

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Vol. XXVII

Houghton College, Houghton, N. Y., April 19, 1935

Number 22

WILL DEDICATE CHURCH ORGAN

A Recital by John McIntire
Assisted by College Choir
Furnishes Program, April 26.

The dedication of the recently installed pipe organ in the New Wesleyan Methodist Church will consist mainly of an organ recital by John Warren McIntire. An impressive and beautiful recital of dedication, both the pastor and congregation participating, and a few numbers by the College A Cappella Choir will complete the service.

Mr. McIntire, organ instructor won first place in the Kentucky State Music Festival in 1931 while a student at Asbury College. He has given numerous recitals including a service by radio.

The program of music will be as follows:

I. CHOIR
"Exaltation" Christiansen
"The Outgoing of the Boats" Hugh S. Robertson
"O Blest Are They" Tchaikovsky

II. ORGANIST
"Hymn of Glory" Pietro Yon
"Das Alte Jahr Vergangen Ist" J. S. Bach
"Prelude and Fugue in c minor" J. S. Bach

III. CHOIR
"Three Kings" Healey Willan
"Song of Mary" Arr. by Kranz
"Just as I Am" Wm. B. Bradbury

IV. ORGANIST
"Medley of Sacred Hymn Tunes" Arranged
"Piece Heroique" Cesar Franck
"Largo" (New World Symphony) Dvorak
"Toccata on the Easter Hymn O Filii et Filiae" Farnam

FACULTY ATTEND ED. CONVENTION

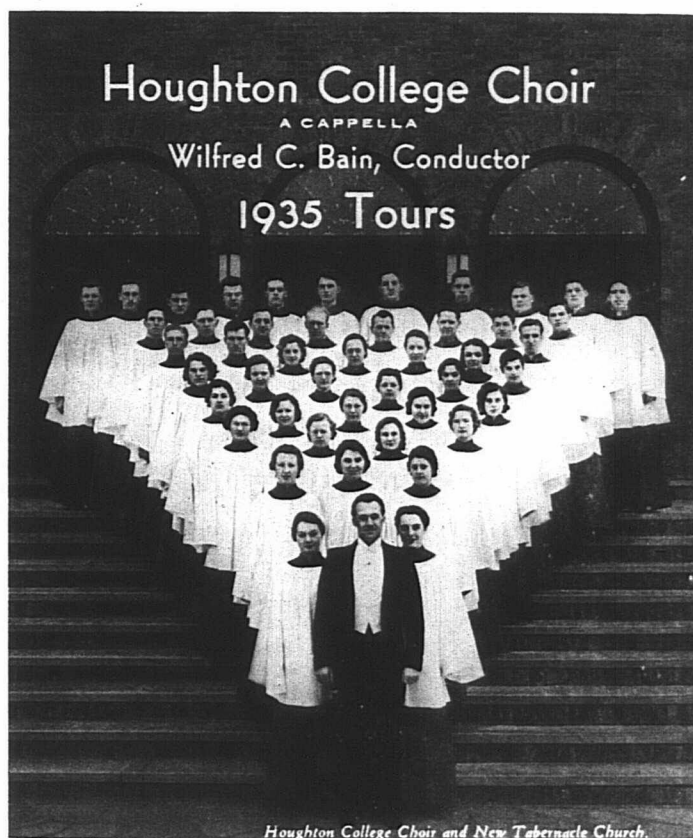
Considered the Problem of
Teacher Training

Miss Fancher and Dr. and Mrs. Paine began their vacation with a trip to Syracuse for a meeting of representatives of the college and universities of Western New York which had been called by Dr. Herman Cooper of the State Education Department for the purpose of considering the future policies of the department of teacher training and certification requirements.

Leaving Houghton Friday morning they traveled to Syracuse amid the gently falling slush blobs, arriving in plenty of time for the opening session which was held at the Onondaga Hotel. The subject under discussion at the opening session was "Off-campus and Extension Courses." While this would not directly concern Houghton College, it was quite informing and occasioned a very frank discussion among the representatives of the various institutions represented at the conference.

The Saturday morning session dealt at length with the problem of pre-service teacher training in the colleges. The formal courses in his-

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COLLEGE CHOIR RETURNS FROM SUCCESSFUL TOUR

Appearances in Large Cities
and NBC Broadcast Featured
in Eleven Day Trip.

