

The HOUGHTON STAR

Volume XXXII

Houghton, New York, Thursday, April 18, 1940

Number 23

Choir Returns From Tour Of Far South

Traveled Down To Goldsboro, North Carolina

Provisory sections dealing with labor were included, permanent reform in the established organizations were recommended, but the bitterly contested guarantee of unjust settlements.

Please excuse it if my mind seems to stay away from the exciting pages of this text-book once in a while. It's a real task to return to the academic routine which we call the "old grind." I keep seeing images of a smiling pack of students waving goodbye. . . a long road and "Curly's" masterly handling of a sharp curve. . . an hour of fitful slumber on a bus seat. . . a look of dismay at a surplice badly wrinkled. . . the warm beauty of southern nights. . . a negro friend recounting the counting of de twelve gates to de city. . . a new breakfast menu: bacon and eggs. . . the buffoonery and gusty comedy of Blauvelt and S. Beau, Inc. . . the addition of C. C. Peep, the chick, to the soprano section of the choir. . . the comradeship of forty people through many joys. . . many

(Continued on Page Four, Col. 2)

Memorial Chapel Held for Engle

Choir Sings and Students Speak

The memory of Ivan Engle, who died suddenly during the vacation, was honored in chapel, the morning of Tuesday, April 9. Several persons who knew him intimately gave a few of their more salient memories of him and the a cappella choir sang.

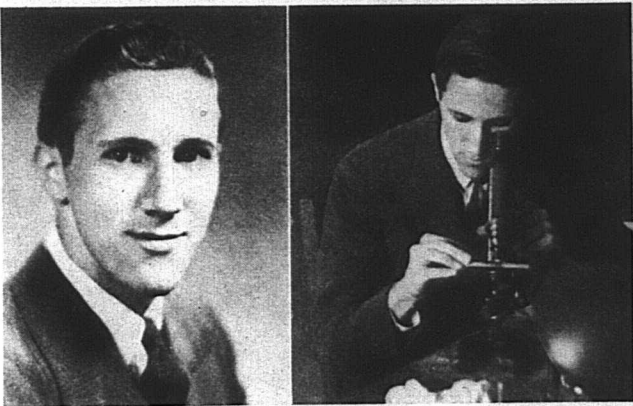
Professor Shea, in whose home Ivan had been a roomer, told of the deep affection existing between Ivan and his brother, Dan. He said that they were not only brothers; they were also pals in the fullest sense of the word. He also mentioned the funeral service at which he said a calmness resulting from the assurance of Everlasting Life prevailed throughout the entire service.

Wesley Nussey, representing the senior class, spoke of Ivan's willingness to take part in the class functions and of the distinctive honor he had achieved for the class in that he would have been the first to graduate from Houghton with a grade point index of 3.000.

John Smith, who had come to know Ivan through working with him in the physics lab, said that we should consider not so much what we lost through Ivan's death as what we gained through his life.

The a cappella choir sang Ivan's favorite selection, "A Mighty Fortress is our God" and concluded the service with the choral benediction.

For We Know That He Has Passed From Death Unto Life



College Mourns Death of Ivan Engle, Brilliant Valedictorian of Senior Class

The death of Ivan Engle, '40 at the Lancaster Hospital, Lancaster, Pa., on Wednesday night, April 3, came as an unexpected blow to faculty and students of Houghton college. Ivan left with the choir for its annual spring tour on Thursday, March 28. He sang in all the concerts including the one at the Westminster Choir school, Princeton, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, until he was taken ill. At dinner in Moorestown, N. J., Saturday afternoon, he did not feel well, and a doctor was later called. His parents arrived in the evening and Ivan was removed to the Lancaster Hospital, in his home town. He was in the hospital until his death on Wednesday night. Acute infection with complications was the cause of his death.

The funeral took place on Sunday morning, April 7. A one-half hour service was held at his home in Bausman, Pa., at ten o'clock. At ten-thirty, in the Brethren in Christ church of Lancaster, Rev. C. N. Hostetter, president of Messiah Bible college, preached the funeral sermon.

Ivan was born at Bausman, Pa., on Dec. 21, 1919. He attended Manor High, his local high school. While there he attained the distinction of

becoming a member of the Honor Society. He was also editor of his high school year book. His high scholarship won him the valedictory honors of his class.

After graduation from high school, he went to Messiah Bible college, a junior college in Grantham, Pa. He was a member of the male chorus of the school for two years. Here also he attained to the heights of scholarship and was named valedictorian of his class.

He came to Houghton in September, 1938, and entered the junior class. This year he has been working as Prof. Tucker's assistant in geology. The choir and the college quartet have been among his extra-curricular activities. At a senior banquet held March 21, it was announced that he topped the list of honor students in the class of '40, receiving a grade index of 3.000, the highest ever secured by a graduate of Houghton.

Houghton was represented at the funeral by the following persons: Prof. McNeese, for the faculty and choir; Albert Wagner and William Bisgrove, for the senior class; Prof. Pryor; Prof. Tucker; Prof. and Mrs. Shea; Miss Bess Fancher; and John Smith.

Ivan is survived by his father and mother, four sisters, and two brothers.

