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THE HOUGHTON STAR

COLLEGE LIFE IN PRINT

VOLUME XXI

HOUGHTON, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 28, 1928

Attend
Boulder
Concert

NUMBER 2

Purple Nine Wins Three Games Straight

Wing Hurls Team to 4-0 Victory

The Purple baseball team got off to a good start last Friday afternoon due to the excellent twirling of their diminutive southpaw, Dick Wing, and to some timely hitting by Osgood, new Purple left fielder. Osgood brought in three of the Purple's four runs with long hits and scored the fourth one himself on a single by Miller, Purple short-stop. The fielding feature of the game was pulled by Doty, Purple right-fielder, who saved a shut out for the Purple by erasing a Gold man at first base on what seemed to be a dead sure hit with two down and a man on third base. Doty also got two of the Purple's hits and scored two runs.

Dyer, Gold captain, pitched a good game, good enough to win from any local pitcher except the one against whom he was pitted. Dyer struck out five men, Wing struck out nine. Allen, Gold receiver, caught his usual fine game to keep up the reputation as the best catcher ever to play here. Howlett, Gold third baseman, got two hits to lead the Gold attack which looked rather weak as it succumbed steadily to Wing's slants.

Batteries: Purple, Wing and Lane; Gold, Dyer and Allen.

Purple Triumphs Over Gold

The Purple baseball team won the second game of the series of 1928 by the score of 10-2. "Dick" Wing pitched a wonderful game for the Purple in spite of the cold weather. The Gold pitcher was very unsteady, due to the cold wind, permitting several to walk to first. The Gold showed very fine infield skill by checking a Purple rally with a "double" killing at first and second in the third inning. Lane's home run was decisive because two had been "walked" when the mighty drive came. The teams seem to be very evenly matched except the Purple pitching staff far excels the Gold. Watch the Star for report of Wednesday's game. All come and boost your color.

Third Game 4-3

The Purple team took the third of the baseball series in a very tightly played game, by a score of 4-3.

Both pitchers were in fine form keeping the hits well scattered. The Purple forced over the winning run in the seventh frame. Albro came home with the winning tally on a beautiful single by Osgood. Driver, the Gold first-baseman, crashed the ball for four bases with one on, in the fifth, which was accountable for tying the score.



Dr. Leland J. Boardman
Professor of Physics, who leaves
for Eastern University.

BOARD STATES APPRECIATION

Students and faculty heard with regret that Dr. Boardman is to leave Houghton college. However, each one wishes him God-speed as he takes up his work at Eastern University. Prof. Fancher read the following appreciation which embodies the sentiments of every member of Houghton College and Seminary.

Being a member of a college faculty brings to one in friendships both gains and losses. This is doubly evident in a small college where one feels directly the impact of another's influence. When Dr. Leland J. Boardman came to our faculty, he came fully acquainted with the school and the church, having been a student here in former days. He came to serve among us as an honest, friendly, hardworking, Christian man. That he has met this ambition is evidenced by the opinions of that representative group in our school, the Juniors. In the 1924 Boulder, Dr. Boardman was thought of as "a friend"; in 1925, as "an honest man, the noblest work of God"; in 1926 "A man of honor, of noble and generous nature"; in 1927:

And thou art worthy; full of power;

As gentle; liberal minded, great, consistent;

Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower";

in 1928:

"Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shown sufficient of
His light

For us in the dark to rise by."

The student body and faculty of Houghton College have gained
(Continued on Page Two)

Students We Miss

In the ever changing drama of college life, there are always some who fail to come back. A few of these are listed below.

Harold Willis is now an electrical contractor at East Aurora.

"Bert" Brown is employed in the office of the New Process Company at Warren, Pa.

Nada and Mary Perry are taking nurses' training at the General Hospital in Buffalo.

The following Houghtonites are enrolled in other colleges: Alfred Colburn at Cornell; Clifford Kingsbury and Walter Davison at Albany Medical College; Ralph Long at William and Mary; Onita Hauber at Taylor; Roberta Rowell at University of Buffalo; Treva McKinney at Oberlin; Elizabeth Dickey at William Smith College; Marjorie Boyd at Fredonia Normal; Archie King at Rochester University.

"What Did You Do Last Summer?"

"VIRG" WRITES

Panama, N. Y.
Sept. 24, 1928.