Certainly it may be said that this year's Choir tour is the best ever. Leaving Houghton about ten-thirty Friday morning, April 5, the Choir arrived at Johnson City in a snow storm about four-thirty. After being entertained at a Sunday School Conference Supper, they sang their first concert to a fairly large audience at the First Baptist Church. It seemed rather nice to see Magdalen Murphy, Victor Murphy, and Forest Merrill here. Mr. Dickensheets, a former tenor soloist of the Westminster Choir, was also there. The uncle of Harold Hancock was chiefly responsible for this concert.

Early Saturday morning the Choir left Johnson City for Philadelphia. Dr. Albert F. Moxey, who did so much in obtaining the concerts in that vicinity, was waiting for them. Later Margaret and Albert Moxey came to help assign the Choir to the homes where they were to be entertained. More friends, Alfred Bullock, Gracia Bullock Swift, Phillis Anderson, Mamie Churchill, and Rev. H. C. McKinney, greeted the Choir after the concert in the Mount Airy Presbyterian Church.

Sleeping rather late on Sunday morning, the Choir had to rush downtown to broadcast over WFIL. In the afternoon they sang in the Fifth Reformed Presbyterian Church where Theodore Wray, the son-in-law of Dr. Moxey, is pastor. After searching all over the city, they found the Calvin Presbyterian Church where Theos Cronk is choir Director. After the concert they saw Mrs. Hunt, Mildred and Lena

Hunt, Gracia Fero, and Lucymae Stewart.

Monday morning on the way to Radio City, the Choir stopped at Westminster Choir School, where Lucymae and Theos were seen again. Dr. Williamson, of Westminster, carefully criticised three numbers that the Choir sang for him. Upon arriving in Radio City the choir were met by Barnard Howe, Miss Kartevold, Ruth Gray, The Queens, and The Smiths.

After singing over WEAH they left immediately for Bay Shore, Long Island to sing in the First Congregational Church. Audrey Quenada was the only Hotonite seen here.

Leaving Bay Shore early Tuesday morning in a terrible rain storm, the Choir hurried to White Plains, New York, where they sang to a high school assembly. Clair Beverly, Lon Clark, and Grace Smith were there. In the evening they sang in the Asbury Park First Baptist Church, New Jersey. The next morning before leaving they saw the famous Methodist grounds.

They returned to Philadelphia for a broadcast from WIP on Wednesday. In the afternoon they visited a number of historical spots in Philadelphia.

Thursday afternoon the Choir sang in the Strawbridge and Clothier auditorium. Mr. Lewis, director of music here, sponsored their program. In the evening they sang in the Summit Presbyterian Church where Whitford Hall, former bass of Westminster Choir, is director of music.

It was still raining when they arrived at the First Baptist Church of Altoona, Pa., Friday evening. In spite of a breakdown of the bus the

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AKRON U. PROF. GIVES LECTURE

Makes a very Interesting Appeal for Greater Appreciation of Little Things in Life.

On Friday morning at ten o'clock, Dr. De Graff, Professor of Sociology in the University of Akron, spoke on human appreciation. Picking his topic from the major desires of humanity—security, recognition, response, and new experience—he briefly showed the importance of each. The world reaches out constantly for new experiences. Students drive forty miles for the same soup their College Inn might serve them; fragile old ladies loop the loop; middle-aged folk ramble all over on classical summer excursions. He illustrated response as the desire for friends; security as economical well-being, martial smoothness, or even a minute degree of surety in traditional springtime romances. He pointed out that the manner in which one does the little things of life every day tells whether we appreciate, whether we are recognizing other personalities.

Developing his theme by pointed illustrations from incidents of his teaching experience at Akron, he told of Duke, a towheaded, blue-eyed, shambling lad who was so appreciative of his mother in those little things like newspapers, awkward doors, and errands. Then he told of Bill with a new Easter outfit, but too thoughtless to wear them home to a proud Mother and Dad. Frank detested home-made shirts and curiously ignored the present stitched by

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SERVICES PLANNED FOR EASTER

Sunrise Service and Organ
Vesper Are Special Features

An unusual program of services in keeping with the season is being planned by the college and church for the week-end. On good Friday from three to five in the auditorium of the music hall there will be held a meditation vesper service. In commemorating this sacred hour in our Lord's life how fitting for every Christian in Houghton to spend at least a few minutes here in meditation!