Forensic Elects 1940-41 Officers

Jesse DeRight New President

The officers of the Forensic Union for next year are as follows: President, Jesse DeRight; Sec. and Treas., Marian Smith; Chaplain, Harry Palmer; Corres. Sec., Norman Mead and Hilda Luther; Poster Chairman, Frances Pierce; Critiques, Warren Woolsey and Paul Stewart, and Serg. at Arms, John Mowery and Donald Healey.

These officers were elected at the monthly meeting of the Forensic Union last Monday evening following the program. Hal Homan sang two selections. Wesley Nussey gave an extempore on "99 and 44/100 per cent Pure, or My Southern Daze." Hal Homan gave an impromptu on "The Man Who Comes Around," Doris Veazie on "I'll Remember Houghton for . . ." and John Smith on "I Prefer Eleanor for President."

Calendar

Thursday, April 18
7:00 — Senior recital, Carlton Hermann and Arthur Mann
Friday, April 19
8:15 — Artist Series, Percy Grainger
Monday, April 22
9:45 — (Chapel). Lecture Course, Delhart Harter
Tuesday, April 23
7:00 — Student Prayer Meeting
Thursday, April 25
7:00 — Senior recital, Mildred Schaner

The members present then resolved themselves into a Republican political convention for the nomination of a presidential candidate. Dewey, Taft, Vandenberg and Norman Thomas were prominently mentioned. In the business meeting a committee was appointed to consider prerequisites for becoming a member of the Union.

Due to a tie this time the position of varsity debate manager was not filled, but the issue will be voted upon again at the next meeting.

Debaters Return from Trip To Rock Hill Tournament at Winthrop College in Carolina

Percy Grainger To Be Heard Here On Artist Series

Final Number Is Brilliant Pianist

When Percy Grainger plays classics—that awe inspiring word which makes so many collegians curl up and slink away to a soda fountain—his genial way of doing them says as plain as words, "Listen to this bully tune! You'll like it!" And you do, too! He makes it say something you can understand.

Percy Grainger's recital Friday, April 19, is the final number on the current Artist Series. Upholding a reputation as one of the most beloved as well as one of the finest of living musicians, this renowned artist has won laurels in three fields; as a conductor of note, an arranger and composer of remarkable talent, and a gifted pianist whose genius has been acclaimed in the most glowing phrases. It is in the role of pianist that Mr. Grainger appears Friday evening. Several of his own compositions will be featured on the program.

Mr. Grainger's programs are very original, not following any beaten path. His oral introductions and picturesque notes of the selections add much to the popular appeal. His pianism is vital, commanding astonishing changes in tone-color, clean-cut articulation, and tremendous rhythmic energy. His own music is full of broad melodious tunes, earthy and fulsome in sentiment. It is modernism without the spiritual and technical extremities of modernism itself.

Friday evening the local audience will enjoy the good fortune of seeing the beloved composer of "Country Gardens," "Shepherd's Hey," and many larger works, and of hearing a pianist of outstanding merit. The recital is set at 8:15 o'clock in the College Chapel.

Varsity Debaters Meet Hobart Team

Argument Held In Oregon Style

The Houghton varsity debaters met the Hobart affirmative team in a non-decision, Oregon style debate on the question, Resolved: That the United States should follow a policy of strict economic and military isolation toward all nations outside the Western hemisphere engaged in armed civil or international conflict, in the chapel on the evening of Friday, April 12. The affirmative speakers from Hobart were Daniel Grey, James Wilson and Robert Frost, and the negative team was composed of Paul Stewart, Lois Bailey and Thelma Havill.

(Continued on Page Three, Col. 4)

Visit Congress En Route To Southland

With their suit-cases scarcely more than unpacked after spring vacation, Walter Sheffer, Jesse De Right and Wesley Nussey repacked them and set out with Dean Hazlett for Rock Hill, South Carolina. Washington, the sunny south, and 1700 girls in blue were all the talk as Houghton was left behind Tuesday morning, April 9.

Wednesday morning found the boys at Washington refreshed after a good night's rest, anxious to see the nation's capitol. Washington's monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the new Supreme Court building, the Smithsonian Institute and the congress were all visited. In the senate the debaters saw Vice-president Garner, and a number of the senators in session. Mr. Sheffer decided Senator Vandenberg should be the next President. In the House Martin Dies and his committee were on the stand. Hamilton Fish from up-state New York took the occasion to advise that the Republican party come out clean against any entanglement in European war. In spite of the fact the boys desired to remain in Washington where the first cherry buds were bursting, the sunny south lured them on further.

It was Thursday noon when the campus of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, South Carolina was reached. It might be noted that our college pastor, Rev. Mr. E. W. Black was born there. Winthrop is a state teacher's college for women. At 2:30 the first debate started. Nine more followed. Jesse DeRight and Walter Sheffer debated the affirmative. Versatile Jesse DeRight and Wesley Nussey debated the negative. The affirmative team debated the following universities or colleges: High Point, Kutztown, Lenfield, U. of Maryland, U. of S. California. Those met by the negative team were: Springfield, Duke, Penn Tech., Cincinnati, and Louisville. Over forty colleges and universities participated.

Wins are to be announced later by mail. The tournament was efficiently conducted. To quote Dean Hazlett, "This tournament can easily become an annual event for Houghton debaters." Next year he suggests taking both a men's team and women's team.

