

# HOUGHTON STAR

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HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, NEW YORK

JANUARY 10, 1946

## Play Emphasizes Needs of Europe

A student chapel program planned for Friday morning, January 11, will climax Houghton's "Clothing for Europeans" drive which will end that day.

A play will be presented under the supervision of Professor Donald Butterworth, the script of which was written by Paul Sprowl, Dorine Olmsted, and Merrill Jackson. The cast will include Dorine Olmsted, Margaret Roy, Barbara Robinson, Marian Hagen, Merrill Jackson, Donald Lugtig, Robert Wollcott, and Paul Sprowl. Robert Procter has arranged and scored music for the program, and the orchestra to perform will be under his direction.

Committees under the direction of Merrill Jackson have been working throughout the drive, which opened before the Christmas holidays, and many contributions have been received in the arcade. These clothes will be sorted and packed Saturday and mailed to an accredited agency, the National Association of Evangelicals War Relief Commission, with headquarters in New York City. Students acting on the local committee included Herbert Dongell, Ruthe Meade, Doris Potter and Margaret Erb. Several representatives from the various girls' dorms assisted in canvassing their respective houses.

In chapel Friday morning a collection will be received from the faculty and student body, and those desiring to aid in this way should be prepared to do so. If any of the campus clubs or organizations would care to contribute to this cause, they should contact one of the committee members immediately.

Mr. Jackson read a report of European conditions in the dining hall Monday night to make Houghtonians more conscious of the need.

## A Cappella Choir Presents Three Concerts on Sunday

The Houghton College A Cappella Choir, under the direction of Professor Donald Butterworth, will make its first public appearance for this season Sunday, January 13. Three concerts will be given during the day, at 11:00 a. m. in the Community Church in Castile, at 4:30 p. m. in the Methodist Church in Silver Springs, and at 7:30 p. m. in the United Church in Warsaw.

After a lapse of three years, during which the "would-be" male section of the choir has served with the armed forces of our country, the college again presents a mixed choir of forty-four voices singing an all-English program.

The program will open with a group of Bach chorales, including, "Come, Dearest Lord," "O Sacred Head, Now Wounded," and "Sleepers, Wake." In the second group are six songs from *The Peaceable Kingdom*, a cantata arranged for a cappella choir by Randall Thompson. These are: "Say ye to the Righteous," "Woe unto them

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## MISS TANNER IN CLINIC

Miss Lou Tanner, former missionary to Africa and house-mother on the hill, has been confined to the State Clinic in Buffalo since before Christmas. For friends wishing to write, her address is: State Clinic, 663 North Oak Street, Room 446, Buffalo, New York.

"Aunt Lou," as she is fondly called by many Houghtonians, was one of the first Wesleyan Methodist missionaries sent to Africa. There she not only did regular mission work, but also acted as nurse, caring for other missionaries who contracted yellow fever.

## R. Bowerman Dies

The Rev. Ronald M. Bowerman, 26, pastor of the Honeoye Falls Methodist Church, died in Madsen Hospital, Honeoye Falls, New York, on December 26. Death was caused by injuries received Christmas day when he was struck by an automobile while putting ashes under the rear wheels of his car near Lima. Accompanied by his wife, Jane Cummings Bowerman, and daughter Sharan, he was enroute to the home of his parents at Victor, New York.

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## Negro Student Discusses Race Relations In I R C; Quotes Ben Kuroki, Japanese

"Let us make sure that we do nothing to hinder the cause of the Negro," said Jean Christenson, president of the International Relations Club, as she closed the monthly meeting Monday evening, January 7.

Mary Conley, junior, spoke on the subject selected for the evening, "Race Relations." "There are those who believe that the status of the Negro in the South is good for him because it keeps him 'humble,' another way of stating the old 'in his place' idea, she said in part. She listed some of the effects of the discrimination by law which prevails in the South. Outstanding among these are separate waiting and rest rooms of which the ones for colored are always inferior and ill-kept, the separate railway coaches for Negroes which are often inadequate and uncomfortable, the drinking fountains in public places labeled "colored," "white," the practice of forcing Negroes to sit in the rear of public vehicles. "Always separate; the law says we must be separate, so separate we must be!" said Mary.

