

## Pres. Luckey Returns From Marion

Bus stopped by students

The bus driver's heart turned over Saturday evening and he wondered if it were a sure enough hold-up,—then he saw Christy's frantically waving arms come back to normal and realized he was no bandit, for the group surrounding him was a perfectly harmless mob of Houghton students. The lusty cheers for "the man of the hour" put the bus driver at ease, and Pres. Luckey was helped out. The other occupants of the bus leaned forward with interested smiles to hear the cheers and songs. After due handshaking, and when there was a lull in the storm, the President remarked, "If you're half as glad to have me back as I am to be back, I don't blame you for coming down."

Monday's chapel was also a greeting for the beloved man of affairs. The student body cheered; Prof. Le Roy Fancher extended welcome in more dignified tones; and the orchestra made its initial appearance in splendid style. Pres. Luckey brought greetings from Marion College, and restated his pleasure at being "home."

Tuesday's chapel was "A Friendly Talk on School Life." It was the first real opportunity the President had for one of his annual fatherly chats. He made us better acquainted with our sister college at Marion, Ind., where he has been for the past three weeks. And tho' he is deeply interested in 'Marion', and thinks her students are a splendid group,—after all he can find no group quite equal to his own boys and girls at Houghton. The main points of his talk revolved about the central idea of the advantages of the small Christian College.

Wholeheartedly and unanimously we welcome your return, President Luckey!

## Sophomores vs. Columbus

"Sophs" Win

In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue. Result, "soph" party last Friday night. We will admit that water would have been a more appropriate background however Faculty defecates lower half of College Building. We'll also admit that Columbus Day isn't till next Friday but it's a crime to be too literal.

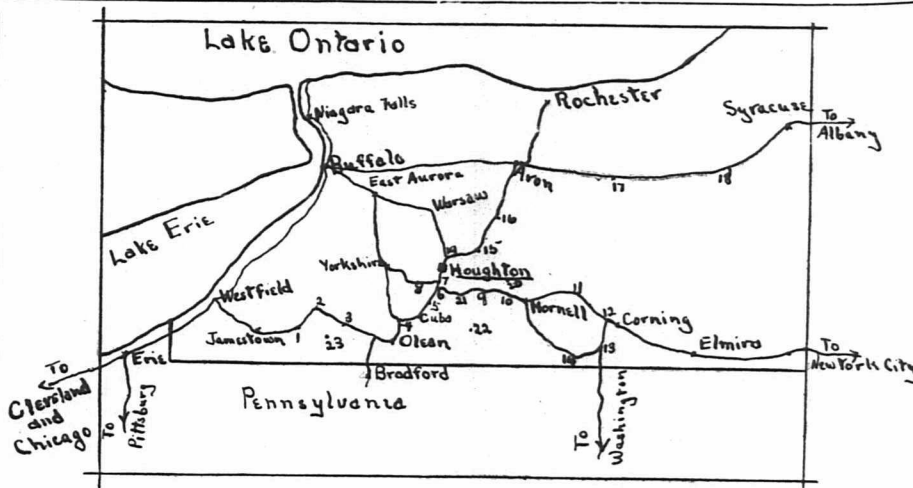
Pinto, Santa Maria and the Nina set out from their respective ports lifting the anchor and unfurling the sail and all the rest that ships are supposed to do. The Pinto arrived first, the successful sailors being awarded with suckers of a variety not found in Hegner. Our first discovery was that Aunt Dora is a sculptor. We offer proof in her—"O Boy"—Buffalo. An orphan buffalo on seeing it would immediately have set up a howl for its missing family!

After our explorations we devoured everything in sight. The food of course was Indian style—"jello" and bananas.

Two more years and the "Sophs" will be cutting themselves from the mother country and setting up a place for themselves.

Till then  
Excelsior

No Alumni Column without news from the Alumni.