Debate wasn't all Winthrop offered. Spring flowers, green lawns, and the new foliage of the trees induced the young men's thoughts to lightly turn to "Resolved: That United States should follow a policy of strict isolation, but her youthful debaters never." Many of them proved that such a practice wasn't practical. Even the retiring gentleman, Mr. Sheffer, says of the Winthrop women, "They are 99 and 44/100 per cent beautiful. The other 56/100 per cent are merely for contrast."

The HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during the school year by students of Houghton College

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EDITORIAL

Will Spring Ever Come?

The sun had just gone out; a blinding snow covered the ground and the wind bit the cheeks. A woman, who had gathered a basket of coal at a nearby railroad track, tugged a tear-stained child of three up the uneven hill. Two souls inquired, "Will Spring ever come?" Both dared to hope.

Christmas came and went fifteen times, then it came again. The same boy, now almost a man, dressed in the uniform of a soldier, kissed his sobbing mother good-bye; neglected to say, "A merry Christmas;" and boarded the bus for the military camp. In the dim light of the bus, one could see his smooth face, over which the rough edge of a razor had not yet passed — a face which was shortly to become acquainted with the cruel bayonet. His face remained stoical. Two bewildered minds asked, "Will peace ever come?" Both dared to hope.

But this is the very stuff of which life is made. Paul, in a profound and realistic world view, expresses it: "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now." Yet Paul hoped — even rejoiced in his hope with an "unspeakable joy."

But do not think for a moment that we do not rebel. We do. As Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick puts it, "Some rain is nourishing, but why a flood? What good does cancer do or cholera or infantile paralysis or earthquakes? Oh, God, your cosmos overdoes trouble until suffering becomes so vast and insurmountable that millions are submerged and ruined in it."

Thousands of time we rebel at the sound of armored tanks and the destruction that lies in the wake of war. Almost with skepticism we ask, "Will the Spring of this war age ever come?" But in the profounder hours of our reflection we must acknowledge a great world order moving steadily to its predestined end of complete redemption.

Now in faith we say: "Lo, the winter is past; the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing of birds is come; and the voice of the truth is heard in the land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and vines, with the tender grapes, give a good smell."

Spring has come!

— W. B. N.

Educational Nausea

Reflection is indispensable to the best in intellectual attainment. Constant quest of knowledge without occasional survey of the ground covered yields no great progress.

Reflective thinking may be defined as the contemplation of the contents of one's own mind*. It is an inventory of one's intellectual furniture. Reflection is not creative thinking; it is rather the sound basis upon which creative thinking is to be done. Before attempting to create, one ought to have a knowledge of the materials and tools with which he is to create. The storerooms of one's mind are being constantly stuffed with new material, but if one is unaware of what he has there, the material is akin to worthless.

In reflective thinking the store of knowledge is arranged in such a way as to become practical. Without reflection, one has a conglomerate mass of unwieldy substance, thrown together helter-skelter, hither-and-yon, and one finds himself unable to employ his possessions to advantage.

Failure to perform this most necessary activity of true education results in loss of vision, sickening of life, and sluggishness in mental activity. When you find yourself saying "What's the use of all this education? It isn't getting me anywhere. Why do I have to take this science course of this language course? It's not

Uncle Sam Asks Your Cooperation

Uncle Sam is asking college students to write home during April and request something besides the traditional check.

He wants the young men and women who are living temporarily at school to remind their parents:

"Count me in when the Census-taker comes to the 'family mansion' in April."

It has been Uncle Sam's experience in 150 years of Census-taking that while absence may make the heart grow fonder, it also tends to make the mind forgetful. Census Bureau officials have good reason to believe that the accuracy of the count of students who happen to be away from home at the time of the Census can be improved.

College students, temporarily away from home to attend school, should be counted as members of the households in which they usually reside. Students who have no permanent residence other than the places in which they are living while attending school or college, however, should be enumerated there. Such students should call or write to the District Supervisor for the Census if they are not enumerated.

Offhand, it might be thought that parents would know everything about the student which would be called for in the Census. The questions which are being asked in 1940, however, are somewhat more complex than those of previous years, reflecting the need for facts bearing on the many problems which have arisen in the United States during the eventful decade just closing.

The queries on which parents are most likely to be uncertain are those relating to employment status. Information is wanted on the following points:

Number of weeks the student worked in 1939 (equivalent full-time weeks).

Number of hours he worked during the week of March 24-30, 1940.

Present, or if seeking work, last occupation (exact nature of duties performed).

Present or last industry (kind of factory, store or other place of business).

Present or last class of worker (wage or salary worker in private work; wage or salary worker in government work; employer; working on own account; unpaid family workers).

Whether at work in private or non-emergency government work during week of March 24-30.

If not, whether assigned to public emergency work (such as NYA) during that week.

If neither, whether seeking work

in my line" — you may usually conclude that the antidote for your "educational nausea" is a small dose of reflection. Take an inventory. Cast away the out-of-date, no-longer-useable stuff. Flay out the harvest of life's experience — dispose of the husks and preserve the precious kernels. Arrange the good remnant in an orderly manner. You will be surprised to discover how wealthy you really are.

"But," you say, "when am I going to find time for reflection? I'm too busy as it is." The wondrous thing about reflection is that so important a part of one's program requires so little time. There are those five minutes during which you wait for the ringing of the breakfast bell or of the lunch bell. There are those calm five minutes during which you have your room to yourself, before your roommate comes up from dinner. There are the three minutes it takes you to walk from the music building to your room. There is the half-hour between breakfast and your first class, when you may turn back a page of life's record and review the previous day's activities. "What lessons may I draw? and how may I apply them today?" As it is with confectioneries, so it is with reflection — quality is more satisfying than quantity. A little reflection, if it be of good quality, will renew the keenness of life's cutting edge, and supply the building materials for a rich intellect.