Dear Houghton Students:

After carefully perusing the first Houghton Star of this year, after reading it through from top to bottom, and front to back, my thoughts quite naturally turn Houghtonward, to the school above all others most dear to my heart. If the Star, Houghton's messenger of good cheer, continues to be as peppy throughout the year as this first number has proved to be, I have no fears for the success of the paper.

Having spent eight years in Houghton Seminary and College, I could hardly help appreciating what she has meant to my life. Colleges of Houghton's type constitute one of America's greatest needs, and it is a wonderful source of pleasure to me to witness the marked progress our college is apparently making this year, not only in enrollment, but also in educational opportunities offered.

I have come in contact with several other schools during my life, yet Houghton, to my mind, takes the lead. Perhaps six weeks in Columbia University is not a sufficiently long period within which to make college comparison, yet it does allow time enough to size up individual students. As a whole, I would say that Columbia students are as friendly and sympathetic as any other college folks in the world, yet it is impossible for one to become as thoroughly acquainted with students attending Columbia, as with those who have chosen Houghton. That feeling of close fellowship is lacking.

Even if no Columbia University existed, a few weeks spent in New York City would be an education in itself. Huge sky-scrappers, rattling subways, and the ever-present throng of thousands of people, make up quite a contrast to Houghton's prevailing stateliness.

While in New York the past summer, the members of our "Houghton Gang" had many an exciting experience, from a trip through China Town, to witnessing the mighty "Babe" Ruth smash out a home run or two. Bicycle races, theater-going, and marvel seeking, made up only a part of our visit there. One day, through the courtesy of "Scoties" city friends, we obtained permission to inspect a big ocean liner; upon another afternoon we visited the Statue of Liberty.

Our studies at the University were, as a whole, very enjoyable. Despite the groanings of "Baldy," we all waded through at least a part of the lessons and received due credit for the courses. Classes in which are enrolled from one hundred to three hundred students, give little opportunity for contact with instructors. Yet the manner in which recitations are conducted is very efficient. I believe I carried away at least a little something which will help me to be a better teacher.

Thus far, the "teaching game" has gone very smoothly. I have a fine class of youngsters with which to work, and I am enjoying my job more every day. We are building a new school house here, and hope to improve the system somewhat. As yet,

(Continued on Page Two)

STUDENTS REPLY

The inquiring reporter was graciously received by some students and either snubbed, frozen, or ignored by others less graciously disposed. "None of your business," "Curiosity once killed a cat!" "O, you'd like to know, wouldn't you?" "You'd be surprised!" or some of those other delightful phrases of equal triteness were often heard. If it were mentioned that the information given was for the "Star," the parties concerned literally "went up" and swore they'd never speak to me again. However, just between you and me, I think they'll "come down" again and be tickled pink to see their names in print. Did you ever try to get an old maid to tell you her age? (Probably not, for she'd been "made" too long!) Well, then, you have a slight idea as to the difficulty of procuring the information necessary to write the remainder of this article!

The "Dizzy" member of the Star staff, Mr. Alvin Densmore, reports an interesting summer at Ford's Airport in Dearborn, Michigan. Mr. Ford dropped in often and such great men as Edison and Wilkins were occasionally there. Our "Dizz" moves with the elite! Heh, wot?

Our joke editor was not the only member of our student body to be associated with Mr. Ford's interests. Alfred Gross helped to put the polish on "Henry's" cars this last summer in Buffalo's big Ford plant. If the polish on your new Ford doesn't quite suit you, blame it on "Erstwhile."

Lovina Mullen speaks for herself: "How did you spend the summer?" was the question that hailed me as I dashed down the hall.

"Which summer?" was my shivering reply.

"Why, last summer of course!"

"O, sure—yes—yes. I did spend last summer."

"Evidently! How?—that is the question!"

"Well, I met a skunk face to face and wasn't any worse for wear. In fact, I went back to the College Inn immediately and served—"

"Not the skunk?"

"No, people—that's what I did all summer—right here in dear old Houghton. If you're looking for a nice lively town next summer I would recommend Houghton. There's a train three times a day."

