

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Official Student Weekly

VOLUME XXIV

HOUGHTON COLLEGE HOUGHTON, N. Y., APRIL 8, 1932

NUMBER 22

## College Choir Tour Successful

Sunday—March 27

"Come back to dear old Houghton  
She'll welcome you."

These lines will always stand out clearly in the memories of the forty students who started out on the choir tour 9:30 Easter Sunday morning. Of course we expected to come back, richer in experience and strong for Houghton, but what a thrill it gave us to see the crowd gathered on the College steps wishing us good luck and cheering us on. Then the bus started, and we were off. After we had gone, there must have been a race across the campus because as we passed by the church the bank of the campus was lined with well-wishers waving and shouting.

Such an all-gone feeling came over us as we rounded the curve where we could no longer see the campus. We could not feel sad for long—were we not going to that mecca, New York? Like other great artists, we had big things ahead of us.

Our initial concert was at Wyoming Baptist Church. With fear and trembling we sang through the program and with boldness and courage ate the dinner the ladies there served us. Such a dinner—it was well we had such courage.

After singing that same afternoon in the Benjamin Franklin School in Rochester, we can better appreciate what a certain education teacher means by new type schools. This was a distinctly beautiful school we were privileged to sing in.

In the evening we sang again to an audience of about seven hundred people in the Asbury Methodist Church in Rochester. This audience as well as the previous two, seemed very appreciative and expressed a desire that we return next year.

Monday—March 28

"And did we have a swell place to stay last night?" So said everyone as they congregated at the Asbury Methodist Church in Rochester about 10: a. m. Snow was falling not so gently, and the wind was in one's face no matter which direction he turned. That reminds me—if anyone wants to find his way about Rochester ask Dick Hale to show you the way—He knows Rochester!

About 11:00 we were off for Syracuse. Really it's not so far to Syracuse  
(Continued on Page Three)

## Senior Honors Announced

A shower was given for Mrs. Elsie Chind Doty and Mr. Arthur Doty her husband, last Friday evening by the T. P. division of the Senior girls of which Mrs. Doty is a member. Many suitable presents were given to the couple by guests of the shower. During the shower the honors of the Senior College Class were announced. They are as follows:

Miss Vivian Bunnell  
Mrs. Elsie Chind Doty  
Miss Louise Zickler  
Miss Velma Harbeck  
Mr. Clifford Bristow  
Miss Esther Brayley

## Literary Contest Winners

Some rather surprising phenomena developed in the literary contest this year. Two weeks before the close, scarcely any poems were in sight, but more poems were read by the judges than either essays or stories, there being twenty-six of the first, twenty-four of the second, and twenty-two of the third.

Under the cover of pseudonyms, girls became boys and boys girls. It was occasionally rather surprising upon looking up a masculine pseudonym to find that it belonged to a member of the fair sex. Then, apparently, one of the faculty members submitted a poem—Mr. Alton Cronk. Possibly the author thought his production worthy of being set to music.

The number of places won by freshmen was possibly a little less than usual, this group taking four to the upper classmen's five. (Not a sophomore was represented in the winning productions.) Many times freshmen have taken as many as six of the nine places, but it should be noted that this year the nine winning places represented only seven individuals of whom four were freshmen. The reason for freshman success is doubtless the fact that they provide from two-thirds to three-quarters of the material.

(Continued on Page Two)

## Houghton Church Seeks Larger Field

Houghton's New Tabernacle Church which will be built this coming summer if present efforts are successful.

### THE NEED

Houghton, where you of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, you of Western New York, you of more distant places have sent, are sending, or will send your children for a Christian education, needs a church building commensurate with her calling as an educational and evangelistic center. She needs a:

### ROOMY CHURCH

To house the two hundred or more students here over Sunday; a hundred crowds of any number to whom we may make them known.

To accommodate our fifteen Sunday School classes now meeting in the college class rooms.

To provide a place for a choir of from fifty to seventy five voices.

