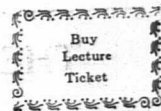


THE HOUGHTON STAR



COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

VOLUME XXI

HOUGHTON, N. Y., OCTOBER 26, 1928

NUMBER 6

"Pa" and "Ma" Clarke Lead Expedition to Portage

Freshmen Girls Report
Adventures

Unless Portage "Falls" we are going back again. We didn't have one of those, "a good time was had by all, and refreshments were served afterwards" times. Of course not! Sixteen girls in The Bus, and seven more of the party in Mr. Clarke's car started for Portage at 1:30 Saturday afternoon, and eventually reached the Falls. By the way, this outing was held by the In-as-much Class, which is taught by Mrs. Clarke, and composed of College girls who attend Sunday School.

We who had not had the privilege of seeing Portage before, now indulged in ecstasies of "Oh's, ah's, and 'Isn't it wonderful.'" (Meanwhile the rain fell). Two girls of the party, with the abnormal curiosity of normal Freshmen, crossed the Bridge which spans the Falls and explored the opposite side of the river and other places of interest, until meal time. Then the rest of the group, having climbed the endless steps to the Bridge, proceeded to saunter, struggle, or cautiously feel their way across to the other side, according to their respective ability to keep their equilibrium. (Meanwhile the rain fell). It certainly does give one a sensation to stand in the center of the bridge and gaze down at that great volume of water rushing over the brink into the gorge. Some of the

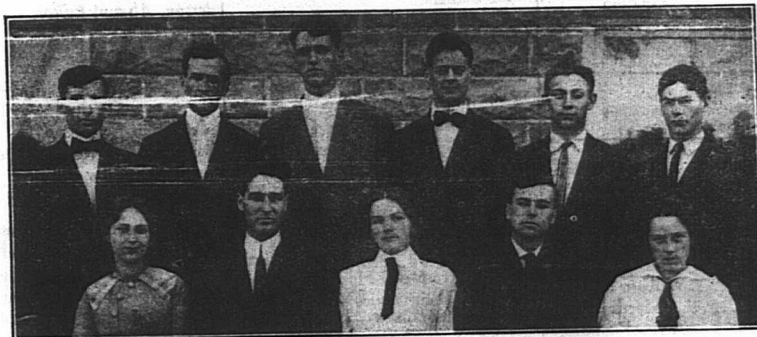
(Continued on Page Four)

E. H. Chind Suspected of Luring Girls to Disaster

The Copper Coffee Pot Report

About four o'clock last Saturday four of the Clark expedition to Portage sought the trail to the Lower Falls. E. H. Chind volunteered to guide us. We walked through the woods light-heartedly until we found ourselves far from the trail. The three of us were for turning back, but E. H. declared she knew a much shorter way through the brush. We yielded to her arguments and she led us deeper into the woods. When we were hopelessly lost, she suddenly quickened her pace and was soon lost to our sight. We called and called to her. Finally far away, we heard her voice uttering the most unearthly sounds. We clutched each other in terror; but, not caring to risk a night alone in the forest, we followed the gruesome noise. On and on we stumbled panting through the dense thicket. Still our guide kept deftly out of sight. It seemed hours that we plodded on desperately hungry and thirsty. Our clothes were all but rent apart and we were covered with scratches and bruises. As for myself, I was swaying dizzily to and fro. Two or three times I would have fallen, but for the sustaining arms of my comrades. When we were about ready to drop with fatigue, we came upon the biggest bramble patch I ever saw. In order to avoid this we plunged into a swamp. After thoroughly soaking our feet in the crossing, we found

(Continued on Page Four)



STAFF OF THE HOUGHTON STAR DURING 1912-1913

Top row—H. L. McMillan, LaVay Fancher, Paul Fall, G. T. McDowell, C. M. Walton, W. C. Bowen
Bottom row—C. B. Russell (Lang), C. F. Hester, G. B. Sloan (Overton), R. W. Hazlett, M. P. Hubbard (McDowell). If you are in this picture let's hear from you.

Leaves from My Chautauqua Diary

It is not a surprising thing to find one's personal diary labeled "Private, No Trespassing." A diary is apt to be an intimate affair where one gives vent to "the blues," and explodes about the petty trials of the day; or finds happiness in some trite incident that to another would be meaningless. Therefore, be not surprised if these leaves seem chosen with care, for the aim will be to relate those things which would be of interest and value to another. "Informality" is the keynote of my diary.