Frank Lane worked at a Service Station in Jamestown, doing everything under the sun including the filling of gas tanks, vulcanizing of tires, etc. Around that section of the country another Hotonite was putting in time at Falconer—Big Jim Fisk. As we understood it, this Mr. Fisk was

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NOTICE

The Advisory Board of Houghton College wish to assure the students and friends of the College that arrangements have been made upon the recommendation of Doctor Boardman, for caring for the work of the Physics Department for the present school year in such a way that no student need be greatly inconvenienced. By next year we purpose to have a man fully prepared by graduate study to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Professor Boardman.

(Signed) The Advisory Board.

BOULDER WEEK A BIG SUCCESS

Benefit Lecture Tomorrow Night

Boulder Week began with a boom! Monday's chapel was conducted by the Juniors, who are publishing the *Boulder*. The chairman of the occasion was Willet W. Albro, Business Manager of the staff. Miss Margaret Carnahan led the devotions. The Editor-in-chief of the *Boulder*, Ellsworth L. Brown, then introduced the Boulder campaign. The big surprise came when, upon the completion of his talk, seven white-clad damsels tripped to the middle of the platform bearing the letters B-O-U-L-D-E-R. They then rendered a most charming little ditty to the tune of "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking." This little act made quite a hit.

Following chapel, the Juniors began their *Boulder* subscription drive. According to reports the subscriptions are coming in fast. Nearly every one is wearing a *Boulder* tag. If you haven't bought yours, see a Junior this week.

Tuesday afternoon tickets went on sale for the Boulder Benefit Concert to be held Saturday evening, Sept. 29, at 8 p. m. The Charles E. Buck Tourist Party is giving an illustrated lecture on "The Wonders of America." Mr. Buck uses an improved lantern-slide machine which makes the views fade from one into another. If you want to be truly entertained come to the lecture. The lights will be dimmed! Come one, come all! Tickets only 25c and 50c. Buy a *Boulder*!

Prof. LeVay Fancher left Tuesday to take up his graduate work at Cornell.

Come to the Mission Study class in the High School study hall Saturday evening at 7 o'clock sharp!

Harold Willis, his mother and Mrs. Schumann of East Aurora were visitors in town Sunday.

Among the late registrants we note the names of Cassius Conner and John Kluzitt. (Welcome back, "Cash" and "Johnny.")

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EDITORIAL

FRIENDS

College atmosphere seems to be conducive for the making of friends. The college student is at a formative and impressionable period of life; habits have not become fastened so that there is an easy blending of life with life. Furthermore, students are thrown together at boarding and rooming places as well as at class in a more familiar manner than is possible in the outside world. This close association, and easy exchange of ideas and ideals tends to form friendships. By means of free and frank conversation at the table and in the classroom one discovers those with whom he wishes to become more intimate. Thus between students rooming at the same home lasting friendships are often formed.

It is often true that "familiarity breeds contempt," but in college one soon finds those whose acquaintance becomes more desirable as the familiarity increases. One cannot rub shoulders with classmates for four years of college life without acquiring a certain attachment even for those whose opinions and ideals do not exactly agree with his. In after years to meet a classmate will be to meet a friend.

There is another side to this subject. How often it is said, "So-and-so would have been all right, but he got in with the wrong bunch." Therefore it behoves the Freshman to be careful in choosing his close companions. Don't be in a hurry to get a buddy—take time that you may be sure you have chosen a person whom you can trust. Then be trustworthy yourself.

Choose as a friend one whose ideals are some point at least are higher than yours. Doubtless the friend will see something of worth in you. If this idea is carried out, friends will be of mutual benefit one to another—each person contributing to the welfare of the other. When choosing friends, don't forget the Great Friend, Jesus Christ. He is "a friend who sticketh closer than a brother," other friends may fail, but He will never forsake. Become a friend of Christ's, and He in turn will be your best friend. Then choose as buddies those who are friends of your Best Friend, Jesus.

"VIRG" WRITES

(Continued From Page One)

I haven't had to use any "strenuous methods" in maintaining discipline. As the saying goes, "Everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high."

Well, here's success to Houghton, and to her weekly paper, the *Star*. I send my fondest regards to every member of the "old gang," and to those who have joined you this year. If you can keep "Marty" Stevenson at work, Joe Kemp from trading radios, Everett Dyer away from the women, "Cod"—ahem!—Professor Christy quiet, "Doc" Frank with his mind on the races, then you have accomplished something. Au revoir for this time. I hope to see you all again before too long a period of time elapses.

Always for Houghton,
"Virg" Hussey.