*Webster

—L. E. P.

BIBLE SCHOOL CLUB HAS MEETING MON.

The Bible School club which met Monday evening, April 15 was in charge of the men. Ted Reed was the chairman of the informal meeting. Elton Seaman had charge of the devotions, and brief talks were given by Ralph Seaman, Mr. Mills, Emory Scott, Herbert Seaman and Claude Scott. Their subjects were: "Women Drivers," "The Past of Our Women," "American Women," "Foreign Women," and "The Future of Our Women." Musical selections were given by Kenneth Smith and Mr. Mills. The meeting was closed with the singing of "Good-night, Ladies" by the "Boy Chorus."

If not at work or seeking work does the student have a job or business, from which he is temporarily on vacation, sick leave or lay-off? (Students on Easter vacation belong in this group.)

The only other question which parents might have trouble answering concerns place of residence of the student on April 1, 1935. If the student was away from home at the time, in prep school, college or elsewhere, the parents are still to report his permanent residence, which normally would be the same as their own.

Students at West Point, Annapolis and other training institutions of the War Department, Navy Department and U. S. Coast Guard, and student nurses living at hospitals or nurses' homes will be enumerated at those institutions.

Reporting to the Census Bureau is required by law, but the same statute protects those giving the answers against disclosure of individual returns or their use for taxation, investigation or regulation.

They will be used solely for statistical purposes. For example, it will be possible to determine from 1940 Census figures the number of college graduates in various occupations, the number of unemployed college graduates, and a great deal of other important information never before available. Not only will the Census produce material of this type, directly bearing on the student's prospects, but will furnish sociological data of considerable value to students doing research.

NEW PRINTS just in —
Call and see them! Also the
NEW SPRING SHADES in
HOSE

New stock just arrived.

Cronk's Store

By

J. P. Q.

DeRight



PUISSANT PUNDITS

About that time, 1940

Dear print shop boys;

Well, as both the *Editor* and myself may be out of town when this comes out, it is fairly safe for me to tell you some of the things I know about that Canadian (even though he will probably try to censor this). He went home this vacation, and, as he wasn't feeling so well, went to see his doctor. The doctor suggested a menu for Wes for the development of certain parts of his phisi-phiseak-fisibody. So now Wes has petitioned the dorm to serve more noodle soup, head cheese, and cocoanut pie.

A stranger came into the *Star* office lately, and Warren Woolsey got to asking him questions. At last Warren said:

"What is your business?"

"Private attendant."

"What do you attend to?"

"My own business."

Of course, boys, you realize that any resemblance to any insinuation living or dead is purely coincidental.

Somebody was telling me that in Mission Study Club a member was speaking about Africa, and remarked that in some parts of Africa a man doesn't know his wife until after he has married her. And George Huff was heard to mutter a timid: "Why mention Africa?"

And if we are going to be gossipy, Anna Madwid says she wishes she were Scotch. Why? Well, she says because they have such close friends; sounds like a good reason to me. Johnny asked her the other day if she thought her father would object to his suit. She said she didn't think so, as he had been wearing one just about as bad for the last two years.

And it seems that Miss Ortlip was teaching Prof. Stockin to drive, and said: "In case of emergency, the first thing to do is to put on the brake." "Oh," said Prof., "I thought it came with the car."

As the car sputtered a bit, Miss Ortlip cried, "Choke it! Choke it!" "Where's its neck?"

Of course you boys in the print shop know Gerry McKinley, the barber. He was a bit put out the other day when a Freshman came in, and Gerry said: "Well, your hair certainly does need cutting badly."

"Oh no it doesn't," came the reply. "It needs cutting nicely. You cut it badly the last time." (Now don't take me wrong. Many times Gerry has called me garbage burner, because he thought I was an incinerator.)

And did you know Bob Fredenberg has a rich uncle? Recently his uncle haid, "Well, Robert, I may as well tell you that I have taken out a \$10,000 life insurance policy in your favor. Could I do anything more for you?"

"Nothing more on earth, Uncle," said Bob.

Just before vacation I heard this at the Ho'ton station:

"I bought a round-trip ticket today."

(Continued on Page Three, Col. 5)



When Co-ed Katy

Literati

Still More Poetry Stuff

In order to challenge our readers to make an "effort at poetry and find the keen satisfaction of tilting with words" that Mr. Babbitt wrote about in his article which was printed a few weeks ago, the *Star* will offer a substantial prize (a copy of the 1940 *Lanthorn*) to the person who in the editorial staff, submits the best substitute for the fourth and final lines of stanza 3 of the poem entitled "Skywriting" which appeared at the end of Mr. Babbitt's article.