### COMFORTABLE CHURCH

Well heated; well ventilated; well lighted; with comfortable pews.

### EQUIPPED CHURCH

To leave with our young ministers an ideal of what a church plant should be.

(Continued on Page Two)

## Preparatory Dept. To Be Changed

In chapel Thursday morning, President Luckey announced the change to be made in the High School the next year. He discussed the increasing difficulty of getting students to come to a private school and pay tuition because of the increasing facilities of the public high schools which tend to make students go to public instead of private institutions.

In order to provide better conditions for practice teaching, it has been decided to teach the high school classes mainly through the efforts of students teachers of the Education Department of Houghton College, although a few classes will be taught by regular teachers. In view of this, the tuition has been decreased to ten dollars a semester with a few extra fees all but one dollar of which are optional. To an out of town student who will come to Houghton during his school work and take his meals and lodging here, a flat rate of \$250 will be charged which will include all expenses, or if the student will work an hour each day, the rate will be \$200.

Also it is planned to add an eighth grade to the preparatory department designating the eighth and ninth grades as the Junior high and the

(Continued on Page Two)

## Sorensen Recital Receives Praise

Coming to Professor Sorensen's Violin recital with the distinct intention of enjoying and not criticising, I as well as others was not disappointed. I imagined some of the artists making their debut as I awaited the first number. Why? Because almost everyone was waiting to see just what sort of a violinist Sorensen really was, if a violinist of the first rank at all, because this genial man is so unpretentious that one can hardly imagine him being anything out of the ordinary.

Mr. Sorensen came on the platform and humbly acknowledged the audience, then began what to the general class of people is a disinteresting Concerto. With the *Allegro molto appassionato* of this Mendelssohn Concerto, interest seemed to weigh in the balances and the atmosphere was filled with a question as to whether this was going to be a successful and interesting performance or not. However as the player began to sound forth the rich mellow tones of the *andante* with a soul feeling I began to be convinced that he had a sympathetic feeling with the music; and more than that he seemed to express a personal emotion. Climaxing with the strenuous technique of the rapid *allegro molto vivace*, Sorensen showed that he should be classed with the masters of violin. The vigorous applause proved that he had won the large audience.

"La Folia" by Corelli, a new piece to most of us, won, through the expressive performance, the comment "I love that piece". This undoubtedly was because one was playing it who knew his instrument and the heart of the music.

An exceedingly difficult piece, perhaps the most difficult of the evening, was the *Spanish Dance* by De Sarasate. This had the rhythm and weird tone quality typical of Spanish dances. It gave us a vision of the fact that a violin though simple in appearance is an instrument with resources which require a lifetime of practice to thoroughly utilize them.

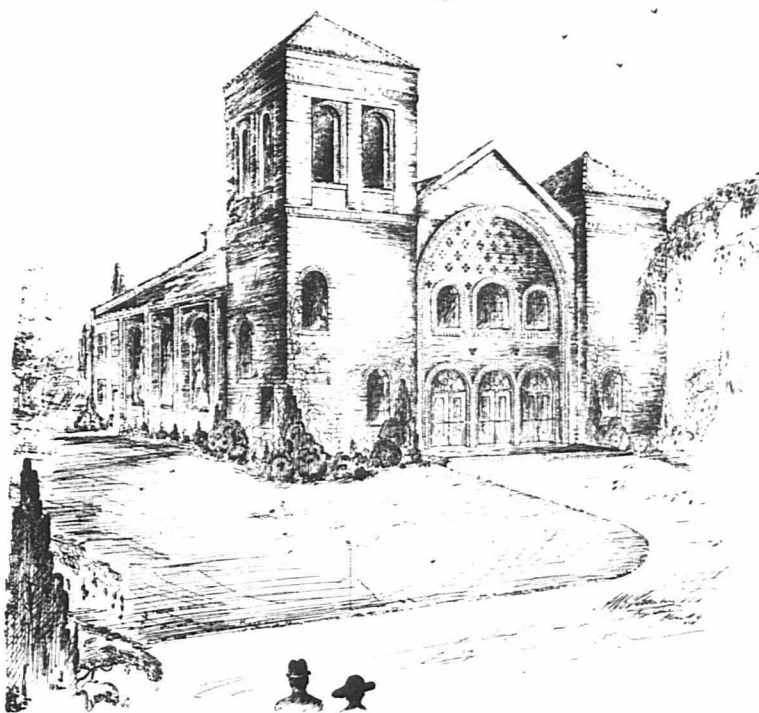
The last group was made up of pieces familiar to most music students. And since they were familiar we were able to enjoy them the more because we knew what to expect. But happily in the chapel on Friday even-

