

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XXV

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., APRIL 14, 1933

NUMBER 21

## Famous Artist to Give Concert

The Houghton School of Music is proud to present Oscar Ziegler, noted pianist, in one of his delightful concerts on Wednesday evening, April 19, at 8:15 P.M. Those who attended Mr. Ziegler's recital a year ago can appreciate this event as perhaps the greatest of the school year. As an artist of the highest degree, Mr. Ziegler will be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed.

His program includes the last three Beethoven Sonatas, Op. 109, 110, and 111—probably the three greatest Sonatas in piano literature. At 4:00 p.m. on Wednesday Mr. Ziegler will give a lecture on this program. All who desire a more delightful knowledge of Beethoven's works are urged to attend.

A few facts concerning Oscar Ziegler:

Oscar Ziegler is a native of Switzerland. He studied with Bernhard Stavenhagen, one of the most outstanding disciples of Liszt, Waldemar Lutschig, Rudolph Ganz and Ferruccio Busoni.

His first important public appearance was at the age of fourteen, when he played a concerto for piano and orchestra by Reinecke in Berne, Switzerland. Soon afterwards he played as soloist in Geneva being chosen as the outstanding pianist of Stravenshagen's Virtuoso class.

At the age of eighteen Ziegler conducted in Geneva, appearing in this capacity in other Swiss cities. For several seasons he held the virtuoso class at the Conservatory of Music in Berne at the same time playing in numerous European cities with outstanding success.

Oscar Ziegler was the only pianist ever to be engaged by the famous Salzburg Festival Management who was ever given over a full evening of the Festival time for a piano recital. After playing in this manner at the world-famous festival the following year he was again invited to appear in a similar manner, but was unable to accept. The following year the invitation was repeated and again the pianist played being featured in a full evening recital. The Festival Management was so delighted with his second performance that they again invited him the following year, but Mr. Ziegler was unable to go to Europe for the performance.

Mr. Ziegler played the first performance given in America of Alban Berg's Concerto for piano, violin and wind instruments in the International Composer's Guild, New York, with Joseph Achron, violinist and the wind instruments of the Philadelphia Symphony. Being chosen for this extremely difficult performance is indicative of the high esteem with which Ziegler is regarded by his colleagues in the pianistic field.

Each year he plays a number of concerts in New York City as well as tours in concert for a few weeks throughout the country. He has appeared with practically all the big Symphonies in Germany and Switzerland.

Oscar Ziegler has chosen America as the main field of his activities and intends to make New York his permanent home. He has decided to become an American citizen.

## Houghton College Will Celebrate Tenth Anniversary

Faculty, Church, Alumni, Student Body Represented on Special Program

The University of the State of New York  
Absolute Charter of  
HOUGHTON COLLEGE

This instrument witnesseth That the Regents of the University of the State of New York

being satisfied that the required conditions have been met, have granted to Houghton College this absolute charter to replace its provisional charter, which was granted April 7, 1923, and continue the corporation with all its powers, privileges, and duties.

GRANTED June 30, 1927, by the Regents of the State of New York executed under their seal and recorded in their office. Number 3677.

FRANK L. GRAVES  
President of the University  
Commissioner of Education

On April 7, 1923 occurred one of the momentous events in the history of this institution. It was then the Houghton Seminary became officially Houghton College, for on that day the University of the State of New York through its constituted representatives, granted the provisional charter of Houghton College. On next Friday, April 21, at 10 o'clock will occur a suitable program to celebrate that event. We regret that it was impossible to hold the celebration on the exact anniversary, but that date occurred within the vacation season.

The program is built around the idea of Houghton's contribution to the world. The contribution of any institution depends upon the principles on which it was built, the incarnation of those principles in the minds of great men, and the continuing ideals. These will all be represented. The speakers for the occasion represent the faculty, the church, the alumni, and the student body. The Rev. Mr. Elliott, President of the Lockport Conference of the Wesleyan Church, who has a place on the program, is an alumnus, as is also President Luckey and Professor H. L. Fancher.

The program follows:

School songs  
Address, "Foundation Stones" by President Luckey  
Address, "For Whom Was Houghton Built?"—Rev. E. L. Elliott  
Special Music—College Quartette  
Address, "The First President"—Professor H. L. Fancher  
Address, "Houghton Students in a World of Need"—Mr. Barnard Howe  
Service of Prayer and Thanksgiving.

Mr. Howard Dietrich will be song leader for the occasion, and Miss Magdalene Murphy, pianist.

That which is unsaid can be said. That which is said can never be unsaid.

## What Was Happening Ten Years Ago

Since my memory is none of the longest, most of my recollection soon become fading shadows. But of certain events of a decade ago, this is not true. The pictures are still vivid, the sounds still audible.