The following correspondence between Dean Hazlett and Mr. Babbitt is largely self-explanatory of the circumstances of this contest. The former's temerity in venturing to offer suggestions and criticism is explained by the fact that back in the "legend misted days" of 1913-14, when the two were respectively editor and business manager of the *Star* which was then a monthly magazine that had to exist rather precariously on subscriptions secured by the business manager rather than on subsidies from the Student Activity fund, they conceived the brilliant idea of stimulating both literary and financial interest by inaugurating a literary contest. Mr. Babbitt contributed the real climax by persuading the late Mr. H. R. Barnett to donate a silver loving cup upon which the names of winners in three divisions were to be inscribed from year to year. Thus the contest was launched—as Miss Mildred Sisson of Cuba writes in her article on Poetry to be published in the forth-coming History of Western New York, one year after the founding of *Poetry* with Harriet Monroe as editor, in which so many new voices became articulate—and the permanency of the events became assured. Incidentally, Professor Babbitt and Dean Hazlett were associates for several years on the English Department of the L. C. Smith College of Applied Science at Syracuse University.

Excerpts from Dean Hazlett's letter to Mr. Babbitt now follow:
"Thank you very much for your prompt response to my request for an article based upon your talk before the Cuba Poetry Society—it's exactly what I wanted . . . Although you very generously gave me permission to make any changes I wished, I found very little that needed any deletion or censorship—either moral or literary! However, in the poem itself there was a line or two that I wished might be changed slightly; but in this part of the composition I felt that I had no right to make any change of even a single word without your approval.

"The line that I take particular exception to is the last line of the third stanza—'In prehistoric days of yore.' It reads smoothly enough, but when I analyze it, I find vague conflict in my mind with regard to connotations. 'Days of yore' suggests mellow memories of the more intimate personal or historical past; whereas 'prehistoric' seems to refer to remote antiquity that might even include geologic periods. At any rate, there is not only a slight conflict of ideas but also some redundancy. But perhaps the most cogent practical objection to the line is the phrase 'of yore' which Mr. Wilson informs me is taboo with some editors. The line 'In legend misted so hoar' is the only substitute I can think of offhand—and 'hoar' isn't much better than 'yore'. Do you have any line? If not, we'll let it stand as it is.

"In the first two stanza, I am wondering whether you repeat the words

Is on the make

'autumn' and 'gray' deliberately for emphasis, or whether synonyms or equivalents might not be employed, such as 'Into the low, dun (or slate) colored cloud.' Probably I'm too fussy and finicky, but I can't quite orientate myself to your point of view. If the cloud is low hanging, then I can't see how the geese can be silhouetted against it unless they are approaching or receding toward the horizon, and then their honking would not be 'clear and loud' as they would if the geese were flying directly overhead and very high."

To which Mr. Babbitt makes reply as follows:

"This evening I have gone back to the sky writing poem. I also noticed the things your letter mentioned, but I copied it as it was. I still feel that the last line of stanza 3 in probably the weakest of the group. I think the first stanza in better now. I noticed the repetition of *autumn* and *gray* but it did not especially disturb me.

"The honkings were wafted down on the breeze coming from over the lake. Sound is easily carried. You never see the airplane where the sound seems to come from. I think the poem is all right in fact. You merely got dazed in trying to orientate yourself. Under the circumstances I suppose one should not be too particular . . . As I said one may work on certain lines for weeks and never feel satisfied with them. Other lines come easily.

Now follows Mr. Babbitt's revised version with the amended but still not wholly satisfactory last line, and also an announcement of a contest for all Houghton students ingenious in experimenting with metrics.

SKY WRITING

by S. D. Babbitt

Down through the crisp November air
Come clear, discordant honkings loud.
At once alert, I turn to stare
Into the ashen autumn cloud.

A moving V of living cuneiform
Against the gray in silhouette
Is warning of bleak northern storm
Enroute that has not reached us yet.

This message, writ like runes of old,
Is bit of age-old nature lore—
To savages the warning told,
Became a part of ancient store.

Our modern boasts are often wrong,
But tinkling cymbals jangling loose;
Sky writing has for ages long
Been known to every flying goose.

This is the revised poem that is the basis of the contest to find the most satisfactory substitute for the last line of the third stanza. Notice that Mr. Babbitt has substituted the line 'Became a part of ancient store' for 'In prehistoric days of yore,' but he is still not wholly pleased with the effect. Houghton undergraduates and poets are all invited to submit as many lines as you please in lieu of the last line of the third stanza. The author of the best one in the judgment of the editorial staff will receive a free copy of the 1940 *Lanthorn*.

While at college enjoy

Baked Foods

just like your mother's.

Keeler's Bakery

World Traveler To Talk Here Monday

Versatility Has Been His Forte

The speaker here on Monday, April 22 at 9:45 a.m. will be Delbert K. Harter, world traveler, aviator, deep-sea diver, and all-round athlete.

"Del" Harter will tell how he worked his way through college by singing in an orchestra, washing dishes and waiting table, and all kinds of summer and vacation jobs. He piloted a plane one summer for broadcasting dust on farm crops, and at another time worked as a diver in putting down the big caissons used in construction on the San Francisco Bay bridges. He has even done parachute jumping, so that his experiences have been not only wide but high and deep.

Ambitious to further his education by travel, he invested in a second-hand motorcycle which took him part way to New York from California, and then shipped on a tanker as a crew member, and went to Europe. He arrived during the height of the Spanish War, and because of his flying experience, had an opportunity to fly for the Spanish Government, and happened in on many historic events as he worked his way across Europe and Asia. To list a few, he saw the Coronation of King George VI, watched Schuschnig meet Mussolini in Venice, saw the Ethiopian expeditionary forces return to Italy, spent Christmas eve in Bethlehem and watched Arabs and Jews battling the next day, and went through a bombing in China while en route to Hong Kong.

