

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Senior Edition

Vol. XXVI

Houghton College, Houghton, N. Y., June 1, 1934

Number 28

Large Commencement Attendance Expected

Detail of Program Is Announced

During the week of June 6-11 Houghton College and Seminary will be celebrating their forty-ninth annual commencement. Many alumni, parents, relatives, and friends of the graduating classes are expected to be present. A class of fifty-four college Seniors is to be graduated, and thirteen Seminary Seniors are to receive High School diplomas. This combined group is one of the largest ever to be graduated from Houghton.

Among the prominent speakers on the Commencement program are: Rev. Edward Elliott, of Falconer, N. Y., who is to preach the baccalaureate sermon, and Dr. Bristow Adams, Professor of Journalism at Cornell University is to deliver the Commencement address. The following is the program of activities for the week.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6

8:15 p.m. Oratorio, "St. Paul" by Mendelssohn, sung by the Houghton oratorio Society.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7

8:15 p.m. Annual Oratorical Contest.

Awarding of Leonard F. Houghton Oratory Prizes.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8

10:00 a.m. Class Day Exercises, High School.

8:15 p.m. Class Day Exercises, Division of Theology.

Strong Bible Reading Contest.

Address, Professor Stanley W. Wright.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9

ALUMNI DAY

10:00 a.m. Class Day Exercises, College.

1:30 p.m. Tennis and Baseball, Alumni vs Varsity.

5:00 p.m. Alumni Dinner.

8:15 p.m. Concert by the Division of Music.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10

6:30 a.m. Morning Watch Service conducted by Professor Frank H. Wright.

10:30 a.m. Baccalaureate Service, Sermon by Rev. Edward Elliott, Falconer, N.Y.

6:30 p.m. Vesper Service, under auspices of W.Y.P.S.

7:30 p.m. Annual Missionary Service, Rev. Leslie Tullar, Sudan Interior Mission.

MONDAY, JUNE 11

10:00 a.m. Commencement Exercises, High School.

Division of Music
Division of Theology
College

Address by Dr. Bristow Adams, Professor of Journalism, Cornell University.

Often girls' ideals are shattered—more often just broke.

Newspaper circulation up in Russia—that's where newspapers really are red.

Choir Holds Annual Banquet

White Star Inn Entertains
Well-Known Organization

On Saturday evening, May 27, immediately following the final broadcast of this year, a broadcast which consisted of request numbers and favorites among choir listeners, the traditional choir party was held in form of a banquet at the White Star Inn, near Arcade. Arriving about 9:30, the group, with President and Mrs. Luckey, Prof. Ries and Mr. York as special guests of the occasion, was ushered into a most attractive dining room, the color scheme being green and orange. Reserved especially for the use of the choir, it was most complete in a rustic appearance with a wide stone fireplace, oak beams, and unplastered brick walls. By means of rather appropriate place cards each person discovered his chair, some with very evident and pleasant surprise. The dinner was very capably and very daintily served.

The unannounced entertainment of the evening was furnished by none other than the renowned Richard Brockett Hale who discovered, upon spotting his place, a most appropriate but much-too-narrow high-chair. Mr. Hale was exceedingly disappointed when he found, much to his astonishment that his rather apparent avoirdupois prevented him from putting the chair to good use. However, he capably carried out the part as obviously suggested by the chair, by dropping silver ware, spilling water, and creating general havoc at his particular table by his failure to ascertain whether his napkin should be tucked neatly in his vest or tied bib-wise, under his ample chin.

Following the delicious dinner, Prof. Bain acted as impromptu toastmaster and introduced President Luckey as speaker. The President

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Division Of Music Announ- ces Student Recitals

The Division of Music, in the next week is to present a series of recitals. These include one junior, three senior, and two graduation recitals.

Friday evening, June 1, Miss Eileen Hawn. The program is as follows:

Far From My Love I Languish
Giuseppe Sarti

When I was Seventeen

Parting
Allegretto

Scandinavian Folksong
Sgmbati
Mozart

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Leslie Tullar, Missionary Speaker

Mr. Leslie Tullar of the Sudan Interior Mission will be the Missionary speaker for commencement. Mr. Tullar returned from this field very recently. He reached New York on Monday, May 21.

When Mr. Tullar spoke in chapel during an earlier furlough, he gave a ringing message that attracted and held the attention of the entire student body. In securing Mr. Tullar for this occasion, we are inviting an old student, for he took work here from 1919-1922.

On missionary night it is necessary to raise about \$250.00, if Houghton is not to fail in an obligation which she has always met in full. Three hundred ninety three dollars was pledged on missionary day, May 2.

Dr. S. W. Paine Appointed Dean

Senior Class Adviser
Chosen to Fill Vacancy

Last Friday morning President Luckey announced to the student body that Stephen William Paine, A.M., Ph. D., had accepted the position of Dean of Houghton College. The students evidenced their approval of the appointment by their enthusiastic applause.

Dr. Paine was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, on October 28, 1909. He graduated from Wheaton Academy in 1926 with a scholarship. He attended Wheaton College for four years, graduating with an A.B. in 1930. Each year he was awarded the Wheaton Scholarship for being the outstanding student of his class. During his college career he participated in many activities and was at the head of several organizations.

He received a scholarship to the University of Illinois and obtained his M.A. in 1931. Having been given the honor of a fellowship, he spent two more years there and received his Ph. D. in 1933. Dr. Paine is also a member of the Pi Kappa Delta and Phi Beta Kappa honor societies. In September 1933 Dr. Paine came to Houghton as a member of the college faculty. He is professor of Greek, teacher of French and Argumentation, and coach of debate. He has organized the Forensic Union which has been one of the outstanding college organizations this year. Through his efforts debate teams have participated in five debates of which three were victories, and two non-decisions. Our chapel exercises have been made more interesting by a series of interesting debates under Dr. Paine's supervision.