WHO SAID, "HOUGHTON IS NOT ON THE MAP?" LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

## Juniors Breakfast by Campfire

A jolly time enjoyed

My, but these cold, frosty mornings lend a coaxing flavor to warm beds! Sometimes though a strong stimulus will bring about wonderful changes. Such was the case on the memorable date of October the sixth, nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. For lo! when the sun peeped over the horizon on his continuous journey, his smiling face beamed a welcome on one and twenty Houghton Juniors who were gathered around a blazing camp-fire. The main victim of the fire was a huge coffee pot which was endeavoring to boil amidst the supreme heat of the blaze and the hungry looks of the stalwart band. Already "Aunt Bertha" had seized upon the other supplies which were spread out in great profusion on all sides of the fire. In the squeeze of a lemon the "little doggies" were perched on the ends of the dog-wood sticks from which they were finally rescued only to meet a "dye" fate. When more material was needed for the fire "Bill" Albright gallantly rushed up a tree with his little hatchet and strove to cut down the tree before descending. Amidst laughing, chattering, crackling of the fire and crackling of jokes the mammoth appetites were banished and the party was ready to return to the college for a season of pleasant studying. "Dizzy" led the procession with a huge wand in one hand and a donation for Prof. Wright in the other—those dainty tid-bits were presented at the back door of the Wright home where they received a hearty welcome.

(Continued on Page Four)

## Music Club Appoints

Prof. Lawless President

On Wednesday evening, October 3, about thirty students interested in music gathered in the chapel to elect the officers of the Music Club. Prof. Lawless was elected president; Gordon Allen, vice president; Velma Harbeck, secretary; Theos Cronk, chairman of the program committee. It was decided to hold bi-monthly meetings instead of monthly meetings as last year. All students interested in music are urged to join. On October 17, the first program will be given at which time we shall study the orchestral works of the Russian composer, Tschaiakowski. Special attention will be given to his "Nutcracker Suite."

## Students Invited to Van Celebrates Birthday

Upper Class Ladies Lead

On Sunday morning, October 14th, the opening exercises of the Sunday School on the Hill are to be conducted by the young ladies of the three upper college classes. Be sure to attend!

The Sunday School is a department of our weekly religious services that should have the support of every individual in the community. There is no place more fitting for all ages—from the little tots to the gray-haired grandfathers and grandmothers on Sunday morning—than the Sunday School.

It did not just happen that some of the greatest men the world has known were regular attendants at Sunday School. The impressions and leadings that came from a careful study of the Bible in the Sunday School have led to a belief in the Word of God that has become a foundation of strong faith and has resulted in mighty achievements.

Young people if you remain in Houghton over the week-end we extend to you a most cordial invitation to meet with us next Sunday morning at 9:50 in the College Chapel.

The Bible Class meets in the Church at 10 o'clock.

Geo. H. Clarke, Supt.

## Christian Workers Visit Bliss

Elsie Chind Preaches

Once again the Christian Workers held out a helping hand to those in spiritual need.

The prayer service which was held in the bus while enroute was especially helpful. The earnest petitions for the help and guidance of the Holy Spirit were answered in a very definite way. Miss Elsie Chind, the speaker of the evening, had much freedom and liberty in delivering the message. She spoke from Joshua 24: 24, and exhorted all to give God their obedience.

Special music was furnished by the Ladies' Quartette, composed of Misses Ries, Storms, Hall and Stevenson.

We as Christian Workers trust that as we hold services from Sunday to Sunday that our work may be of such a character that God will continue to bless our efforts.

Surprised by Friends

"Hurry Van," cried Doty as he led the way to Prof. Lawless' Studio, "I have something to show you." They had scarcely entered the door when from the darkness wild cries of "Happy Birthday!" were heard closely followed by still wilder sounds of "thud, thud, clap clap." One would think that he was a hundred instead of only thirty.

After this vigorous reception of the evening's guest, the group engaged in entertaining themselves by various games. Mr. Kluzlett played several cello solos, accompanied at the piano by Mr. Hollis Stevenson. The interest of the group reached its zenith when at the unevanescent command of Miss Chind, Van proceeded to unwrap his gifts. The first was none other than a rattle, but the second was an attractive leather billfold with a key case to catch.