Easter Sunday promises to be an outstanding day under the blessing of the Risen Christ. On the Point at Six o'clock if the weather permits or in the church if not, an inspiring Easter Dawn service will be held. "Meet Christ in the morning when new day is dawning." A special program for the opening session of Sunday School is being planned. The first Easter service in the new church will be held at eleven o'clock. The pastor's message and Church Choir singing will call our hearts and minds to the glorious resurrection truths. At four-thirty, Miss Murphy will let the organ tell the life of Jesus as depicted in the various, well-loved hymns of the Church. At seven o'clock Professor S. W. Wright will bring an evangelistic message. Pray that God's rich blessing will be upon all these services.

Large Audience Hear Choir
in Home Concert at New
Church.

The Houghton College A Cappella Choir in commemoration of Good Friday presented its annual home appearance, on the evening of April 19, in the new Houghton Wesleyan Methodist Church. Having just returned from a successful tour of some twenty appearances in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, the Choir was in fine form to appear before a large but critical Houghton audience. In spite of the usual difficulties involved in singing before a home audience the Choir sang the most successful Home Concert of its career.

The program as a whole was sung with fine precision and a feeling for true light and shade. The extreme contrast between robust fortissimos and soft pianissimos was brought out particularly in *The Boat Song*, *O Blest Are They*, *Soul of Christ*, and *The Cherubim Song*. The most outstanding feature of the entire first group which included *Hosanna To The Son of David*, *Ave Verum Corpus* and *Come, Jesus, Come* was the sensitive manner in which the counterpoint was developed with clarity of phase line. A delightful modality of interpretation was the use of humming not only in the familiar *Song of Mary* but also in the Gospel hymn *Just As I Am*, beautiful in its simplicity. An interesting type of composition, distinctly narrative, was noted in the *Boat Song* mentioned above and again in *The Three Kings*.

The arrangement of the program was good. The finest of 16th century choral music was contrasted with

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THE HOUGHTON STAR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE

1934-35 STAR STAFF

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Associate Editor	Editor-in-Chief	Keith J. Burr	Literary Editor	Harriet Pinkney
Assistant News Editor	Purla Bates	Literary Editor	Merritt Queen	
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Faculty Adviser	Rachel Davison
Alumni Star Committee	Josephine H. Ladd, William Shea, Zola Fan her, Mary Brain, Crystal Rock.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Houghton, N. Y., under the act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 1, 1932. Subscription rate, \$1.00 for one year—including thirty issues.

Editorial

It has been forcibly brought to our attention during the last few weeks that the Star Staff are all manner of ignorant, negligent, careless, lazy, etc. etc. creatures. Adding this to the sense of unfulfilled responsibility which we already had, we are very sincere in offering our apologies for the sad state into which the Star has fallen during recent weeks.

We do not attempt to excuse ourselves for our part, in causing the recent relapse into inefficiency. However, we would like to call attention of our subscribers a few details which are very necessary to a successful Star. There are three factors, whose correlation is vital to the school paper—the staff, the printer, and the subscribers.

For the mistakes of the first, whatever the cause we are sincerely apologetic. It might be mentioned in passing, however, that with no training whatever in journalism and no incentive other than love of work and criticism, it is rather unusual that we have a Star at all. We would really welcome any constructive criticism or suggestions along these lines.

To the printer and his staff, we are very grateful for the hearty cooperation they have given us under existing conditions. By existing conditions we mean the overworked printing office in which the Star becomes secondary to College Bulletins, Catalogues, programs, and what have you. Mr. Smith has more than done his part in putting out issues of the Star when authorities higher up were rushing him with last-minute publications.

We have appreciated the cooperation of many subscribers in working with the Alumni editors. We have felt the sympathy of our subscribers in dealing with mutual problems, but there are a few things which we feel would make for a much more successful Star.

To date the editor has received just one letter which seemed unnecessarily critical. In fact he has received only a half dozen letters with any kind of criticism. This is like asking for grief but may we ask our few dissatisfied readers to let those who are directly responsible know just which department are failing and why. We shall be more than glad to cooperate with you to the best of our ability.

We shall like to ask the further cooperation of both Alumni and students in sending in articles which are of interest. We are not all-seeing, all-knowing news hounds and would appreciate much more an article to be printed than a letter demanding an explanation as to why something with which we were unacquainted was not printed.

For our part, we apologize. For your part we ask your cooperation. The following little poem is not particularly essential to this editorial but is quite decidedly on the subject.

The Star is a great invention,
The school gets all the fame.
The printer gets all the money
And the staff gets all the blame.