An education major, Miss Conley has a special interest in this phase of the situation. "If, as many say, they entertain no hostile feeling toward our race, but simply believe that the two races should be separate, why is it that equal opportunities are not offered to both?" She told the members that instead, the appropriations for Negro schools are always very small in comparison to those

## Seniors Lead in Soliciting Funds For New Dormitory

Dr. Paine called for a report on student success in soliciting funds for the new girls' dormitory in chapel Wednesday morning. After repeating Philipians 4:19, the verse with which he began the drive before vacation, he asked for reports from each class. Altogether, the college classes and the high school accounted for over \$2,727 in cash and pledges.

The Seniors lead the school with \$17.65 as the average per capita contribution, or \$812 for the class.

Second come the Sophomores, with an average donation of \$6.30, totalling \$599. The Junior total was \$280, or \$4.37 per capita.

The Freshmen brought in \$915, making the average for each member \$3.90. The 193 Preparatory students solicited \$131.

The class contest will be extended for two more weeks. Representatives of the different teams in order of seniority are: Jean Christenson, Marcia Forsythe, Eleanor Klekot, Jim White, and Ralph Knotts.

Dr. Paine congratulated the students on their work, but reminded them that it will take at least \$80,000 to complete the building.

## Professor Shea Returns to Take Over Old Duties



J. WHITNEY SHEA

Captain J. Whitney Shea, former member of the Houghton faculty, will return for second semester to resume his duties in the History department. Captain Shea taught Economics and Sociology from 1934 to 1942 with the exception of two years from 1936 to 1938.

The subjects he will teach include General Sociology, Rural Sociology, Family, and Political Economics.

He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from Houghton College and his Master of Arts from Columbia University. He began his work towards his doctorate at Cornell University. In the fall of 1942, Professor Shea enlisted in the army; he received his commission as second lieutenant and rapidly advanced to his present status as captain. Captain Shea served in the Department of Army Intelligence in connection with the Air Corps. Therefore, his work was necessarily secret. However, in his chapel talk last year, he told the students of writing a book but could reveal nothing of the contents.

Captain Shea is at present stationed at Langley Field, Virginia. He will be sent to Mitchell Field and discharged from the service by January 19.

## Builders of Deer Hall Make Rapid Progress

The outside structure of the building for servicemen beyond Tucker Hill is now finished, including the doors and windows, and a temporary heating system has been installed for the comfort of the workers. The electricians are working now, and the plumbers expect to begin next week. The partitions for one side of the hall are done, and the floor is almost entirely laid. Mr. Gilliland and Prof. Smith would welcome aid from any of the men able to work for odd hours. Ten men started work on the building the day before Thanksgiving and dug the basement in two

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# HOUGHTON STAR

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## My Brother's Keeper

Two American soldiers leave the dingy little *vino* shop and saunter down Naples' principal avenue, *Via Roma*. They have been drinking all afternoon, but the watered vermouth is so weak they're not really drunk—only a little boisterous. As they walk along, ragged urchins accost them with, "Hey, Joe, cigarette?" or, "Wanta eat, Joe?" But the two men laugh and go on.

The warm Italian sun is sinking rapidly now. It grows cooler, and the unlighted streets are dismal and dreary, for, although the streets are crowded, the people move slowly, with quiet voices and empty faces. The dirty little urchins are more numerous now and their salutation has become, "Hey, Joe, signorina?" The two men laugh again and stop to talk to one of them.

"Quanto costa, kid?"

"Two bucks, Joe."

"Okay, lead the way and we'll take a look."

The soldiers, no longer laughing, follow the lad as he darts into the nearby dark alley and through several back streets. The boy raps at a door and the light inside is extinguished. The door is opened only a crack at first, then wider. Inside, when the lamp is relighted, the Americans see two teen-age girls sitting quietly beside the bare table. The mother goes over to the bed, and, picking up the sleeping baby, goes out, taking with her two other small children. The two girls look at the men a little wearily, and put out a hand for their money.