Dr. Paine is very popular among the students and Houghton friends. He is Senior Class Adviser and has proved his ability as a leader and friend. We, as a class, appreciate his advice and cooperation. We know he will succeed in his new task and we extend to him our most cordial wishes.

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Debate -- Athletic Banquet Held Monday Evening

Varsity Awards Presented By President Luckey

Annual Orchestra Concert Success

Prof. Cronk Introduced as
Soloist

The Houghton College Orchestra, under the conductorship of Alton M. Cronk, and Stanley King, assistant conductor, both of the faculty of the Division of Music of Houghton College presented a concert to an enthusiastic audience last Friday, May 25. Mr. Cronk was featured as piano soloist with the orchestra in the Rubinstein piano concerto in D Minor.

This concert showed a marked advance in orchestral performance. There seemed to be a real improvement—a decided finish to the performance. The last few months have served to develop a greater feeling for expression. The orchestra evidenced a stronger unity and more elasticity. The first portion of the concert was conducted by J. Stanley King consisting of selections from the well-known opera "Martha" and the Rubinstein concerto.

Mr. Cronk, the conductor, made his debut as soloist with his own orchestra in the Rubinstein concerto in D Minor. The concerto is a dynamic thing and Mr. Cronk played it with all the vitality and animation it demanded. His touch and expression were brilliant. In the second movement the orchestra was particularly effective as a background for the beautiful, singing tones of the piano. As a whole, the interpretation was highly pleasurable and a real triumph.

The Ozark Suite composed by C. Busch, lent a real variety to the program. It consisted of four scenes: "Morning Pastorale," "By the Banks of the White River," "At Sunset," and the "Hill-Billies' Dance." These selections were well-played and appreciated by the audience.

The confidence and poise of the orchestra was best exhibited in the rendition of the Poet and Peasant

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Week-End Services Lend Inspiration

Rev. Pitt preached a very forceful sermon Sunday morning on "Perilous Times," from 2 Timothy, Chapter three. In the evening, after a praise service led by Gordon Clark, the pastor brought a message emphasizing the Christian's claim to boldness in prayer. The Seniors especially will not soon forget these timely lessons.

Harold Boon, the Extension Sec'y of the W.Y.P.S., with a group of fellows went to Arcade Saturday evening for another successful street meeting. Sunday night a men's gospel group journeyed to Sonyea and

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Pres. Luckey presented varsity awards to all teams for the present year, with the exception of tennis, which has not as yet been played off. The awards were made at a joint Debate Club-Athletic Association Banquet, held Monday evening, May 28. Twenty-six varsity men received H's, and 17 women obtain varsity letters, also.

Basketball letters were given to Varsity Captain William Farnsworth, Robert Kork, Richard Farnsworth, Devello Frank, Floyd Burns, Orrell York, William Morrison, Arthur Mountjoy, Claire McCarty, Thomas Nelson, and Wilfred Mein.

The largest number of the straight H's for baseball was given out that has been awarded for a good many years. Thirteen men, besides Capt. Farnsworth, were on the varsity squad. Not all the regulars of the series received letters, notably, Colburn, Gannon, Churchill, Norton, and Haight, who played through the season, but were not eligible for letters, because of the three year varsity rule.

High point men in track, who received the script H were Orrell York, Foster Benjamin, Alden Van Ornum, Lawrence Anderson, and Devere Dodson. The track team does not consist solely of these five performers, but only those named won points enough to obtain a letter.

Track letters went mostly to the speed division, only one man in the field event obtaining the script H. Orrell York, who was high-point man for the season, won with clock-like regularity the high jump, pole vault, discus, and placed in the hurdles to send his total far out to the front. Benjamin, runner up, ran entirely in track, specializing in the dashes. Anderson starred in the 440 yd. this year. Dodson starred in the half mile and mile runs.

The women's team was composed of Addie Belle Bever, Ona Record, Betty Ratcliffe, Vernita Green, and Doris Lee. The three freshmen, Record, Ratcliffe, and Green, and promise, according to Director Moxey, and should be able to develop into a record smashing trio, with one or two seasons of experience and training.

The girls' Basketball team is composed of Captain Beatrice Swetland, "Deets" Frank, Addie Belle Bever, Vera Hall, Janet Donley, Doris Lee, Lovedy Sheffer, and Ila Underwood.

Tennis Varsities have not been decided upon yet, and probably will not be made known until after the completion of the current tennis tournament.

Big H's were awarded to Burns, York, and Lee. Benjamin, Mein, and Wright also received letters, but had earned them before this year.

Houghton has not had so large a number of letters and prizes to award in several years. Due to improved methods of conducting the athletic program and to the new rules, a greater number than heretofore, have been induced to enter all sports.

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Editorial

L'ENVOI

The Senior Class of '34 will soon be among the Alumni. Before we are on the outside looking in, we want to officially voice our farewell, and wish you Godspeed.

We have gained much in our four years' contact with Houghton College—we are better fitted to be round pegs in round holes. We honestly hate to leave, and only find consolation in President Luckey's oft-repeated sentiment that you aren't really a member of Houghton College until you are graduated.

At this time of the year we hear the Alma Mater sung often—as a fitting close it will express our feelings:

"All her sons be firm and loyal—
'Till eternity."

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Is Student Government merel a Utopian idealism? Houghton College is not unique in facing this question—it confronts all student organizations of today. Although the whole idea is still in its infancy, radically different opinions are held. Some contend that complete student control results in a high honor system of self-government, and there are those who maintain that such control is worse than none at all—resulting in lawlessness and deceit. Extremists rarely express the truth. Student Government is an idealistic goal; and a state of perfection is not guaranteed. However, the results are well worth the effort.