Chautauqua Lake, June, '28.
Dad brought me here from Erie this P. M. Seems like a regular family reunion with so many of last year's "gang" back. "Cookie" held out her arms with a fervent "God bless her heart" and a true mamma hug; Toots and Ruth dashed in from a shampoo; and the rest greeted me as characteristically. This evening we went up to the Amphitheater to see John Erskine's version of *Helon of Troy*. Didn't care for it, and came home.

July 10. First New York Symphony Concert. Great! Stoessel is the same graceful conductor; Michakoff's violin holds you spellbound as of yore; but LaPrade is missing!

July 18. Cronks, Miss Fancher and Aleda came today, for the afternoon concert. Alton was quite dis-

(Continued on Page Four)

Service Held at Quakertown

"Lights" Subject of Roy's

Message

Paul Roy chose "Lights" for the subject of his sermon in Quakertown Sunday night. The sermon was developed by taking various examples of lights as found in great men of former periods. The most important point in his sermon was the explanation of how each individual might have a light in his own life by letting the Divine Light shine through him. Mr. Roy urged the audience to so live that they might shine as a bright light.

The mens' quartet sang two numbers which were well appreciated. Esther Ries and Florence Hall also sang a number that was full of meaning and inspiration.

Again we thank God for His blessing upon the work of the Christian Workers.

"Success is the ratio between what you are and what you are capable of being."

Class of '16 Theol. Have Reunion 100 Per Cent Present

It was with joyous hearts that the Theological class of 1916, 100 percent strong met for its second class reunion since leaving dear old Houghton, at the home of Rev. Walter F. Lewis, in the pretty village of Forestdale, Vt., in the foot hills of the Green Mountains, on a bright shiney August 23d, 1928. Much time was spent in talking of old times at Houghton and various happenings since the last reunion. A few days were spent in viewing the surrounding country and at last the farewells had to be said with the hopes that another reunion will be enjoyed next summer in New York City.

Elmer S. Davidson, Pres.
Walter F. Lewis, Sec.

A Few Reasons for Voting for Hoover

New Haven, Conn.,

July 29, 1928.

As an independent voter who did his bit to elect Roosevelt in 1904, Taft in 1908, and Wilson in 1912 and 1916, who enjoyed a personal friendship with all three, and who, since then, has voted for the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, I shall in 1928, support Herbert Hoover for President.

1. Mr. Hoover is a great engineer and administrator, a man who both plans things and does things, a practical, constructive idealist.

2. Mr. Hoover is a great humanitarian, who came into politics not as a politician, but as a friend of his fellowmen, as did originally Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. It was Hoover's constructive work in Belgian Relief, undertaken not because of personal ambition but at a personal sacrifice, which first brought him into prominence and led President Wilson to appoint him Food Administrator. From that day to this he has been a great world figure in the relief of human suffering and in child welfare. In post-war relief, through his ingenious device, the "food draft," millions were kept from starvation in Germany, Austria, Poland, Russia and elsewhere.

3. Mr. Hoover is a Quaker, whose very religion is world peace. Under him we may hope to see war outlawed in fact as well as in name.

4. Mr. Hoover is a practical economist and one to whom is due more largely than to any other one man improvement in our prosperity. Under him we may expect that im-

(Continued on Page Three)

Bigger and Better Than Ever

Bigger and better—and How! We have with us this year a group of numbers on the lecture course which we believe to be second to none formerly presented. Ask "Stevie" or "Elder" about the Russian Cathedral Quartet, which is coming Wednesday November 7, and you will be amazed at the torrent of praise that rolls forth from their lips.

On December 3, Chester Howland will give a very interesting program of moving pictures and colored slides telling the "Story of the Ancient Whalemens."

Edgar Raine will bring to us his travelogue, in natural colors. His subject is the interesting story of "Alaska."

Doctor Southwick the world's supreme interpreter of the Shakesperian drama will be with us January 4.

Landon, the great interpreter of Bill Nye, (ask any old student about him) will give his enlightening lecture on famous literary personages January 16.

Judge Fitch who ranks with Judge "Ben" Lindsay will tell his philosophy of life April 17.

Last but not least, the May Concert, an exhibition of the most skilled talent in the music and oratory departments.

Come one, come all, come early and avoid the rush. Tickets are going fast!

Five Houghtonites Hear Marian Talley

Leon Hines, Theos Cronk, Mildred Stevenson, Miss Hill and Prof. Lawless might have been seen on the front row of the stage seats in the Buffalo Consistory last Friday evening. As an added attraction, Marian Talley sang.