"How horrible," you say! "Those Italians must be terrible people! I'd rather die than to do that. What kind of a mother is it that permits her daughters to sell themselves that way?"

But it's not that simple. Those girls are not really harlots; they're earning something for the family the only way they know how. Before you judge them too harshly . . . have you ever heard your baby brother whimpering for hours because he's hungry? Have you ever seen the pinched face of your kid sister staring with longing eyes through the butcher shop window that features sparrows, shot in the streets and sold for a dollar each? How far do you think two dollars will go in a country where eggs are worth thirty-five cents apiece, and a dollar and a half buys an order of French-fried potatoes and two fried eggs at the black market restaurants?

The truth is that the peoples of Europe are utterly wretched; they're homeless, starving, sick. And in their helplessness they're looking to us, the citizens of a nation abounding in luxuries; they're looking to you and to me.

Let's get our minds off ourselves for a while, and pitch in to do our bit in humanity's battle. Let's do everything we can in the local clothing drive. Let's be alert to other opportunities to help. It's the least we can do for the sake of the boys who died to purchase freedom from want for the world—for the sake of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

WARREN WOOLSEY

## Paines Take Southern Trip

After chapel, Wednesday, Dec. 19, Dr. and Mrs. Paine, and the three girls, Dr. Paine's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Fragos, and Annette Acree piled into the Paine chevy, headed South. The trailer—and *What* a trailer!—is one of the early experiments in "traveling house" purchased by Dr. Paine's dad in 1924. On the road, it is no wider than a car and weighs only 550 lbs. Many is the time people have come and said, "I simply must see that trailer of yours. Is it the latest thing out?" The Paines ate and slept in the trailer during their entire trip.

Through Maryland, West Virginia, and Virginia, they arrived in Asheville, North Carolina the following night. They descended upon Rev. Black, former pastor of the Houghton Church, at 12:30 a. m., after combing the city to find him, and unfolded the trailer in his driveway.

Annette Acree left the party the following evening at Union Point, Georgia, (near Augusta).

Saturday evening the party arrived in Jacksonville where they had already made reservations at Trailer Village.

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## BOULDER JONES SELDOM STUMPED

If you had walked into the large Colonial Trust Co. building in Pittsburgh during the busiest hours of the days preceding Christmas you would have heard organ music above the noise of the holiday crowd. Looking up instinctively as those around you were doing, you would have seen none other than Bert Jones, our own editor, artist, musician, preacher, clothed in a purple robe and surrounded by palms, playing the Hammond electric organ.

This year was Bert's fourth season as organist in the Pittsburgh bank. As usual, he played from eleven to one-thirty each of the four business days before Christmas.

Christmas music at the bank has become a tradition, and there is always an audience. Chairs are placed nearby for those who wish to relax and listen, and a hostess encourages them to make requests. In the four years he has been playing Bert has seldom been stumped by a request. "At least I know enough of the theme so I can make them think I'm playing it," he says. Bank guards carry the requests to him, as he is seated about fifteen feet above the crowd. This year the most popular carols seemed to be *O Holy Night* and *Silent Night*. The secular songs requested most were *Winter Wonderland*, *Let it Snow*, and *White Christmas*. Shubert's *Serenade*, *Ave Marie* and *The Rosarie* are always popular, he says. Each year Bert adds the new favorites to his list of one hundred from previous years.

Three times persons have requested to speak with the organist, wondering what church he attended. They said he played the Christmas carols with so much more feeling than they were used to hearing, that they must mean much to him.

Bert has some regular listeners who can be expected every day each year. One lady who has always asked that he play *Miss You* told him this year, "You don't have to play *Miss You* any more. He's back!"



And so Witchie and I "flu" home for the holiday. Dr. McMillen gave Witchie the final okay to leave Houghton and so off she went to polish her broomstick. While the nation's rails were tied up by snow, O.D.T., and other necessary evils, we flu home undaunted. Incidentally, Witchie was so positive that she would breathe her last during that siege that she made out a last will and testament, which we won't bother reading now.