K. J. B.

Spring vacation is now a thing of the past. Just a few days ago all we young college students returned—gladly, reluctantly or sadly—to once more grace Houghton Campus.

Among the usual greetings—"Hello," "Hi," Glad to see you," "My, but I missed you," etc.

At the first meeting of one senior with another—"Did you have a nice vacation?" "Sure swell. Well, have you a job for next year?" "No, have you?" "No. Did you go out for any interviews or find any more vacancies? Any good

ALUMNI NEWS

A VOICE HEARD FROM VERMONT

Dear Alumni Editor:-

It finally occurred to me that I had no grievance at all because the alumni page was only giving news of the younger group for I, as well as the other "old grads", was withholding the stuff which you might (?) print. But an occasional one that I knew writing lately has helped me to lose my timidity (?) for the time being and so here goes.

As usual I'm "in" to many things. As pastor of my church (after 13 years absence mostly as a pastor in New York State) which financially hit hard by the crisis of our country, I must work (make tents in a sense) to support myself and family, to do this I am carrying Rural Mail, which is a man's job in Vermont, at least six months of the year. There are the regular services in the church, teaching a Sunday school class, some of which I expect some day attend Houghton as Scoutmaster of boys Scouts, President of the local P. T. A., President of the Associated Boys and Girls Clubs of Forest Dale, Inc., and other things too numerous to mention.

Since graduation from Houghton in 1916 I have been back only twice; in 1920, and in June 1921. How I would like to drop in some time at a Home Coming or Commencement, maybe some time I will!

What an easy job now to be Manager of the Star, subscriptions just landed to you on a platter, as it were. In my day it was a real job to keep even, and it took some work to get ads to do it for the subscribers are all too few, so we kept after the alumni, but now the alumni can subscribe or not, and there's no follow up. I don't see what the manager really had to have an assistant for there's nothing (?) to do.

There are a few former Houghton students in and near here. Nathan Capen is my assistant pastor in Forest Dale. Charles Capen, and wife Julia Wheeler that was, Nettie Rowe now Mrs. Nettie Corey, Ruby Fuller now Mrs. John Quinn, my wife formerly Vera Allen here in this community. Elmer Davidson is in the head office of the C C C camps at Montpelier, Vt. Harold Chaffee is at East Pittsford, near Rutland, Vt. Mrs. Maide Austin (she was a Fuller once) is in Rochester, Vt. George Hurd is here sometimes but at a Bible School in Hornell, N. Y. at present. And so it goes.

Last summer I was at Pike's Peak and if I had known that there was a former Houghtonite in Manitou I sure would have looked for him. I was sent as a delegate to the National Convention of Rural Letter Carriers Association at Denver, Colorado in August. So one more ambition a desire to see the Rockies, was fulfilled.

I've written too much but don't you dare print any unless you print it all. Regards to the faculty, just students with me in the good old days, and to all.

Once a Houghtonite always
Houghtonite.
Walter F. Lewis

prospects?—etc. The fact of the matter is most seniors are talking jobs—jobs all the time. Why we may even dream of teaching History, Math, Science or Language—in some lovely high school. But—most of us still wake up to realize that we have to continue to—look for, hope for, wait for—a job.

We rejoice with those of our number who no longer have to endure this trying state of affairs but have had the pleasure of signing their first teaching contract. We wish them the best of success in their work.

FROM RALPH LONG

Dear Houghton People,

I am always glad to hear news from Houghton, from which I hear rarely nowadays. I took the Star for some years after I left Houghton but I stopped getting it several years ago when the people I knew at Houghton were beginning to figure less and less in its pages. But I made more really good friends at Houghton than I have made anywhere else I've been, and from time to time I hear news about Houghton from some of them.

I'm glad to hear about the new buildings at Houghton, for I know you can use them. Still, in a way, I hate to see the place change very greatly. I acquired an attachment for things which used to be in the old building, and I miss some of the changes make me feel a little less at home when I return. I liked the old dining hall with its long tables, for example, and I shall miss something when I visit Houghton and find them gone. Still, the changes are good ones and should be made, I know; and basically the place will remain unchanged through many such alternations and additions.