A light fall of snow is not quite successful in its attempt to hide the plowed fields and stubble covered meadows. There is just enough to impede the progress of the pedestrian and it is just wet enough effectively to accomplish that purpose. But impediment is not a real barrier. A hundred and seventy-five pairs of feet tramp briskly over the four miles to Fillmore, singing and shouting as they go. I hear "When O'er Earth Thy Fame Has Risen", "Come Back to Dear Old Houghton", "If You're Looking for a Sem or College", and

Who's the man of the hour?  
Who's the man of the power?  
Who's the man we all admire?  
Luckey! Luckey! Luckey!

I listen again:  
Who will? Who will? Who will will?

Willett, Willett, Willett will.

When this exultant crowd reaches Fillmore, it parades up the main street and heads for the school house. "Rejoice with Us" is the import of its message. Soon it marches back down the street its numbers augmented by sympathizing high school students. Another parade around town and the inquiring inhabitants learn persistent efforts of its President has asked and received permission from the governing church board to apply to the University of the State of New York for admission as a chartered college.

The eleven o'clock train arrives, and the hundred and seventy-five crowd in. One ticket suffices for all. They are simply counted as they enter the train. Seats, aisles, plat-

(Continued on Page Two)

## Advisor to Taft Gives Lecture

Dr. Charles E. Barker, physical advisor to William Howard Taft when he was President, is one of the remarkable speakers Houghton has been privileged to hear.

His message, "How to Get the Most out of Life" was elementally simple. He believed with President Garfield that to get to the top and stay there one must have "a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart". He interested his audience in taking care of their bodies—persuading them they can be well if they wish to be. He revealed to them the disaster that attends slipshod methods in school and business. He stated his belief that the purpose of education should be "to train the mind and the will to do the work they have to do when that work ought to be done whether the individual wants to do it or not."

Dr. Barker believed that courage is the foundation of all virtues. He inspired his listener with the conviction that there is no finer courage than being able to say "no" to the daily temptations of life. There is no time for weakness, there is no time for fear. He gets the most out of life who faces it with a courage born of strength of character. This was a timely message these difficult days.

## "Heroine of Ava" to be Presented April 17

On Monday evening the Pageantry Class under the direction of Miss Rothermel will present the "Heroine of Ava" by Helen L. Wilcox. This Pageant presents scenes from the lives of Adoniram Judson and his wife, Ann Hasseltine Judson while they were missionaries in Burma in the early nineteenth century. The character of Ann Judson is shown to be an unusual combination of heroic strength and tender sweetness, finess of intellect and superb devotion. In her fight to aid her husband, who was constantly under the persecution of the native officials, she was armed only with her transparent honesty and charm and a determination to do God's will. A few of the incidents when she faced the officials are depicted in the pageant.

Ethel Doty will portray the title character of Ann Judson, while Loyal Wright is cast as the Governor of Ava. The governor's wife will be seen in the person of Harriet Pinkney, and Arthur Osgood will be Pagan Woon, a military official. Many other students have important roles in the production.

The Pageantry Class has been working industriously to produce the appropriate scenery and costuming. It is hoped that a large number will turn out to enjoy this event.

## CAMPUS BEAUTIFIED

During the spring vacation Prof. Douglas was the brain power and not a little bit of the man power of a group who did considerable planting about the Campus. Especially noticeable is the shrubbery about the New Music Hall. To replace the poplars in the front of the campus which are rapidly dying, they transplanted several large elms.

## Return From Annual Tour

The second annual Easter tour of the Houghton College Choir has now become a matter of history. The tour lasted eleven days, the longest tour any college organization has made for Houghton during the school year. During this time the Choir sang sixteen concerts in eleven different towns and cities to about 6,000 people, and travelled about 1310 miles, altogether quite a bit of work, and a mark for future Houghton Choirs to aim.

Despite such a strenuous program, the Choir bore up exceptionally well and did some excellent singing. Its rendition of the difficult program of representative church music which is its regular concert offering was in practically every concert received with enthusiasm by the audiences, many times the listeners demanding encores with their enthusiastic applause. The college representative, Mr. Lynford Sicard, travelled with the Choir and answered many questions concerning Houghton College, both as to its educational facilities and to its ideals.

While on tour the Choir was privileged in several unique instances, one of which is that they were the special guests of Dr. and Mrs. John Finley Williamson and the Westminster Choir School. This gave them the opportunity of seeing the Princeton University campus, and also of visiting the classes of Westminster Choir School. Another outstanding feature was the the Choir broadcast over three different stations while on tour, WQAO, New York City, WINS, New York City, and WSYR, Syracuse. An outstanding honor was conferred upon Houghton Choir when it was accorded the honor of singing a full concert in the Wanamaker Store auditorium in New York City, one of the five concerts that the store seasonally presents. From all standpoints the tour may be regarded as a success, and many who formerly knew little of Houghton College are now considerably enlightened.