(Continued on Page Two)

## Boulder Announces Staff

The Boulder Staff for 1932-1933 is as follows:

Editor-in-chief, Wenona Ware  
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Architects Drawing of Houghton's New Tabernacle Church

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.

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## UNLIMITED CUTS FOR SENIORS

A Rochester newspaper recently published a list of U. of R. Freshmen whose averages in all subjects totalled eighty per cent or above, and who as a consequence were to be allowed unlimited cuts from classes. I suppose it was not anticipated that this group would no longer attend classes, nor did it turn out so, but they were placed on their own responsibility. What classes they should attend were left entirely up to them so long as they could retain their high grades. This is only one of many schools which allow this privilege to all classes of students, and it has its advantages. There are no doubt times when a student could spend his time more profitably than in the classroom. Why not allow him to be the judge? Personal responsibility and individual initiative are the primary faculties which college training should develop. Here is a practical method of instruction in these very things. We would not advocate unlimited cuts for all Houghton students irrespective of class, but urge that the privilege be granted to Seniors, whose class position shows their ability to carry their subjects satisfactorily. If their grades come up to a certain mark—say eighty per cent—allow them unlimited cuts from classes and chapel.—H. Clifford Bristow.

## ATLAS OR FRESHMEN?

The Atlas Paint Company's slogan "Save the surface and you save all," seems applicable to Houghton's tennis courts, ball diamond and track. And who can be more logical candidates to apply the necessary elbow grease to "save the surface" than the stalwart men of the Freshman Class?

"Blessings on thee Freshmen men"  
Track and field and tennis fan.  
With thy shovels, rakes and kits  
Repair the courts, the track and pits.  
With the sweat upon thy brow  
Show the upperclassmen how.  
With the sunshine on thy face  
Shovel and rake and set the pace.  
From my heart I give thee joy  
I was once a Freshman boy.—F. B.

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## CARD OF THANKS

In behalf of the "Wright" family I desire to express, in this way, our appreciation of the floral offerings and of the many expressions of kindness and sympathy tendered to us in our bereavement.

—Frank H. Wright.

**Preparatory Department**  
(Continued from Page One)

remaining three years. Senior High School.

There will also be a Bible School and the same rates will apply as apply to the High School.

## Dr. Asa Small Hired

Houghton College has secured Dr. Asa Small of John Hopkins University to be the Head of the English Department next year.

## Date Set for Westminster Choir

The Westminster Choir will appear on the Houghton College platform May 11th. This musical number, as mentioned before is the next to the last number of the Houghton College Lecture Course, the last number being the May Concert.

Dr. John Finley Williamson, conductor of the choir, will give a lecture especially for ministers and church-musicians on some phase of church music in the afternoon of May 11.



## Senior Notes

Two more Seniors have forsaken the mighty army of the unemployed since the last issue of the STAR.

Lawrence Benson will teach mathematics and history in Stockton, New York, a village near Mr. Benson's home-town, Falconer.

Velma Harbeck will teach mathematics and Latin in Addison, New York.

