

The HOUGHTON STAR

Volume XXXII

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Number 29

A Cappella Choir and Chapel Choir Unite for Banquet On Conductors' Anniversary

Choir Members Entertain at Party

Anniversaries come but once a year and the two Houghton choirs took advantage of this fact when they held the long-planned choir party.

The dinner hour of May 28 found the gaily attired choir members gathered in the dining hall of Gaoyadeo Hall. Prof. Schram and Mrs. Schram, on the evening of their second wedding anniversary, were more than mildly surprised to find that a dinner engagement for four had grown to surprise proportions.

Under the capable direction of Doris Veazie, various committees had cooperated in the best choir fashion. Music staffs and notes in bright colors with the flags of the notes serving as place cards lent a festive air to the annex of the dining hall.

One of the favorite string trios of the school, composed of Frank Hauser, Theodore Hollenbach, and Dick Sandle furnished dinner music.

With Cliff Blauvelt as emcee the brief program included solos by Doris Veazie and Louella Kisk, an impromptu performance of the comedy duo, Blauvelt and Miller, an accordion solo by Wilda Winters and a song by an octette composed of a cappella choir members.

Acknowledgements made by the conductor and his wife indicated that the party was a splendid conclusion to Choir activities for the year.

Class of 1940 Banquets At "Moonwinks," Cuba

Everything must be marked "finis" and such the seniors found to be the case when they planned the final banquet of the year.

At Moonwinks in Cuba, on the evening of May 16, the class of '40 held a banquet which marked the culmination of four years of class activities in Houghton.

Torrents of rain which greeted them did nothing to diminish the anticipation and the appetites of the hungry group.

Following the meal, June Markey, ably playing the part of toast-mistress, took over the program. With a few well chosen words she introduced in turn Mrs. Lula McNeese, singing "Mother, Dear," Mildred Schaner playing a composition of Goosen's, and Hal Homan singing "A Brown Bird Singing." Doris Veazie and Mildred Schaner were accompanists.

Following the music, Park Tucker made a few remarks. Coach McNeese spoke of the spiritual, mental, and physical growth of the class and emphasized his appreciation and enjoyment of being the class adviser.

Humor was provided by poems which were passed out to different members of the class and read aloud.

The devotional period which concluded the evening was led by Albert Wagner.

Bulletin!

SPECIAL BULLETIN: Anyone having information leading to the whereabouts of the oldest editions of the *Houghton Star*, please contact Miss Wright, head librarian, as soon as possible. Copies for the years around the 1920's are especially desired to complete the files in the library. Any other issues which can be supplied and which the library does not possess would be greatly appreciated.

Lantern Reports Success; Novel Features Appear

The 1940 *Lantern* has a number of distinctive features. Besides being senior-edited, with representation of all classes on both editorial and business staffs, it is the first edition of the literary annual to carry line engravings. It is reported that the staff has sold more copies than ever before in Houghton history—and expects to sell a few dozen more.

In spite of a somewhat late stage appearance, the year's supply of *Lanterns* was on sale a day after the *Boulder* appeared. An innovation in the literary magazine is the publication of Journalism contest winners as well as Literary contest winners.

Bertrice Gage is winner of first prize in both essay and short story in the 1940 Literary contest, with Harold Ebel taking poetry honors. The essay is entitled "How Oft on a Bright Sabbath Morning..." the story, "Going UP!" and the poem, "To a Chickadee."

Kenneth Wilson is winner of first in the editorial department of the Journalism contest, with Wesley Nussey and Lester Paul runners-up. In the news story division, Warren Woolsey was judged best general news-story writer with Mark Armstrong best in music story and David Morrison in sports.

Class of 1940 Disperses to Varied Fields of Interest

by Clairbel Saile

Now that many members of the senior class have announced their plans for the ensuing year, we are presenting you with what we hope is an up-to-date inventory of their future activities.

Clifford Blauvelt has accepted an assistant instructorship in chemistry at North Texas State Teachers' College, Denton, Texas. He will be working at the same time for his Master's degree in chemistry.

Vance Carlson next year will be enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania in the department of Veterinary Medicine.

Dr. H. C. Mason and Dr. G. B. Cutten to Be Main Speakers

High School class day is to be held 10 a. m. Friday, May 31, in the college chapel. The orations are to be given by Elizabeth Preston, valedictorian; Martha Woolsey, salutatorian; Reita Wright, Herschel Ries, and Norman Beach.

At 8 p. m. of the same day, the Strong Memorial Bible Reading contest is to be held. Those participating are: Shirley Collins, Roy Gibbs, Elma Brooks, Keith Sackett, Henry Ortlip, and Wesley Nussey. Two prizes will be offered, a first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five. These rewards are given by the children of Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Strong.

College class day will be held at 10:00 a. m. Saturday, June 1. The salutatorian oration is to be given by Thelma Havill. The class oration is to be given by Walter Sheffer, and the mantle oration by Lenoir Masteller. Various seniors will assist in musical numbers. At 8:15 p. m. a concert will be presented by the seniors of the Division of Music.

Further Saturday highlights are alumni class luncheons, alumni-varsity baseball, and the alumni banquet. The theme of the banquet is to be centered around the STAR. About twelve former editors are expected to be present.

Dr. Harold C. Mason will deliver the baccalaureate sermon in the Houghton church Sunday morning at 10 a. m. Dr. Mason was a former president of Huntington College, Huntington, Indiana, and bishop in the United Brethren church. He has also been interested in public school education. His dynamic manner of speaking and his sympathetic understanding of young people have contributed to his success.