He traveled more than 2500 miles through Russia, and brings with him a large collection of costumes, weapons, musical instruments, and odd mementoes of a world-girdling tour that took him the better part of a year and added tremendously to his store of information and experiences.

While in college, "Del" Harter also took an active interest in athletics. He played football as quarterback, rowed on the crew, and high-jumped. Harter is a living example of getting out of life what one puts into it, and he has still practically his whole life ahead of him in which to put this into practice.

Prof. Wright Tells Of Student Work

Dr. Hill, administrator of the National Youth Administration Fund in New York has said that Houghton is doing more toward aid for work students than any other college in the state. He has also pointed out that Houghton compares favorably with Berea and Blackburn colleges, both of which have excellent self-help organizations.

However, as Dean Stanley Wright explained in chapel on Friday, there exist certain problems which must be solved. For instance, some students do not have sufficient need to warrant self-help; some do not get in all their time; some do not perform their tasks well, while others want to choose their own jobs.

The changes to be made include distribution of jobs according to individual qualifications, granting of aid on the basis of necessity and adjustment of compensation rates. These will make for greater efficiency on the part of all concerned.

Buy the Better Boulder

Sunday Services

Eternal Securities

By Ruth Shea

"Seclusion is needed for the highest devotion," said Mr. Black, preaching on the topic of "Jesus Only" in the Sunday morning service. The Scripture reading was found in Matt. 17:1-9, the account of the transfiguration of Christ. Confused, afraid, the disciples hid their faces but, touched by Jesus, they lifted up their eyes and "saw no man save Jesus only." Mr. Black emphasized that this lesson teaches the pre-eminence of Christ. "Moses, the law-giver, Elias, the prophet, the voice from the clouds were all gone and the disciples had Jesus only."

In the evening service, Mr. Black preached on the text, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." He pointed out that the harvest of knowledge, of ministry, of opportunity, and of youth is passing and asked that we make sure of salvation before it is too late. "Disregard for God's providences is one sure way of sinning away the harvest time."

Keith Sackett, a junior in college, was the speaker in the W.Y.P.S. service on Sunday night. His talk was based on the parable of two sons as found in Matt. 21:28-32. "Both sons repented of their wrong-doing, but then one son repented of his repentance." Are you one who, like that son, said you would do the Father's will and did it not?

Freshmen Debate St. Bonnie's Here

The freshman debate squad continued the debate season Wednesday evening when they met the freshman debaters of Saint Bonaventure. The debate, held in the Music Building, was on the question, Resolved: That the federal government should own and operate the railroads.

Due to unavoidable circumstance, the debate, which was to have been a decision, was non-decision.

HOBART DEBATE. . .
(Continued from Page One)

Mr. Grey gave the affirmative case in a fifteen minute constructive speech in which he proved that if a policy of strict economic and military isolation is not followed, the United States will invite a repetition of the same mistakes preceding the first World War; that by not openly maintaining a policy of isolation the United States would invite emotional hysteria and increase the danger of incidents on the high seas and sabotage at home similar to those which dragged us into the first World War; that a plan of strict isolation is feasible and highly desirable economically and that such a policy would give the United States a chance to put its own house in order.

Mr. Stewart was the first speaker for the affirmative. He showed that the psychological and moral effect of a strict policy of isolation would lead to acts of aggression by the dictator nations, and eventually involve us in war; that economic regulation based upon a sane policy of neutrality is better than a strict isolation and that the provision excluding the nations of the western hemisphere is unfair and unjust, and would invalidate the entire policy.

The cross-examinations were conducted by Lois Bailey for the negative and by James Wilson for the affirmative.

The last speaker for each team summarized his case and refuted the arguments of his opponents as far as possible. The rebuttal was given by Robert Frost for Hobart and Thelma Havill for Houghton. Seymour Rollman was chairman for the debate, which was attended by a small but appreciative audience.

The travelers were puzzled. The road had looked so beautiful as they had set out in the morning. Hopes high, they had begun to climb to the City of Happiness on top of the mountain. Before they began the climb they had a clear view of the city, but as they entered the woods at the foot of the mount, the City was lost to view. For a time they had silently climbed, thinking of the City above. The way was steep and wearisome. Suddenly they saw a sparkling lake, one which promised rest and peace if they would turn aside to it. They did, but found, on reaching the water's edge, that it was still, and full of dead things. Shuddering at the atmosphere which surrounded them, they sought again the narrowing path to the City of Happiness. Tired, they glimpsed a palace which seemed to far outshine the beautiful City. But when they reached it, it had turned to a hovel. If only they could find rest here, they would not bother to go all the way to the top of the mountain. But promise of the rest turned into a reminder of death and decay. It seemed as though everything they attained turned, not into gold, but into ashes.

Then to their ears came the sound of wonderful music—music from the City of Happiness. Ah! In climbing they had sought joy and rest which were only temporary. Above, in the City, was Hope which did not turn into disappointment. Joy which did not change into sighing. Rest which remembered no weariness.

We humans seem to need something to cling to. Some of us find ourselves clinging to the things which turn, in our hands, to ashes. The Apostle Paul, realizing that there is only One Who never changes, and only one fact which remains the same, said, "Set your affection on things above." The whole passage in which these words are found warrants frequent reading.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." (Colossians 3:1-4)

PUNDITS . . .