Some things, though, you should not change. You should never drop from your menu at the dining hall the pumpkin pie you used to serve when I was there, for one thing. I truly believe that was the best pie I have ever eaten. And you gave me an appreciation of the beauty of applesauce that remains with me so strongly that no meal is complete for me without applesauce. Much more important, you should leave unchanged the unpretentious, uncomplicated, unorganized scheme of social life and friendly intercourse that existed a few years ago—and that still exists, I hope. My students in this university get no such pleasure from their contacts with each other as they may be, as we under-graduates at Houghton got from our contacts a few years ago; and the trouble here, as in all large universities, lies pretty clearly in the organization in to cliques for social purposes and in the too un-spontaneous nature of the typical amusements.

As for me, I have been teaching in the University of Texas for five years now. Between the time I left Houghton and the time I came here I had a year at the College of William and Mary and a year at the University of Chicago; and in the past five years I have managed to accumulate a second year's graduate work in the University of Texas by taking courses on the side and in the summers. You are in error in addressing me as doctor; I am some distance from a Ph. D. I married two years ago, having observed that most people come around to marriage sooner or later. We go to my parent's home in Ohio every summer but I have been unable to visit Houghton for several years now.

Ralph B. Long

Every white will have its black.
And every sweet its sour.
Percy.

Catherine Second Brandt On Teaching Profession

It seems a strange thing to be writing to you, students of Houghton College, when probably very few of you ever knew me. I have been requested to tell what I think of teaching after six years. To me now, my college days seem very far away, of a life that is no longer a part of me, and you—strangers. I feel like the spider who painfully weaves a web from out of himself to the great unknown. One thing we do have in common—Houghton College. We both know her, and so can meet.

To the point of dullness, my history reads. This surprises me for I have not found life dull or uneventful in the winter of '29, Professor Frank J. Wright and Josephine Rickard, aimed with letters of recommendation from outgoing teachers, personally met the Proctor board, trumpeted my cause, and gained for me a position, teaching English. I have held it ever since. When I married the next year, I was permitted to retain my position. Life has been an "even tenor" and one of my chief interests, my job—teaching.

Many of you will be applying for positions soon. May luck and good fortune attend you! Then, if you are successful, you will face the same problems that come to all teachers. I should love to help you. You have never appreciated your teachers, loved them, or realized their work as you will when you are a teacher. I am but one person with one person's experience—very ordinary person at that, of mediocre ability. What I say could apply only limitedly, I suppose. My ideas may work for me and be impracticable for you. Anyway, take comfort in the thought that one needn't be brilliant to teach. I write to you my honest opinion of the profession.

To be a successful teacher (hold your job) only two things, I think are necessary: discipline and ability to present material. Discipline is most essential for you cannot teach anything in a "boiler factory for noise" or if your pupils are staging a private "French Revolution" for your benefit. You must be respected to be heard. I remember with clarity that Miss Bess Fancher gave us. She told us: to have sufficient work prepared always; to keep the pupils busy; never to turn our backs, or remain seated before a difficult group. It is sound doctrine. I have tested it and these things I tell you, constantly for six years. My problems in discipline have come when I have been unprepared, the lesson finished early, or when I have been too tired—hence unreasonable. She also taught us not to be fussy or petty—to discipline as little as possible. Nothing is truer than young peoples' liking to be treated as adults, they respond to reason and courtesy as naturally as blossoms to the sun. As an untired teacher you have nearly everything in your favor. No one familiar, married, or old is romantic to youth! You are thrilling to them because you are new-different. They will try you, of course. But they come expecting to like you. If you break that response, it is your fault and things will be hard for you I fear.

There are tricks to the adjustments in human nature that make a teacher a juggler. Often by ignoring a problem you may avert a crisis. To appeal to a class for help is to reveal weakness. Be careful that if you laugh at a pupil, the class laughs with you at him—not you.

I cannot use sarcasm myself. I have been hurt many times by it. I consider it effective but dangerous. You must control it. It cuts deep.

If you should have difficulty in
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"Seest thou a man wise in his
own conceit? there is more
hope of a fool than of him.

Hokum Quire

Annual Sprig Toor
(Intimate details from diary of choir members.)