"Our Oldest College" is the subject of the commencement address to be given by Dr. George B. Cutten, president of Colgate University. Dr. Cutten's name is to be found in WHO'S WHO in America. He is a leader in temperance work and recently has written considerably in the *Christian Herald*.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Olcott wish to thank the senior class for the flowers sent to them during their illness. The thought was greatly appreciated.

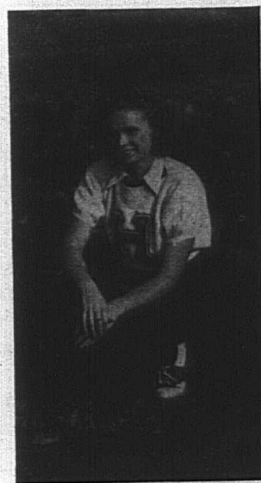
Annual Athletic Association Banquet at Perry; Dr. Paine Speaks; Officers Announced

Veazie, Homan, and Marshall Entertain

Sixty athletes and interested fans spent an enjoyable evening Saturday, May 25, at the banquet room of the Commodore Hotel in Perry in honor of the athletes in general and the coach and his program of "athletics for everyone, and everyone for athletics." The room was attractively decorated in purple and gold with appropriate athletic equipment studying the tables.

Miss Doris Veazie opened the program after the steak dinner with a well known solo, "Comin' Through the Rye." Paul Stewart continued with an enlightening paper on "The Place of the Negro in Athletics" paying tribute to Negro ability in all divisions of sports.

The 1940-41 Athletic Association was announced including Kieth Sack-



3 "H" Girl

Boulder Appears Two Days Before Scheduled Time

Breaking all precedents for a journalistic publication of the '40 *Boulder* broke print two days ahead of schedule to be placed in the hands of Houghton's autograph hounds on Thursday, May 23. The immediate success of the annual was obvious as the line in front of the *Boulder* office grew to Izaak Walton proportions.

The clamor rose and the push grew stronger as the eager customers penetrated past the unique cover, Houghton's first to have a photograph, and delved into its artistic contents. Before nightfall, 350 copies had passed over the counter and before many days had passed only a few of the original 450 remained. This record sales is nearly 70 over last year and 200 over that of 5 years ago.

Outstanding in the book's layout was the Senior section with its information. (Continued on Page 4, col. 1)



4 "H" Man
ter and Edith Hinkley, gold managers.

(Continued on Page Four, Col. 4)

Senior Music Students Picnic at Letchworth

by Louella Fisk

Wish I'd ordered duck 'n apple-sauce instead of steak. On second thought, maybe I should have tried the chicken.

Oh, I'm sorry folks, didn't realize I had an audience. Um, that steak was good, though. What steak! Why, folks, do you mean to tell me you haven't heard about the sumptuous feast the Senior Music Students enjoyed over at Portageville? Well, sit down while I tell you about it.

At 5:45 Wednesday evening, we distributed ourselves in two cars and headed north to Portageville where we had that feast I was telling you about a minute ago. We intended to have our program right there but I guess some other people liked the place as much as we did. To make a short story longer, we betook ourselves to the abode of Prof. Alton M. Cronk where, under the guidance of Miss Doris Veazie, the program took a semblance of form and order.

With appropriate jokes and puns, Miss Veazie introduced each one who performed. When Mrs. McNeese, the first artist on the program had concluded a stirring march on the (Continued on Page 4, col. 1)

HOUGHTON STAR

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Editor-in-chief Mary Helen Moody
 Assistant Editor Wesley Nussey
 Music Editor Mildred Schaner
 Religious Editor Alan Gilmour
 Sports Editor William Olcott
 Make-Up Editor Lester Paul
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 Newscaster Frank Taylor

Reporters in this issue:
 Claribel Saile, Louella Fisk, Larry McCarthy, Walter Sheffer, Don Kauffman, Paul Wolfgruber.
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At What Price, Education?

Education must be paid for, dearly too!

The high school student who contemplates entering college or university figures the cost of education in dollars and cents. The freshman and sophomore estimates the cost in hours spent in tedious study. The junior may have more awareness of extra-curricular or social life. The senior begins to see the price he is really paying for an education.

On entering college he may have determined never to allow the trade mark of any school of thought to brand him. After four years the mark is indelibly there. High school conceit has been dried up by fiery pedagogy. Utopian dreams fade like the mist upon which the sun of reality has shown. Yet this is not all—not nearly all. The prattling youth is disillusioned. He is tempted to pessimism which he must fight as a man fights an attacking serpent. Faith deserts the sails, and like a ship becalmed at sea, he may lie motionless on the tropic seas wishing for some wind to destroy his luckless bark. Or maybe he is caught in a gale of skepticism that carries him he knows not where. It is as William Graham Sumner said: "It is as if I had put my beliefs in a drawer, and when I opened it, there was nothing there at all."

Education brightens the intellect, but it dulls the niceties of early distinctions. Often the scholarly man becomes so cultured that he loses the sharp edge which cuts its way through to success. Had Hitler been an educated gentleman we might never have heard of him. Certainly, his barbarism would have been dulled. His education might well have cost him personal distinction.

The price of an education may be figured in money, but must be paid for in the loss or gain of character.

—W. B. N.

"The Greeks Had a Word for It"

The Greeks had a word for it. College students have three. The Greeks' word meant ignorance. Present day collegians ask, "What's the difference?", a question which neither expects nor receives an answer.