## Sorensen's Recital

(Continued from Page One)

ing they seemed to be transplanted into a new environment and newly ornamented as Mr. Sorensen played The "Romance" by Beethoven and "Gavotte" by Bach-Kreisler faded away leaving pleasant memories when the sublime strains of "Meditation" by Massenet supported by the heartfelt emotion of Sorensen made us oblivious of our surroundings. In contrast the light and merry "Minuet" by Mozart made us feel as though we were children at play. Finally in the grand "Scene de Ballet" by Deberiot, Hans Sorensen displayed masterful technique, such as made the audience gaze in wonder. The loud and continued applause brought Prof. Sorensen onto the stage again for a bow. The applause continued so zealously that he appeared again carrying his violin. With the mute of the violin he played a familiar melody, slowly and meditatively. This was so gripping that you could have heard a pin drop because of the stillness of the audience.

Hans Sorensen mirrors the best knowledge of violin technique and a command of the violin that distinguishes him as an artist. A few slips were made, but what are they when we consider that he put his soul into the playing. Beethoven in teaching passed errors or slip off lightly, but when anyone failed to put feeling into their playing he was violent. And so in this case we pass off a few slips lightly which were remarkably few when we think of the weight of teaching. When the program was ended the accompanist, Mr. Alton Cronk, had kept his place so well that I had scarcely realized that the piano was there.

## Drive Nears \$1600 Mark

The Music Drive is progressing "beautifully" as President Luckey expresses it. Side A has climbed further up the G clef, which is used as a device for noting progress of the money returns of the respective sides, than has side B. Up to date side A has \$173 to its credit while side B has \$81.75. \$1338 has been donated toward the new Music Building which is accredited to neither side. The total amount subscribed is \$1592.75.

## Literary Contest

(Continued from Page One)

The winners were:

### POEM:

1. "...hope...", Evangeline Clarke
2. "metamorphosis", Clifford Bristow
3. "Beauty Will Not keep Silent", Clifford Bristow.

### STORY:

1. "Potter's Field", Harriet Pinkney
2. "The Jungle", Harry Gross
3. "The Island From The Deep", Malcolm MacCall

### ESSAY:

1. "Far Away Fields", Harry Gross
2. "Criminal Confessions", Draper Smith
3. "You Never Know Who", Ethel Barnett.

These winning productions were chosen from what the judges considered good material. (At least this is true of those judging poems and stories. The essay judges have to date sent no criticisms.) "You are to be complimented highly in having so many excellent short story writers. All the productions were excellent from high school and college students." This from Mr. Lynn Russell "One judge said these were excellent poems on the whole, for college students"—from Dr. King.

As a new departure this year, the first prize productions will be printed in a literary booklet put out by the Owls.

## Church Services

The text Sunday morning was taken from Genesis 1:26 and I Cor. 3:9. Following are statements taken from the morning sermon preached by Rev. Pitt:

1. "The Genesis account places God and man in a condition cooperative in the progress of the earth."
2. "Every man still has a fragment of the original nature in which God created him: the creative instinct."
3. "We remember those who are great among men because of their effect upon the lives of their fellow-man."
4. "No man in History lives to himself."
5. "The first chapter of Genesis is a most sublime and thrilling narrative."
6. "God set in motion and energized the formless, lifeless, lightless matter."
7. "The source of energy ultimately will be found in a spirit," said Steinmetz and Genesis one says that the Spirit of God is that source."
8. "This same God shines light into our darkened souls. Equally miraculous is this work with that of the original creation of things."
9. "To do the thing that God has sent us to do will take something out of our lives."
10. "We are sub-creators with God in the Spiritual realm in bringing men into Spiritual light."

## New Church

(Continued from Page One)

### WORSHIPFUL CHURCH

Whose architecture suggests divine things.

Whose construction is conducive to quietness.

### WORTHY CHURCH

Worthy of Him. "And the house which I build is great: for great is our God above all Gods." (II Chron. 2:5)

### THE PRESENT CHURCH

Uncomfortably houses scarcely three hundred, provides for only one Sunday School Class, has no distinct place for a choir, is unevenly heated, poorly ventilated, poorly lighted, noisy, barren, unlovely, unworthy of house for divine worship, unworthy of the Christ we serve.