(Continued from Page Two)

"Where to?"

"Why, right back here, you dope."

Well, enough joking for now:—but I do know a little more gossip. On the last debate trip Walter Sheffer, that master of argumentative thought, built up the following proof:

GIVEN: That I love you.

TO PROVE: That you love me.

PROOF:

1. I love you.

2. Therefore, I am a lover.

3. All the world loves a lover.

4. You are all the world to me.

5. Therefore, you love me.

In the hall just before vacation heard the following conversation, which by now is probably all over school:

"Darling, do you think of me day and night?"

"I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes I do wonder who the Republicans will nominate for President."

Well, boys, it sort of looks as if I've run out of material for a letter, so I'll sign off.

J. P. Q. D.

She gives the guy

Investigation Of South by 'Star' Finished

'Star's' Roving
Reporters Tell
Story of Trip

By Jack Haynes

Yes, we made it. In three and a half days we hit Florida. You, too, could have gotten a picture post card from Florida for the small sum of five cents.

After a few small rides we hit our first streak of luck—at Erwin's Corners we were picked up by a couple going home—Philadelphia! A few miles further on we picked up Bill Cassell. After a little opposition by Bill, the amenable couple were persuaded to take the route thru Wilkes-Barre (the Heart of the Anthracite Region), the home of Jack and the place of the second concert of the choir. The route thru the town was directed so that we went by the concert church. There was the bus! One minute of imploring and two minutes of leave. "Hi kids. Hello Sis. Bye." So off to Phila.

3 a. m. in Phila. "This is Route One," said the Gulf attendant, "It goes all the way to Florida. Stick to it." So we stuck to it until we met our first policemen. A cruiser pulled up along side and lights were flashed in our faces. They scrutinized our driver's licenses, letters from Prof. Stanley (very helpful), and our faces (helpfulness doubtful). They recommended a railway station. There our backs became acquainted with the slats of R. R. benches. At six that morning, on our way out of the city, we heard our first robin.

So on to Washington at 65 miles per. "This is Penna. Ave. . . There's the Capitol . . . the White House . . . Eleanor . . . Washington Monument." "See that filling station? Well, if there was a bear chained in front, that would mean that moonshine has been brought in and is for sale." This delightful piece of information was offered by our companion and we wondered how he came by it.

At Charlotte we had a splurge and stayed at a hotel. We took it a little slower to Columbia and on to Batesburg, N. C. Here we stuck for 13 hours. 9 p. m. to 10 a. m. This place was anathema. Finally, several short hops thru Augusta, Ga. to Louisville, Ga. Then our luck returned—here we got a ride in a '40 Pontiac coupe directly to Jacksonville, Florida (200 miles).

One double room was engaged in the Milner Hotel at midnight and after sleeping under sheets again we awakened at 10 a. m. Off to see the town, the bay, the bridge, and the buildings surrounded by palm trees. Fresh fruit juices and a pecan pie were breakfast and dinner to us. Then the next four hours were spent in writing, addressing, and stamping 220 cards to all the dear old patrons back home.

Then we headed our sunburned beaks homeward. Short rides got us into the swamp district. Horrors, were we to be stuck here for the night? Then Red's persuasive tongue secured a ride to Augusta from a truck driver who had stopped to refuel. All along the road were white crosses with the words "One Killed". At these places there had been auto accidents caused by speeding along the tempting straight-a-way and frequently by pigs and cows which wandered over the highway unconfined by fences.

She wants to take

RETURN FROM SOUTHERN TREK



CHOIR TRIP. . .

(Continued from Page One)

happy times. . . through deep sorrow that bound the group together with a Gordian knot.

Cornings. . . a large church in a little city. . . "Have you gotten your sea-legs yet? The tour has just begun, you know. . . the visit to the glass works. . . Pyrex glass and huge telescopic mirrors. . . the "glory hole" into which one gazes to wonder at the glowing incandescent brilliance. . . the old patriarch who said quaintly that three things had thrilled him greatly during his life time: falling in love as a young man; watching the wild geese fly north; hearing the music of the choir.

Wilkes-Barre. . . the reception at the church with the tables forming a giant "H". . . heartening words of appreciation. . . the man who told us we brought "showers of blessing" . . . and the floods they had there just after we had departed.

Princeton via a long arduous trail through Pennsylvania mountains. . . the university campus and chapel. . . lamb dinner and a short concert at Westminster Choir College. . . There the sprouting artists welcomed us cordially. . . told us about some of their other friends, especially their old pals "Art" Toscanini and "Serg" Rachmaninoff. . . told us about David Hugh Jones. . . to them an organ teacher, a man of mortal flesh and blood. . . to us still a myth and legend, a being of super human endowments, reputedly a "very young man," and cue for the bases to get ready to start *God Is a Spirit*.

Moorestown. . . more of mild weather and cold rain. . . a baritone and tenor steal off for a few golden moments of happy reunion with "friends". . . singing to a large con-

gregation Sunday morning for our dinner. . . thence a few miles through suburban towns to Camden, and across the Delaware to Philadelphia. . . The minister who declared emphatically that he hadn't heard any music so beautiful, so artistically sung—not since he heard his own church choir in the morning a few hours before. . . many Houghtonites at the church, making sure not to miss a fine opportunity to hear "one of the most capably conducted College ensembles in the East". . . the rush to the bus with robes still on, through gray gloom and shining drizzle. . . the dusky red light along the horizon dimmed. . . night. . . at last.