"Do you remember those wonderful candy bars we used to get before the war in California?" asked Witchie. "The ones called Uno bars?—well, they've started making them again . . . and some folks tell me the new factory is to be constructed in Hyde Park or Orange, Massachusetts." I remember those good candy bars—peculiarly named "Uno"—now the abbreviation for United Nations Organization. Witchie was all mixed up—when I explained it wasn't a factory that was to be built but a world government. "My," she exclaimed, "I didn't know those candy bars were that important." Folks like Evelyn MacNeill, Connie Varney and Herby Fountain will be thrilled no end if Massachusetts is chosen for the site. But Witchie thinks that a Western city should get a chance too. This is her argument: The U.N.O. wants a large location . . . which will be separated from the rest of the state. Well! what will happen to the state of Mass ("To be or not to be, that is the question.")? Ward Hunting says, "then it will be a greater state of Mass (if they) chusetts." Incidentally, Fay and Ward are the most enthusiastic about it all because if the Committee chooses Massachusetts the two Huntings will be able to "visit foreign countries every day." They live almost on "top of Orange"—why, the buildings might even be constructed on their property. Oh, happy thought.

If you see one of Mr. Nichols' horses limping about with a broken back you'll know that it was because two students decided to ride on said one horse. The beast obviously got tired and threw them off. Poor Izzie (Dayton) and Bill (Carlson). She landed on *terra firma* and Bill followed. If one asks Izzie how it all happened she emphasizes the fact that she did not fall off . . . but that she was thrown off . . . bodily. (But of course.)

In his lecture on "Evolution" the other night at the Pre-Med Club Dr. Moreland stated a fact that interested Witchie so much that she wrote it down. I was naturally thrilled to find Witchie so attentive . . . I thought, "At last Witchie's found the thing that interests her—Science." After the lecture I asked her what it was that had interested her and she replied, "It was all so interesting but I was especially thrilled when Dr. Moreland said that it would be rare to find a fish with hair in Houghton's creek."



## Houghton Acquires Ministerial Library

Six hundred books from the library of the late Dr. John S. Willett have been donated to the school by his widow and son, Edward J. Willett. Dr. Willett was the first graduate of the college and later served as President of the Board of Trustees.

The books are predominantly religious, for Dr. Willett was reported to have one of the finest ministerial libraries in the Wesleyan Church.

Edward Willett, of Syracuse, New York, was discharged this fall after three years in the Air Corps Supply.

Books that duplicate selections already in the library will be made available for theological students to purchase.

### PAINES TAKE SOUTHERN TRIP

(Continued from Page Two)

They camped under a tremendous oak, loaded with hanging gray moss, unlike any seen in Houghton.

After attending the Sunday morning service the Paines took a 30-mile trip to Glen Cove Springs where they had heard that Dave Paine, Doc's brother, had been transferred. An afternoon of searching proved fruitless. They turned back to Jacksonville, discouraged to know that Dave was within a mile. They wired his wife, Gladys, in Boston, for the ship's number. "DE 335 The Daniel," came the answer Monday morning. Again they went back to Green Cove and waited. Finally they were loaded into a "little whale" and taken out to the nest of ships including the *Daniel*.

The water was rough and the "ladder looked mighty flimsy," going up perpendicularly for at least 20 feet. Dr. Paine started them on the ladder—first Caroline, then Marjorie, and Mrs. Paine; then carrying Mimi in his left arm, he climbed up himself. They went from ship to ship until they reached the *Daniel*. Dr. Paine located the officer of the deck—"Lt. Paine? I think he's aboard, sir." They were taken to the Officer's Ward room, where they surprised Dave. They were all able to spend Christmas together in St. Augustine.

### Ekvall in Chapel

Major Robert Ekvall, missionary to China who wishes to return there after serving his term of service in the army, addressed the students in chapel, January 3. His overseas duty has also been in China and has given him a new conception of the work to be done there.

The speaker made no effort to present the call of the particular field in which he has an interest. He reiterated the idea consistently brought to us all year that it is the responsibility of each Christian to be a missionary whether or not he carries the gospel to a foreign people.