If terminology were vitally important, it might better be called Cooperative Government, for that is what is truly implied—cooperation between the faculty and students. We have the basis for that in Houghton, the Student Council. Those who have been recently connected with the Council know the faculty's willingness to fairly consider their recommendations. Here is an opportunity that is unbounded in its possibilities.

The present situation is critical. The future organization and enforcement of the rules rests very largely upon the action and attitude of the students for the next few years. It will be possible for Houghton College to build an enviable reputation of cooperative management, and so increase the value of what it has to offer to the world. It will not mean a small group of students in control in place of the faculty, but self-control with self referring to each individual. The Senior class must leave this challenging task to others but will follow the progress and development of their Alma Mater with undiminished interest and affection.

—W. C.

RETROSPECTION

We hear that a sure sign of approaching old age is when we begin to think over and re-live the past, but just for a moment let us become old enough in our thinking to stop and consider what has gone before, pausing long enough to see wherein we have failed or succeeded, in order that we might guide our future progress into the channels of great-

est usefulness.

The past is gone and may not be recalled, yet what we have accomplished or what we have failed to accomplish determines what our future shall be. We have all made mistakes, but this universal human trait gives us no license to make the same error twice.

If we have failed in a subject this year, let us resolve that we shall never allow the recurrence of such a thing; if we have fallen down in our obligations to our fellow men, let us determine that we shall strive to become a more worthy member of the group; if we have not used our time to the best advantage, let us covenant with ourselves that we shall do our best to use this priceless resource to the best of our ability; if we have not safeguarded our health by the intelligent coordination of work, play, food, and rest, let us purpose to take better care of our bodies; if our relationship with God has fallen short in any way, let us adopt His plan for our lives more fully. Briefly, let us live every day as a life so complete that in our periods of retrospection we shall not have to veil any unpleasant memories or hide any unrealized ambitions in the sea of forgetfulness.

—O.Y.

Debate-Athletic Banquet

(Continued From Page One)

Debate awards were also announced at this time. A system of keys with stones to denote service has been adopted for these awards by the Forensic Union. A key set with a ruby shows that the wearer has been victorious in one, or has participated in two, varsity debates. The emerald set key designates three wins or the equivalent.

Under this system three seniors and three juniors received awards: "H.R.H." Howe and Paul Allen receiving the emerald key, and Magdalene Murphy, Doris Lee, "Red" Frank, and "Bob" Kotz the ruby key.

As the debate team is Houghton's one contact with the intercollegiate world, this group forming the debate varsity is to be congratulated on its excellent work this season.

Division of Music

Announces Recitals

(Continued From Page One)

II
To An Aeolian Harp Brahms
Faithfulness Brahms
It Was the Rose Herself Who Sighed Franz
None But the Lonely Know Tchaikovsky
Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel Schubert

III
Jewel Song from Faust Gounod
In My Dream I Sorrowed Georges Hue
L'Amour-Toujours-L'Amour Friml

The Little Shepherd's Song Winter Watts
Dream Dawn Powell Weaver

Monday June 4, Mr. Orven Hess will sing his Junior recital at 4:15 p.m. in the Music Hall Auditorium

Monday June 4 at 8:15 Luella Jackson. The program is as follows:

I
Water Parted from the Sea Handel
Under the Greenwood Tree Arne
To Anthea Hatton
Pastoral Veracini

II
The Red of Evening Schubert
The Blacksmith Brahms
Tears Schubert
To Music Schubert
Laughing and Weeping Schubert

III
My Heart at Thy Dear Voice Samson and Delila
Saint Sqrny

IV
Homing Del Riego
Adieu J. Massenet
Cloths of Heaven Thomas Dunhill
Springs a Lovable Lady W. Keith Elliott

Thursday p.m. at 4:15 Richard Hale will sing a Senior Recital in the Music Hall Auditorium.

Friday at 4:15 p.m. Miss Marjorie Moore and Miss Mae Brandes will present a joint recital in the Music Hall Auditorium. The program follows:

I
Sonata in F Major Mozart
M. Moore

II
Could My Songs Their Flight Be Winged Hahn
A Phantasy Kramer
Psyche Paladilhe
M. Brandes

III
Bid Me to Live J. L. Hatton
The Bird and the Rose A. E. Harrock
M. Moore

IV
La Poeme Tchaikowsky
Suite Rebikoff
M. Brandes

Choir Banquet

(Continued From Page One)

make some very timely remarks concerning the marked improvement of the choir and its importance as an extra-curricular activity.

To bring to a fitting close this enjoyable evening, Prof. Bain spoke relative to his appreciation of the work and cooperation of the choir as a whole and of his interest in each one of the group especially in those Seniors who are so near the end of their sojourn in the choir and who have worked so loyally for the three years since the choir's formation. For these Seniors especially will be cherished many vivid and pleasant memories linked with this year's choir work.

The party broke up after everyone had agreed whole heartedly that it was a most successful and memorable occasion.

Orchestra Concert Success

(Continued from Page One)

Overture, by von Suppe. In response to splendid ovation it received, the orchestra played "The Toreador Song" from Carmen. During this orchestra and conductor were one. It swept to a splendid climax and was received with enthusiasm.

Both Mr. Cronk and Mr. King are to be congratulated on the work which they have done.

After all another form of endurance test is the pursuit of happiness.

A judge recently ruled that a husband must divide his salary with his wife 50-50. About time the husbands got a break.