Following is a composite of the diaries of several choir members for every day of the tour.

Friday, March 31. It's twelve o'clock when we cast off for Cortland and it's a-raining. Forty choir members vociferously yell good-bye to the loyal ones staying at home. The bus chugged along great, with Sicard far ahead, and Brother Gross' Chevy right after when the vacuum tank in the bus went blooey... Was it's los, Eddy? ... A little tinkering now and then. We arrive at Cortland, safe and a little weary. Entertained at home of Mrs. Bain's folks. Sang a pretty good concert, and then were parcelled out for the night. Not exceptionally exciting, but a taste of what is to come.

(Continued on Page Two)

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College.



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## Open Forum

Dear Editor,

It may seem rather late in the year to bring up the question of the honor system with regard to class cuts, but there is always a year ahead of the school. And with each new year Houghton is growing.

A college of low scholastic standing cannot afford to allow its students unlimited class cuts, as can the higher universities. But when a school has been accredited by the University of the State of New York, a time has come when she ought to be able to offer to her honor students at least, the privilege of taking class cuts.

To do so would be to offer to the students an incentive for scholastic achievement. Such incentive is lacking in the school here. There are no scholarships, and very little emphasis is laid upon the attainment of high marks—which, we are told over and over again in chapel—is the real end and purpose of our being here.

Is there anything the student body could do about working toward this end? It is a problem at least of general interest to the student body, and could be taken up by the Student Council. In any case, it will come eventually, as the school grows. Is not Houghton ready for it now?

P. Q.

### CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the Faculty and student body of Houghton College for their kind expressions of sympathy during my recent bereavement.

Chester A. Driver

### Tenth Anniversary

(Continued from Page One)

forms, steps—every available space is occupied.

The train stops and on the shoulders of two loyal students, the President is carried in triumph from the train. He rides to the college building in a cutter drawn by those who will be the first beneficiaries of the new charter—the class of '25. He is carried triumphantly into the chapel. Around me is reverent silence. The President is kneeling in humble gratitude to the One who has answered prayer.

### BOOST FOR CHARTER

#### Old Students Meet At Houghton

Houghton, New York, Dec. 9, 1920 10:30 a.m.—Old students and present student body of Houghton decree that the college charter shall be ours March 1, 1924.

Student association organized; objective, \$25,000.

Mr. Leonard Houghton starts old student fund with \$3,125, leaving only \$21,375 for us.

Houghton Student Body and old students assembled here capture \$6,017 of the remainder, reducing the problem to \$15,858.

School spirit and enthusiasm run high as new epoch opens for our alma mater.

Special to Houghton Star, Houghton, New York 10:30 a.m. Dec. 9, 1920.

Pres. J. S. Luckey who has and is giving the best of his life for a Houghton College charter is unceasingly planning and praying for success in his life mission. His prayers are being answered and his plans are being used of God for achieving the great task, the completion of which means so much to every one of us.

At 1:45 p.m., Dec. 7, 1920, the

following men met at the call of our Pres. Luckey for a council of war for the purpose of launching a great offensive upon the last line of trenches between us and a New York State College charter: Stanley W. Wright, H. H. Hester, George Beverly Schultz, Walter F. Lewis, Arthur Northrup, Chas. A. Sicard, J. S. Willett, Gerritt Visser, W.L. and H. L. Fancher, and George H. Clark. Revs. Lewis, Hester, and Clark led the assembly in prayer for the blessing of God upon the success of the task confronting them. Temporary organization was then made, Chas. A. Sicard being elected president and George B. Schultz secretary. Pres. J. S. Luckey then set forth the specific needs for such an organization. "In the hour of need when our school must have hearty support," he said, "to whom are we to look for sympathetic and loyal aid if not the old students of Houghton?" He said he believed there were in Houghton territory over 1000 old students who could be reached and found to be 100 percent loyal.

### College Choir

(Continued from Page One)

Saturday, April 1. We leave at 7:30 A.M., practically the middle of the night if you ask me. Sopranos, check. Altos, check. Tenors, check. Baritone—where's Anderson? Anybody seen Anderson? He's getting into late habits early. Rain again. On our way to Croton now. At Liberty, N.Y. we stop for lunch, one-half hour allowed, and when the bus blew its clarion (I like that word) note, who should we see rushing up the street but Mrs. Bain and Mrs. Arlin rushing up the street carrying egg sandwiches in their hands, murmuring invectives about slow waiters and swearing vengeance, which they ought to know is wrong. Anyway our audience at Croton was very appreciative and we enjoyed singing. Like Tommy Tucker we sang for our supper. That's the place we tore out the front of the church—to put the risers up. My, my, my what swell joints we stayed at in Croton. Evidently Brother York is getting kneak in the wees, having the chauffeur carrying his suitcase.