Seriously, the concert was an artistic triumph. It seems useless to tell it has been the talk of the musical world since her debut three years ago. Possessed of an unusually and attractive personality, Miss Talley wins her audience before she has sung a note. She is a picture to look upon—and as Leon Hines so well put it "everything went blank when she of Miss Talley's wonderful voice for looked our way."

The Consistory was filled to capacity, and so insistent and enthusiastic was the applause that the artist responded with several encores after each group.

Aside from running out of gas twice, the return trip was uneventful for the "Houghtonites."

Rev Chamberlain and Miss Moreland Speak in Chapel

Preacher and Missionary
Gives Interesting Talks

Wednesday, long chapel, two speakers but the Houghtonites did not become exceedingly restless. Prof. Leroy Fancher introduced Rev. Robert Chamberlain, a former alumnus. Mr. Chamberlain told of the days when the students were placed in every other seat in order to fill the chapel. Times have changed.

After reading the third chapter of Philippians, Mr. Chamberlain spoke about specialization. It has become customary to specialize in practically every line. The speaker then drew the lesson that Paul was a specialist in his line—religion. Realizing that life is short, it behoves everyone to put first things first and "press toward the mark." The word "press" was explained as meaning to struggle and put forth effort in the Christian way. Paul's example may well be followed.

Miss Moreland, a Free Methodist missionary to Portuguese, West Africa, was the second speaker. Although she is a nurse, Miss Moorland told us about the school work. The church building is fitted with portable desks during the week and used as a school. Friday night the desks are removed by the boys and the benches used on Sunday take their place. The school has an enrollment of about forty boys.

(Continued on Page Two)

Students Prayer Service Inspirational

A Cherished Hour

"Sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care."

One of the most cherished hours of the entire week to the Christian student in Houghton is the Tuesday evening prayer service. The fervent, heaven-blest prayers and victorious testimonies of battles fought and won in the pressing round of school life cannot but inspire all to greater things in the love and service of God. This week's meeting was no exception for God was manifestly present. It was an hour of real worship. The theme of the evening, as evidenced in prayer and testimony, was for a deeper walk with God through a life of prayer and faith.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Music Club

The first program meeting of the Music Club was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, October 17. The program was devoted to a study of the life and works of Ischaikowski. Miss Hillpot gave a very interesting biography of Ischaikowski. Wilfred Bain talked on his orchestral works. The "Nut Cracker Suite" was then studied. Analytical note on the various parts were presented by Mildred Stevenson, Olive Weatherill, Wilfred Bain, Theos Cronk and Margaret Carter. Prof. Lawless' Orthophonic was employed and the records of the "Nutcracker Suite" were played as recorded by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The next program will be devoted to the life and works of Chopin.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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EDITORIAL

THE ALARM CLOCK AND CHAPEL

The Alarm Clock is the students best friend, and worst enemy. Nor is the clock to be praised or blamed. An industrious student finds an alarm clock his friend because it gets him out early in the morning for work. To the lazy student, an alarm clock becomes an enemy, for it disturbs his peaceful dreams and ushers in a new day of tedious toil—wherein much energy will be used trying to keep out of work.

Industrious, early-rising students find the alarm clock effective, for he has it far enough from the bed to necessitate his getting out in order to shut it off. Lazy, sleepy, late-rising students find the clock ineffective. This may be caused in several ways. First, having turned a deaf ear, in time past, to the friendly call of the clock, he no longer hears its voice. Second, he may have the clock too accessible, so that it can be shut off without any trouble. Third, he may have actually gotten out and shut off the clock, but instead of staying up, he went back to bed!

The attitude of the student toward the call to chapel is much the same as that of the lazy student toward his alarm clock. Some go to chapel apparently asleep, others "shut off" the chapel talk by writing notes, or talking to their neighbors; still others go with the intention of staying awake, but soon forget their resolution, and return to their former coma of inattention and irreverence.

Locals

The Stevenson brothers spent the week-end in Rochester.

Evans Molyneux visited relatives in Binghamton last Sunday.

Harold Willis of East Aurora visited friends in town last Saturday.

Rev. J. C. Long is spending a few days at home with his family in Houghton.

Alvin Densmore and Erma Anderson were Sunday guests of Edith Davis at Freedom.

Rev. Seeley, pastor of the Belfast Free Methodist church attended chapel exercises Wednesday.

Prof. and Mrs. Perry Tucker of Hinsdale visited his mother, Mrs. Nellie Tucker in Houghton on Sunday.

Catherine Secord and Hilda Butterfield entertained Misses R. Davison and Bessie Fancher at dinner Wednesday.