### THE VISION

Can a greater vision be placed before the Houghton Tabernacle Church than that it be a dynamically evangelistic gospel center? Should not Houghton Church take the aggressive leadership in inspiring and helping to prepare those in her midst for leadership and greater influence in matters of the Kingdom? If this be so, then the vision and task before us is:

First: To inspire and help to develop an evangelistic, Bible-trained group of young men and women who will go out with a zeal to pastor churches, do sane New Testament evangelism and fill in the ranks of home and foreign missions.

Second: To inspire and help in the training of men and women as Christian laymen to worthy leadership in gospel song, Sunday School work, Young People's work and general church activity.

Third: To inspire and lead in personal soul winning as coworkers together with God, in our local community and in any needy field beyond our vicinity.

Fourth: To inspire, encourage and bring the wonderful music potentialities of Houghton into channels of evangelism and definite spiritual results.

help spiritualize all the forces of Houghton College in her great cause of Christian Education. "Christ put the two, education and evangelism, in the heart of his world program."

Sixth: To extend a hearty invitation to all lovers of truth and to all in need of the Gospel, to attend our regular and special services, conferences, and revivals.

God gives us possibilities. They become actualities only as we through His grace and wholehearted consecration to his will make them so.

## STUDENT OPINION ON THE NEW CHURCH

Since Houghton College is a denominational school and closely connected with the church, one would expect the church to be the dominant feature in the town. A college church should at least measure up to the standards of culture and advancement that are essential to the good standing of such an organization. Our means of advertising for the college comes largely through the church. People often come into Houghton for religious services who may never see the college building itself especially if it be at night. The impression gives them by the present place of worship would be none too favorable as an example of what Houghton can sponsor.

The present church building is neither attractive nor comfortable. Beauty holds no claim on either the inside nor the outside. Proper ventilation is lacking.

(Continued on Page Three)



## New Church

(Continued from Page Two)

tilation is exceptionally rare in the regular Sunday services. The spacing around the pulpit is particularly poor and is inconvenient for those who must sit in the very front, almost on the platform itself. Finally there is not enough room for even a fairly good attendance on the part of Houghton citizens and students.

To one unused to the college town of Houghton, the atmosphere which greets him on his first attendance at church is rather disappointing. His view of the white-painted structure with its plain glass windows and narrow, rough wooden doors is rather unconvincing as to the purpose of the building. This is a trifle, however, if compared with the interior. The first impression received by the newcomer is that of gloomy barrenness. Lack of carpets on the rough floors, hard uncomfortable pews, or rather we might call them seats, do not by any means seem an inducement to worship. Unless the worshipper comes several minutes early, he finds the seating in view of the pastor completely filled. Because of the improvised structure he must sit in a hard seat in the choir section. That seat makes an unfavorable clatter as the visitor slides in, past several who are already seated. There our friend must sit to gaze at a post while the sermon progresses.

As the piano sounds forth the hymn, the visitor's attention is at once centered on the need for an organ. Soon after the message has begun, he feels a strong draft from the open windows on either side. The janitor might of course remedy this, but someone in the other part of the church would then suffer for lack of air. The poor lighting causes eye strain while one tries to read the words of the hymn, and often he entirely gives up and silently listens to the others. Thus, through the hour of worship instead of feeling reverent and worshipful, our friend breathes a sigh of relief when the service reaches its close. If a college student, he must continue Sunday after Sunday in these uncomfortable church conditions, but not without a strong desire for a better House of God. No one who has suffered this condition for a long time could conscientiously oppose a campaign for a new church.

## Choir Tour

(Continued from Page One)

but sometimes it takes quite a while to get there. Monday was one of those times. Three times in a snow bank but three times out. I pity the guy who says anything against Eddie in front of our crew after that day. Our boys are a help too. And Nurse Clarke proved a necessity. Since meals cannot be obtained from snowdrifts we waited to eat in Syracuse. At 4:00 p. m. we dined on 40 cent steak dinners. Was ever so rare a dinner had? And some were nursing blisters from over-exertion of the thumb and forefinger.