Why the "don't care" attitude prevalent among so many college students today? Does it require less effort to cover up an active feeling of responsibility? Such mental laziness is indeed common on all campuses. We are unwilling to believe that this attitude of "What's the difference?" is a result of an actual belief that nothing matters.

Regardless of the cause of this attitude, it is regrettable that there is so much evidence of it. Examples which are present on our own doorstep bring the point home more forcibly.

Witness the quaint custom of dinner music on Friday night at Gaoyadeo Hall. Quaint and rather useless because it is rarely heard and still more rarely listened to attentively. Say to your neighbor, "How about listening for change?" and he will answer, "What's the difference, no one else is listening." Strangely enough it does make some difference to the eccentric who really wants to hear it and perhaps to the intrepid one whose performance fails before "the tumult and the shouting".

"What's the difference," says the one who gleefully marks (in indelible pencil) the answers to the questionnaires in current magazines. No difference at all, save that the purpose of the questionnaire may be somewhat obscure to the next reader.

These are small things in themselves but the courtesies of life are small also. Taken together they compose something greater.

In many cases the belief that "What's the difference?" always provides the right answer seems more characteristic of seniors than of freshmen. The newcomer to college has a zest for life and a boundless enthusiasm. Everything makes a difference to him.

Music Notes

by Mildred Schaner

The strangest things can happen. Take, for example, that odd piece of land on the north side of the Campus. Nobody ever used it. In 1920 someone had aspired to a farm and the result was two double rows of apple trees. So an orchard was started, but it didn't last long—must be that no one cared for it. Anyway a gang of students came and plowed up the land, rolled the earth smooth again, put up backstops, and soon were playing tennis. Yet there were people who had higher hopes for that piece of land—President Luckey, Miss Hillpot, other teachers—all were thinking and wishing.

That wasn't so long ago, you know, but things were different then. Music being but an infinitely small part of the college, its instruction was scattered to the four corners of the campus. Miss Hillpot taught at an up-right piano, having as her studio the present prayer room. Mr. Kreckman who was then the head of the Voice department, piano teacher and head of the public school music department had the room right across the hall. Mr. Cronk was located in Miss Rork's lab while poor Mr. Bain, a newcomer that year, had only his front parlor in which to teach. Students practiced all over the town and campus. There was one piano on the chapel platform and another in the chapel balcony. What a din that must have made! Imagine a Bach fugue on one piano and a Debussy prelude on the other at the same time in the same room. Why, there was even an old square piano in the printing office.

With the music students inflicting their tribulations on the rest of the departments like that, is it any wonder that ideas and hopes were astir around the campus?

Those who knew him, remember that President Luckey was a man of action and determination. Keenly attuned to the needs of the college, he was the one who first drew up the plan of a music building which was to occupy that odd piece of land. The original plan would seem strange to us. It was to be built with the lower story of brick and the top of stucco and wooden crossbeams. The windows were to be dormers so that in the event of the realization of the longed-for quadrangle this new music building could be converted into a girls dormitory.

All these early plans, discussions, and problems we can skip over lightly, but at the same time let's remember what a headache they were to somebody.

Finally on a bright day in the summer of 1932 actual work began. Recruits from among the students were called and forty Houghton Huskies dug to and before you could count to \$11,000 (cost of the completed building) the cellar was done. (Continued on Page 3, col. 5)

As a senior, too often he has learned to cover up his enthusiasm and to present what he hopes is a blasé face to the world. To be considerate of others, tolerant of their beliefs and sincere in one's own beliefs is acceptable but not to be outwardly evidenced. It is a symbol of naivete to believe that many things in life do make a difference.

War talk and continual world wide disturbance result in the tendency among college men to say, "Why do this, or that?" What's the difference? We'll all be cannon fodder some day.

This attitude whether in regard to the large problems of life or the smaller ones of a college career cannot be condoned even while it is understandable. Such an escape into indifference is unworthy of the college man or woman. Everything should make a difference. If the responsibilities and courtesies that college requires are regarded as vital and necessary there will be the necessary transfer to the larger field of life after graduation.

—M. H. M.

Houghton Career Of Walter Sheffer Full of Activity

by Pete and Repete

Hello Mr. and Mrs. Houghton: Let's go to press.

Flash: Seniors won't have to leave their summer addresses at the Boulder office. The "annual" has arrived (Explanatory note: this was to aid the staff in distributing the Boulders in case they arrived during summer vacation before school convened next fall) and we note that the biggest "bang" on the staff is occupying the smallest space in the staff pictures—we don't mean you, Jesse.

Things we never knew—but all came out in the Boulder: If you see Dr. Paine wandering around these days with a questioning look on his face, he's probably looking for his sister, the one named Wilhemina—"Bill" Olcott led his senior men in basketball, and that rat, Blauvelt, has been taking all the credit—Oh yes, congratulations on the class basketball championship, sophs. We were certainly suffering from delusions for a while though—we never did think Weaver was much use in choir; but, after all, he was a member.

This crazy campus: authoritative sources have it that soph stalwarts have been catching their "40 winks" on a Rochester soft park bench—I'll bet the beds in that jail in Castile were rather comfortable, too—Have you heard the one about Miss Burnell writing "Please Wash" on the blackboard? The blackboard washer, Fred Hill, took four baths in the next three days—

It seems that that ambidextrous club swinger, Dave Paine, prided himself on his golfing ability. The other morning in Canisteo he played in every bunker, gully, and sand trap on the links, and remarked to his caddy on what a nice course they had there. "Oh, wait until you start playing on the links," came the reply.