A generous helping of ice cream, cake and wafers sent the crowd home in a "return again" attitude. Many happy returns of the day, Van!

## A Message From Our President

Students of Houghton College and Seminary, we welcome to you all that the year 1928-'29 has to offer. The Faculty, the equipment, and the enrollment are the best that Houghton College has ever offered; hence, the prospects seem good for the best year in the history of the college.

But students, remember that what the year brings to you, and in a large degree, what the year means in the progress and development of the college, depend largely upon yourselves. There are old traditions to be maintained, there are new ideals to be formed, and there are personal victories to be achieved. To each of you is given the opportunity of so breathing the college atmosphere, of so living the college life, and of so placing yourself on the side of all that is highest and best, that when you join the ranks of the alumni, the college will be proud to claim you as a son or daughter.

J. S. Luckey.

Have you sent for your Absentee Ballot? It's due at the Board of Election not later than October 20.

## Hilda Tells of Summer in Kentucky

Southern Phrases Heard

Summer school at Berea is a series of exciting events. The very first heart throb came on the mountainous, interminable "winding road" of Kentucky—a narrow road, whose unexpected turns and sudden descents remind one of a never-ending "roller-coaster." Imagine yourself at nine o'clock on a pitch-dark evening, tearing down a steep incline. On one side is a sheer drop of about two hundred feet to the Kentucky River. Suddenly a red lantern waved frantically warns you to stop; an iron gate bars your progress. Everything is gloomy and mysterious. You think of every weird tale you've ever heard about mountain feuds, sheriff-killings and corn whiskey. A man in tattered clothes steps to the door of the car. "Thirty cents!" he demands. What a relief to know that, after all, its only a toll-bridge!

Berea is about fifty miles south of Lexington. It isn't in the blue-grass country, but the mountain scenery more than makes up for the lack of that particular form of vegetation, in the opinion of the summer-school students. Possibly the inhabitants of this part of the country might have a different idea. The average family yearly income of the population of Kentucky is around \$360. Of this, the people near Berea do not have a very great share. Bonnie Lee, who is a fair representative, earns eight dollars a month to support a family of nine. She lives in a one-room cabin, in which are somewhere stowed away her five brothers and sisters, her mother and her old, wrinkled grandparents. This room is furnished completely with a broken-down table, two chairs, and a fireplace. Places like this are homes to the Kentuckians.

(Continued on Page Four)

## In Memoriam

Last week, but too late for publication, came the sad news of the death of Fleming Perrine, a member of the Board of Trustees of Houghton College. Brother Perrine of Sandy Lake, Pennsylvania, was a loyal member of the Book Committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of America, and represented the Alleghany Conference. This Book Committee constitutes the Board of Trustees of the various corporations of the Church, one of which is Houghton College.

Mr. Perrine had held the position for many years, and had become one of the most valuable men on the Board. He was particularly humble and childlike in his faith, but in his financial ability he was a leader which any corporation might covet. The Church and the College have lost a valuable friend and counselor, and many of us feel that we have lost a dear personal friend. He leaves a dear wife who has been his friend through a long and happy married life; also a large family of children and grandchildren. These we would commend to Him who notices even the sparrow's fall. It remains for us the living to carry on the work in which Brother Perrine was so faithful.

J. S. Luckey.



# THE HOUGHTON STAR

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## EDITORIAL

### AUTUMN

Fall is one of the most fascinating seasons of the year. Even Spring cannot really compete with it in variety of landscape color, and crisp frosty air. Who does not enjoy walking through the woods on a beautiful October day? Beneath is a carpet of leaves of all colors, above is the clear blue sky which is unrivalled even by the azure heavens of June. The frost of the previous night has opened the chestnut burrs. Squirrels and chipmunks hurry hither and thither through the rustling leaves gathering nuts for the coming winter; from time to time a partridge starts up with a whir, or a rabbit darts across your path and disappears under an old pine stump. If you pause in your stroll, a chick-a-dee will come and watch you for a moment, then go cheerily about his work speaking to you in the most friendly terms. Soon a Nuthatch will come "yanking" along, dart up and down the tree trunks near you in the most friendly manner. Did some one say that woods were lonesome in the Fall?