Echoes of Field Day

Almost everyone slept late on field day. First sight to greet the eyes of the casual observer, after the glaring sun, was the boys bringing down the judge's stand; Prof. Stan showed Rhoades the proper method of driving a nail; Rhoades didn't seem to be able to hit the nail on the head, but proved a bit more adept at announcing—"Houghtie" is having trouble with his books, too many sheets in the wind. Bev Wagner just arrived folks. Bev, as you know, is from Delevan, has finished his college work and is graduating in June. He returns from his home for all important functions such as the track meet today. Look at Wid Stevenson over there in that nice white track outfit. George is going to sing in the jail house now—sorry to have to interrupt him, folks, but we have a very important announcement to make: if anyone wants to know the whereabouts of Will Joslyn or Robert Paul Titus, they are journeying to the local post office to procure the morning's assortment of fan mail "Red" Frank just arriving late, due to another flat tire, folks—it is said that "Red" was slightly late at the Junior-Senior banquet the other night—he had five flat tires, and when he arrived in Olean one wheel came off and rolled down the street; Henry Weiss didn't appear very worried and seemed to enjoy the humor of the situation even if it was his "car" they were talking about. Well, folks, this really is a great field day—we're very glad to be here and to announce to you the events of the day—there's quite an event going on over here to the left of the judges' stand, we can't tell exactly who it is . . . Paul Allen and someone—so early in the morning, too but "Houghtie" here represents the Athletic Association and he says it's all right, especially on Field day—Here, you fellows, don't rush toward the dorm so fast, you'll break all the records; "Jazz" just broke one of Cab Callaway's records; now we will have to let George do it. Sh-h, we overheard a good one on Doc Paine. Prof. Frank walked up to Doc the other day and said, "Young man, are you going to stay single and settle up or are you going to get married and settle down?" Sorry, girls, we didn't hear what Doc answered. Incidentally, folks, Doc is the man who has been walking around with a cap pistol, shooting it off for every other race. Get a cannon, "Doc"—he wants to use my mouth—say-y—that was a dirty crack. Mr. Eddie Dolan, a former Houghton student known as "Ossie", who holds several track and field records here, is officiating for several of the events—Orrell York, possible hi-point man, now coming from the gym. Time out for lunch—next event at 1:30 Gibbins, announcing from the top floor—Hey, about a half-dozen of you mugs get down offa here. There is too much weight up here now—O, look at that; there's Miss Moxey, folks. She looks good in there. A bit unaccompanied, but there's her shadow. It's all right with her, and she's carrying out the dean's latest rule. It's all right, it's all right. Just notice, folks, the little blonde with the dark glasses—oh, it's nice, I like it. Is she blushing??? Prof. Bain is now acting as father time—Prof. Bain, you know, is conductor of the most outstanding choral organization in Western New York. One of the choir members said the other day that he knew a good joke on Prof. - He said every time Prof. started to direct the choir, this member closed his eyes and sang. And isn't this something over here, folks—Tommy Nelson and, but you've already looked by now - There's another new one over by the track,

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1934 Literary Contest

In the 1934 literary contest, four freshmen, four juniors, and one sophomore placed. It is interesting to note that all the juniors and the one sophomore who took places were members of section A of composition in 1931-32. (The sophomore has been out of school from then until this semester.) Two of the freshmen are new students, having come in February. The list of winners follows:

- Essay—
 1. "I'm Glad Spring Is Come" Merritt B. Queen
 2. "Life Through a Lens" Harriett Pinkney
 3. "Milady's Sacrifice to Venus" Jane Zook
- Story—
 1. "Incognito" Magdalene Murphy
 2. "Janet Grayson" Ruth McMahon
 3. "Flies" Doris Lee
- Poem—
 1. "Rain and a Dove" Ransom Richardson
 2. "Sunrise" Ethel Barnett
 3. "Dusk" DeVere Dodson

I'm Glad Spring Is Come by Merritt Queen

The winter had been long and cold. It was the kind of season which local patriarchs, wrinkled and stooped, declared to be "the hardest in years and years," and scarcely anyone was inclined to challenge their assertions. I had done much plodding in the snow that year. On cold mornings I would reluctantly crawl from under the covers, dive into my clothes, bolt my breakfast, and dash off in the keen air to an early class. I can still hear the squeak of the packed snow under my long, heavy strides, and I recall with what tingling of spine I likened its shrill note to a dentist's spinning buffer, polishing the enamel of an incisor. Just as distinctly can I feel the weariness with which I labored homeward when the low-slanting rays of the sun still burned mercilessly into eyes pained by a day of glaring snow, and when the solid crunch! crunch! of my ponderous overshoes breaking through the crust foretold the approach of still lower temperature.

We have heard much in praise of winter, with its bright mornings, its stirring air, its quaint landscapes, its starlit nights; and I confess that not infrequently I have been impelled to preserve in a storehouse of verse perhaps, a bit of the vigor imparted by a race into which the biting wind, or something of the sublimity and majesty which have coursed into my soul from calm, shrouded hills rolling off into darkness. But despite its beauty and its calm, the persistent monotony of that winter utterly annihilated my appreciation of the season, and I came to regard it as an interval of sordidness to be endured until it could be escaped. One bleak evening while I was walking through a wood in this mood, some clusters of needles hanging from a low pine branch caressed my face, and as I stopped to clasp those icy fingers reaching down to solicit my favoring touch, I reflected that even the trees were being driven to seek warmth in fellowship with other living things. Such was my depression late in March, when I could dis-

cover no omen to hail the seasonal domination of snows and frigid blasts.

One morning I awoke with an inexplicable light-heartedness. It was one of those rare occasions when no intermediate period of drowsiness followed the absolute slumber of night, like the half-light that grows out of blackness in very early dawn; but rather, one moment I was unconscious and the next I was every bit alive to the minutest details around me. At this happy instant I heard a cheery call. "Spring is here!" I did not need to look out to know that it was a farmer's boy, who had risen long before and was now striding down the path from a barn with a huge pail of milk swaying from each hand.