Baltimore. . . a large friendly crowd on hand to greet a little crowd of weary people who had to "give" once more before they dare think of soft mattresses and freshly-laundered linen. . . first taste of Southern hospitality. . . first appearance of those tall tales of being regally entertained in a palatial residence of fabulous wealth.

Washington. . . shaking hands and getting the autograph of Senator Mead. . . federal buildings of marble and gilt. . . the filthy squalor of the negro section. . . radio broadcast. . . encounter with alumnus Andrus, alumna Roughan. . . "Mac" MacGregor joins us.

Goldboro, N. C. . . after hours of weary traveling. . . shrubs blooming, colorful flower beds in blossom. . . soft fragrant air. . . magnolias and southern mansions. . . culinary luxury and the gustatory beauties of barbecue. . . "Buy a yo-yo, or quit the brotherhood." . . Grotesque imitations of the so-called "Southern drawl."

Avden, N. C. . . continued hospitality in the Southern style. . . everyone laughed at the modest sign "Mrs. Moye's Tea Room" hanging in the Civil War. Well, that made a job for him at least. Another driver was a collector who drove a '40 Ford coupe. He took us all over and bullied and fooled with the negroes. It was April Fool's Day and he took full advantage of this fact. In South Carolina we met a cattle dealer who took us six miles off the state highway to trade some cattle. There, too, we saw the real living conditions of the farmer. In North Carolina we were shown thru a cotton mill by an inspector whom we helped by taking samples from each bale of lintens. (cotton to you!)

After short hops landing us at Henderson, N. C., we struck oil again: the treasurer of a bank in Worcester, Mass, who was driving home from a golf tournament in the South, gave us a lift. He intended to stop in Washington for the night, but generously took us to Baltimore (a total of 300 miles) where we visited Dirty Dudley. His parents showed real Southern hospitality by insisting that we stay overnight. Next morning we had our fill of pancakes and sausages. Oh boy!

Some more short hops helped us along to a detour above Harrisburg. There a man stopped to inquire about flood conditions and so we were safely on our way to Bath, N. Y. (200 miles).

A bed and a couple of meals at Red's home and we were on the last leg of the journey. To the last our luck was with us—Mr. Cott picked us up a Belmont and brought us back to Houghton by 6 p. m. Sunday.

That which makes the vanity of others unbearable to us is that which wounds our own.

— La Rochefoucauld

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BLEACHER



GOSSIP

by Allyn Russell

Dictators, emperors, presidents, monopoly men, business big shots, clerks, salesmen, and just plain people pause from their usual hurry and worry this week to watch five hundred talented "big leaguers" pry the lid off baseball's one hundred and first campaign. Who'll win? Well, that's one all the grandstand managers are pondering over, so not to be different we boisterously blare forth, "Why, the Yanks and the Cards, or course!" Why? Well, this week let's analyze the American league.

In the junior circuit the Yankees admittedly have too much dynamite. Perhaps they WILL crack, but promptly some "Joe Blow" will hail from Newark or Kansas City, burn the league up and, to the disgust of all except native New Yorkers, we look through our telescope and see the Yankees draping World Series banners around "The House that Ruth built" to participate in their fifth consecutive series and probably cop that. In the second place we visualize Tom Yawkey's millionaires headed by Mr. Ted Williams. They'll give the Bronx Bombers a good battle till mid-season, but Joe Cronin's Red Sox just haven't the necessary pitching power to make them an honest-to-goodness pennant winner. Third and fourth places are a toss-up between the Indians and the Tigers. Youthful Bobbie Feller makes the difference in our opinion so chalk up Oscar Vitt's boys for No. 3 position with the Tigers still big hitters but weak on the mound bringing up the end of the first division.

Washington, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia ought to wind up in about that order. The Senators should improve last year's record now that Ken Chase and Dutch Leonard have some real experience under their belts, but unless their new six-foot-four pitching rookie, Sid Hudson, comes through with miraculous efficiency, Bucky Harris ought to be reasonably well satisfied with fifth position. Jimmie Dykes, with his windy city boys, has what appears to be a below mediocre club with not much hope for improvement during the current year. As far as hitting power goes, the St. Louis Browns are able to compare with anyone in the league but their pitifully weak pitching keeps them in their usual one-story-above-the-cellar position. And now, poor old Connie Mack's boys. Well, they're a nice bunch of fellows. That's the way we see them. Think we're crazy? . . .

Still in the baseball line, the nearby Pony League starts its season May 7 with six clubs involved—Niagara Falls, Hamilton, Bradford, Olean, Batavia and London, Ontario. . . . Cornell opened the collegiate diamond parade, socking North Carolina State 12-3 to make them look like definite contenders with Dartmouth to take the Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League laurels. . . . The N. Y. Rangers walked off the ice with winter's hockey championship.

Volleyball is under way in Houghton, most of the games scheduled to be played in the afternoon at 3:30. . . . Local baseball talent is also expected to be called forth one of these days and next week we hope to announce the captains of the color squads for the this season. . . . Guess that's about all the Spring sport news for this week. Next week, National league predictions and more gossip!

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