The pessimist sees in Fall only the signs of a dying year, indications of cold, dreary days ahead, and the high price of fuel. No one will dispute the fact that the year is nearing its close, but why not look on the bright side of the Autumn Days? True, Winter is coming, but the harvest is being gathered. Grain in the granary, potatoes in the bin, and fruit in the cellar signify the result of days of work, and give promise of plenty for the coming winter. Fall seems to indicate rest. The labor of the Summer is ended, Nature now prepares for the rest of Winter.

It is said that in the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but it seems that a good many young folks take quite a "Fall" in Autumn, during "October's Bright Blue Weather."

## Locals

Miss Winifred Pitt spent the week-end with friends in Silver Springs.

Mrs. Woolsey, Martha and Warren returned Saturday from a trip to Ohio.

"Dot" Long and Miss Barbara Blitz of Silver Springs, were here Sunday.

Mr. L. Turnell of Jamestown, and Nelson Turnell of Olean, were in town Sunday.

Everett Dyer, "Bill" Salberg and Corinne Cole visited their respective homes last Friday.

Elsie Bacon spent the week-end in East Aurora at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hudson.

William Boehne has recently returned from a week's visit to New York City and Schenectady.

Prof. Allen Baker drove to Geneseo Saturday to get some "specs." He does not like to ride alone.

Prof. Le Vay Fancher, who is doing post-graduate work in Cornell, was home for the week-end.

Dr. Mingleford addressed the students in chapel Thursday morning. He leaves for Georgia next Tuesday.

"Aunt Dora" and "Aunt Rothermel" were guests at the home of "Chug" Snyder at Cuba, N. Y., Sunday.

Two new students have lately matriculated, Marion Wright of Forestville, N. Y., and Paul Weld of Asheville, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Stevenson of Mooers, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walrath and daughter, Betty, of Rochester, were guests of "The Stevensons" Sunday.

Wilfred Bain preached at both the morning and evening services of the Wesleyan Methodist church at Cattaugus last Sunday in the absence of his father, Rev. J. A. Bain.

Prof. Max Molyneux, with his wife and son, Joel, motored here from Marcellus to visit his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Molyneux and family of Oberlin, were also here Sunday.

Miss Vera Barker was called home recently by the death of her grand-

## Columbus

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.

The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"

'Why, say: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

'My men grow mutinous day by day;

My men grow ghastly wan and weak;

The stout mate thought of home; a spray

Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

'What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say.

If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

'Why you shall say at break of day:

"Sail on! and on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,

Until at last the blanched mate said:

'Why, now not even God would know

Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,

For God from these dread seas is gone.

Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say—

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:

'This mad sea shows his teeth to night.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?"

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

'Sail on, sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he paced the deck.

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! A light At last a light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!

It grew to be time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave that world

It's grandest lesson: On! sail on!

Joaquin Miller

## Did You Know That--

It is time to send for your Absentee Ballot? It should be in the hands of the Election Committee not later than October 20th.

Just four hundred and thirty-six years ago today Columbus gazed upon the island of San Salvador?

The Seniors of Seminary and College are going to stand the rest of the school at baseball this afternoon at 3:30?

Doty, who lives just over the hill, rides to classes in a "Chevy?" It's easier than walking, I suppose.

Forty-three per cent of the auto accidents and forty-two per cent of the deaths caused thereby in the state of New York, occur between road intersections.

Miss Vera Barker was called home father, Mr. Fleming Perrine. Mr. Perrine was a member of the Board of Trustees and of the local Board of Managers of Houghton College. The funeral service was held from the Zion church at Sandy Lake, Pa.

Miss Scharf has been ill for several days and is being cared for at the Houghton College Hospital.