FRIDAY, APRIL 5

We start off amid the tears and sighs of Hocum folks—presackly at 10:30, peepul ... choir fights over who's gonna ride in the school car, but Marve settles it ... an' he looks good in there ... Bob Hale starts messages going forward—all about Socony Stations, pressure and gas—my, oh my ... We barge into Johnson City, and is it ever wet ... our first concert on tour, featuring Johnnie Hopkins, the boy soprano—so sweet ... and we are parceled off for the night ... "be sure and thank them, peepul" ... yeah.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6

Fan mail beginning to come in ... we get going at no late hour ... many yawns in evidence, and bus coins new term: "waggling"—exact connotation unknown (?) ... Ride practically all day, most monotonously ... we reach Mt. Airy, Philly and are met by the Moxie family ... we sing, or so we think ... and joyfully rush to our respective lodgings

SUNDAY, APRIL 7

Ahhhh ... we experience comparatively late rising, no less—and leave for the Lit Brothers' Store, where we are to broadcast ... Tony nearly gets lost in the animal department ... we sing over the air (give 'em the air!) at 11:45 ... Kopler is now the man of the hour—down in the second soprano section ... back to our souses, and thence to the Fifth Reformed Presby Church ... part of luggage falls on occupant, en route ... we parade down long aisles, tripping gracefully on each others' choir robes ... and so, we go on to the Calvin Presby Church ... Pauly tears hair and steps on gas to be on time ... we are met by Theos and Lucymae, of the Westminster Choir ... we go to swell places ... Micky gets a goodly share of "zoo", no less ... an' se to bed, double quick time.

MONDAY, APRIL 8

"Rain ... when ya gonna rain again, rain" ... we wait for the bus, which is slightly late ... we set sail for New York ... pass through the Holland Tunnel ... excitement—we visit Westminster Choir school and sing three numbers ... thence enter Radio City, welcome by Miss Kartevold, Grace Smith and Barney Howe ... sing a 15 minute broadcast over NBC ... people watch us through the glass, whereat we felt like animals on display ... we exit, destination Long Island, Bay Shore ... Congregational Church this time ... entertained royally by members of the local choir ... still raining when we hit the hay for the evening.

TUESDAY, APRIL 9

Raining cats and dogs—and ducks ... school car slightly (?) late, whereupon seating arrangements go blooie ... destination, White Plains High School ... stage, lighting effects 'n' all that ... plus seas of faces ... leave for Asbury Park, weather still wet ... we cross on the ferry—in all that water!—but no one gets seasick ... we visit the spot where the famous Morrow Castle beached ... exciting ... more lovely homes, an' sweet sleep.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10

Several members meet Mr. Palmer's pet lamb, whose name happens to be Susie ... Paul sleeps overtime, or somepin—anyway, we wait half an hour for the bus ... we stop in Philly, where Bob and June buy booties for the twins ... they say they got them from Sears, Roebuck, satisfaction guaranteed ... but one of

them has the colic, and Grandma Hawn diagnoses the case ... suitcases begin to bulge from Philadelphia shopping ... we go on to Summit Presbyterian Church, which is not bad at all, in fact a lovely, lovely church, peepul ... and more ice cream ... Queen is late again—by the way, he looks pretty these days ... on to our dwellings.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11

Still somewhat dampish ... we leave Asbury Park, with much flourish ... and descend upon the Chestnut Street Opera House, in Philly, to broadcast as well as sing to a fair-sized audience ... concert O. K.—certain young lady folds up ... the climax of the tour comes when our much-honored "checker", prominent first tenor, slips up for the first time, and is late—yea, very much so ... but, you see, they went to the planetarium, and—yes, it was a large afternoon ... dinner at the Haddon Heights Baptist Church ... we sing to Mr. Palmer's congregation, and remove ourselves to our respective lodgings.

FRIDAY, APRIL 12

The longest stretch of the trip ahead ... Early rising ... groans ... and later, snores ... sessions of rook, singing, and everything else imaginable ... double quick lunchtime, whew! and we resume our journey, aided by a somewhat changed seating arrangement ... just as we get to the stage where the members growl at each other, we arrive in Altoona, with colors flying ... and are entertained at the "Y" Cafeteria, aided by scads of fan mail ... a most convenient railing for the second and third rows ... and all the fellows in the back row contemplate diving into the baptistry ... Gen misses an entrance and tries to go up where a certain second tenor is standing, whereupon the line again reverses ... we make tracks for homes

SATURDAY, APRIL 13

The great event of the choir trip ... we start out, plenty late, of course—and sail along very nicely until we get within 15 miles of the town of Butler ... when, bang! and part of the steering apparatus goes blooie ... and Sicard, Prof. Bain and Paul set sail for Butler to procure the missing part ... whereat we take the village by storm, majoring in hamburgs and such like ... the more ambitious scale the cliff—and walk the roads, and the less se stay in the bus and sleep ... look a bit like the exodus from the ark no less ... and the "wagon boys" stay back and keep the home fires burning ... you hadn't heard about the wagon?—oh, Marve and Rockie are the most prominent, witness their almost daily fan mail! ... After a four hours' wait, we set sail for Sharon with all possible speed ... and sing a concert, to the great derangement of two of our members ... Queen insists he fainted when he saw Dan'l Boone arriving on the scene. The order of the day—sleep.