"Spring is here!" The words electrified me. Out of bed and at the nearer window in a trice, I threw up the sash. A gentle puff of fresh warm air and a gleaming veil of sunlight fell in upon me. The distant hills were strangely devoid of snow, and they appeared to quiver with energy like a wrestler who has just cast off a colossal opponent. Close at hand was a plowed field whose brown furrows sent up a moist, earthy smell to soothe man's spirit and to sweeten the breeze, which was speeding on the bear after the joyous evidences of spring. Looking at the path directly below, I could almost feel the clean sand, which lay rather loosely on a firm bed, and several pebbles scattered around were so smooth and rounded as to be perfectly fitted for shooting in a small slingshot I had made in boyhood.

Suddenly I wanted to be a boy again. As I looked, pyjama-clad, out into the new world, memories came crowding, flocking, rushing—memories of juvenile games, familiar scenes, companions, home—all far away. Again I rambled through the woods I knew so well, across old meadows adorned with the drab fabrics of last year's grass and weeds; and then I saw those meadows swept with fire which consumed their frayed vestments and left vast, jet-black covers through which countless pale green points would soon force their way into the light. Again I clambered down steep river banks and gazed at myriads of half-inch eels battling their way upstream between the rocks. Once more I climbed the highest tree to watch the sun sink in a blaze of glory behind the far-off mountains, while a streak of flame lay across the intervening gully of the Tappan Zee. I played one-a-car with the little "gang" down in the sand lot, and then we flew kites during whole March days. Together we rode our bicycles, which were for the moment horses or motorcycles, depending on whether we were playing at being cowboys or soldiers. All these memories came as movements in the noble symphony which was borne to my ears out of that spring morning in a muffled, steady roar from a swollen stream—music which recalled the incessant melody of a large waterfall near my home. I say a noble symphony, for it was vibrant and pulsating with grandeur, with simplicity, with sweetness, with joy, with life! The spell of winter was a bond burst asunder, and all nature was taking up the strain of

the symphony, "Spring is here!"

Leaving my reminiscing, I dressed quickly and ran out into the day. I had forsaken overcoat, hat, gloves, overshoes; and now I fairly bounded with sheer delight, for my feet were light and my heart glad. For a while I trotted along, inhaling great lungfuls of clear, pure air. The sun was warm, and the whole countryside around me was bathed in yellow light. Everywhere one could sense the presence of life, although no animals or birds manifested themselves. I concluded that the stir which I perceived was really a movement of nature itself, a beginning of process, a cosmic rolling over in bed, as it were, preparatory to a kicking off of covers and a bounding forth into activity. Satisfied with my morning's excursion, I turned back toward my room.

In the afternoon I took an extended walk. On every hand I found water: water flowing in orderly rivulets and water madly plunging down precipitous mounds, water collecting in quiet pools and water oozing out of the ground at every step. The deep gutters were veritable canals of a Lilliputian Venice, and at any moment I expected to behold a fleet of diminutive gondolas skim over the smooth surface. Flooded gardens suggested pictures of Oriental rice fields and I became possessed of a sudden desire to strip off my shoes and to commence planting shoots of the wholesome grain. Continuing, I came upon a river which ran high and muddy, sweeping, great jagged cakes of ice and uprooted saplings along on its tumultuous drive to the sea. For an hour I wondered at this savage torrent, which twisted over the land like an endless serpent, a hissing monster fascinating and mighty.

At last I turned aside from the river, and my way led me past an incomplete church. Its simple brick walls stood with an air of assurance, and its belfrey rose with frankness toward the serene heavens. As I peered in at a side door, I saw the spacious auditorium lined with scaffolding and the floor strewn with planks and miscellaneous scraps of material. Upon entering, I intuitively removed my hat, for the aroma of fresh wood seemed like incense bearing silent testimony that God was already abiding in His tabernacle. I stood long in that hallowed place, until from out of the stillness I thought I could hear the sound of many voices—the gay songs of children, penitents' prayers, the praises of aged saints—voices of all those who in generations to follow would find it a

"Place where passing souls could rest

On the way, and be their best."

When I stepped out of that memorial to a people's living faith in God, the sun had already set, but the golden afterglow lingered in the west. The air was chill, as if to remind me that cold days were still ahead, and that I hadn't seen the last of the winter's fur; yet I would preserve the memory of that day as a pledge of the ultimate triumph of spring. I am told that when the ancient Greeks sold a tract of land the buyer would receive a small bag of earth taken from the property which he bought. The small sample of earth was called an earnest, and it was the owner's deed to his newly acquired possession. I considered that day to be my earnest of spring. It assured me that I should soon receive for my possession restless birds, waving flowers, and graceful fields; and I was willing to meet the remaining harsh days with patience for I hoped in a happier season.

But perhaps I received that day a more excellent prize. Commonplace objects falling under my glance had summoned memories and emotions which usually lay slumbering, such memories and emotions as add tre-

mendously to the significance of life. Even as I had to face the rigors of inclement weather, so were life's exigencies before me, and one needs the little delights and appreciations, the ordinary glories, to steel him against these fiercer tempests. Therefore, at the close of that day of reminiscences and new joys, with which life is packed if we but have eyes to see and ears to hear, I was content to allow the future to unfold as it would, because I had the earnest of increasingly full life. The afterglow in the sky had its counterpart in my spirit, for I felt that as storms approached and passed, life would be the richer. With this thought hanging like a benediction over my soul and yielding a consciousness that I was in perfect accord with the universe, I moved on in peace, concluding that one should be glad when he is able to exclaim "Spring is here!"