## Glee Club Personnel Announced

On Tuesday of this week Prof. Herman Baker announced the personnel of the Glee Club as follows:

First Tenors—

Marshall Stevenson  
Leon Hines  
Vernon Howse

Second Tenors—

Homer Fero  
Orrell York  
Prof. Leo Lawless  
Joseph Shipman

First Bass—

Hollis Stevenson  
John Kluzitt  
Elmer Roth  
Lowell Fox

Second Bass—

Wilfred Bain  
Wesley Gleason  
Gordon Allen  
Beverly Shea

Accompanist—

Alton Cronk

Rehearsals were started Tuesday night at which time the officers of the Club were elected. Wesley Gleason was chosen as president; Prof. Herman Baker, vice president; Gordon Allen, business manager; and Lowell Fox, secretary and treasurer. The men are looking forward to a busy season.

## How Ward Received The Palm Oil

One day was necessary to make a hurried trip to Mussumbo and as Ward McDowell and several of the former mission boys volunteered to carry the doctor in the hammock. Arriving there, Miss Baets, who was in charge of the station, thanked the boys for their kindness and gave them the customary measure of dry rice to cook for their noon-day meal. Soon Ward McDowell came to the house, and began to speak as follows:

"Ya Baets, you came to Africa because you loved the black people, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"Do you love them all? Do you love me?"

"Yes, Ward."

"Say, Ya, long ago when I was small you taught me to read and thru you obtained much wisdom. Ya, you really stand to me just like a mother does to her son, do you not?"

son a little palm oil. The rice is "Yes, Ward, I suppose I do."

"Then, mother, do please give you very dry."

Dr. Ruby H. Paine, Africa.

(The above is an incident which happened at the mission station in Africa, where Dr. Ruby H. Paine has charge. Editor's note.)

## Autumn Fires

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over  
The grey smoke towers.  
The red fire blazes,  
And all the summer flowers,

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Get all your articles for the Star done by Tuesday night or Wednesday morning at the latest.

Attend Sunday School in the College Chapel Sunday morning at 9:50 A. M.

## The Anna Houghton Daughters

The first meeting of the Anna Houghton Daughters was held with Mrs. W. L. Fancher Sept. 21, and the second with the Misses Gillette and Rork, Oct. 5. These two meetings have resulted in the election of working committees for the year. Bess Fancher heads the social committee; Frieda Gillette the entertainment committee and Mildred Gillette the sunshine committee. The next meeting will be Friday, Oct. 19, at Mrs. LeRoy Fancher's, the program to deal with politics and the coming election.

## High School News

### The Attic Comes to Life

Last Friday afternoon an announcement was made in the study hall of a Senior party in the High School attic. This aroused comment and curiosity. At five o'clock thirteen dignified members of the class met, and then the solemn(?) procedures began. Many interesting relics were found in the attic. Pictures of some of the noted athletes and alumni of this institution, dusty chairs, ancient books, and other things to add a feeling of mystery and age to the surroundings.

When the eats were ready one of our members who had been showing signs of a store of jokes and fun let loose his stories. He kept us laughing so much of the time that it took us much longer to eat than usual. This person says he ate a few less than half of the "Red Hots" that were purchased. No matter how many he ate, he still seems to be alive.

It is needless to say that all who were there had a jolly time. Don't forget, Seniors, more and better times are coming!

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## Arthur Doty Goes Fishing

Has "Bully" Time

Last summer Arthur Doty was  
way out in Wisconsin on his uncle's  
farm, about forty-five miles from the  
summer home of President Coolidge.  
One day "Art" and his uncle decided  
to go angling and because the fish  
were about ten miles away, they took  
along a brand new "Chrysler" for  
transportation purposes. They stop-  
ped at a farmhouse near the water for  
oars, intending to leave the car there,  
but after hearing about a mean bull at  
large in the timber through which  
they must pass, they wisely decided  
to drive as far as possible.  
After parking the car on a small  
knoll at the water's edge, Arthur and  
his uncle climbed into the boat and  
made for a good fishing spot about  
a mile and a half out. While they  
were "teaching the worms to swim,"  
Arthur's uncle chanced to look back  
in the direction from which they had  
come, but he couldn't see the car  
which should have been in plain  
sight. Where was it? Arthur finally  
spied an object that resembled a car—  
in the water. Hurriedly they rowed  
back! Sure enough, it was the  
"Chrysler," with water up over the  
running board. Directly above the  
tail light of the car were two dents  
—immediately they thought of the  
bull.