(We're glad to hear that last year's editor is still shouting for Houghton. Write again "Virg," it seems good to see your name in the *Star*.

Editor's Note.)

Mention *STAR* Advertisements

College Seniors

"Stevie" President

The class of '29 are wondering why they don't hear the epithet "Dignified Senior," a little more often. Perhaps all good things don't come at once. Anyway they are studying—once in a while,—a committee is at work planning the first "spree," and they have ordered class pins and rings. Hollis Stevenson was elected president, Lowell Fox, vice president, Luell Roth, treasurer, and Erma Anderson, secretary.

You'll hear more from us later!

Juniors Appoint Leaders For Year

Ellsworth Brown, the editor of the 1929 Boulder, has been chosen president of the Junior class. The other officers for the year are: Secretary, Mildred Stevenson; treasurer, Pauline Beattie. The Jolly Juniors are in for a big year. Have you been dunned for a Boulder? It's time to subscribe.

Don't forget the Boulder concert.

Look Over The New Books

"A blessed companion is a book—book that is truly chosen is a life long friend."—Jerome.

A hundred new books have been added to the Willard J. Houghton Memorial Library since last June and each one has been so chosen that it may well be a friend. The Department of Education has one of the largest collections, for this department had to build its library from its foundation. Here are to be found books dealing with all phases of American Education. Typical of these are Keith and Badgley—"The Nation and the School," Snedden—"What's Wrong With American Education?" Dewey—"The School and Society" and Houn—"The American Public School." Several volumes dealing with the subject of Mental Tests will interest the thoughtful reader. The Specific departments have not been neglected in the choosing of Educational books.

Game—"Teaching High School Latin," Schultz—"The Teaching of Mathematics in Secondary Schools" and Johnson—"Teaching of History," will be studied by prospective teachers of these subjects.

Several new books of general interest are to be found in the department of Biological Science. Would you like to know more about the heroic work done to rid the world of contagious disease? Read Paul De Kruif's "Microbe Hunters." A book entitled, "Injurious Insects and Useful Birds" by Washburn is worthy of attention.

F. Gillett.

My Trip To Yellowstone

A few lines cannot begin to describe the beauties of nature and the wonders of God's Power and handiwork, that one observes while passing through this National Park, a section of American wilderness preserved practically unchanged.

There are a number of entrances to the Park, each with its own beauties, but I chose the noted Cody Way. Here we boarded a twelve passenger touring car and started on the Cody Road to Yellowstone Park, over fifty miles of scenic charm. The city of Cody, which was Buffalo Bill's home, is interesting and full of the romance of the Old West. Along the Shoshone river we enter the canyon, seemingly blocked by two great guardian mountains, but not blocked for along the Shoshone the Cody road runs on a shelf hewn out of solid granite, through tunnels bored out of the rocks. The projecting cliffs tower above the road bed and exclamations of wonder are heard from all. Up the great hill to the top of the big government irrigation dam, which irrigates 100,000 acres. This dam is certainly a wonderful structure.

More scenic canyon and perpendicular walls and we enter the Shoshone National Forest, the oldest one in the United States. On both sides are cliffs in whose curiously eroded crevices we see fantastic formations such as the Elephant's Head, Punch and Judy, the Holy City, (a group of rocks that look like old cathedrals).

On we hasten to Yellowstone Lake, a beautiful spot, especially at sunset. Then on to Grand Canyon, claimed by many to be the climax of Yellowstone, but not so to me; I enjoyed the interesting geysers and the lovely terraces at Mammoth Springs more. Perhaps this was due to their scientific interest. The canyon with its waterfalls was a beautiful scenic spot and here you see the coloring of the rocks that gave Yellowstone its name.

We went the camp way and enjoyed the friendliness of the thousands of people and the freedom from

(Continued on Page Four)

ALUMNI GOSSIP

The *Star*, running true to form, has planned for an Alumni section again this year. We realize that the paper will mean much more to you oldsters if it contains news of your activities. You have heard that trite phrase scores of times, "We must have your co-operation." You know what it means. Write to us—and don't merely state, "I like my work very much." We take that for granted. But pick out some interesting incident, humorous or otherwise, and let us enjoy it too. Enlarge upon it, paint it, in rainbow tints, make it preposterous—anything but this drab account of teaching so many classes to so many wriggling young ones. Perhaps you aren't teaching very well—send us a lively description of what you are doing. And if you won't do that, at least send us suggestions as to how we can make this section—your section—most worth while.