American soldiers, the Major continued, have reached the conclusion that the uncivilized inhabitants of many of the lands in which they have fought are filthy, dishonest, and unworthy of any respect despite the current talk of inherent good in every man and the creed of universal brotherhood. The soldiers are absolutely correct. These people can boast of nothing in themselves, but following their acceptance of Christ a deep-seated change is immediately apparent.

## Preparatory Christmas

BY DEAN GILLILAND

It's 1946; the last traces of charred Yuletide logs have been swept from the hearth, and the friendly smell of evergreen greets us no more. The sentimental sense of mistletoe has lived its short life, and admired gifts have become objects of everyday use. The excitement and joys of Christmas have faded into memories, and along with the book of Christmas carols, we have found it very easy and agreeable to tuck those once anticipated festivities away for another twelve months.

Christmas seems so long ago now, that if it weren't for the unusually good times we had at our parties on the night of December 15th, we would have to strain our memory in order to make a complete report, but here they are as we remember them.

It seems that the two centers of masculine interests, namely Markey and Jennings Houses, worked on a competitive basis and each merits observation. The Markey "belles" started things with a gift hunt "via" clues, with ten cents as the ceiling price. This was followed by some impromptu singing when even such titles as "Mairzy Doats" were resorted to! Everyone had a chance to tell her most embarrassing moments. After resulting tears were wiped away, a mock wedding was very satisfactorily performed, uniting Romeo Silverling and Juliet Hughes. Ruth Krein then

produced a ghost story called the "Golden Arm." Following this came carols, terminating the celebration with appropriate eats.

In radically reverse order, the Jennings crowd began their evening with a young banquet prepared by three culinary inclined co-eds. House-mother Evelyn Moffett recited "Wilbur" and an impromptu trio provided digestive dinner-music. Christmas carols were next on the order of the program and Jo Norton read a poem she wrote, "What Christmas Means to Me." The party ended with a gift exchange and the report goes that everyone had a wonderful time.

The senior class, anxious for something unique, began their party promptly at (censored). The "flu" had a previous engagement with some of the members, but finally the number present was about 19. The opening minutes were spent in games that put us in the proper Christmas spirit. Exquisite refreshments served in excellent style satisfied a certain desire. Soon afterward, a repulsive individual clad in nocturnal apparel came from the upstairs of Miss Fancher's home and presented *The Night Before Christmas* in German accent. Next came ten minutes of devotions. Compliments of class advisor, Miss Fancher, Santa Claus visited us all.

His plane landed in Buffalo . . . with a three-day visit here in Houghton and a trip to Dix for the "white paper." "It must be nice!"

Sure, some of you folks (I dare not say "Old timers") remember Dick Farwell, '34 . . . used to sing with the college quartet. He's in civies again . . . was a Lieutenant (j.g.). Hm!

Marvin Eyer can call himself "Mr." too. He and his wife, Kay, are visiting here this week, so we'll have to help him get used to the title.

Oh yes, we saw a uniform around here the other day—strange as it may seem. Ellsworth Edling dropped in on his way to Red Bank, New Jersey. We understand he's to be working in electronics at the Watson Laboratory down there. Real experience!

We just finished reading one of the most interesting letters we've had in a long time. It was from Avery Watson Jr., S1/c, and we really wish there were room to print more of it. He says:

"I am sitting at my desk after the recreation hall has been closed. I am in charge of the recreation hall of this all-Negro (except officers) base of 2500 sailors. Manus is the largest of the Admiralty group of islands. The Admiralties are 90 miles south of the equator and 6700 miles from San Francisco.

As librarian, I received a shipment of 4000 pocket-size books for servicemen. Included on that shipment were over 200 Bibles, edited in a most unique manner. I took all 4000 by truck to the movie area, and there placed the Bibles in a most prominent place among the books. I am glad to say that in this typically lawless place . . . the Bibles were all taken.

I felt relatively all alone here, but I have since realized that not only is He with me always, but that there are many more than I thought who read the Bible daily and try to live accordingly."