The object of their thought made  
himself known at once, by his "bell-  
ing" and pawing, as he came rapidly  
down the bank toward them. They  
hastily picked up their oars and man-  
ipulating them as rapidly as possible,  
rowed along the shore until a fence  
separated the bull from them. With  
stones, sticks, and every available  
weapon, they at last succeeded in  
driving the animal far enough back  
so that it seemed safe for Arthur's  
uncle to go for help. He at last  
came back with a team and by hook-  
ing the team on to the rear spring he  
gradually pulled the car out of the  
water. The bumper of the car had  
hit an old stump which had become  
wedged under the axle, thus prevent-  
ing the car from going under any  
further than the running board. Had  
the "Chrysler" gone another car's  
length, it would have been complet-  
ely under water, but thanks to the  
stump and a strong team of horses,  
the car after a change of oil ran as  
well as usual.

This is no "fish" story! If in doubt,  
consult Arthur Doty about his fishing  
trip and the "bully" time.

## A Letter From Mrs. Hazel Banker

(It seems good to hear from our  
own Houghton missionaries even  
though indirectly. We hope to have  
a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Banker,  
special to the STAR before the end  
of this school year.) Following is  
part of a letter from Mrs. Banker  
to Mrs. Clarke.—Editor's Note.)  
Dal Lake,  
Lrinogar, Kashuir, India  
June 21, 1928.

Dear Sister Clarke:

To improve the time I'll write a  
note while we are in our small boat  
on the way to the city.

We have had a very restful and  
profitable time here these two months.  
Because of my illness two years ago we  
did not get to see many of the beau-  
tiful sights around. This time we  
have become regular "gadders."

I had a ten day siege of continuous  
fever the first month, but two quinine  
injections, quinine pills and a tonic  
helped me on my feet again.

We have visited Tyndale Biscoe's  
famous C. M. S. Mission School  
here. I am sending you a short  
sketch of Dr. Neve whom we hear  
about many times here. A doctor  
from his mission doctored me when

here two years ago. They have an  
average of 200 in-patients here all the  
time.

Your letter came since we were  
here. We go back next week.  
Brother Harvey has been very well.  
Miss Price has not gained as much  
as we would have liked since being  
here. Miss Maryland is also with us.  
We have lived in tents and eaten to-  
gether.

Alice is fine, we haven't seen a  
more healthy looking eighteen  
months old child here. She says a  
few words now.

Loving Salaams,  
Hazel.

## Dizzy Discourse

"Girls in Houghton who wear  
skirts above their knees should be ar-  
rested."

"Isn't that unconstitutional?"

"No, the constitution only gives  
right to bare arms."—Pathfinder.

"Who is that singing?"

"My daughter, she does it to kill  
time."

"She could kill anything with that  
voice."

Boss—"Well, Johnny, I don't see  
how you will get off for any baseball  
games this season, as your grand-  
father died four times last summer."

Office Boy—"Yes sir, I know, but  
grandma has married again."—Path-  
finder.

"Hard working wife you've got  
Si."

"Yes, I wish I had a couple more  
like her."

Student caught speeding—"But  
officer, I am only a student."

Officer—"Ignorance is no excuse."

John K.—There has been some-  
thing trembling on my lips for  
months.

She—Yes, so I see. Why don't  
you shave it off?

Neighbor—So your son got his M.  
A. last summer.

Father—Yes, but his P-A still sup-  
ports him.

There is a way that seemeth right  
unto a freshman but the end thereof  
is misery.

Freshie—Did you ever see a horse  
fly?

Junior—No, but I've seen a moth-  
ball.

Foolish—If I told you Lake Mich-  
igan was drying up, what would you  
say?

Wiseman—Go thou and do like-  
wise.