Sunday, April 2. Nize morning thees morning, chillun, and a werry ride down to NYawk. (We've only been in this country three years, about as long as Mable Farwell). Can you take it, Mable? We get lost in Brooklyn, only to have a cop tell us that the church Prospect Place German M. E. was just around the corner. Prof. Sicard followed the bus closely leaving for the N. B. I., too closely, as a member of Brooklyn's finest gently reminded him, and asked who was running this corner anyway. Mr. Sicard reluctantly admitted that the cop was, and left "with pleasure". At National Bible Institute we were assigned to our rooms and most of us rested in preparation for the evening's concert. Our first automat lunch—more fun. Keith Burr had a very narrow escape when a drunken driver mistook the sidewalk for the street—this is New York! At 7:30 p.m. we met our good friend Dr. Houghton, who welcomed us cordially to his church. We sang to 1200 people this evening, the service being broadcast over W Q A O.

Monday, April 3. This was the morning when we were yanked out of our beds by Prof. Bain's stern

## Hear - Last Call

Every spring about the time of spring fever, flies, and other forms of pestilence appear the solicitors for BOULDER subscriptions. Attention is drawn to the long-looked-for publication by posters, chapel announcements, and STAR write-ups, and everyone becomes BOULDER-conscious.

Every college of any size and importance yearly puts forth some of student review of the year's campus life. Such books are always hailed with a great deal of enthusiasm and interest, for they usually represent the most glamorous side of student activities. A great many colleges this year have had to forgo the fun of putting out such a publication because of hard financial straits, and have entirely given up the idea of a 1933 Annual.

Houghton, however, is sticking it through. Depression or no Depression! The students have been willing to make a real effort to add a 1933 volume to Houghton's splendid set of year-books. Every staff from year to year has had its disappointments and hard knocks, and that this year's has had an extra hard-boiled bunch of business-men to deal with goes without saying. There has had to be considerable of a sacrifice of fond dreams in the final preparation of the book for the press—but nevertheless everyone is awaiting with enthusiasm the advent of the book, knowing that its authors have tried to produce a book worthy of its name to be delivered to the student body as a memory of this college year.

The student body as a whole is responding with real spirit to the call for subscriptions and if it were not for this interest and enthusiasm, the 1933 BOULDER could not be. However, as a last call a "wind-up" subscription drive will open Monday, April 17. If you haven't subscribed yet—do it right away.

Merchant: What's wrong with the delivery car? It squeaks so.

Boy: Can't be helped, sir. There is pig iron in the axles.

voice over the telephone. "The bus leaves at 7:30." Just like that, boys and girls. Anyhow, we went to Princeton that day, and watched other students in classes. The usual screeching of feminine voices on the bus. When these women get to talking even Gabriel would have a tough job trying to make his horn heard. Listened to Westminster Choir practice, and noticed that they had a tenor section. Anderson had to chase the bus in order not to be left behind. Quoting Prof. Bain, he seems to "have a remarkable faculty for coming late." Yes, yes. Rolled into Jersey City about four o'clock, going to the Wesleyan church there, and did they entertain us royally! Incidentally, every one of the choir can tell you and you and you that the Wesleyan churches on the trip treated us splendidly—rarely did we meet with such hospitality as we did in these places. We met the rest of the Shea family—and liked them. The evening concert was sung at the Norwegian Free

(Continued on Page Four)

## Literary Column

[Note: A few weeks ago, Professor R. W. Hazlett of Long Island University contributed an article on American Literature, which he had delivered over "WNYC", the Municipal Broadcasting Station of the City of New York, as part of a "Survey of Knowledge" course sponsored by the University. Faculty members there are now contributing a daily column of questions and answers in the New York Journal. The present article, also by Professor Hazlett, is printed as an example of the combined educational and publicity work that even a small college like Houghton can profitably engage in.]

1. What is decadency in art, and who are the representatives of this tendency in American Literature?

With Poe, America supposedly welcomed or witnessed the first of the decadents—that coterie of esthetes, sophisticates, and cosmopolites, who in ethics are clever caustics and in esthetics brilliant technicians, valuing form above content, and style more than thought. Continental in origin, amoral rather than immoral in personal practice, this school of art combines something of Hellenic paganism, Slav fatalism, and Gallic hedonism. In spirit, it is closely akin to the Elizabethan lyricists, the Restoration playwrights, and the Romantic poets. Among the Victorians, Pater, Stevenson, and Wilde exhibit similar symptoms.