In spite of everything, we gave a concert in Eastwood at the Wesleyan Methodist Church of which Dr. Willet is pastor. Prof Bain had a hard time that night keeping up the moral of the Choir but only one had to be carried out at the close of the concert. Some had had headaches but they were well taken care of on the bus. Immediately after the concert we met our hosts and hostesses and went to their homes thankful for their hospitality and a place to sleep. Oh! by the way—has anyone seen

Red Frank's trousers?

Syracuse—Tuesday, March 29—With some difficulty I aroused the manager of the choir and persuaded him to get up for breakfast. He called up the highway commission and found out that the road to Minetto was passable. Then he had to see that everyone in the choir was notified of the hour of departure for it was unsettled the night before because of the condition of the roads. Ten-thirty was the appointed hour. We rushed through a scanty breakfast consisting of grapefruit, cereal with bananas and cream, bacon and eggs with toast and coffee with doughnuts or fried cakes. Theos then called a cab instructing them to pick us up *route de suite*. They said they would so we spent the next forty-five minutes talking with our hostess. Her husband had been a school teacher and superintendent of schools, had been campaigning with Governor Pinchot, and was at the present time the President of the Farmer's and other Worker's Insurance Company. His avocation was trading in Indian relics. They were a very interesting couple for they had been on the road in some dramatic cast when they were young.

The cab sounded its horn outside and twenty minutes later it was dragging us toward the Y. M. C. A. where we were to join the bus. But the drivers had had trouble in starting the machine and we didn't get started until about noon. During this time a fair damsel hovered over Cliff Bristow while they were shaking hands and bidding each other "goodby" at intermittent spells of every three minutes.

We drove into Minetto three hours later and stopped before a large white church at which Merle Brown's father was the pastor. Everyone piled out and awaited distribution to our hostesses for we had had nothing to eat since breakfast. Mr. Brown called the names of Mr. Cronk and myself and we loaded into his car. We went over hills and through narrow gaps of snow and finally drew up before a large farmhouse. Mr. Brown exclaimed, "This place isn't much to look at but you'll find that the people have hearts of gold"—and sure enough—but their stomachs were more hardy than that. As we entered the house we faced a chicken dinner with biscuit and all the fixings spread out on the table. At our hesitation to eat the last two pieces of chicken our hostess said, "Oh go ahead and eat it. We got more of that than anything else."

Then our manager remembered that he had forgotten to send a telegram back to President Luckey. There he was three miles from the nearest telegraph station. We walked to town, sent the message and drove Mr. Bain's car back to the farm.

That evening was spent in the usual routine act of singing.

We wanted to go home but Theos had lost the key to the car and even after a half hour search we found nothing in Ted's vest pockets but hairpins and toothpicks. Mr. Brown took us home, and at precisely the same time that we arrived our manager found the key inside the lining of his coat pocket.

We looked through the family album—reviewed a few remarkable specimens which had once been sweethearts of the eldest son. Among these was one with white hair and pink eyes—a girl. They were called Albinos around there, we were told. So are they around here.

Bedtime had long gone by so we

went upstairs and made ready.

Wednesday—March 30

Wednesday morning found every one in high spirits although the day and the trip were not as thrilling as some others. We had only a short distance of about thirty-five miles that day back to Syracuse.

We arrived in Syracuse about one o'clock. After a short rehearsal, we went to the "Asia" for lunch. The waiters looked much aghast at our magnitudinous appetites; but perhaps they didn't know that the combination of singing and traveling makes one extremely hungry.

That afternoon we were free to do what we wished.

At seven o'clock that evening, we were robed and ready to give one of the best concerts of the trip which took place in the First Baptist Church of Syracuse, more commonly known as "The Mizpah". The choir was eager to sing while the audience was responsive. The auditorium was

(Continued on Page Four)

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The critic was finding fault with a masterpiece. "Perhaps you could do a better piece of work", said a stranger sarcastically.