While bird hunting Pat saw some beautiful plumage fly over and aimed at it. "Don't shoot, Pat, your gun's not loaded," yelled Mike. "Can't stop," said Pat, "The bird won't wait." But who in Houghton seems to want to pull the trigger on several night pests?

Won't we miss those "stump" speeches of a certain senior theolog, next year?

Social items: We hear the back porch of the "infirm" has been affording excellent facilities for a reception room, when the nurses are absent. It's surprising who patronizes it—and he was such a good singer. What senior's social life is characterized by the following story? An engineer named Finnegan had a reputation for train wrecks. In fact, he had them so often, he usually telegraphed the boss these words:

Off again,
 On again,
 Gone again,
 Finnegan.

Along this same line—we hear a next year's senior lass will find Fillmore an extremely interesting place in which to practice teach.

It seems that when the senior class president first came over from Canada 4 years ago, he was accosted by a beggar in Rochester: "I've lost my leg; please help me." Wes, being rather new to the U.S. said gruffly, "Be more careful of your things; I haven't got it," and walked on—to Houghton.

Dorm Elections

Following the yearly election of officers in Gaoyadeo Hall Marion Smith was chosen dorm president. Helen Burr, vice-president, and Marjorie Fox, secretary-treasurer.



TOWN
CRIER



"WALT"

ning first place in the oratorical contest during his freshman year.

Debate occupied much of his interests during his entire four years. In his second and third years he was in the team that gave the winners a tough run, losing only by one vote. Walt's debate career was crowned when he was presented a diamond stone key and a distinguished service key, the third to be given in the history of forensics at Houghton. In presenting the honor, Coach Hazlett said of Walt, "the best debater that Houghton has produced in my two years of coaching." Those who were in the teams that won the tournament at Slippery Rock this year with six wins out of six will give Walt credit for his unpretentious advice and moral stimulus. In his final year he never had an "off debate".

Houghton may remember Walt longer as editor of the 1939 BOULDER than for anything else. As editor he produced one of the finest year books we have known at Houghton. The photography was superb. Thus Walt established himself as Houghton's authority on photography.

He reached his zenith in campus clubs when he became president of the Forensic union, the top ranking club, during his senior year. During this year he also served on the Star editorial board.

Among the seventy-five to graduate with the class of '40, there is none who has taken his responsibility for the entire four years more conscientiously than Walter Sewell Sheffer.

The greater part of mankind may be divided into two classes; that of shallow thinkers who fall short of truth; and that of abstruse thinkers who go beyond it. Hume

Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it. Dr. Johnson

Literati

Greater Love ...

by Walter Sheffer

It was still dark when Moke and I started for the communication lines with dispatches that morning. A fog thick as wool had settled on the ground. Moke wasn't my buddy. He wasn't anyone's buddy!

Wasn't it Moke who had stolen Dusty's payroll? Hadn't he also relieved Johnny of those wool socks that came in the package from home, and what had happened to Peewee's last bottle of cognac? Somehow it seemed that he was always the last out to repair the parapet in the morning, and during a bombardment he could always be found cowering in the corner of some dugout, crossing himself with trembling hand. Worst of all, he was a "Polack." He didn't mix with us Americans.

Suddenly, as though the gates of Hades had been blown open by dynamite and molten brimstone poured forth, the morning inundation was sent over on our lines. What had happened? It was only four o'clock and the bombardment wasn't due to open until five-thirty. No time to think of that now. We had to find a shell hole quick!

I'll never forget the next fifty feet to a place where there would be at least semi-refuge. There we were with shells, minnies, shrapnel, and high explosives bursting all around us. No use trying to dodge them. I was scared! My knees continuously buckled under me and there was a lump in my throat that wasn't the start of a goiter. Moke, his face blanched, seemed to be slithering over the ground in a desperate effort to reach that shell hole before the inevitable occurred.

Then it happened. We were a few feet from safety when the whining hiss of a shrapnel fuse sounded overhead and the shell exploded. I threw myself on the ground. Moke shrieked. He had a splinter in the back.

Despite his pleadings for help, I turned my head and went stubbornly on. Not knowing why, I again turned and slowly dragged him along into the pit. Then as if the gods were against us, a bluish gray mist slowly but irresistibly came toward us. Moke sneezed, frowned and finally gasped out "phosgene".

I reached for my mask. To my horror—it was gone! By that time, I was choking, gasping for air and blindly groping about in search of something damp. Then—nothing.

When I became conscious I found myself staring at blue sky. I could not remember how I had got there or how the gas mask happened to be protecting me. Over on one side of the hole lay Moke. Blood was all over his coat from the hemorrhage that causes terrible death with phosgene.

In his hand was a note, unfinished:

DEER JO

I WANTED IN SOME WAY TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOU TU.

MOKE

My Dog

by Bob Torrey

Only a dog—and yet it seems to me;

He's everything that I, myself should be.

Loyal and tender, sometimes wistful, too,

As though he questions things we humans do.

Faithful and true, and ready to forgive,

Asking so little—just the chance to live.

Where I may go, close at my side



Created Equal

by Lester Paul

It was the fifth day of June, and down in the East End of the city, in the filthy, candle-light bedroom of the cellar home, Mrs. Scivoni gave birth to a son. A wizened, wrinkle-faced friend was the nurse. Minutes later Joe staggered into the room. Seeing his wife and tiny babe, he muttered a loose string of curses.