In spite of many contradictions, Walt Whitman furthered this decadent tradition of Poe, being followed by such men as Sidney Lanier, Lafcadio Hearn, and Henry James. By contrast, figures like Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes, who belong to the so-called Brahmin caste of New England, are essentially conservative and aristocratic, although historically none the less vital and distinctive as creative forces.

The present-day descendants of the decadents are legionary among the self-styled cognoscenti, intelligentsia, and literati, for whom the unconventional has become the conventional. Temperamentally they seem to be a composite of Freudian and Shavian complexes. Technically they have reached an amazing degree of perfection. Writing of all types has developed its mechanics to new high levels. Thus today any poetaster feels that a mere ode or sonnet is beneath his powers; he must experiment with allegedly new forms like imagism and polyphonic prose which correspond roughly; to cubism and futurism in painting. Thus any playwright who with the co-operation of Tin Pan Alley has a Broadway success to his credit, considers with some justification that he is just as good as Shakespeare—for after all, isn't the highly touted Bard of Avon dead and unable to enjoy his box office receipts, such as they were?

So too, second and third rate writers of fiction know more today about the skillful construction of the novel than Cooper ever dreamed of. Yet the present is the era of the pot boiler and the best seller. Gone is the vogue of Laura Jean Libbey and her sisterhood, but in their place are the votaries of the brotherhood of Har-

(Continued on Page Three)



# Serious Thoughts

## FROM MY GREEK NEW TESTAMENT

"And the Word (Logos) was with (pros) God". With or pros literally means face to face, eye to eye. The logos was "in equal fellowship and nature" hence it logically follows "the Word (Logos) was God". Paul desired "to be at home with" (pros) the Lord or "eye to eye with Him."

## THE HEBREW SAYS—

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers the moon, and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man (*enosh* from *anash*—to be frail, feeble, sickly, hence mortal man, sin-stricken man), that your mind is full of him and the son of man (Adam, corresponding to *anthropos* in New Testament, man in the generic sense—mankind), that thou visitest him."

## WHAT STUDENTS ARE DOING

When students of the Union Christian College Pyengyang, Korea were holding revival meetings, a demon-possessed man followed them from village to village. Having spent many nights in prayer, they felt led to call to him, about three o'clock in the morning, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth we command you to leave this man." The man was immediately and fully restored and as a result a church of eight hundred is now worshipping in that city.

The students of this college are preparing for witness bearing throughout Korea and Manchuria. See *Missionary Review of the World*, April, p. 212.

## ONWARD

"We are living, we are dwelling,  
In a grand and awful time,  
In an age of ages telling  
To be living is sublime.  
Hark! the waking up of nations,  
Gog and Magog to the fray,  
Hark! what soundeth is creation  
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play then, will ye dally  
With your music and your wine?  
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!"

## WHAT OTHERS SAY

"The day of witnessing is fast ending, and the night is hastening on."  
—Rev. David L. Cooper of Los Angeles.

"You may not have more than a moment to drop the seed that may be the means of saving a soul, but in that moment 'it is required of a man that he be found faithful.'" —*The Moment Ministry*.

When in 1931 the President of China, Chiang Kai-shek accepted Christ as his saviour, he said, "I feel the need of a saviour such as Jesus Christ."

He loses least in quarrel who holds his tongue.

## NO USE?

"One sometimes feel that it is so near the end of the age there is no use trying to do anything." This statement, made in the recent W. Y. P. S. convention, evokes the question: Just what do you want to do? What is your goal? To re-make society into one of brotherliness, common assistance, unselfish love, altruistic motives? To do away with war, armaments, national and private hatreds, vice, crime, drunkenness, breeding places of evil, everything abominable and ugly? Are you expecting the time when

"... the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe. And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law?"

Please observe your dilemma. If you belong to the crowd who think these things possible, do you not believe that the end of the age is near, for that crowd demands thousands of years yet to make its vision a reality—to fit the world for its returning Master so that He can

"... reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run." And just now, witnessing as it is the spectacle of the world's becoming pagan considerably faster than it is becoming Christian, no wonder it experiences the no-use-trying spirit.

If you do believe the end of the age is near, you are not expending your life energies in trying to make a perfect society out of imperfect men. Your effort is to save the men. And that can be done. Andrew brought Simon Peter to Jesus, and someone brought you, if you have come. That it is the church's business to save society is one philosophy; that its God-given task is to save the men who make up society another, the very one Christ gave His disciples: preach the gospel to the whole creation, make disciples of all nations, go and bring forth fruit. During this age, according to Acts 15, God is visiting the nations to take out of them a people for His name. Not our work but God's it is. Setting up the kingdom is the business of the king. He shall reign "from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth." "Righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover he sea," but that will be only when Christ has passed judgment on this world order and destroyed it.