## Eddie Zuber Quite Surprised

It is reported that Eddie Zuber  
didn't get his Soph. English note-  
book in on time Wednesday. Tues-  
day evening a dozen fellows walked  
in on him and gave him a gentle re-  
minder that he was twenty years old.  
Everyone joined in the fun and en-  
joyed themselves. Frenchy went for  
an aeroplane ride, and took quite a  
tumble when his parachute failed to  
open. Johnnie Kluzitt was shown  
one of the many uses of a basin of  
water, and left a much wiser man.  
Eddie blew out all the candles on his  
cake the first time,—which may or  
may not hold any significance.  
Everybody left after cheering the  
guest of honor, and incidentally  
Johnnie, who felt quite misused.

Alumni, tell us of your where-  
abouts!

When you break your Glasses  
leave with

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### MILDA TELLS OF SUMMER IN KENTUCKY

(Continued From Page One)

Students of history will be interested to know that the grounds on which the eighty-odd buildings belonging to the college are located was donated by Cassius Clay, brother of the great American statesman. Some of the buildings are devoted to the Foundation School, others to the Junior High, the Normal School, and the College itself. In still others are the Fireside Industries (weaving, sewing, etc.) the Broom Industry, the Printing Shop, wood-work, machine shop, electrical work, etc. Every student is required to work at least two hours every day, and for his labor receives the munificent wages of from eight to twenty-five cents per hour. This is really a larger amount than first appears when consideration is made of the fact that meals—and good ones, too—are only eleven cents apiece, and the entire expense for nine weeks is \$36. Clothing accounts are not excessive because the more expensive materials are not permitted, and silk is taboo.

One of my most interesting experiences was becoming accustomed to the southern vocabulary. The very first day when we asked directions into Berea we were told that it was a "right smart piece away." I was prepared for the "you-all" and "honey" but I never did get over looking aghast when someone said "good-evening" one minute after twelve o'clock, noon. If there were three or four hundred at an entertainment "several people" were there. Mosquito bites brought forth the remark from a girl, "I've got a risin' on my arm."

Rules at Berea bear a striking resemblance to those of Houghton. Instead of "association," the students have "social privileges." These occur at long intervals and are announced at chapel. Chapel attendance is obligatory with a fifty cent fine for every cut. Upon registering every student signs up for Sunday School and is similarly fined for any absence. One regulation which has no parallel in Houghton is that all personal firearms must be parked with the Dean during the period of the student's matriculation in the school. It may be interesting to note in this connection that several of the students do not dare to go home except on dark nights because their families are engaged in a friendly tiff with the neighbors. It might be somewhat unhealthy for someone if the neighbors happened to be around.

A trip back into the hills on horse brought us a little nearer to a better understanding of the social life of the backwoods Kentuckian. We visited a rural school where the instructor brought up her young hopefuls in the fond belief that an imperative sentence was a statement of fact. After we had left the school we heard in the distance the jingling music of a fiddle "yonder up the road a little piece." A ducky was swaying his body in time to his playing. Twenty or thirty white people were clapping hands and stamping feet as they went through the figures of the Virginia Reel. The women in sunbonnets, the men bearded, awkwardly moving about on the few planks nailed together for floor, blue sky overhead for ceiling, and sassafras and holly trees for walls seemed almost a reproduction of what life must have been "in the good old days."

We completed the day's adventures by stopping in at one of the cabins for a drink. Tate Wade, whose home it was, was mildly excited because the sheriff had that day visited his son's barn and had removed therefrom nine barrels of "liquid corn." He reckoned 'ez how there might be somethin' a-doin' in the very immediate future. He was inclined to be philosophical about it,

however, and from the depths of his store of wisdom, presently told us, "Wal, yuh know, 'most everybody 'ull do what they hadn't oughta' and them 'ez you'd think wouldn't 'ull do it quicker."

Oh yes, we did attend classes once in a while, but the books didn't contain between their covers all that we wanted to know, and all that we learned this summer.

H. Butterfield.

### What Should I Get Out of College

Every student that leaves home for college has certain ideas as to what college is going to do for him. The home folks, also, have their conception of the transformation that will take place in the youth they send away.