SUNDAY, APRIL 14

Our destination is Akron—we presently arrive at the Perkins School ... Tony blossoms forth in all his glory, and the rest of the fellows take a back seat ... oh, does he look good in there ... hats off to you, Tony ... we eat in a dairy—yes, we said in a dairy ... and tear Tony away in order to reach Cleveland at 7:15 ... which we do, and sing to the Glenville Presby Church ... several members visit Mrs. Taylor who sponsors the Westminster Choir

MONDAY, APRIL 15

We journey out to Mrs. Taylor's home, and sing some numbers to her and the children of her charity hospital ... it snows as we travel along the lake to Erie ... bus becomes a menagerie, along with being the nursery—Bob and June are disappointed in the twins ... the

"wagon boys" are going strong, purchasing special suitcases for their fan mail ... we are entertained by the church, and sing our first paid concert.

TUESDAY, APRIL 16

"Come back to dear old Houghton" ... which we attempt to do. It is snowing vigorously when we pull into dear ol' Ho'ton ... most members are deep in slumber ... at 6:00 we leave for Alfred ... sing in the University Chapel ... Marvin nearly falls off the wagon ... Si makes no pretence whatsoever of being on it ... we have to slide down a hill to reach the bus ... Queen and Mar ion make an effective entrance, aided by Mr. Ferchen's remarks ... and so on home ... we bid good bye to Pauly, amid many tears ... all's well that ends well. But before we close we offer honorable mention to Messrs. Vogel and Hopkins, for the greatest variety of the tour ... we may also give mention to Mr. Gibbins and Mr. Saunders, for their steadfastness and constancy.

Sunday Services

March 31

The rendition of Samuel Wesley's *Lead Me, Lord* by the choir preceded the morning sermon. The Rev. Mr. Pitt took as his topic *An Apostolic Prescription*, basing it upon Paul's exhortation to the Colossian Church in Colossians 1:9-12. The Scripture lesson was read from Psalms 37: 1-11, and the message centered around the need of cooperation in Christian work.

Christ's desire is that the Church know themselves not only as Christian individuals but also as members of the Body with Christ as the Head. The Body should be subject to the Head so that the designs of the Head may find completion in the Body holy and without blemish. The Body as well as its members should be successfully triumphantly and gloriously Christian.

"We ... desire that ye might be filled with the knowledge of his will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding." When the church began, it had very little of this knowledge. The prescription for increase is by grace of God and by the Holy Ghost. "... being fruitful in very good work..." Some things come through working alone, but others come only through working together. Without the eye, or without the foot or without the hand, all parts of the body may be compelled to suffer.

The churches that are losing members are the ones that never get beyond the individualistic concept. The Pentecost spirit of cooperation is needed to give sufficient strength to endure the persecutions and difficulties that come. The body must function as a whole.

In the evening quarterly Y. M. W. B. service was held. From 6:45 7:00 missionary hymns were played by the organist, after which Ethel Doty opened the service. The Scripture, which was taken from Luke 7:19-22 was read first in English by Mrs. Stark and then in two African dialects by Mr. Stark and Mrs. Clarke. Special singing was furnished by the Junior choir.

The message was delivered by Mrs. Price Stark on the subject, "The Returns of our Investments in Africa." She gave enlightening examples of what is being accomplished on the African field, especially by the natives themselves, proving that the investments are not in vain.

As the last feature of the program a double male quartet sang "Jesus Saver", by Dr. H. S. Miller. Paul McIntire played a viola solo during the taking of the offering at the close of the service.