Our business now is simply to witness, to keep men from plunging into the darkness of this world's philosophy which is part and parcel of that outer darkness of bitterness and misery. And so much the more must we witness as we see the day approaching. Such as are not in darkness that that day should overtake them as a thief must show the light to those upon whom otherwise sudden destruction shall fall as travail upon a woman with child and they shall not escape.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days saith the Lord I shall pour out of my spirit upon all flesh and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy and your old men shall dream dreams and your young men

shall see visions, and they shall prophesy." Apparently God doesn't intend to suspend operations when the darkness thickens. Why should we?

## PRAY FOR

Rabbis and Jewish professional men and students who have recently received copies of "A Challenge To Every Jew", that they may be persuaded that Jesus is the Messiah.

The two thousand dollars needed to purchase land so that Indians dispossessed of homes upon becoming Christians will have a place to live.

Summer opportunities for Christian work.

## Literary Column

(Continued from Page Two)

old Bell Wright. Men with potential ability like Robert Chambers and Rupert Hughes are willing to give a quit claim to posterity for present popularity. A few like Willa Cather resist the debasing influence of the times. How far the novel has deteriorated may be seen when one compares *The Scarlet Letter* with *An American Tragedy*.

2. *Is there any relation between decadency and democracy in literature?*

When mere form is substituted for vitalized thinking and technical brilliance is emphasized more than genuine human emotions in any art, very evidently that art is in serious danger of deterioration if not dissolution. Thus when Paganini exhausted the pyrotechnics of the violin, he made it inevitable that no fiddler would be satisfied until he could saw his way through the *Twenty-Fourth Caprice*. Yet here, the result was salutary, for the true virtuoso was thereby stimulated to greater heights of expression and interpretation.

In America, however, the idea that every man's opinion on any subject is equally valid, with its consequent insidious lowering of objective standards, has resulted in making a nation of critics rather than creative artists. In fact, the critic is ubiquitous. Critical clinics flourish everywhere. Nothing is sacred; nobody is exempt.

3. *What are some of the indications of decadency in contemporary American literature?*

No doubt modern readers—if there are any as distinguished from critics—should be thankful for changing tastes and styles in literature, which caused, for instance, stilted model letter writers to go out of fashion along with hoop skirts and Godey's *Lady's Book*. Formerly almost every educated person from school girls to doctors of divinity kept diaries, a few of which like those of Judge Sewall and the irresistible Sally Wister have become famous. But today with the general increase in literacy, almost every other man from pugilist to politician is afflicted by the idea that he must write his memoirs or indite an autobiography. Out of the rack, perhaps two or three will bear comparison with Franklin's.

Biography too has changed—for the better, we may hope a trifle pessimistically. The disciples of Strachey are diabolically clever in the art of psychoanalysis (also pseudo-analysis) and in the subtle adulteration of information with innuendos so that the blase reader becomes just a bit

suspicious of even such a copiously documented work as Mr. Claude Bower's admirable *Jefferson and Hamilton*. In the hands of writers like Gamelial Bradford, biography may become highly stimulating; but in the hands of lesser geniuses and imitators, it is more than likely to degenerate into a "debunking" orgy that has its origin in an itch for cheap notoriety and for a recognition of a non-existent equality.

American humor which once bore the stamp of an indigenous product has now become purely adventitious. Somehow it has lost its hearty tang; its crude but invigorating gusto has evaporated. The sane wit of Franklin has been supplanted by the syndicated witticisms of columnists and the synthetic wisecracks of vaudeville stars. For the poignant intuitional flashes of Artemus Ward, we have only the solemn waggery of a Will Rogers, or the moronic monotony of a Ring Lardner. And who, we may inquire a bit hopelessly, is qualified to wear the cap and bells of Mark Twain? Only too obviously our Comic Muse has changed her mask from a guffaw to a leer.

From the asexuality of Poe and even Whitman, sex has become a universal literary formula. Such a novel as *The 48th Parallel* by John Dos Passos, who is frequently cited as one of the most brilliant of the younger school, illustrates the flagrant asymmetry of contemporary fiction. Ernest Hemingway is none the less outspoken, but in a novel like *A Farewell to Arms*, he shows that he has developed a vastly superior taste along with his technique. On the whole, one of the first lessons that the modern generation of writers seem most in need of learning is that technical perfection will not make profanity and pornography palatable. Too often they seem to succeed in merely being risqué when they aim at being realistic.

4. *How can higher education neutralize the leveling tendency of democracy, and ameliorate the deleterious effects of decadency upon our national literature?*

Good writing and good reading are reciprocal functions. Unquestionably every man has at least one good book in him—if he has the patience and the persistence to produce it. Incidentally the most prolific writers often obviously need a lifetime for the maturity of their real masterpiece. An average of only ten words a day for ten years is more than a sufficient output to guarantee a posthumous literary reputation. Yet it would indeed be calamitous, if with our national penchant for slogans, widespread currency should attend the motto, "A sentence a day makes authorship pay." A maxim of greater patness could be "More good readers and fewer poor writers," or "More authentic authors and more authoritative auditors."

