points.

BLEACHER



GOSSIP

by Allyn Russell

Sports menu for Thursday, March 7—choice of hash or hash—Purple and Gold series is at least interesting if you don't want to call it exciting. It looks as if the Pharaohs will have to do a little overhauling to bounce back at the Mongloid Marauders with any degree of success. Someone says that the initial play-off instilled a little too much confidence in the Purple cohorts...

Status quo seems to be that the crowds are turning out to view the feminine free-for-alls. . . Although Gerry Paine's gang will probably wind up as the champs, we select Jean French and Betty McComb as the top ranking forward and guard in the black sox league. . . And Mr. Joseph Palone is also enjoying the preliminaries. . . Prediction No. 1 for 1940 says that Lee Grissom will definitely make good, pitching for the Bronx Bombers and the Reds will be shedding something more than crocodile tears before the season's a month young. . . March 17 is the day scheduled in the Southland for the grapefruit all star game, — a Finnish relief benefit fund between baseball's big boys. . . Recalling thoughts of the interclass series we noticed that a delegation of Religious Ed majors have played an important part in the "gone by" struggles. Work, Van Ornum, Houser, Kennedy, Bob Foster, Sackett, Minnick and the two Donelsons were the future pastors who pranced around in historic Bedford, so we say: "Hats off to the theologs"...

And did you know that Coach McNeese played varsity football and basketball four years straight while attending Brighton High down in Pennsylvania. In his senior year he was chosen all county halfback on the pigskin team and was an all-county forward on the court team that reached the semi-finals of an invitation meet at Pittsburgh. . . Did you know that Harry Palmer is a boxer of no mean reputation? His first seven years in school he had a fight every night going home from school and he lived just across the road! . . . The ping-pong tournament is progressing slowly but nevertheless is providing a good deal of interest. Dick Bennett seems to be the one to stop, while Frankie Taylor, Brooks, Broadhead, and Engle are attempting to accomplish the trick. And speaking of ping-pong the North Eastern U. S. open championships are being held in Rochester this Saturday. . . The town team wound up their regular season last evening at Castile with another win (unofficial). If the report of their victory is true, the Houghtonians finished in first place with the neighboring community of Gainesville. Play offs start next week. . . Steve Orlip is looking forward toward the baseball season. . . Big time basketball came to a grand finale early this week with N. Y. U. the only unbeaten team in higher-up competition. Close behind however were Oklahoma Aggies and Santa Clara Teachers. . . And for desert we bring you this closing notation — don't forget the Athletic Association Banquet.

The worst moment for the atheist is when he is really thankful and has nobody to thank.

— The Upper Room