Tony grew into boyhood. He helped his father—bootleg. Soon he owned his own still. While delivering the manufactured product one day, he was stopped. A 32 roared and a lifeless body pitched forward. The corpse had been an officer of the law. Six months later, Tony, white-lipped, sat in a chair, bound by steel bands. A quiver passed through his body. Three minutes later he was carried from the room. Tony Scivoni was checked from the list.

On the fifth of June, upon Parkway Boulevard, a large limousine drew up to the curb. The doctor grabbed his satchel and passed into the brownstone house to the deluxe chamber of Mrs. Longworth. A few minutes later the richly clad relatives downstairs were informed that it was a boy.

After being graduated from law school, Maurice entered his father's law office as a junior partner. His father retired and Maurice became the State's Attorney General. He was called to prosecute the case of a certain bootlegger—one Tony Scivoni, held on the charge of first degree murder. The success of the prosecution was another victory to be chalked upon the record of Maurice Longworth.

All men are created equal.

Forest Fire

by Robert Stanton

It's spreading!

The flames are breaking out in the tree tops;

They are leaping from branch to branch,

Igniting the surrounding trees. Now they are rising higher,

painting the eastern sky. Below, the flames are brown and gold and green,

As though the fire had climbed swiftly to the tops,

Touching the leaves but lightly or not at all.

The fire is spreading, turning from red to gold,

And diffusing in the blue. But hark! There is no crackle

of the flames

Nor are there rolling billows of pungent smoke.

For it's but the morning sun

Rising from behind the autumn trees.

he'll stand;

Obedient on the instant my command.

Content to follow me about all day,

Ready alike to join in work and play.

And when the cares of a long day are o'er,

He curls up close beside me on the floor.

I sometimes ask myself why this should be,

And what he ever saw to like—in me.

Formal Banquet Held by Forensic; DeRight Presides

More formals—May 24—5:45—Gaoyadeo Hall—and it's the Forensic union banquet! Who's the toastmaster? The new Forensic president, Jesse DeRight, of course.

After the meal the club retired to the reception room where Mr. DeRight carried on by immediately calling upon senior victims Seymour Rollman, Wesley Nussey, Thelma Havill, and Walter Sheffer for impromptu on the topic, "What Debating Has Meant to Me." Then all Forensic members were given a chance to use their wits in a Burma Shave contest.

The highlight of the evening, giving the debaters their just awards, was cleverly conducted by coach Dean Hazlett. The following keys were awarded: freshman keys—Beatrice Gage, Harriet Kalla, Coralie Allen, Katherine Walberger, Bert Hall, Warren Woolsey, Paul Stewart; Ruby keys (signifying varsity debates on one question): Lois Bailey, Jane Cummings, Mildred Schaner, Norman Mead, Wesley Nussey, Seymour Rollman (varsity debate manager); emerald key (for debates on two questions): Roy Albany; Diamond keys (for debates on four questions): Thelma Havill, Jesse DeRight.

Most outstanding of all was a distinguished service star, approximately the third in our debate history, awarded to Walter Sheffer for debates on six questions.

Faculty Has Picnic

Once again the camp grounds furnished an ideal setting for the annual outing of our faculty families.

This is the one time, curious one, when, if you are uncertain as to whose child is who, you may get the whole matter well straightened out, for this is the time when they all turn out to make up what is one big happy family! One might wonder... why the overabundance of young blonde beauties.

And when it comes to good "taste", the faculty men surely knew what they were doing, for this picnic was a picnic... salads and sandwiches galore and punch, topped with ice cream and many delightful varieties of home-made cake.

No doubt, the high spot of the evening was the base-ball game in which players as Dean Hazlett, Prof. Smith, Prof. Wright, and Dr. Small starred, while various members of the weaker sex also made evident the fact that this picnic is an annual affair and ought to be practiced more frequently.

Extension Group Holds Service at Elton

Theodore Bowditch took a group of young people to the Baptist church in Elton on Sunday, May 26, where they conducted the evening service.

Mr. Bowditch ably led the young people's service and gave a short talk from the New Testament. Hayes Minnick preached a soul-stirring message in the evening service. He was accompanied by a girls' quartette composed of "Pat" Hampton, Mildred Proctor, June Spaulding and Gladys Wellman, who sang several numbers during the service. The meeting was well attended and greatly appreciated.

The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.

Ruskin

Sunday Services

Sunday Morning

The college pastor has returned from Miltonville, Kansas and spoke at Sunday morning's church service. Rev. Black used as his topic "Dare to be a Daniel" based upon the sixth chapter of the book of Daniel.

The message was entirely practical in aspect and threw out a challenge for a more daring, courageous and trustworthy faith. Using King Darius as an example the pastor said "Even the world prefers to employ a Christian."

The special music of the service was provided by Mr. and Mrs. Schram in a vocal selection.

Sunday Evening

Rev. James Elliott, a missionary to South America, spoke to one of the largest Sunday evening congregations having gathered in some time.

The speaker gave a vivid picture of the great need of the natives of Latin America for more missionaries. He pointed out by the use of maps and drawings that in sections of the continent there is one missionary for a million people.

Rev. Elliott presented a general idea as to the fields of work which are still open in South America. He stressed the fact that it is very important that what work is to be done must be done immediately as governments are closing the doors to new missionaries constantly.

Prayer Meeting

Mrs. Helen Stark, a returned missionary of Sierra Leone, Africa was the guest speaker at students' prayer meeting, May 21. Mrs. Stark brought official greetings from Miss Driscoll, Houghton Alumna and former dean of women.