Every high school and college student should be encouraged to write as a vital form of self-expression. There is a need for more good teachers as well as authors who can stimulate intellectual curiosity and intrigue the imagination beyond the mediocre and the meretricious, and inculcate critical criteria and induce an intelligent appreciation that distinguishes between the ephemeral and

the eternal. Both teachers and students should possess a combination of Carlylean sincerity which involves mental as well as moral responsibility and of Emersonian self-reliance that is a product of the inner soul and no superficial individualism.

Certainly the ambitious college graduate will resolve to add to his social and professional prestige by contributing frequently to trade journals and technical magazines in his field. But if he aspires to creative work, he must realize that Literature is a most jealous and exacting mistress who demands his best and his all. He will shun dilettantism, for therein lie the seeds of decay. Decadency which starts with an abundance of technique and a dearth of ideas on the part of the few, completes its own vicious circle in a democracy by ending in a stagnation of art and a death of ideas on the part of the many—unless new vitalizing forces can be invoked. Indications are not lacking that the present economic and spiritual crises are supplying such regenerative forces that will result in real educational efficiency and a true literary renaissance.

## A Freshman Theme GUESS WHO?

One bright Sunday afternoon a neighbor boy and I planned to take a long bicycle ride. We were to start immediately after dinner and to save time, we both ate dinner at my house. At the time we had set to go, he was settled by the radio reading a magazine.

"Come on," I said, "let's go."  
"Just a second," he replied, "just as soon as this program is through." Knowing that the program was nearly over, I picked up another magazine and waited. The program finished I jumped up. "Come on," I said throwing the magazine in the general direction of the table. I received no answer. He was deep in a story.

"Hew," I roared in his ears, "are you coming with me?"  
"Just a minute, just a minute," he replied waving me away. "I'm right in the middle of a story. We've got lots of time. We can ride up to—in no time."

I groaned and picked up my magazine again.

About a half-hour later he threw aside the magazine and jumped up. "All ready?" he said. "Let's go."

We hurried out and were just starting when he suddenly stopped and exclaimed: "Just a minute, I've forgotten my hat."

"Hurry up!" I ordered impatiently, but as several minutes elapsed and he had not returned, I decided to go after him. At that instant, however, he appeared in the door and asked, "Where did I put my hat? I can't find it anywhere."

"I don't know a thing about your hat," I replied. "You don't need a hat anyway, it's not cold."

"Oh, just a minute," he said thoughtfully. "I just happened to think that I didn't wear a hat."

"Get on that bicycle," I growled, "and let's go."

Things whispered into one ear may be heard throughout the town.

## College Choir

(Continued from Page Two)

Church of Jersey City, with a fine audience to sing to. We were shaken all over the city for the night.

Tuesday, April 4. Left J. C. this morning at 9 o'clock after having breakfast at the Wesleyan church. Went to New York via the 23rd st. ferry. Tony nearly got left on the boat; boats have fascination for little boys. New York traffic! How we love it! Raining, misty, slippery streets—what a time the drivers of the two cars had. Eventually we all collected at Wanamaker's Store, and then went out for lunch at the automat. Alton Shea bought a turtle for twenty cents—we thought it was for turtle soup but he intends to keep it as a mascot. It's name is Charley. Call it by its name and watch it wiggle its little toes in delight. Choir members did some shopping around the store. A fairly good concert in the store auditorium. (we're modest at times.) After this drove out to Lynbrook, L. I. for the evening concert in the St. James M. E. church there. Quartered for the night at Lynbrook.

Wednesday April 5. We drove back to New York early in the morning and had the morning and afternoon free; after all this is the land of the free. Never saw so many subways in my life. The tenors were singing "Subway Pilato" instead of "Sub Pontio Pilato" in the evening. Impressions are easily made on the brains of the tenors—you understand why. (You'll probably understand this, but the tenors won't.) One group visited the aquarium, seeing a lot of things

there that reminded me of people I know. We went over to Staten Island, and saw a big building with a sign "United States of America". Steve was glad to know where he was. Hess stubbed his toe on a hole in the sidewalk—that boy would stumble over a common pin on the grass. Dick Farwell wore his beret over on the ferry, accenting that Parisian atmosphere about him, so becoming to his Roman nose. Osgood got lost in the aquarium, guess the keepers got their hold of him. Hope they didn't put him in with the groupers—they're such a grouchy looking fish. Did they getcha, pal? York had a time along the trip keeping up his log—he should have fallen off of it. A thousand years from now when they dig up the ruins of Houghton we suppose it will survive as great literature. Fame comes to the meek and lowly.