But have you ever stopped to formulate your ideas on what you should get out of college? What can college give you that will make you say later in life, "I am glad I went to college when I did." Are you headed in the right direction to get the most out of your college life?

A successful man, asked the reason for his success, replied: "I had a friend." Whatever else one gets out of college, he will want to know intimately a few teachers and a few friends. There is one temptation however, to confine one's contacts largely to one "clique" and know only those few people. This is a great mistake. Orchestra music is rich because of many instruments. So college life is richer when contacts are more numerous. A few well-chosen intimate friends and a large number of acquaintances will be one of the richest contributions of college life.

In college you should get increased knowledge, a wider range of facts and information. This age needs well furnished minds; there is a place for the one who knows his subject. There is no royal road to mastery of a subject except the old road of hard labor. The college student will miss something unless he uses the available sources, such as the library, laboratory, classroom and his fellow students to increase his knowledge of the facts of life.

In addition to this, the college student should get the ability to use his mind as a tool, as an instrument of precision. After collecting facts, it is necessary to weigh, balance and compare them with others. Clear thinking is needed. In all fields the cry is for trained minds. The answer to life's problems is not found in the back of our books. What is needed is clear, independent, original and well informed thinking.

The time spent in sharpening an axe is not wasted. So the time spent in college is not lost. Through our assigned tasks, college should teach us the ability to stay at a task until it is accomplished. The college cannot do this by some magic process. All it can do is to furnish the opportunity. Whether the mind is trained depends largely on the student.

The development of the mind should be well rounded. College should cultivate breadth of mind by giving wider contacts. It should cultivate depth of mind by developing something more than shallow surface thinkers. Along with these it should develop height and length of mind. It looks at conduct not from the standpoint of present advantage, but final outcome, character. If college days do not help give these qualities to the student mind either the college or students have miserably failed.

Again, college should also train one to respect and value men of all sects, races, nations and classes. If our education causes us to lose our common touch, it is largely a failure.

Finally, college should enable students to appreciate the true values

of life. The real values are the spiritual values. College should give us a deeper and more penetrating faith in God. It should give us a vision of what we, as young people can do in His service.

There is a challenge to every college student to get the best out of college. Will you?

H. E. E. in *The Asbury Collegian*

### The Goldfinch

By Lynn Russell

Down beside the purling stream  
Where the nodding willows dream  
I have heard you sing.  
Thrilling and entralling me  
With your sweet-toned ecstasy  
Happier than a king.

I have hoped that soon I might  
See your undulated flight

As you twitter by,  
Heading toward the alders brown  
Where a nest of thistledown  
Wild canary, robed in gold,  
Holds a mate more shy.

Life for you does not grow old,  
Time is always young,  
Nature crowns you with her grace  
Earth becomes a joyful place  
When your notes are sung.

(The above poem by "Lynn" appeared in the "Albany Evening News" in the column entitled "A Minute of Poetry." Lynn is *Magic and Mystery Editor, Historical Editor and one of the book review editors.* Ed. Note)

### In A Minute

"Well, well, don't fret. I'll be there in a minute." But my friend, a minute means a great deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a moment? No? Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that may happen meantime, says an ingenious writer.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. But that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of the light which just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,150,000 miles away.

In that minute, all over the world, about eighty infants have been born, while nearly as many human beings, being weary with the struggles of life, have closed their eyes for the last time.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone two million vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a reaches you after making more than mile, and a street car thirty-two rods; and an average walker has gotten over a distance of sixteen or eighteen rods. —From *The Armory in an Exchange*

### JUNIORS BREAKFAST BY CAMPFIRE

(Continued From Page One)

The last lap of the journey ended at the girl's dorm where the breakfast-diners had their morning meal admirably seasoned by some hearty yells from the Juniors who had congregated outside in the boy's entrance. Each Junior as he departed for the day's work felt that the memory, if not the taste, of that early breakfast would linger pleasantly through the on-coming wheels of time.

Articles for the *Star* should be in the hands of the Staff not later than Wednesday morning.

Mention *STAR* Advertisements