## Faith in Action

BY VIRGINIA SWAUGER

The young minister was sitting in his study on a Saturday afternoon, putting the finishing touches on his Sunday morning sermon. Suddenly the Lord asked him to go to pray with an old lady on another street and then to speak to the woman who worked there and invite her to become a Christian. The young preacher knew that God never makes mistakes in His commands and started out immediately. The old woman was encouraged and comforted by his visit and his earnest prayer. She thanked him, and he started to leave the house. But the voice of the Spirit faithfully reminded him that he had performed but half his duty—that even though the young woman was not in the room with the old lady he should still ask for her and speak to her about her soul's salvation. He found her in the kitchen washing dishes. When the preacher asked her if she would like to be a Christian, she said with emotion, "I've attended church and Sunday School here since I was a little girl and this is the first time anybody ever asked me to become a Christian." They knelt at two kitchen chairs and she was wonderfully converted. This young minister was Professor Frank Wright, and later he had the privilege of baptizing her and taking her into the church.

Prof. Frank marvels at the ways in which God has proved His promise to supply all his needs. When he was about to graduate from Oberlin he lacked \$600 to pay his bills, which was no small problem to a preacher with a wife and two children to support. But he did with that what he did with every problem—he trusted the matter to his Heavenly Father. A week later he tore open an envelope addressed to him and out fell a check for \$600. It was a gift that he was asked not to try to pay back from a distant relative to whom he had never said or written a word about financial matters. Again God had timed and calculated his orders exactly right. This time the tables were turned and Prof. Wright benefitted by someone else's obedience.

Professor Frank tells an incident that occurred when he was on his first charge receiving the huge salary of \$200 a year. The church had a social on the church lawn for the purpose of raising some money for him. They netted \$35, but sold cigars and other tobacco to do it, and there was some drinking connected with the affair. When the steward came to the poor preacher the next morning with the \$35 "Satan came also" with a test to his faith. But Prof stood firmly in his convictions and flatly refused to take money that had been raised in such a way. The steward was indignant and said that he hoped such an ungrateful man would starve to death. The next Sunday morning Prof preached against ungodly church suppers and socials. But God provided for His faithful servant and his little family. "Them that honor Me, I will honor."

As Dean of Men and head of the Theology department, Professor Wright has continued to honor the Lord.



BY RUTHE MEADE

"Whew! What are you doing here?" . . . and two jeeps never did get stopped in such a hurry, I'll bet.

Sure, it was a couple of Houghton boys—Art McNeeley '42 and Paul Wolfgrubber '40 . . . stationed down in the Philippines. Art is with the Army Education Rehabilitation program down there and Paul is a doctor (U. of Buffalo grad). It seems both of them were on a trip and were just coming to a crossroad before entering a village. Here they'd been stationed within a few miles of one another for several months . . . small world!!

Yes, Houghton is back again to "ye old grinde" after a little time with the folks. The eternal circle . . . go home for a rest, come back for the same thing . . . it sez here—unquote. Well anyway, it looks like Uncle Sam has been going right ahead with things while we were away.

John Will, '42, and his wife, the former Thelma Van Houte, were here this week. John has been discharged and is on terminal leave. He has been on anti-submarine duty with the U. S. Coast Guard.

Did you hear about Glen Barnett's good fortune? He's been on Okinawa, you know. Well, he landed on the Pacific coast—eventually—and with transportation the way it is, the trip home looked like a long and tedious one. It seems there are a few planes coming East and the fellows drew lots. There, you guessed it—Glen was a lucky one.



## Sports Spasms

By DAVE MILLER

After a welcome respite from our athletic divagations, your columnist takes up his vapid and allegedly belletristic pen.

Apparently there is nothing to crusade for or against this week, so we will devote our efforts to a general recapitulation of sports activities in '45.

Sometime in the very near future Houghton's tramp tumbling team will make their debut. The response shown by your attendance of their initial performance and your enthusiasm will largely determine the success of this new venture.

Speaking of attendance, your columnist has watched with growing consternation the distressing decline in the number of spectators at our basketball games. Admittedly, in some cases this could be partially attributed to that ubiquitous malady known as the flu. There are, no doubt, many other legitimate excuses besides sickness (although I've yet to hear one).