Hess went broke in Wanamaker's. Willard Smith gave the girls a break by taking them out to lunch. Mable Farwell and Lucymae got lost in the men's department at Wanamaker's—seeking their natural environment, I suppose. Gussie lost Alton Shea today—he eluded her after a long chase. In the afternoon we heard the Westminster Choir sing "Grant Unto Me" during their radio broadcast over NBC which we witnessed. Their tenors started on time. The choir members fought for invitations to go to Kartevold's for supper. A very fine time was enjoyed by all who went, with a fine dinner. Some of us had our last Automat luncheon—we cried in the soup. In the evening we

sang at the Brooklyn Trinity Lutheran Church, 4th Ave. and 46th St. to a fine spiritual audience.

Thursday, April 6. A long journey today to the Glens Falls, N. Y. Wesleyan Church. Hess is looking forward with anticipation to the points along the route. The only reason that the boy hasn't a girl in every port is because he hasn't been to every port. Jean Trout was chauffeur for the Gross car—and nearly had convulsions because Gracia in the back seat discoursed about her three husbands, especially the second, who was so accomodating that he died just in time for his funeral, a little courtesy greatly appreciated by Gracia because there would have been no funeral without him. In Poughkeepsie Gracia bought a hat—you must wear it sometime, but they'll probably nab you for the army when you do. Howdo, Gracie. Glens Falls, N.Y. Supper at the parsonage, a fine reception given to us by the pastor and his wife. A lovely time, people, lovely, lovely, lovely, lovely. Howdo Mr. Bain.

Friday April 7. Another rainy day today, so our trip to Syracuse was none too enjoyable. Well, things happen like that. Arrived in Syracuse about three o'clock and scattered about time to find our daily bread. We were on the air at four o'clock to four thirty P.M. over station W S Y R, Syracuse. The riser committee had to hustle and bustle to get the risers up there on time, but when four bells struck we were ready. Mr. Bain was gush announcer, pardon me,

guest announcer. At the end of the program, the bus took us to a marvy supper in the basement of the Wesleyan church, given by the ladies of the church. At this time Mr. Willett welcomed us by a little speech, to which Prof. responded. The most enthusiastic audience of the tour greeted us for the evening concert, and we had to give several encores. Nice homes for the night and we all grabbed plenty hours of shut-eye.

Saturday, April 8. Rain today. Everybody all set for Endicott, N.Y., the bus leaving at 10 P.M. Where's Anderson? Three of our Alto section also overslept. Incidentally poor Robbie and Osgood haven't found their suitcase yet—Jersey City was the last place we saw it. Nothing unusual happened until we got to Binghamton, where the bus rested a couple hours while the kids rammed around the five and tens of the village. They kept to the five and tens because by now they were down to nickles and dimes. Went to Endicott about five o'clock and were fed and watered by the ladies there. Dick Graham, '32, was present and much credit was due him for the splendid entertainment and reception we received there. Sung a good concert at night, and so to bed.

Sunday, April 9. Palm Sunday, and a bee-yoo-tiful day. Attended church at the Endicott Central M.E. and sang three numbers, also having charge of the Sunday School. Seldom have we heard a more inspirational message than we did at the morning service. Had dinner at the

church, we scrambled aboard the bus and left for Elmira, N.Y., arriving there at about four o'clock. Here we separated, some of the boys putting up at the Y.M.C.A. (You may call again) and the rest of us at the Park Hotel. Concert at the Park Church at 8 o'clock before a large audience. Poor Philip was quite handicapped, having to use the extra choir robe, and being considerably engulfed in same. He lost his somewhere along the route, and the one he wore fitted him like a tent around a hydrant. At the Y.M.C.A. Papa Sicard came around and checked on his boys to see that they were all in bed. John Farwell was missing.

Monday, April 11. The last day of the tour. We leave Elmira about 10 in the morning after singing a program at Southside High School, Elmira. The Madrigal singers made their only appearance on the trip on this program. Reached Olean in the P.M. and stayed around the city until supper, which was served at the church. We had scalloped potatoes—a rare treat. At a brief rehearsal after supper Mrs. Bain interrupted the whole proceedings to make Mr. Bain take a pill. He did, like a good little boy. Did you know that on the Elmira program our director was listed as Dr. Bain? Yeah. And on the Wanamaker program in NYork they had it as Mr. Winifred Bain. You pays your money and you takes your choice. Well, to presume, we sang our concert in Olean First M. E. Church, and from thence came to Houghton about 11:30 P.M., and that is the story of the historic Houghton Choir tour, pure and extremely simple.



THE HOUGHTON COLLEGE A CAPPELLA CHOIR '33