We do not mean to be harshly criticizing what has been published herefore,—far from it. You know how interesting some of those letters have been,—seemed like a regular old time chat. Make yours better yet, and send it speedily to,

Your Alumni Editor,
Erma E. Anderson.

News From Oklahoma

Goldie Davison, Senior of '28, way out in Wewoka, Okla., sends in her subscription to the *Star*, and says that, although her eighty youngsters keep her busy, she enjoys it all. That which she misses most is the fellowship with spiritual comrades which she found at Houghton. She adds, "However, I am finding the Savior more real to me and I feel His loving care to a greater extent here where there is no church that is at all spiritual."

Hoton Represented in Virginia Ralph Long, erstwhile Editor of the '28 Boulder and now-and-for-ever a lingering way-farer beside pretty Pools, says that William and Mary College at Williamsburg, Va., may be all it should be, "I'm for Horon emphatically, first and last." He tells us there are lots of things he likes very much, "the traditions and age of the school and buildings, and the history of the town; the cavalier spirit of courtesy, friendliness and honor; the grub—tho I still boost for Miss Grange's too!—I want every *Star* from the first."

Lynn Russell in Albany

Lynn has found that dreams really do come true! He is in Albany working on the Editorial staff of the Knickerbocker Press. He was more than pleased to be thus promoted, and not have to work up from a "cub reporter." The Press was running a syndicated poem every day. Lynn offered to supply it. He also is running feature stories of the locality. Now, are you a bit surprised that he reports, "Busy and happy."

More Matrimony! Alumni Beware!

On August 25, Helen M. Hammond and Edmund S. Peck were married in the city of Buffalo. Both are former students of Horon. Mrs. Peck was a graduate of Alfred U. "Ed" lived in Houghton most of his life, and because of his surname was dubbed "Peck's Bad Boy." Helen, for the major portion of her girlhood, resided in Fillmore. "Ed" is working for the P. R. R. at present, and the newlyweds will live in Buffalo. Congratulations! Best wishes, and all the rest!!!

PRINCE AND HOWSE HAVE A SPILL

"Hello, Yetter, did you get your Star?" "No, but I have just seen about a million of them." "Why, what happened?" "Just took a spill off the motorcycle."

While Yetter and Howse endeavored to take the curve near the Fillmore cemetery, the motorcycle became unruly, and headed for the ditch. Immediately "Prince" Von Yetter slammed on the brakes in a vain attempt to stop, but the cycle "bucked" instead. Howse took a triple loop-the-loop in the air then landed on his back about twenty feet from the road. Yetter took a nose dive into the ditch. The motorcycle kindly landed on the other side of the "Prince." The boys, one with a marred face, and the other with a sore back, rode home on a motorcycle with a slightly twisted steering apparatus. Everyone is glad that the accident was not serious, and hope that Yetter will be more careful when tearing around curves in the future.

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through contact with such a man.

We deeply regret that Dr. Boardman feels called to another field of labor, for we shall miss him. However, the Executive Board of Houghton College has voted unanimously to accept his resignation, feeling that it would be selfish and ungenerous not to do so. Dr. Boardman accepts a position in Eastern University at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. We unite in wishing for our friend and his family a very happy and successful period of service. We bid them God-speed and pray that they may labor under divine favor and leadership.

F. H. Wright,
H. L. Fancher,
P. E. Woolsey.

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THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH

(Those who attended the June Oratorical Contest held at Houghton last spring, remember that Miss Aleda Ayers won first prize. Because of the timely message and high literary character of the oration it was thought desirable to publish it for the benefit of STAR readers.)

Editor's Note)

Happy are the memories of you who have been born and reared in the country! The scene is still fresh in your memory: church time on the old homestead, father harnessing the two bay mares and getting the old surrey out of the shed, then cutting across the barnyard to the house to don his well-worn Sunday coat and exchange his familiar straw hat for a slouch felt; mother anxiously scrutinizing your neck and ears before laying aside her checkered apron. Then the long ride over winding woodland roads, breathing in the fresh fragrance of an early summer's day and marvelling at the handiwork of God; on the roadside, wood thrushes skipping from bough to bough; here a stretch of corn with fresh green plumage and glistening silken tassels still wet with morning dew; there two young colts racing across a hillside, heads up, manes flying, snorting in youthful defiance. A glorious day, with all nature a song!