However, I'm more concerned with the chronic shyster who is always bemoaning the unjust load of assignments forced upon him by his or her unsympathetic professors, which is supposed to constitute a cogent apology for his absence at sports events. It should be pointed out as singularly significant that there are numerous regularly attending addicts who have attained the dizzy heights of 3 and 4 point averages.

Therefore it is clear that the proper arrangement of one's academic pursuits will allow a student's fairly regular presence without seriously endangering his scholastic standing. How would our basketball contests even be possible if the respective team members refused to allot time, not only for the games, but the many practice sessions necessary?

HC  
A CAPPELLA  
(Continued from Page One)

that draw iniquity with cords of vanity," "Howl ye; for the day of the Lord is at hand," "But these are they that forsake the Lord," "The paper reeds by the brook," and "Ye shall have a song." Following intermission a modern group of compositions will be presented, including "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings" by Johannes Brahms, "Ye Watchers of the Stars" and "O Lord, Send the Fire" by Noble Cain, and "Listen to the Lambs" by R. Nathaniel Dett. To close the program two invitation hymns have been chosen, "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior" by William H. Doane, and "Out of My Bondage, Sorrow and Night" by George C. Stebbins. The last hymn will be "Jerusalem the Golden" by Smart. Robert Proctor will assist at the organ.

HC  
R. BOWERMAN DIES  
(Continued from Page One)

Prayer service was held in his home on Saturday, December 29, at 1:30 p. m. and the funeral service was held at 2 p. m. in the Honeoye Falls Methodist Church. Interment was at the South Perinton cemetery.

Mr. Bowerman was a graduate of Victor High School, Houghton College, and Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey.

A few people, besides the players, know that the first round of the '45-'46 basketball tournament has ended with the Frosh as undefeated victors. But relatively few people realize that the second round must be completed by a week from this Friday. (The final outcome will be decided when the winner of the first round meets the winner of the second.)

Realizing the brevity of time and the supreme importance of the next few games, any class who cherishes titular hopes, should feel compelled to render absolute support to their team.

The absence of class rooters not only has a devastating effect on the morale of the players, but inadvertently makes a contest, which would be otherwise exciting, quite prosaic.

It may be prodigiously amusing for a number of disinterested onlookers to see class cheerleaders raise their voices to a precariously pitched duet in a feeble effort to elicit cheers from classmates who aren't there; grin foolishly at one another and then make an ignominious retreat; however I'm sure it must be quite painful to those intrepid maidens.

ACCORDING TO HOYLE  
Fri. nite, Men: Frosh over H. S.  
Women: Frosh over Seniors.

### Yearlings Triumph

The yearling quintet clinched the first round of the '45-'46 basket ball tournament by outstepping the Juniors 41-34. This was the fourth consecutive triumph for the Frosh.

The scoring during the first half was relatively close with the Juniors trailing by four points. However, in the second half, led by Captain Paul Markell and Joe Guest, with 16 and 20 points respectively, the Frosh surged ahead to a comfortable margin which they managed to keep throughout the remaining minutes.

Outstanding for a losing cause was Dave Flower, who accounted for 18 points.

	G	F	T
Guest	6	0	12
Barnett	4	0	8
Spencer	0	1	1
Montzingo	1	1	3
White	1		2
Ketch	1		2
Markell	7	2	16
	G	F	T
Burgess	4		8
Flower	7	4	18
Kalle	4		8
Priebe	0	0	0
Terpe	0	0	0

HC  
DEER HALL  
(Continued from Page One)

days. The final heating plant will consist of forced air heat. The building will contain twelve double rooms, space for a proctor, and a reception room.

The girls who remained in Houghton to work during the Christmas vacation named the building Deer Hall, from its situation near the woods, but they soon substituted an A for one of the E's.

### BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Jan. 11—Frosh vs H. S., M, 3:30  
Jan. 14—Srs. vs Frosh, W, 3:30  
Jan. 15—Jrs. vs H. S., M, 3:30  
Jan. 16—Soph vs Frosh, W, 7:30  
Jan. 17—Jrs. vs H. S., M, 8:30  
Jan. 18—Srs. vs Jrs., W, 7:30  
Soph vs Frosh, M, 8:30

Don't Let  
your  
Dollar Down



Along the line of inspiration, we have that which never appears when it's time for the ad column to be "in the groove," so once more we have the advertising editor in an attempt to achieve a respectable-looking effect for her clients.

Mrs. Cronk has announced a special release of various and sundry waste-paper baskets—they are flower-designed, large, and very practical.

Just what you've been looking for—Mr. Cott now boasts a goodly supply of candy bars, the kind you like when you want a special treat.

Once more at the College Inn, luscious Apple Pie a la mode is on the menu. Drop in today and order yours.

At the Word Bearer Press, Higley's Sunday School Commentary for 1946 may be obtained, as well as Peloubert's Select Notes for 1946. These books are of special benefit to the Sunday School teacher.

Own your own copy of a History of World War II. Paul's Gospel Press now includes this and many others in his selection.

At last—fountain service again—step up and order your sodas and other thirst-quenchers made as only the Pantry can make them.

Mr. Nichols says he finally got a chance to enjoy winter horseback riding . . . during Christmas vacation. The students may now have the privilege again.

As far as starting the New Year right is concerned, there's no better way to begin than by ordering your 1946 Boulder. This promises to be a great year for everyone—but especially for the college year book.

## MISTLETOE MAGIC

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Weeks Hape-man have announced the marriage of their daughter, Bonnie May Cecile, '47, to Mr. Paul Clocksin, son of Mrs. Gertrude Clocksin of Rochester. The nuptials took place at the home of the bride Sunday, December 23, at Broadalbin, New York. Following the double ring ceremony the couple spent their honeymoon at Lake Placid. They are now making their home with Mrs. Clocksin at Ridgeway Avenue, Rochester.

Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hartdorn of Newark, New Jersey, announced the engagement of their daughter Ann to Wesley Potter, '45. No date has been set for the wedding.

## Winter Riding Gives Welcome Sport For Weary Houghtonians

Horseback riding continues as a winter sport unless the weather is unusually severe. Some hardy enthusiasts have braved it in near zero temperature.

For the safety of riders, and to prevent abuse of horses, new riding rules have been posted. Instruction has been increased to six hours a week, three to five p. m., Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, with a charge of twenty-five cents an hour per rider for this instruction. Arrangements for riding during these hours may be made with Merrill Jackson.

Reservations for other hours should be made in person at Mr. Nichols' house, or by calling 84F11. The riding charge remains seventy-five cents an hour.

## Castilians Crush Houghton Braves

Staging an overwhelming scoring assault in the last half, the Castile town team whipped Houghton Saturday night 71-56. This was the first loss sustained by the local five.

The Houghton warriors accumulated a premature lead early in the contest. Well-timed lay up shots by Barnett, Walker and Sheesley, in addition to accurate pass work, gave the localities a 16-12 lead at the end of the first quarter.

Castile showed signs of their mid-game strength in the following session, which found the Castilians a mere point in back of the Houghton five.

Completely stealing the spotlight for individual performance was Castile center Hettler. His 36 points were decisive in his teammates victory. His overhead shot was almost unguardable and consistently dropped the hoop.

Castile's superiority became increasingly apparent in the second half when Hettler and his teammates overtook the local aggregation and piled up a sizeable advantage which they maintained throughout the remainder of the game.

Marv Eyler, recently returned vet, was high man for the losers, racking up 14 points.

Both young people are students at Northern Baptist Seminary in Chicago, and are preparing to be missionaries in Africa. Mr. Potter was business manager of the Star last year and was also active in athletics and other extra-curricular events while in Houghton.

Rev. and Mrs. Richard Fortran of Glen Cove, Long Island, announce the engagement of their daughter Jeanette to Pvt. Robert Harper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Harper of Stelton, New Jersey. Jeanette is a junior in the Music Department, and Bob, a former Houghtonian, is stationed at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. No wedding date has been set.