Mrs. Stark gave an enthusiastic report of an intensified evangelistic campaign in Africa to put the Gospel into every home in Wesleyan territory; this is to be part of a two year program in celebrating fifty years of Wesleyan Missions in Africa. She also reported the miraculous opening of the Susu country to Christian missionaries.

In bringing her talk to conclusion she said "Africa is an open door, but we do not know when they may close. A Nazi victory would mean an effective closing of Sierra Leone and mission work."

The music of the meeting was in charge of Charles Foster, accomplished song leader, assisted by a trumpet quartet. Stephen Ortlip presided at the piano.

The last prayer meeting of the year was under the capable leadership of the versatile Moses House boys. Wesley B. Nussey presided.

Miss Belle Moses was present and led in prayer after which Prof. Robert and Mr. Halward Homan rendered a vocal selection.

The message of the evening was given by Mr. Albert Wagner, speaking on the subject, "Examining Ourselves." He suggested that we examine ourselves: doctrinally, as to what we believe; experimentally, as to what we profess; and practically as to what we do. He said, "At the close of this school year we should take a spiritual inventory to see what we have gained or lost during the year."

Lester Paul had charge of the song service with Don McIntosh at the piano.

Appreciation

The family of Frank T. Frost acknowledges with deep appreciation your kind expression of sympathy.

Two Gospels

by Alan Gilmour

In these high-tensioned strenuous days, with the clamor of war, hatred, jealousy and revenge permeating the atmosphere everywhere, it is of the gravest importance that the children of God keep such entirely off their spirits and out of their hearts. Unless one is scrupulously careful in these trying times, he will find himself caught in the meshes of the politico-militaristic swirl and propaganda.

Some older than I remember the tragic effect the spirit of the last war had on so many even among the clergy and laymen. The spirit of war is not the spirit of Jesus, neither is it the spirit of the Gospel. The spirit of carnage, slaughter, revenge, aggression, retaliation, murder, and bloodshed is always backed by greed for money, power, and possessions and its highly commercialized activity makes merchandise of men's souls.

When a nation goes to war, the work of the Gospel suffers. Churches soon close their doors, preachers will speak to vacant pews, and mission stations cease to exist for want of funds to carry on; but the gory war chest that is saturated with greed, hate, and revenge must be filled.

Not only this but family altars crumble as thousands of children cease attending Sunday School and whole families drop out of church. War drives men from God and sends millions to Hell.

This nation will never forget the demoralizing, polluting effects of the last war. We have been reaping for twenty years a harvest of unparalleled godlessness, an unpunished wickedness, crime, disease and sin of all kinds.

The Gospel of war hardens men against the Gospel of Christ. Atheistic brazenness stalks in the highest seats of political authority. Walter Steele reports that there are six times as many communists in the United States as there were in Russia in 1917. There are 610 communist newspapers and magazines in all languages printed in America. Can we afford in such a case to lay ourselves open to these by entrance into war?

While this country is being sowed down with the most powerful propaganda to draw us into the European war, we should avoid this propaganda as a coiled cobra. The Wise Man advised us well: "Keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life." Jesus said, "Ye are not of this world even as I am not of this world." If our citizenship is in Heaven and our conversation is of the same glorious country, then let us keep our spirit entirely free from the Satanic entanglements of another war.

Music Notes

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In fact, those who were here say that the whole building went up in no time at all. Mr. York with his crew of student workers did it all. Everyone wanted to help. Even the physics department lent its assistance by the application of scientific sound-proofing. Then in the fall, there it stood completed—a product of the dreams, sacrifices, labor and thought of those whose high aim was a better Houghton.

I would have liked to have been at the dedication services. I bet everybody came. They were held in the auditorium of the new building Miss Rickard wrote the dedicatory poem. Dr. Carter, head of the state music department, was the speaker. We are a different student body. We look at the Eastman theatre. We look at the Radio City Music Hall. And then how many of us say, "Why do we have such a junky, out-moded music building?" Yet the strangest things can happen. There is a challenge there.



Newscaster

The last words of the senior newscaster faded on Gaoyadeo air waves and announced the completion of a successful year of newscasting by the Houghton Star.

Throughout the year the Star has been bringing world-wide and local news to the dining hall every night. Students, at least in Houghton, are notorious for never reading the papers except when forced to because of class room interference. The Star determined to remedy this appalling lack of knowledge of the world outside the Ad building's walls.

Originating in the minds of the various geniuses of the Star offices the idea of a news broadcast was further promoted by the previous installation of an adequate amplifying system in the dining hall.

In Ken Wilson a clever and dependable dispenser of information was found. Soon it became the accustomed thing to hear the gong ring and the headwaiter announce "And now—it is Wednesday night and time for our Star reporter." One of the features which was introduced on these weekly newscasts was the custom of having guests at the announcer's table. After the broadcast of news, the guests were requested to answer the impromptu questions put to them.

After Ken left Houghton, Frank Taylor capably took over the job of Star reporter. Various guests reporters through the year have included Walt Sheffer, Tom Gardiner, Warren Woolsey, N. Mead, Al McCartney.

All the Star newscasters deserve credit for their fine work during the year. Considerable praise goes to the Star for providing the students with news, human-interest stories, serious and trivial interrogation, and humor.

Boulder—

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mal snaps (the unfulfilled dream of all past editors) the dedication page and the president's with their life size portraits, and the Star, Boulder pages with their splendid design.