And then from distant hills comes the faint, clear call of a church bell. A crossroad; more carriages—surreys, top buggies, two-wheeled carts, and even lumbering wagons—all headed for the church. In another half hour the church yard is all astir. Small groups of people stand around the entrance quietly conversing of the past week's important events. Then they begin to saunter in. More carriages arrive. From the ancient belfry once more sounds the call to worship—high-toned, jubilant notes with the clear, quiet Sabbath air to themselves.

Then the church service! The house seems to breath the very atmosphere of holiness, peace, and reverence as you sit up straight between mother and father in that high-backed pew, listening to the man of God and joining in on the refrain of each familiar old hymn.

Ah! people in those days came for worship! The work and stress of the week had created a hunger and longing within them which only worship in God's house could satisfy. God was there on those Sabbath mornings and that little country church seemed not far from heaven's portal.

To you of an understanding heart, those simple yet beautiful lines of Dr. Wm. S. Pitt's famous lyric of the "Little Brown Church" must be pregnant with meaning:

There's a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale,
No spot is so dear to my childhood
As the little brown church in the vale.

How sweet on a bright Sabbath morning
To list to the clear ringing bell;
It's tones so sweetly are calling,
Oh come to the church in the vale!

It was of your church he wrote,—
your church and the tens and thousands of little churches throughout our land!

The building of one "little brown church" in Chickasaw county, Iowa,

directly inspired Dr. Pitt's muse and

there at the dedication service was

this immortal song "The Church In

The Wildwood," first sung.

Half a century later, in 1916, the composer once again visited the "Little Brown Church."

Instead of a strong flourishing organization he

found a weak, struggling people, infrequent and poorly attended services,

and no full-time resident pastor.

The last regular minister had left the pulpit long before the beginning of the present century.

Notwithstanding the fact that gospel meetings are now being held in the building on Sunday afternoons and that hundreds of romantic young couples journey thither each year to have their marriage knots tied on the hallowed ground, the real glory of the "Little Brown Church" has departed. The structure stands for little more than an interesting relic, a memento of the faith and hope of a by-gone day.

The tragic experience of the "Little Brown Church" and her present sad condition is no unusual tale. Are you aware that in our rural America there stand 25,000 vacant churches? For rent—25,000 rural churches—one-fourth of the total 100,000, with doors nailed shut or serving their original purpose only on rare and special occasions. Reliable authorities state this to be merely a conservative estimate. The situation is little short of tragic!

By actual count it has been discovered that exactly 561 church buildings in the state of Ohio stand wholly forsaken, with many in a miserably run-down condition and others remodeled to serve as barns or toolsheds.

In 194 other buildings no services are held at any time although they are kept in moderate repair and occasionally serve as meeting-halls for social purposes. There are also some 250 other churches in which services are held so infrequently that they might be termed practically vacant. All of which makes a total in this state of approximately one thousand churches upon whose doors might appropriately be nailed a "For Rent" shingle.

The condition of Ohio's rural church illustrates the general situation. Ohio is a fairly representative state and while conditions vary from community to community, yet, taking our country as a whole, the church is reaching the farmer less effectively than any other large group of our population. Rural America, as a whole, is so badly served religiously as to cause us serious national concern!

It is hard to visualize the extent of this enormous disaster. As the result of an extensive survey begun by the "International World Movement" and later carried on by the "Institute of Religious and Social Research," a most comprehensive study of the rural church is now possible. The great mass of reliable charts and figures now at our disposal are indeed startling. The facts which they disclose presage ruin for our American country church unless some radical remedy is soon applied.

In a sense probably never before true, the 100,000 Protestant rural churches of America are at the turning of the ways—the crossroads church is verily at the crossroads. For the first time in our national life we frankly face the question as to whether the church of the open country is to exist at all, and if so, under what conditions? The question at issue is not whether religion will disappear entirely from our farm areas, for rural dwellers are still going to believe in some kind of God and they are going to adopt some religious interpretation of life, whether or not they are directly associated with a particular church. Twenty-five thousand churches failed to adequately meet the religious need of their people. They stand empty! What are these churchless people substituting for the church; how are they satisfying their religious instinct?