Prof. Whitaker and wife, and Miss Vena Clark attended the Free Methodist church in Belfast last Sunday morning.

Prof. Woolsey and family, and Prof. and Mrs. Baker motored to Buffalo Sunday to hear Rev. Clinton H. Churchill.

The Misses Dorothy Kairk and Ruth Woeller of Ebenezer were visitors of Ruth Kissinger and Lucy Joslyn in Houghton over the week-end.

Rev. John Mann, pastor of the M. E. Church at Belfast and a former Houghton student, spoke in chapel Friday. He also favored us with a vocal solo.

REV. CHAMBERLAIN SPEAKS

(Continued From Page One)

The girls are considered inferior to the boys so are not given the same privileges. An attempt has been made to establish a girls' school but without success, because of the parents in regard to the education of the girls. Miss Moorland related an interesting incident which happened while the girls' school was still in progress. One day her missionary colleague came up from the office vainly endeavoring to keep from laughing. Two of the girls had been brought up on the carpet for quarreling. One girl wished to keep part of her evening meal on her plate and warm it up for breakfast (only two meals being served at the school daily). The other girl was determined to wash all the dishes including the one containing the food supply of the other. "I'm going to keep this food on this plate and warm it up in the morning!" said the first. "Do you think you are a white person born with a plate?" replied the other.

Mention STAR Advertisements

Alumni Gossip

Mrs Bernhoft Writes

Tompkins Cove, N. Y.
October 16, 1928

Dear Erma,
The fourth number of the Star arrived with no alumni news. Immediately my guilty conscience prodded, "If you had written when you first intended, they would have had some Alumni news." So here I am.

Tompkins Cove is a beautiful place and we are glad to be here. It reminds us so much of Portage. The same wild, fascinating scenery. One of our first Sunday afternoons here we started on a walk (a custom carried over from our Houghton days). We went along a nice white gravelly road and suddenly found ourselves in a series of flower gardens. We went eagerly from one garden to another, through one ivy-covered gate and out another, from a Chinese-style pagoda followed the paths and would very unexpectedly come to a lovely nook with garden chairs and table. It was like a visit to wonderland.

The sunken garden with its deep pool and fountain and white statues was a fairy place. We just stood enchanted, almost expecting some fairy creature to dance into view. Later we learned that this was the hundred-thousand dollar garden of the Tompkins summer estate. This beauty spot is only a stones throw from our house. In fact (now please don't laugh) our house was built to be one of the Tompkins stables and was later remodeled for a dwelling.

Oh, yes, we like it here. One of the other enjoyable features is the Sunday evening church service. Students from Nyack speak then. It recalls to us the services held by Houghton's Christian Workers. A nineteen year old boy who preached all summer on the street corners of Coney Island gave his experience one evening. He has a vital, living knowledge of Jesus and the Holy Spirit and his face shone so that I thought of that other young man of the Bible whose face was as the face of an angel.

There is only one drawback to Tompkins Cove and that is its distance from Houghton. Of course, we are only an hours drive from New York City. But what is the worlds largest metropolis when compared with dear old Houghton on the Genesee?

Star is fine and we just devour it. Perhaps you thought of Arthur as very unemotional but when he was reading aloud about Pres. Luckey's return to Houghton I saw tears in his eyes. It is surely true that "the man of the hour" has endeared himself to every member of the Houghton family.

Now, Erma, I guess I've written enough to drive the type-setters crazy. I give you permission, however, to blue pencil as much as you like or throw the whole thing in the waste basket.

Greetings from Arthur, the mascot of '25, and her sister.

Yours for a winning year for the Gold Girls.

Gladys Cole Bernhoft.

Letters We Like to See

246 Lenox Ave.
New York City, Oct. 16, '28

Dear Editor:

I have looked in vain among the list of the Editorial Staff for an Alumni Editor, so I am enclosing to you a report of the reunion of the Theological Class of 1916, it may be of interest to some of the old-timers. I might say in passing that the entire class have been active members of the Star Staff, greatly interested in its progress and continuous subscribers for the past fifteen years. So do not break my record, you will find check enclosed for my renewal.

May the Houghton Star shine brighter than ever, is the wish of Her friend,

Elmer S. Davidson
Thank you Mr. Davidson. We wish all the Alumni would tell us of their doings. Alumni send all news to the Editor or to Erma Anderson, Alumni Editor.