"Well," said the critic, "I'm not a hen, and can't lay an egg, but I can tell a rotten one."

Breadline Banter: "The food's nothin' extra—but you meet some awful nice people."—Life.

Son—"What is a pedestrian, daddy?"

Father—"It is a person with a wife daughter, two sons, and a car."

Man-out-of-work—"And they say this depression may last."

Professional Bum—"What depression?"

Mrs. Stile—"Dear, do you know what has become of my new evening gown? I can't find it anywhere."

Stile—"I just saw a moth fly out of your clothes closet."

Young man (at bedside of rich uncle)—"Is there no hope, doctor?"

Doctor—"I don't know. What were you hoping for?"

Interlocutor: "And what do you think of Col. Lindbergh, Mr. Bones?"

Mr. Bones: "He's way above me."

Auto Dealer: "Police station."

Voice on phone: "Yeah. What's wrong?"

Auto Dealer: "I've got a suspicious character here—wants to pay cash for a used car."

#### Choir Tour

(Continued from Page Three)

After the concert, we went to the various homes of our hosts and hostesses where we were royally entertained.

Thursday—March 31

Last Thursday morning at an early hour the A Cappella Choir was enroute from Syracuse to Jersey City by way of Croton-on-the-Hudson. Every body soon became hungry but as we had over three hundred miles to go there was not much time to be spent in stops so with the aid of fruit and the like we satisfied ourselves with visions of food on ahead. The traveling was fine and we made good time. We had no particular difficulties except that we lost a riser and had to go back a few hundred feet and then in New York one of the tires became deflated—that is it seemed to be losing its air—in other words it was fast becoming flat so Eddie, the driver, got out in a drizzling rain and fixed it. We were well received in Croton-on-the-Hudson and after our concert we lunched in the cafeteria of the school. Soon it was time to go and after saying good-bye to John Kluzit and our newly acquired friends we started for Jersey City by way of New York City and the Holland Tunnel. This was an experience only a few had had. Most of us were delighted with New York and its beautiful homes, drives buildings etc. At Jersey City in Rev. Shea's church we were heartily wel-

comed by a splendid crowd. Thursday night we again were guests at different homes in the city—except six of us who stayed in rooms provided for us in the church.

Friday—April 1

After spending the night in the homes of Wesleyan folks in Jersey City, the Choir met for breakfast in the church. After the usual routine of packing and getting settled the bus left for New York. This time the crossing of the Hudson was made by ferry, to the tune of old Houghton songs including the Alma Mater. The passenger seemed to enjoy all this; at least none got off until we reached shore! The Statue of Liberty was visible across the harbor thru the early morning mist. Many had the thrill of seeing for the first time the lower Manhattan sky-line and farther up the island the towering Chrysler and Empire State Buildings.

The Choir was cordially welcomed at National Bible Institute and after rooms had been assigned we were free until one o'clock. Now began a tour of sightseeing with different groups taking in different parts of the town. Some had passes to hear the broadcast of the Music Appreciation Hour with Walter Damrosch conducting but did not find the studios until the program was finished. Others went to the Grand Central Terminal, Empire State building, New York Library, Times Square and elsewhere.

About one o'clock we returned to Jersey City in the bus for a half hour radio program broadcast over station WAAT. Again we were free until evening. Some spent the time in getting a little rest, but the more ambitious went sightseeing again. One group took the elevated to Battery Park and visited the Aquarium, later walking up Broadway seeing the famous Trinity Church, Wall Street, St. Paul's Church and the City Hall. Every method of locomotion was tried subway, elevated, surface cars, and the elevators in the high buildings. The Automat Restaurants held quite a charm for some who delighted in seeing their nickels disappear in return for coffee, mince-pie, etc. It is rumored that one member of the Choir got the roof of his mouth sunburned while looking at the tall buildings.