Rain and a Dove

by Ransom Richardson

Today I stood upon a lonely hill
To watch the sad mid-May's belated rain
Make glad the teeming bosoms of the plain
And river vales; and it did overflow
The thirsty sunburn'd crevices until
A thousand streams were sluicing
Over the ground.
And lo! Then from the rain sooth'd earth around
A murmuring of thanks rose to the Will
That slaked aridity.
I stood forlorn,
Like Dante when, banished from the wide morn
Of Florence old, he watched from a steep slope
Nearby a solitary pigeon cross
The brightening sky, free from the narrow scope
Of men, and gleaming with the dawn's white gloss.

Incognito

by Magdalene Murphy

The night was sullen and morose. It was as if a great black hand had been placed over the face of living earth, smothering all sound, all sight, all sense. It was an eerie silence, faintly teeming with myriad imaginary noises, almost shouting its impenetrable blackness. A level sheet of dark prairie stretched away on all sides, as down through the middle of the taciturn night danced the rails, such smooth, fascinating rails, rails that fairly glimmered and shone. "Come away with us to Rinconcillo away to life and laughter, to music and dancing, to love and happiness." But the sorrowful night was glum.

A stir, a movement! Could there be life in such a spot? It seemed as if a part of the blackness moulded itself together into three figures dismounting from horses as black as pitch. Slowly and stealthily they crept on hands and knees up to the rails; quick as lightning their deadly task was done and they slunk back into the shadows of the level plain.

The scratch of a match sent a jarring note through the silence. "Put that out!" growled one of the shadows; then turning to the others. "You would bring that kid along He'll gum the works yet."

It was only for a second, but in the sickening glare of their flame, the faces of the three men were strongly outlined. One face was harsh and brutal, a callous face of awful wickedness. The second a long and thin—a devil's—face, with deeply imbedded lines revealing a horrid character. The third was the face of a boy, a beautiful face, a sincere, sad face. He did not belong with these men.

Suddenly a dull roar was heard coming swiftly down the rails. The face of the boy tightened. It would

be soon now, very soon. He would get revenge now, awful revenge, revenge for his mother, revenge for his father—his father! As if in a flash, his father's last words came back to him. "Son, your country always first. Promise me you would even die for our country." His father—his country! The train was almost there. It was roaring now—he could see the lights.

Quick as a flash he fled to the rails: convulsively he jerked the deadly dynamite from its place, just as the monster engine thundered down the rails.

A muttered curse—a flash of steel—a scuffle—a moan—and all was still again on the prairie. Only the rails smiled to the blank sky.

The new president of Mexico leaned back in his soft pullman chair and smiled. He was on his way to Rinconcillo, to life and love, to laughter and happiness.

The next morning a short paragraph appeared in the paper.

An attempt was made to dynamite the train on which the President-elect was returning home. The bodies of three men were found on the prairie a few miles from Rinconcillo, evidently dead from a fight among themselves. That was all.

The rails smiled and closed their steely mouths on another secret.

Incognito!

Mauvais Printemps—A Theme

by William Muir

It is spring.
Verdure, luxuriant verdure, robes the trees. Lambs gambol on the green. Birds fly twittering hither and yon, bursting forth gladly in melodic song. Buds peep shyly forth at morn—but enough of this. Suffice it to say that it is spring. The Chzek family on the next block have used up all the coal that was in the bath tub and are again taking baths. Housewives are making husbands drag screens from the attic and put them in windows. Magazines are printing the fall numbers, which indicates that is without doubt the mad, merry, mischievous springtime. Rheumatic and stiff bookkeepers get up early to plant roses and sow seeds. Bachelors buy a new light suit and try to cover their bald spot by judicious combing of what hair remains.

Young men, hitherto referred to as ruffians, suddenly start combing their hair and strive to cultivate a hirsute appendage as they term it.

To Main Street comes the spirit of brotherly love. Merchants affectionately greet one another and launch a drive for organized charities. They plead pitifully for the widow and the orphan and get the money they seek. Of course, during the year that follows, most of it will go for the salaries of the administrators of benevolence, but nevertheless they were full of love for their neighbors for a while.

Now that we have proved that it is indeed spring, we must do something with the fact.

Spring, of course, is noted for love, colds in the head, poetry, the casting off of red flannels, flowers, beauty, and young men who clutter up the porches of the houses occupied by young ladies.

Of course it is love. Beautiful, passionate, pulsating love that makes the world go round. It is love that makes a fellow go all the week without "extras" to spend everything he has on somebody he just met. It is love that makes people lose their appetite and add to the collection of the world's worse verse. It is love that makes a man think himself the reincarnation of Don Juan and

(Continued on Page Four)

Summary of the Year's Activities In Sports

Early in the fall many baseball teams were found in the foreground. A little series was played and the noted "Hill-Billies" were successful in defeating the "He-Manor" and the "Inn Gang."

It was during these games that "Doc" Paine made his appearance as an athlete. Ever since, he has maintained his interest in the indispensable field of sports. He was present to cheer the Senior men on to the class basketball championship.

The class basketball series immediately followed the ball games. Never before was so much interest manifested in a single class series. In fact, the class teams were so evenly matched that the series far exceeded the Purple-Gold in interest. At the end of the first round, a three-way tie resulted. The series had to be extended. This time the Seniors were victorious, defeating the Juniors and Sophomores by very scant margins. The final game between the Juniors and Seniors came out 36-31, and it was only during the last minute of play that the Seniors forged ahead.

When the Purple-Gold series was discussed, everyone conceded the series to the Purple quintet, which was largely made up of veterans. However, the dope bucket received a severe kick. The Gold, after being defeated 56-23 in the first game, woke up and took two games out of the six played. Bill Farnsworth was high scorer for this series with 97 points.

A better system of dividing the players is being looked forward to. The Purple Girls following the example of the Purple boys, won their series four games to two.