67-77 Fleet Street,
Forest Hills, New York
October 5, 1928

Mr. Hollis Stevenson
Business Manager, the Houghton Star
Houghton, New York

My dear Mr. Manager:

I have been much pleased with the first two issues of the Star; but as I cannot expect to continue receiving my copy regularly without the formality of sending my renewal, and as I do not want to miss any numbers, I am therefore enclosing you my check for \$1.50 to cover my subscription for the current year.

From the pages of these two pages of the Star, I have learned about the Boulder campaign: and I would like to enter my order. In a sense, I imagine that the Business Manager of the Boulder and you have much in common: and therefore I trust that I am not presuming too much upon the time and the patience of a busy man like yourself to ask you to hand my check for \$2.50 which I am also inclosing, to the former. Thank you!

Sincerely yours,
R. W. Hazlett

(Alumni, why not follow Prof. Hazlett's example by sending in your subscription to the Boulder as well as to the Star. Do it now!)

Limping Alumni
Grasp the Staffs

Let us hear from "You too"

Who is there among you that thinkest he can hobble alone? Nay! Not one! and fortunately here in Houghton is the nook where Staffs are kept to assist those crippled for news or otherwise pitifully handicapped. Indeed, Prof. Hazlett, a well-known friend to Houghtonites has recently sent in his subscriptions to the Boulder and Star staffs—he says "I have been much pleased with the first two issues of the Star." The result of this pleasure gave the Star another subscriber and then because he read the Star the Boulder profited in like manner. Both the Star and Boulder staffs wish to sincerely thank Prof. Hazlett for his kind interest and prompt co-operation.

But then we puzzle our gray matter profusely and wonder what has overtaken our Houghton Alumni? Much time has slipped by and still you do not write! Arouse from your gentle slumbers and let us know how fares the way! If the Star does not please you, tell us, but if it does, spread the glad tidings to others. Also remember that your subscription to the Boulder will not only please you but it will help the Boulder staff in Houghton. Not as misers do we say "Oh Money! Money! all the time!" but as human beings and strugglers of finance we would wish for Money! Money! on time!

Keep in touch with what your Alma Mater is doing now and let her keep in touch with you. And let float over your reflective cells the thought that "ever and anon" are the Boulder and Star ready to cheer and satisfy "Those who will Take."

—A member of the Boulder Staff.

Jokes

Stude—"I want to buy a collar."
Clerk—"Like the one you have on?"
Stude—"No, I want a clean one."
Boy—What is a postoffice?
Frank—A place for Scotchmen to fill their fountain pens.

"What was Washington's farewell address?"
"Heaven."

Bob Folger, "Chaucer had a stenographer, didn't he?"
Miss Rickard, "Why?"
Bob, "Well, look at the spelling."

Teacher, how do you make a maltese cross?

Pupil, Pull its tail.

Instructor—What is the earliest mention of finance that you know of?

Jim—Pharoah's receiving a check on the bank of the Red sea. Ex.

Whats the best letter in the alphabet?

H—because it is the first of Hoover and the last of Smith!

Marion in Store—Is this color fast and genuine?

Clerk—It's as real as the roses in your cheeks.

Marion—er—I guess I'll look at something else. Ex.

Uncle Ned—What is the formula for water?

Frosh Richardson—H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O.

Uncle Ned—Where did you get that idea?

Frosh Richardson—You said only yesterday that it was H to O.

I'm going to have to stop drinking coffee for breakfast.

"Why so?"

any "I can't sleep in any of my classes any more."

Texas Ranger

Nurse: Who are they operating on today?

Orderly: A fellow who had a golf ball knocked down his throat at the links.

Nurse: And who is the man waiting so nervously in the hall? One of his relatives?

Orderly: No, that's the golfer, a Scotch gentlemen, and he's waiting for the ball. Ex.

Mention STAR Advertisements

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the time and money loss of installing the unsatisfactory equipment and taking it
out again. This service is free.Everything for the Handling of
Milk and its ProductsThe House with the Goods and
the Service**Snappy**

Bostonian Brogue Oxfords

For the College Boys

Novelty Shoe for the College Girls

Hamilton Shoe Store

Wellsville,

New York

**Do College Students
Drink More?****Presidents Say Not**

"My knowledge of conditions among college students as regards temperance is less than in former years, but I have some information regarding three or four colleges and two of the great universities. In these places since prohibition some dare-devil drinking in the spirit of of the present day 'revolt of youth' is reported, but there is a strong and prevailing prohibition sentiment among the students—we shall see them campaigning for it—and the common estimate is 'there is not a quarter of the drinking that there used to be.'"

—President Emeritus William Goodall Frost, Berea College, Berea, Ky.