(To be continued next week)

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VIOLIN RECITAL

One of the greatest treats which has ever been given to an audience at Houghton College, was given on Friday evening, Sept. 21, in the form of a violin recital by Arthur Hartmann, the renowned violinist. Mr. Hartmann, whose summer home is in Houghton, very generously offered to give us this recital and to share the proceeds with us.

The program, which was one of the most interesting which the writer has been privileged to hear, opened with the "Praeludium and Allegro" of Pugnani as arranged by Kreisler. To attempt to describe Mr. Hartmann's interpretation of this or of any would be in vain. As soon as this selection was started, the audience recognized the fact that it was listening to a Master. This was followed by the famous Mendelssohn Concerto in which Mr. Hartmann displayed his ample technique, his splendid tone, but above all his remarkable musicianship. Especially beautiful was the slow movement to which he gave a wonderful interpretation. We applauded vigorously after each movement.

The remaining numbers on the program were numbers from the standard literature for piano and orchestra which had been transcribed for the violin by Mr. Hartmann. These were the most interesting of the program. The beautiful "Berceuse" or "Cradle Song" of Karganoff was played with irresistible charm. The delicate "Waltzing Doll" of Polidini (which he played on one of his former programs) was a prime favorite. Then came the rhythmical Menuet of Naydn which was followed by Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Flight of the Bumblebee." This number was so striking and so cleverly interpreted that the audience insisted upon its repetition. Two Tchaikowski numbers followed—the Nocturne in C sharp minor and the "Humoresque" which met with the instant approval of the audience. The printed program was brought to a close with the Variations on the G string alone of Paganini. After the final chord the audience burst into applause and it would not cease until Mr. Hartmann had added two extra numbers—both of which he had played earlier in the evening—the "Humoresque" and the "Berceuse." Both numbers received added charm upon the second hearing.

Houghton has certainly been highly honored to have such a musician appear before us. There was only one regrettable feature about the entire entertainment and that was that the audience was not larger. While it was a good sized audience, it was not nearly as large as it should have been. However, those who were there came away with a feeling that they had been privileged to hear one of, if not the greatest violinist of the present day.

Sophomores Elect

Gleason

The College sophomore class held their first class meeting on Wednesday of last week and elected the following officers for the coming year: "Wes" Gleason—President.

"Skeetz" Roth—Vice President.
"Ede" Bork—Treasurer.
"Red" Mullen—Secretary.

The class of '31 has a membership of about fifty, and from all reports they are planning on having a very enjoyable time during this school year. Plans are now under way for their first social gathering of the year.

Misses Burnell and Rothermel visited Aletha Fairfield at her home in Angelica last Saturday. They reported that "Fritz" is much improved in health, but may not be able to return to school for some weeks.

"Dizzy" Discourse

Johnny Kluzit: "Hey, Andy, how do you get so many girls?"

Sheik Warden: "Oh, I just sprinkle a little gasoline on my handkerchief."

Merchant Cronk: "No son, I don't know the Latin for people."

Malcolm: "Populi."

Mrs. Cronk: "Son, how dare you accuse your father of lying?"

Prof. Lawless: (Talking to unseen person supposedly Densmore) "Here's your bottle, Character."

Prof. Whitaker: "What's that?"

Prof. Lawless: "Oh, I thought you were 'Dizzy'."

Prof. Whitaker: "I know you are."

Scan these missiles:

My Dear "Clint":

I'm returning all your letters,
I've played too long I see.
You've been just a silly youngster
To fall in love with me.
So I'll just send back your dia-
mond

And hope you won't feel bad,
Because I only toyed with you,
You foolish little lad.

My Dear "Flo":

Thanks awfully for the letters,
I was worried for a while,
But teachers bound to duties
Must do them with a smile;
And I don't think I cared for you,
You silly little lass,
And the ring you called a diamond
Was only made of glass.

The stork left twins on Rastus' doorstep. Rastus named one "Allegro Adagio" and the other "Encore." A friend asked about the second name saying, "We see why you named one Allegro Adagio, because you're so musical, but why the Encore?"

"Laws, Massa, he wasn't on the program."

Steve: "Going to study, Alvin?"

Densmore (Picking up a pile of books): "Yes, going to wrestle with the scrolls!"