The officers of the athletic association, together with Prof. Steese, were very busy throughout the winter. They introduced many new ideas to be tried out during the coming year. Under the new system, introduced for giving letters, only varsity members are eligible for these awards. The second year that one earns a letter he receives a light sweater bearing two service rings. The third year he receives a heavy sweater with three rings. This year several received light sweaters. Bill Farnsworth and Red Frank got two heavy sweaters apiece, for basketball and baseball. Floyd Burns received a heavy sweater for baseball, and Deets Frank, the only girl eligible for this award, received one for three years of service on the varsity basketball squad. It is hoped that this system of reward will induce more to enter into the sport activities and to continue until they have earned a sweater.

Another change of the association was the moving of baseball from the fall to the spring season with the hope that better weather conditions would prevail. The Gold, behind the masterful pitching of Chamberlain, won two games out of the six. These games were the first ones won by the Gold in about five years. Very seldom are home runs clouted on our diamond. Nevertheless Vogel, Colburn, and Bill Farnsworth swatted one apiece. All in all, this baseball series was the best in some time. On Saturday, June 9, the varsity team will tangle with the alumni. We have a very good varsity squad this year and hope to take such stars as "Big Shot" Corsette, "Pete" and "Bill" Albro, "Foxie", and many others into camp. We invite the whole student body and faculty to cheer at the games.

The track meet as you probably know, was won by the Purple. The boys' score was 93-19, while the girls'

score was 30-29. The five high point men were: York, Benjamin, Anderson, Van Ornum, and Dodson. The five high point women were: Bever, Lee, Ratcliffe, Green and Record. Bever and York will receive gold medals for being individual high scorers.

The tennis tournament which has been in progress now for more than a week has been very interesting. The outstanding men players are: Luckey, York, Burns, and Mein. Of the Freshmen girls, Green, and Ratcliffe are showing real ability. Murphy is also a leading candidate for the girls' varsity tennis team. Of course the leading varsity tennis teams have not as yet been picked but Coach Steese and the varsity captains have been watching for the leading candidates. On June 9th, a varsity tennis team will meet the alumni team. This match is usually very interesting, as the alumni is well supplied with such stars as Fox and Steese.

The eleventh-hour athletic elections took place after chapel on Tuesday, with a very prominent list of athletes being elected to officiate for the 1934-35 season. For the Athletic Association we are to have Willard Houghton as president. Henry White as vice-president, and Janet Donley as secretary. The other officers are: Men's Varsity Captain, Bob Rork; Women's Varsity Captain, Janet Donley; Purple Men's Captain, Steve Anderson; Purple Women's Captain, Helen Myers; Gold Men's Captain, Layton Vogel; Gold Women's Captain, Vera Hall.

In closing the year in sports we are wondering how great the loss to the prospective Purple and Gold will be. The Gold boys will lose Frank and Burns, while the girls' team will miss Bea Swetland. The Purple will suffer the greatest loss in Farnsworth, York, Mein, Mc Carty, and Nelson; the girls' team being without the valuable service of Frank and Bever. However, with the above mentioned officers at the helm of the athletic ship, we are anticipating a very successful year of sports during the next school year.

Echoes of Field Day

(Continued From Page Two)

folks; Editor Burr of the Boulder with Miss Farewell. Now, Mable, it's quite all right.

"Will John Dillinger please report to the judges' stand immediately, please?"

"Here comes Wid Stevenson folks, doesn't he look cute in that nice white track outfit? Hi, Wid!"

"Murphy now running down the straightaway for the broad jump ladies and gentlemen—oh, pardon me Murphy, you don't like the publicity?"

"There's Guy Barror doing eleven feet at the pole vault, folks—he looks pretty good in there—that's the latest windmill form; pretty nice, eh?"

"Where's that Gold Captain?"

"I guess he's over at the Dorn dragging out some more entries."

"Bang!" goes the starting gun—Dusty—"Ouch, they got me, pal—take care of the wife and kids, willya, pal?"

George Press now signing off. "ee-o-lee-lee-o-layee"

—koo— (Applause.)

The meet ends with a bang as the judge's stand caves in.

Simple Simon met a pieman, A'going to the fair. Said Simple Sieman to the pieman, "Hello."

SENIORS GET JOBS

The mad scramble for teaching positions which began about the middle of April, has resulted in the placing of twelve members of the class of '34. Those who have not secured positions are to be consoled by the fact that there are 200,000 other teachers out of work at the present time. To the following who have been fortunate enough to find positions we wish the best of success:

Bill Farnsworth, Angelica, Claire McCarty, Lewiston Mildred Lamberton, Mooers De Vello Frank, Napoli Benoni Carpenter, Gainesville Orrell York, Wolcott Bill Joslyn, Machias Ernest Pierce, Avoca George Press, Forestville Betty Coe, Attica Henry Weiss, Frewsburg Howard Pasel, Elba

FIVE YEAR PLAN FOR HOUGHTON

As a farewell contribution to our alma mater the Senior Class wishes to leave this plan of development towards which we trust the school shall work during the coming years:

FIRST YEAR: Refreshments in every class. Two chapel cuts per day for each student.

SECOND YEAR: Substitution of tennis for all required courses Establishment of Bureau of Compulsory Association.

THIRD YEAR: Upholstered armchairs in all class rooms. Six hours of compulsory, unsupervised association per day.

FOURTH YEAR: Special privileges for Seniors: Classes from 11 until 12 with an hour off for lunch. More strict association rules for the faculty.

FIFTH YEAR: Revision of vacation schedule: Each student required to leave a week early and come back three weeks late for every vacation. Diplomas granted upon payment of \$3.00, fee.

PUBLIC SPEAKING RECITAL

Mr. Devello Frank, a major in Public Speaking, will give a recital in the auditorium of the Music Hall at 7:45 on the evening of Monday, June 4th. He will present two widely varying readings and one original production.