To Mr. DeRight and Mr. Klotzbach go many of the laurels. As co-pilots they worked well together and ably commanded a capable and cooperative crew. Of course, some credit is due to the Josef Schiff studios for their photography, to Jahn and Ollier for their engravings. But to those on the staff who sweat for many nights behind barred doors, the Star says "Congratulations on the best yet."

Music Picnic—

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piano, Miss Schaner came forward with a difficult (or at least distinctly different) arrangement of a familiar violin solo. Miss Fisk's original tunes at the piano and Miss Veazie's exceptional rendition of a clarinet solo were favorably received as were the artistically performed numbers by the flutist, Miss Cheney, and cellist, Miss Cronk. Mr. Herrmann's performance as a trombone soloist was, undoubtedly, an unforgettable "execution" in the musical history of Houghton. Highest honors are awarded to Mr. Strong and Mr. Mann for their excellent interpreta-

Rec Hall Events Near Finals; Good Playing Exhibited

The chess and checker tournaments, although starting very late in the year, have played through the semi-finals. Only the championship the holiday week. Howard Treichler and Leon Gibson are scheduled for the championship battle in chess. This promises to be a real battle as both players are undefeated in tournament play. Howard Treichler has won a place in the championship match with victories over Hayes Minnick and Stanton and Tom Gardiner. The Gibson-Gardiner match lasted over three hours as each took plenty of time to study the possibilities before moving. The championship chess battle is scheduled for Decoration Day but there is a slight possibility that it can not be played then, so arrangements have been made for the match being played by correspondence as an alternative. In correspondence play each player will have a chess board set up in his own home and will exchange moves by postcard. A match played this way will take a lot of post cards and the entire summer to play; however, it gives time to consider moves and the chance to decide when one's mind is fresh.

The checker championship battle finds two seniors pitted against each other, Glen Mix and Seymour Rollman each a steady and seasoned player. Mix has been undefeated in six matches, winning from Ed Hall, Ted Reed, Paul Smith, Morris Theobald, Carl VanOrnum and Donald Pratt. Rollman has also looked impressive in turning back Paul Smith and Carl VanOrnum. Mix has a longer string of victories but can be only slightly favored by virtue of number of strong opponents he has defeated.

When the chess and checker championships are decided, the Rec Hall will have closed a highly active semester. The review of the year discloses the fact that the freshmen have been outstanding. Fifty-two students participated in the table tennis tournament, thirty-four men played for the men's single championship won by Dick Bennett, a first year student. Bea Gage, another freshman, won the women's championship from a field of eighteen. Two freshmen are playing for the chess championship. Only in checkers did any of the other classes break in to the honors. The champ will be a senior. Twenty nine participated in chess and checkers.

The day by day attendance count shows that the Rec Hall since it was opened under supervision Feb. 10 has shown an attendance of 3545, mainly those who had no opportunity to use the gym and other recreational facilities. Many new games were purchased and put into use and game tables were built in the school carpenter shop, little wall lamps were added and the floor polished. Over six dozen table tennis balls were used.

The Student Council is deserving of commendation for their part in sponsoring the idea of the Rec Hall. The Recreation Hall Commission Coach McNeese and Prof. Stockin have done everything in their power to fit it to the needs of the college and community. New ply wood tops for all the tables are anticipated as well as other new, sorely needed equipment, before next year. A new, better Rec Hall is to be available for student and faculty alike to provide the relaxation necessary to keep one in the best mental tone, so essential to the successful pursuit of college work.

tion of a trumpet duet. As a fitting conclusion to the program, Prof. Cronk complied with our requests for a speech. Thus, the Music Seniors' Banquet came, went, and is now a pleasant memory.

Varsity Baseball Team Trounces Yearling Crew

Last Monday afternoon the Varsity baseball team all but annihilated the Frosh nine with a rain of base hits and walks that led to a 27-2 victory. It looked like Memorial Day, for the Frosh paraded six pitchers to the mound in an effort to stem the tide. Frank Kennedy, the Exeter A. C. flash, walked so many men one would think he was back in a West Pittston mine heaving coal.

Paul Mullin, who pitched a stellar game, would have had a no-hit, no-run game to his credit had not "Dirty Dick" Evans dropped an easy fly in center field that was followed by a miscue on the part of Pete Tuthill who clumsily misjudged Clark's fly ball which then went for a triple.

"Bill" Olcott and "Cliff" Blauvelt were easily the best defensive stars for the Varsity with several brilliant plays to their credit. "Cliff" capably worked the Frosh pitchers for four walks. Taylor was the mighty slugger for the Varsity with three hefty clouts out of five trips to the plate.

Five Students Try Final Exam in Life-Saving

Of the twenty fellows who entered the life-saving class after spring vacation only five remained to take the exam on the evening of May 29 in the Houghton swimming pool.

Before a large group of spectators Ralph Black, teacher and examiner, put his students through their paces. Gerry Paine and Coach McBride of Rushford Central High School were also present as examiners.

To pass the American Red Cross Senior Life-Saving test stringent requirements must be met. The victims for the tests were Ralph Black and Norman Marshall. Those who were taking the test were Bob Torrey, Les Van Huben, Marv Eyer, Tom Gardiner, and Lee Stuart.

The first item of the test to keep a person fully clothed afloat for one minute. After each had done that, they swam four lengths of the pool. The next requirement was to break the back strangle hold and move the victim the length of the pool using the head carry. The wrist hold, the cross-chest carry, the rear approach and the hair carry then followed. The last and most difficult part of the test was the underwater approach. In addition to these tests there was a written test.

Senior Plans—

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Wesley Nussey will teach at the Standard Bible School, Brockville, Ontario.