MY TRIP TO YELLOWSTONE

(Continued from Page 2)

formalities. At all camps a person can take sight seeing trips and pleasant hikes but sort of tiresome, if you are not used to mountain climbing. However, the many beautiful flowers along the way, the possibility of meeting several friendly bears, and the scenery recompense this effort. Then in the evening out by the camp fires or down by the bears' feeding ground we enjoyed lectures on the plant and wild animal life of Yellowstone. Now back to the recreation hall for an interesting song service and program given by the College boys and girls who keep the cottages in order, wait tables and in fact, do all sorts of work. However, they have a jolly good time in all of the camps.

More scenery along the way to Mammoth Hot Springs where hot waters heavily charged with lime have built up tier upon tier of remarkable terraces mainly white but colored in delicate tints of pink, yellow and brown by mineral and vegetable deposits and algae. You have to see these terraces to appreciate their beauty.

I cannot stop to tell you about the interesting things along the way but here we are at Old Faithful camp; with all of the hot springs and geysers to visit during our stay. One hot pool that attracts a crowd is the handkerchief pool, where all you need to do is to throw your handkerchief in, push it down with a long wire and out of sight it goes to come back in a little while much cleaner and too hot to hold comfortably, so quite a laundry.

In front of Old Faithful lodge is the most famous geyser, Old Faithful, which erupts at regular intervals, throwing a 150 foot column of boiling water and steam into the air every hour. This is one of the wonders of the Park and its beauty is increased by throwing the search lights on it while erupting at night. Yellowstone has more geysers than all

the rest of the world and they are renowned the world over because of their size, power, number and variety of action.

After five days of enjoyment of these scenic wonders I left the Park by West Yellowstone and came home by the way of Salt Lake City and Denver.

Now to really enjoy this you must go West and see the wonders of the Rockies. However, for the present it would be better to attend the illustrated lecture Saturday evening and see some of these views of Yellowstone. Enjoy yourself, see some of the wonders of America and at the same time *Boost the Boulder*.

D. Burnell.

WHAT DID YOU DO?

(Continued From Page One)

taking school census at Falconer. In the Italian section, he almost thought he was across the border, for wine and beer were freely offered him from evidently full cellars. We can't help wondering if "Curly" didn't ever suggest to Fisk that 'twas "time to retire." Where to? Well, we were speaking of cellars!

Edith Davis had the practical experience of bringing up a baby this summer. Kitty Secord felt domestically inclined and kept house. One week she picked cherries and earned thirty dollars, which is pretty good money we should say.

Wesley Gleason left his musical realm and kept house for his invalid mother, doing dishes, cooking, and all the rest of those little (?) domestic details that occupy a housekeeper's time. A versatile creature, "Wes," "Doc" Frank was indeed non-committal when the inquisitive reporter interviewed him. "Aw, I didn't do anything—just slept all the time!" We wonder why Prof. Christy persists in picking out this type of bunk-mate. His room-mate of last year was thus afflicted, for "Virg" Hussey liked to sleep better than anything under the sun!"

Harriet Storms spent part of her summer in evangelistic singing in meetings at Jasper and Canisteo. She also attended the Bible Conference at Lime Lake.

Arthur Doty, the "chev," and family did some extensive traveling during the vacation time. The "Chev" and its occupants covered a dozen states. (No, just an ordinary sized car with ordinary sized occupants) and the speedometer registered five thousand miles after its tour. An interesting incident that happened during the summer will be printed soon. Watch for it! It's funny!

Prof. Leo Lawless relates his vacation time like this:

"My summer vacation I call both hectic and happy. Hectic—because I went as far as Detroit with Dizzy Densmore. Happy—because it was so good to get back to Oklahoma and the parental nest. The weather there being too warm to ice-skate much, my brother and I resorted to the ol' swimmin' hole for pastime.

By the time I had visited all my friends and relatives the August heat drove me to Canada where I visited a sister who lives near Wasaga Beach on Georgian Bay. Canoeing, tennis and other things too "humorous" to mention kept me occupied until it was time to go South. The boat trip from Toronto to Prescott was delightful. We passed through the Thousand Islands a little after dawn, and impossible as it may seem I was up to view the sights. A visit to Montreal, Lake Champlain (and points near) concluded a very fine summer." (We wonder what *points near* signifies. Rather indefinite, and yet—!!)

As near as we can find out the majority of our students did simply "nothing" throughout the entire summer. However, we wish to be charitable and will continue to believe that Houghton students are only modest and reticent about their accomplishments and not really "lazy."