THEOLOGS HOLD OUTING AT LAKE

Last Friday, May 25, a group of theological students, together with Prof. and Mrs. F. H. Wright, Prof. and Mrs. Stanley W. Wright, and Miss Kartevold went to Moss Lake on a picnic. Games, boat rides, and a very delicious lunch were enjoyed. An informal chat around the campfire was enlivened by Profs. Wright and Wright. Before leaving, the group sang together songs of praise to God. New enthusiasm and devotion to the Cause was inspired by the fellowship of the evening.

Week-End Services

(Continued From Page One)

a ladies' team to Rushford. Malcolm Cronk's team spent the week-end in services at Romulus.

A few of the Seniors, who have been giving time to this extension work are: Jean Trout, Barnard Howe, Kenneth Wright, Orrell York, George Press, and Harold Elliott.

Students' Prayer Meeting Tuesday evening was well attended. The time was divided between a season of prayer and a consideration of Christian Holiness led by Rev. Pitt. The last students' prayer meeting will be held next Tuesday.

Miss Eileen Hawn Gives Senior Recital

A small but appreciative audience were well rewarded in the attendance of a Senior Recital given by Miss Eileen Hawn Friday night.

Beautifully gowned, she presented as charming an appearance as the performance was pronounced exceptionally fine by all. Miss Hawn is among those of the Class of '34 who graduate in Public School Music with a major in Voice. She has been soprano soloist in the College Choir since its organization and has been prominent in all activities of the Music Department.

Girls' Hiking Club

You didn't know there was a hiking Club? Well, where have you been all these days? You should have taken advantage of these beautiful days and "gone places". How? Why on "Shank's Mare," of course! But then, what's the use of making you feel bad thus late in the season, when school is just about out and when to hike fifty miles would be next to impossible?

For the benefit of those who didn't know about this Hiking Club, something should be said about it so you will be sure to join it next year. The rules are few and simple: (1) You must hike at least fifty miles during one semester; (2) You must go at least five different places; (3) You must not hike more than eight miles in one day, for credit; (4) You may hike alone if you care to; (5) Keep your own personal record—putting down your name, date number of miles hiked, and where you went; (6) Turn your completed record in to Miss Moxey, who will give you your letter, a small yellow H.

This year quite a few of the girls joined the club, but so far only two have gotten their letters—they are Ona Record and Vernita Green, two of our "hi-point girls." There is still time between now and Commencement for the rest of you girls to finish up—so go to it!

IN THE MORNING

In the early morning hours,
Twist the night and day,
While from earth the darkness
passes
Silently away;
Then 'tis sweet to talk with Jesus
In thy chamber still—
For the coming day and duties
Ask to know His will.
Then He'll lead the way before you,
Mountains laying low;
Making desert places blossom.
Sweet'ning Marah's flow.
Would you know this life of triumph?
Victory all the way?
Then put God in the beginning
Of each coming day.
—Unknown

OLD PATHS

Calm as of yore through the slumberous summer noon
Will the Old Rock rest in its majesty;
All the old paths that we have ranged
Still will wear the glory of their June.
Nothing changed but we.
The years will bring us, hastening to their goal
A little more of calmness and of trust.
—HC

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

Alumni Committee Thanks Correspondents

The alumni committee of the faculty wishes to thank all who have assisted them in making the alumni column of the Star a real contribution to the interests of the greater Houghton. Because you have co-operated a stronger link of interest has been built between the seminary, the freshmen, the sophomores, the juniors, the seniors of the little college in the Genesee Country, and the large number here and there throughout the world who constitute the full fledged members of the institution.

For the committee who shall have this work in charge next year, we solicit your heartiest assistance. Why not make as our goal, five hundred alumni subscriptions with something in the paper to interest everyone of them?

Claude Ries
Crystal Rork
Rachel Davison
Josephine Rickard

MAUVAIS PRINTEMPS
(Continued From Page Three)

breeze merrily forth in a Ford with a maiden who for the time is Juliet or Desdemona but who will be all the rest of the week Sadie Gerkin, one of Woolworth's aides. It is love that makes the world go round and round and round until it is quite dizzy. But it is spring that causes this state of affairs.

This paper has said nothing in the required number of words. It is rambling, incoherent, scribbled, scratched, and trite. But what can be expected? It is spring.

STUFF AND NONSENSE

My! My! "The Point" is simply teeming these moonlight nights. Here's a vote for benches or more stumps. Too bad the Seniors did not hit on this idea before they decided on the telephones. Personal contact is so much more effective!

And have you been noticing all the couples—new ones, old ones, and the screwiest ones imaginable. Everybody must be feeling the rustle of spring. Great stuff! Watch out, tho' all ye underclassmen, better get in a big clinch with your books—Prexy says to cut out all social activities until after exams—and he knows best.

We hear that the dorm girls had a party the other night and the Senior girls received appropriate gifts. Betty received a rock and a ruler, looks like the poor girl is torn between two great issues—school teaching and—let's see, what was I saying—oh, yes,—we were talking about Rorky and Betty, weren't we!

Listen here, Marve—a math major mustn't stress too much addition. But then, it'll soon be subtraction, and long division for you kids, so go ahead—we don't mind.

What about these tennis matches. Looks like the new style tournament is an attempt at making tennis an all year around sport. Hurry up. We want to clap for the victors!

There are romantic rumors about the new college dean. Have you heard—? Um, a nice tasty morsel, n'est-ce pas?

We hear a lot about Commencement—we wonder if that means that the Seniors are going to begin acting their age.

All women know how to keep a girlish complexion—hide it so their kid sisters won't find it.

The continentals have an idea that before marriage a young man should be able to run, jump, fight and swim—carry over of European preparedness policy.

"Music is love in search of a word."