"Conditions among college students at the present time as compared with pre-prohibition times are incomparably better. The change over the past is amazing. Of course, colleges have some difficulties, but they are nothing as compared with former conditions. To go back to the saloon or modification of the present system looking towards liberalizing the eighteenth amendment or the Volstead act is unthinkable, in my judgment."

—President A. N. Ward, Western Maryland College, Westminster, Md.

"To my mind the conditions with reference to drinking among college students are better than they were in the pre-prohibition times. If the movement to establish a dispensary system somewhat similar to that in Ontario, Canada, should succeed, I feel very certain that such a plan would increase the amount of drinking among students. * * * So far as the college world is concerned, I believe that the eighteenth amendment is a distinct benefit to us."

—President Arlo A. Brown, University of Chattanooga, Chattanooga, Tennisee.

"There is no doubt that there has been a marked decrease in the use of alcoholic beverages among the college students with whom I come in contact. Compared with the period before the present laws were put into effect, I should say that we have only one-tenth of the problem we had at that time in connection with liquor. There are always a few students who drink, and because of their limited number they are more obvious than formerly. * * *

—President Ray Lyman Wilbur, Stanford University, California.

"I would say that the universal testimony is that liquor gives us far less trouble here than ten years ago. No one who wishes to restrict the traffic and who has a moderate memory would think of adopting a policy which would inevitably result in rum running across state boundaries."

—President Henry W. Hunt, Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Pa.

**Does a "Straw" Tell?
If so, Houghton Isn't "Wet"**

Only 128 votes from a student body of 300 in the recent straw vote held by the Star. The Hoovers were too confident that Houghton would go overwhelming Republican. Smith's voters tried to boost so "Al" would win. However this does not prove that Houghton is at "all wet," (although we have had rain recently) Smith's followers electioneered within one hundred feet of the polling place. But Hoover's followers were stronger, so Herbert is elected!

It is quite certain that some lusty boosters of Hoover cast a vote for "Al" last Wednesday so that they could say, "I voted for Smith!" Result of vote—Hoover 74; Smith 54; total 128.

Mention STAR Advertisements

Silk Stockings

The following request appeared in recent issue of the official organ of the International Grenfell Association, "Among the Deep Sea Fishers." "Again readers are reminded that discarded silk stockings are valuable material in hooked mat manufacture. They should be sent by parcel post to Miss Pressley-Smith, Director, Industrial Department, St. Anthony. No matter how worn and darned they can be utilized."

The Anna Houghton Daughters will be responsible for sending Houghton's old silk socks, and stockings to Labrador. Give your supply to Miss Rothermel.

A FEW REASONS

(Continued From Page One)

provement to be increased and extended to all classes, including the farmer now suffering from the after effects of the deflation of 1920. Mr. Hoover knows, as few men do, the terrible evils of deflation and inflation and the need of avoiding both, if business and agriculture are to be stabilized. Through Mr. Hoover the Department of Commerce has been converted into a tremendous force for saving waste, for revolutionizing industry and for the development of the foreign markets of the American business man and the farmer.

5. Mr. Hoover is a genuine dry, one who, as a humanitarian, wants to secure the full benefits of prohibition for the health and happiness of American homes, and as an economist wants to secure its full benefits—many billions of dollars' worth per annum—in productivity and in the savings and extension of human life. Moreover, personally, he may be relied upon to himself observe the law which he is sworn to enforce. There could be no greater discredit of law observance than to have in the White House a President, who, in his own personal habits, should set an example in flouting the law. Governor Smith, by signing the repeal of the New York Enforcement Act, has done more to nullify prohibition than any other man, and to create that very disrespect for law which he professes to deplore.

6. Governor Smith is likeable as a personality. So was Bryan. But I could never vote for Bryan because he was linked to the Free Silver folly and I can never vote for Smith because he is linked to Tammany Hall and Liquor. A candidate should be judged for what he can accomplish as President. Governor Smith certainly has not had Hoover's experience with our great National and World problems, nor has he displayed Hoover's knowledge of them.

7. I have no religious prejudice against Governor Smith. Had the Democratic party nominated another Catholic, Senator Walsh of Montana, I might have voted for him.

8. But, as one who reveres the memory of Woodrow Wilson, as a world statesman, I would rather vote for his former advisor than to put in power at Washington the Tammany wing of the Democratic Party from which Wilson always studiously kept aloof, and for good reasons.