The evening concert in the Calvary Baptist Church was a great success and well attended. The Church was comfortably full with a number of the Jersey City folks coming over to hear us for the second time.

After the concert many were attracted by the bright lights of Broadway. The flashing illumination of this most famous street presented a sight unusual to Houghton eyes, and the busy throngs which crowded it belied any suggestion of depression. Friday was a busy day and full of new thrills for most of the Choir and ended all too soon.

Sunday—April 3

"A curve in the road and a hillside Clear cut against the sky."

These two lines recall an early Sunday morning drive into Oneonta, for the ten miles that some of us traveled that morning had its ups and downs with the downs predominating and a goodly number of curves mixed in. In the distance, nestling in the valley we could see the city of Oneonta. All too soon we found ourselves in the heart of that city and in the First M. E. Church, struggling into our robes and taking our places in the Choir loft. Mr. Bain took roll as usual. "First Tenors?" "Check!" "Second Tenors?" "Check!" "Basses?"

And where was Brother Donnelly? He had overslept. But time and tide— I mean time and concerts—wait for no man. After the service there was more hurry and scurry and congratulations. Even Eddie was congratulated for the singing. Finally we climbed into the bus and started for Endicott and the Union Methodist Church.

On the way we satisfied our hunger with sandwiches and cake so kindly prepared for us by our friends at Oneonta. Anyone riding in the bus could hear such phrases as: "Anyone want a cake?" "Tiny, have another cake!" "Bill wants another cake!" "A piece of cake for Eddie". And then we were in Endicott ready for another concert. Here we sang to a critical audience among those present being an Episcopalian priest, who seemed very familiar with our music, and a member of the Westminster Choir.

From there we went back to Johnson City and the First Baptist Church where a wonderful supper was served. Those who dined at Martha Dyer's bring back her love to those in Houghton. Sunday Evening we sang our last concert of the tour and then went home with our hosts and hostesses, feeling that we had had three good concerts that day.

Saturday—April 2

The morning sun found the Choir members for the most part eager to charge out and see some more of the Big Town before departure. Some were still sleeping, including John Farwell, who mislaid his room the previous night and had to make up for lost time. We amused ourselves variously. We marvelled anew at the sky-scrapers, scampered from taxi-cab wheels, charged into restaurants and forgot our checks, and found ourselves on 86th Street when we expected to get off at Times Square. At noon we left N. B. I., went through the Holland Tunnel for the fourth time, and travelled through New Jersey on our way to Afton, N. Y., where we were scheduled to sing at 8 p. m. Somewhere near our destination we struck six miles of road laid down by a Frenchman, Detour. We jolted and bumped and rattled. The concert began about three-quarters of an hour late to a "small but appreciative audience". Immediately after the concert we piled into the bus

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again and started toward Oneonta N. Y. At 11:30 p. m. we rode into that city singing our school songs at the tops of our voices. Here we separated, Miss Davies assigning us to various homes for the night.

Monday—April 4

Monday was the sad (???) day of the trip. It was home-coming day. "Fritz" groaned at the thought of having to face Mrs. Fritz again, while the rest of us were filled with conflicting emotions, though to tell the truth, no one was observed to weep copiously at the prospect of returning to dear old Houghton.

We were to gather at the Church at 8:30 when we arrived there, a painful surprise awaited us. Those beautiful signs reading "Houghton College Choir" seemed awfully queer. To our consternation we discovered that while the bus was parked during the night, someone had painted over those signs and hideously disfigured them. As each newcomer arrived, he would first cry out in indignation against the injustice of this heinous crime, and then looking at Eddie accusingly, would inquire, "who did it?" None of this was lost upon Eddie, who took full advantage of the situation. He finally solved the mystery by saying, "There's no question about it, someone put some paint on those signs." However, it was discovered that if proper methods were used the fresh paint could be removed. The fellows set to work with a will and soon the signs were as beautiful as before.

While we were waiting for the crowd to gather, VanOrnum amused

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