GLIMPSSES

Presenting: Mary Carnahan

Mary was born on March 20, 1912, in Philadelphia, Pa. She attended Nottingham High School in Syracuse, graduating in 1931. Since coming to Houghton, Mary has been particularly active in the field of Christian work, especially through music. She has been a member of the orchestra, A Cappella Choir, WYPS, Ministerial Association, Christian Workers, and Expression Club. For the past two years she has been active worker in the Extension Department of the WYPS. At present, she has charge of two church choirs at Rushford. Of Houghton she says:

"I do not know how to express what Houghton has meant and means to me. I surely praise God for having led me here, and for the many blessings I've received these years. I do not know the future, but I do know that He's guided me thus far, and through Houghton He has been preparing me for something I know not of." II Peter 3:18. Houghton has meant and means to me. I surely praise God for having led me here, and for the many blessings I've received these years. I do not know the future; but I do know that He's guided me thus far, and through Houghton He has been preparing me for something I know not of. II Peter 3:18.

Presenting: Robert Paul Titus.

Mr. Titus, otherwise known as "Tite", was a most difficult subject to approach for an interview. After much persistent questioning, he finally admitted that he was born in Westford, N. Y., on October 26, 1915, and that he graduated from Wyoming High School in 1931 coming to Houghton College next fall.

Upon being questioned as to his participation in extra-curricular activities, Mr. Titus became violent and only with the assistance of Mr. Houghton did we glean the facts that he has been a faithful stand-by of the baseball squad, that he "put the shot" in track meet, and that he belongs to the Pre-med and Social Science Clubs.

Mr. Titus speaks for himself:

AKRON PROF.

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loving hands. John, the Iowan farmer, was so wrapped up in thoughts of corn, hogs and land that he never took time to fence off a plot for his wife's flowers. When she died, he ordered a blanket of roses for the casket because he remembered she loved flowers. A hurried New Yorker took time to make elaborate though awkward preparation for his wife's return. A cleaned apartment, a can roses, only irritated the wife because of minor imperfections and the man remembered a business conference. The woman ate her first meal at home alone because of her lack of appreciation.

Dr. De Graff mentioned other examples of true consideration. Flowers for Mother are worth thinking about. "One could take Mother someplace, telephone her now and then, write home about that something dear to her heart at least often enough that she doesn't have to have the President of the College look you up."

Dr. DeGraff's conclusion was that appreciation is made up of little in significant acts all day long. With them we can add a blotch of color to an otherwise drab existence.

"No creature smarts so little as a fool."—Pope.

SOPH-SENIOR PARTY

On Wednesday evening, April 24, the Sophomore Class will entertain the Seniors in the recreation room of Gaoyadeo Hall. The Sophomores, trusting that their sister class will not consider their reticence rudeness, prefer not to disclose at present what will be the theme of the party. They promise, however, that the reasons for such secretive behavior will be satisfactorily evident to the Seniors not too far in the future.

HOUGHTON'S GIVING FOR MISSIONS

Statistics may be dull things but sometimes they are most enlightening. In the year 1930 Houghton gave to missions \$2130, in 1931 \$1722, in 1932 \$2082, in 1933 \$1593, in 1934 \$1294 and in 1935 \$884, according to the conference reports. Probably two hundred or two hundred fifty dollars might be added to the amount for the current year if moneys reported in general benevolences which really went to missions were added. However, probably most of this was not given to Wesleyan missions.

We can hardly realize the seriousness of fall in funds on the mission fields. It means curtailment everywhere, and such a curtailment as involves suffering and misunderstanding.

In view of the extra need we shall want to pay our Y. M. W. B. pledges made last May and June right away, and then we shall want to pledge again when the annual missionary day arrives that we may share with others the blessings we have.

HOME CONCERT

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contemporary and modern compositions. The intensity of emotion ranged from prayerful supplication of the Bach thru the simple faith of the *Boat Song* to the climax of praise to the "Thrice Holy" of the *Cherubim Song*. The rendition of *Come, Jesu, Come* was in itself an achievement over difficult counterpoint and tremendous range of voices.

This was the first formal appearance of the choir in the new church which was a very appropriate setting for such a service of sacred music.

From Literary Digest

No smoking, no drinking, no extreme jazz-music, no yelling, no dark corners, no "crowding"—these are the rule laid down by Agnes Snyder, Chairman of the Faculty Social Affairs Committee of New College, Columbia University, for the spring formal dance of the college. The boys and girls, it was said, did not behave so primly at last year's formal.

Literary Digest, April 1935

SPECIAL ELECTION

May 1, 1935

For Editor of "Star"

Lawrence Anderson

James Bedford

For Business Manager "Star"

Harold Boon

Marion Whitbeck

For Lecture Course Manager

Marvin Goldberg

Glenn Donelson