9. Mr. Hoover is above the suspicion of political corruption. It is unthinkable that, under him, the oil scandals, involving some members of the Harding administration, can be repeated. To wipe out this National disgrace I would rather see Hoover and the Hoover group than Tammany Hall in the White House.

10. While I do not agree, and never have agreed, with the Republican Party as to tariff policy, I see no prospect of any substantial change in that policy in the next few years, whichever man be elected President. And I do see every prospect of solving other problems, now pressing, if Hoover is chosen.

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JAMES S. LUCKEY
Houghton, N. Y.**LEAVES FROM MY DIARY**

(Continued From Page One)

gusted to think the evening concert was to be replaced by *The Arctic Flight* of Wilkins and Eilson, Arctic Explorers. No amount of argument could persuade him into staying—not even the fact that Aleda would see Prof. only an hour or so! And they missed something good. Wilkins and Eilson both addressed the crowd, and were enthusiastically greeted with the renowned Chautauqua salute, reserved only for her prime favorites. The picture of the inquisitive Eskimoes out in a whirling blizzard peeking this way and that at the huge "bird" in which the white men came, was exceptionally interesting. The explorers came in that identical plane and we saw it circle over the Plaza in the afternoon.July 21. Mom and dad and a load from Erie, Mrs. Charles White among the number, came tonight for Handel's *Messiah* rendered by the Chautauqua choir and accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra. It really was a little better than our Christmas oratorio at home. The applause from the crowded amphitheater (which seats 8,000) was convincing as to its merit.July 27. To-night were lantern slides of *The Enchanted City* from slides of *The Enchanted City* from One surely has a right to be proud of a capital like that. The pictures were simply exquisite: cherry blossom time along the Potomac, showing the Washington Monument, the capitol by moonlight or by her own lights, or wrapped in a snowy mantle at Christmas time, the perfectly kept gardens, and the Congressional library. O, it was indeed an "Enchanted city."August 1. Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* dramatized to-night. Last evening was *Twelfth Night*; but I enjoyed *The Merchant of Venice* the better because I was familiar with it. The court fools kept us simply in kinks. The costumes were true Shakesperian. *Shylock* must have been a born Jew—he hobbled in leaning on his cane and keeping his back bent, whined away in most approved style. The final crowning scene, when Portia in a crimson satin cloak and hood gives the Jew his due, was a true climax. We were sitting on the edge of our seats with bated breath. Wouldn't have missed it for a good bit.

August 10. Miss Houghton and her father here this week-end. She invited Flo and I over to their cottage after the evening concert and we had a lovely chat.

August 18. To-night the New York Symphony appeared for the last time under that head. President Bestor and Conductor Stoessel gave very fitting farewell remarks. The last number, Wagner's *Farewell Symphony* was appropriate and beautifully rendered. One by one each musician blew out his candle and left the stage, 'til Stoessel was conducting there alone. He too blew out his candle amidst thunderous applause. Then they returned to play *Auld Lang Syne* and 8,000 voices sang *O, it was soul stirring*. "Al" Pool and Bill surprised us to-night by coming down to the hotel after the concert.August 25. The season closed today with the biggest and best event of all—SOUSA'S BAND giving both matinee and evening concerts. Marvelous is too tame a word to express it—my vocabulary of musical terms is sadly wanting. If I could choose a "best" number it would be the xylophone solos. "Mighty Like a Rose" on the xylophone was about the sweetest thing I ever heard and "Indian Love Call" almost made me weep. *The Lost Chord* by the entire Band in a magnificent fortissimo on the "great amen" made you wonder how the heavenly hosts would sound. *The U. S. Artillery* swept you right off your feet, literally and figurative-ly; and Sousa's own compositions such as *El Captain* and *Riders of the Flag* were in his inimitable grand march style. Strauss' *Beautiful Blue Danube*, Schelling's *Victory Ball*, Nichols' *Among My Souvenirs* arranged by Sousa, and Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours* were among the special features of a most thoroughly enjoyed program. An hour before the concert was scheduled, the amphitheater was filled, and it was reported later that there were over ten thousand in attendance. John Phillip Sousa is now an old man. He conducts almost solely with the right hand (and he always wears white gloves which sets off his rather severe military costume). After Stoessel's fiery leadership it was a decided change to see the old Commander keep perfect unison with such slight bodily movements. The only time his rather stoical expression changed was when he conducted his own compositions—without a score. Then he seemed to become vibrantly alive in some intangible way. It was surely a most fitting close to a season of treats, and though the season proper is closed, I stay until the 4th of September then hurrah for dear old Houghton!**"PA" AND "MA" CLARKE**

(Continued From Page One)

girls, especially the thin ones, felt, I imagine, as though the railing was the one thing between them and a terrible death as a result of slipping through the cracks in the floor of the bridge. The braver ones threw stones into the water below, as is the habit with humans, just to see the splash. When we had all returned to the endless steps and "Resumed Speed" in accordance with the sign, we went back down the hill but not without a certain amount of skidding. (It was still raining). Wet shoes and slippery clay make a perfect combination for falls.