Lester Paul has been accepted at the Princeton Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey.

Marjorie Roberts will continue her colony work at the Rome State Hospital where she is now employed.

Claribel Saile next year will assume her duties as teacher of mathematics in the Wayland High School, Wayland, New York.

Robert Stanton is now at Ohio State University where he will remain next year working for his Master's degree in chemistry and education.

Ada Stocker will be allied with the Oak Hill Fellowship, Bemidji, Minnesota.

Robert Strong has a contract to teach music in the Forestville High School, Forestville, N. Y.

Frank Taylor is the new teacher in social sciences at Lima, New York. Park Tucker plans to earn his B. D. degree at the Eastern Baptist Seminary, Philadelphia.

Albert Wagner has accepted the Wesleyan Methodist Pastorate at Westerville, Ohio.

"Rec" Hall Fills Gap in Program; Expansion Planned

The college Recreation Hall has been the solution to one of the big problems that has confronted the board for some time. It has filled a big gap in the college program. It has provided recreation and relaxation to a large group of students who take part in no other extra curricular activity. An hour or so of good, clean, wholesome fun tends to break the tension under which many college students work. The Rec Hall Commission consisting of Coach McNeese and Prof. Stockin has tried as far as possible to have the Rec Hall open such hours as would meet the needs of the majority of the students. The student supervision plan of operation has worked out well in care of the building and equipment.

The Rec Hall idea was sponsored by the Student Council who took the initiative in making it possible. Much appreciation is due the college board for their continued backing. Through them money was provided for the purchase of a large share of the equipment as well as the use of the building, electric lights, heat, and the cost of supervision.

The students who used the Rec Hall are deserving of thanks for their cooperation in maintaining the fine spirit of friendly rivalry and good sportsmanship which was outstanding even in the bitterly contested tournament battles.

A better Rec Hall is planned for next year. Plywood tops for the tennis tables are necessary as well as a few new games. A better, more efficient system of management will profit by the problems that were met this year. When registration and freshman week come in early fall the Rec Hall will partially fill the need of providing activity during the first weeks of school for the incoming freshmen many of whom are away from home and alone for the first time.

Athletic Banquet—

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Joe Palone, the genial referee and showman superb, expressed his appreciation of Houghton's reception with a heartfelt, "Thanks a lot."

Hal Homan contributed two solos in his usual winning manner and Norm Marshall's trumpet solo closed the musical program for the evening.

Following a brief sports review of the year by Paul Wolfgruber, Dr. Paine brought the principal address of the evening from a verse in I Timothy, "Bodily exercise profiteth little." He showed how athletics can be either a side issue in life and profit little or can they be an important avocation and profit a little. "Continuous team or individual play with good equipment and self-control can do much toward relaxing the tired mind and body," he stated.

Coach McNeese presented the letters in baseball and track, high point medals going to Lloyd Elliott and Ruth Newhart who scored 15 points each in the recent meet. Kieth Sackett, Paul Stewart and Ruth Newhart received medals commemorating a broken record in some track or field event. Managers were awarded letters and Markey, Hampton, Olcott, Taylor, D. Paine, Eyer, Ellis, Blauvelt and Evans were awarded the "big H." Clifford Blauvelt and Arlene Wright were awarded the much coveted sportsmanship jackets in tribute of their ability and leadership in athletics.

In conclusion, Cliff Blauvelt discarded the humor which characterized his duties as master of ceremonies

Lengthening Shadows



BY BILL OLCOTT

Ever lengthening shadows are creeping across the field, the fans are beginning to depart to their various destinations, and as the time-keeper prepares to blow the final whistle that cold, empty feeling settles down about us. Too soon the game will be over and a greater game awaits us. Before ending this fourth and final quarter we pause to peer in retrospect, and with apologies to Time we will refer to our reflections as "Time Stands Still."

Four years at Houghton college and participation in its athletic program, have meant much to the class of '40. The ideals of sportsmanship and clean living so well expressed in any athletic program are even more definitely emphasized in Houghton's program, under the guiding of Coach McNeese with the fine attitude he has developed in an enthusiastic and appreciative student body. The intra-mural athletic program is the ultimate destiny of all college sports. Never before has the agitation been so strong to return the games to the students for whom they were originally intended. Inter-collegiate professionalism does not foster college spirit but rather a false veneer of sophistication. Students of the big colleges declare of their own volition that their own program of inter-fraternity and inter-house games are of much greater interest and benefit to them both physically and socially in the broadest sense of each.

We have all witnessed a fine year here at Houghton, athletically and otherwise. Touch football was inaugurated with great success; basketball has never known more thrills; volley ball was of a very high quality; track saw more records shattered; baseball was of good calibre despite irksome weather conditions; tennis has been hampered most seriously and that by weather, not lack of promising material. The program is gathering momentum, better equipment, more participants, keener competition, and greater enthusiasm will develop our own athletics to the place of envy of every college.

Mud Pies

by Vance Carlson

Mud Pies

Many things evade our thoughts
As we laugh at tiny tots
Making mud pies.
Such things deserve our laud
Rather than laugh; for God
Once made mud pies.
He scraped together
Dirt
And
Sand
Mixed with water
That through the garden ran,
And from that heap of mud,
God made a man.

Student Council Elected

The new Student Council officers for next year are Jesse De Right, president, James Evans, vice-president, and Marion Smith, secretary.

and presented to Coach McNeese a fly rod, reel and line in an expression of appreciation from the athletes themselves.