Back at our starting point we planned further investigation in the direction of the Middle falls. After wholeheartedly admiring these Falls, we went up the road to Glen Iris Lodge, a beautiful place with a sad history. We crossed the lawn to the Indian Museum which was closed, and then went up another hill on the summit of which is located a log cabin built by Mary Jameson for one of her daughters. Here also is the grave of "The white woman of the Genesee," and her statue. Further on is the Council House, in the roof of which some poor Indian parked his canoe and forgot it. (And still the rain descended).

By this time we were ready to eat berries, roots, nuts or anything edible. So we walked and walked until we reached Inspiration Point. The view from here must certainly be equal to parts of Yellowstone or Grand Canyon. The Bus was here so we all piled in and rode to Lower Falls, and after building a fire to make coffee, we ate. (By this time the rain had stopped).

Among the many incidents of our outing perhaps the outstanding one is the fact that Elsie Chind led two girls astray. You can believe it or not. (Read about it elsewhere in the *Star*).

Just at dusk we all clambered back into the "Struggle Buggy" warmed, well-fed, tired and happy. The ride home in the moonlight was melodious, in fact so melodious that upon our arrival at the Dorm we had only strength enough to cheer hoarsely once or twice and call it the end of a perfect day.

Ruth Burgess

E. H. CHIND SUSPECTED

(Continued From Page One)

ourselves on the edge of a field of weeds that were higher than our heads. While we battled with the stubborn grasses we heard E. H. chuckling contentedly. One of my

fellow victims groaned and whispered, "She's been like this before. She honestly believes that she's in India."

"If you hadn't roomed with her so long," said the other sadly, "I should believe that you were the one that was 'off.' Who would have thought it of Elsie?"

A little while after this we came to a highway which one of my friends recognized. Just as we had turned our faces toward Portage, who should appear but E. H.! I almost shrieked when I saw her, for she dragged after her a wretched weather-beaten carcass. She looked at us for an instant with astonishment that quickly changed to uproarious laughter at our plight. Suddenly she turned and walked out of our sight right down the road, her shoulders heaving with merriment. The last we heard of her she was singing with all her might: "There's a long, long trail a-winding Into the land of my dreams."

"That's India," moaned my comrades in unison.

About a half hour latter we hobbled into camp a sorry looking bunch. I was red from exertion but the others were white enough, allowing for the dust of travel. I had to be carried by the others. One of my companions limped and wore an improvised bandage about a sorely damaged leg. The others by some miracle seemed to have escaped except with a slight injury to her mental equilibrium.

—The Copper Coffee-Pot

Twinkles

No more Stars will come out this month.

"Many a truth hath been spoken through false teeth."

The first number of the Lecture Course will be given, Wednesday, November 7th.

Mid-terms begin the day after the first lecture. How excruciatingly unnice!

One hundred three years ago today, Clinton's Ditch was completed.

Jim Fiske must be getting popular. Heavy applause greeted him as he entered chapel Wednesday noon.

Did somebody say that the Juniors were going to get sweaters? Time will tell!

Class teams will have begun basketball practice before another *Star* comes out.

Next Tuesday evening the witches and hobgoblins will celebrate Halloween aided by Hootonites.

Seventy years ago tomorrow the twenty-sixth president of the United States was born. What is his name?

The god Pan seems to be having his day. Many mighty hunters skip chapel on Thursday to chase the wiley pheasant.

It is quite customary for the "swains" to buy two Lecture Course Tickets.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

I hereby state that, in writing my oration for the Oratorical Contest in June, 1928, proper acknowledgement was not given to Mr. John Clover Monsma for the use that was made of his article entitled "For Rent, 25,000 Churches!" published in McCall's Magazine, May, 1928.

Aleda L. Ayers

STATEMENT

In view of the above acknowledgement of Miss Ayers, we wish to state that in the Oratorical Contest of June, 1928 the winner of first prize was Alfred Gross, of second prize was John Mann. The third prize is to be divided among the four remaining orators; namely, Lovina Mullen, Eleanor James, Hurlburt Marvin, and Wilfred Bain.

James S. Luckey

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