

HOUGHTON STAR

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Christy Wilson, F. M. F. Officer Speaks for Club

Last Friday evening the Mission Study Club was privileged to hear a message by Mr. Christy Wilson, Associate General Secretary of the Foreign Missions Fellowship.

Mr. Wilson took as his text I Corinthians 16:9, "A great door and effectual is opened unto me and there are many adversaries." The Christian church today, he said, faces the greatest open door in many years, but the time is very short. For example, according to Dr. Robert Glover of the China Inland Mission, the masses of China are ready, even eager, to listen to the Word; but nobody knows how long this opportunity will last.

The prevalent receptivity of the gospel is evidenced by the fact that today the Christian churches of South America, Africa and Asia have increased several times since 1900; in fact, the church of Brazil is now growing more rapidly than any in the world. In Korea, where there was not even one Christian in 1885, over a million now profess the Name of Christ. Christians of Korea, who refused to bow to the images of the emperor, are now being released from concentration camps and are ready to preach the gospel to their people.

Of the many adversaries Mr. Wilson mentioned, the doors which as yet remain closed present the strongest opposition. He made an appeal for well-trained young people to go to the fields soon, for mission boards now have money on hand to send out 3,000 new missionaries.

In addition to his work with the F. M. F. Mr. Wilson has recently completed study for his B.D. degree at Princeton.

MEETING AT CORNELL

On January 26 and 27, there will be a week-end conference at Cornell University of representatives from Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship and Foreign Missions Fellowship chapters in New York State. Students will probably be present from I.V.C.F. chapters in Buffalo and Albany State Teachers Colleges, the Universities of Rochester, Syracuse, and Cornell, Rensselaer, and Polytechnic institutions in New York State. It is hoped that at least two carloads of students from our local F. M. F. chapter will be able to attend.

Prof. Moreland Discusses Evolution for Pre-Meds

The Pasteur Pre-med Club considered it a privilege to have Dr. George Moreland speak at their regular meeting, Monday, January 7, on evolution.

Because of the dogmatic and stigmatic inferences which are given to evolution, Dr. Moreland hesitated to speak the word *evolution*. He defined evolution as origin through descent, and asked the question, "Where did life come from?" Up until sometime in the 18th century the theory of spontaneous generation, which stated that living organisms had origin in non-living substances, was the explanation of the origin of life.

About the middle of the 18th century Weismann proposed the theory of all life originating in life and that all living individuals arise in a single cell.

The possibility of higher complex animals arising from lower complex ones was the basis of Darwin's theory. According to the above definition of evolution this would be quite impossible. That there is evidence of change, however, no one can deny.

Permanent mutations or changes result in transmission of genes from parent to offspring. We are what we are because of what we have received from our parents. We see the basis for the mutations in a study of a series of animals, for instance, dogs. They have changed, but all dogs still come from a dog.

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Barton Pogue, Professor and Poet, Presents Readings Friday, Jan. 25



Barton Rees Pogue

Humorist Gives Original Rhymes

Barton Rees Pogue, college professor, poet, and humorist, is the second lecturer in the current series. This Hoosier poet and philosopher will present his unusual program of humor and serious readings Friday evening, January 25th, in the college chapel.

Mr. Pogue terms himself a rhymster. He particularly delights in rhymes and verses of humorous phases of everyday life. The most famous of his poems is the one entitled "The Post-Office Pen." He achieved a considerable reputation in the midwest through his regular broadcasts over Station WLW and Station WIBC.

Mr. Pogue's representations are sometimes humorous and sometimes serious. With a flexible voice and a flare for mimicry, Pogue convulses his audience at times with dissertations on such things as bifocal glasses, fixing furnace fires, or kicking cans to school.

A versatile speaker, Mr. Pogue has presented programs at colleges, universities, institutes, churches, conventions, and conferences. Many audiences have found his contributions delightfully refreshing.

Lucky, Cook Record Music at Singpiration

Saturday night Dr. Robert Lucky and Irving Cook made a nine-minute recording of some of the songs during the Singpiration. The recording includes such hymns as "Christ for Me," "Praise Him," "Wonderful Grace of Jesus," and "Abide With Me." Dave Flower led the singing, mingling testimonies with the songs, and Nancy Butters accompanied at the piano.

Martha Bowers played her trumpet and "Izzie" Dayton her accordion. After the recording, Joan Carville sang "What Shall I Give Thee, Master?"

Singspirations are held every Saturday night in the dormitory reception room after late serving. They were inaugurated in December by a group of students who felt that Houghtonians would enjoy such a period of singing each week. Trumpet trios, clarinet duets and vocal solos have served as integral parts of some of these Singspirations.

The Singpiration group took charge of student chapel Wednesday morning, January 16. Dave Flower led the singing, "Izzie" Dayton and Yvonne Eckhardt played accordions, Martha Bowers her trumpet, and Nancy Butters the piano. By request, Joan Carville repeated her solo from Saturday night.

Veteran Castigates Current Campus Attitudes Towards War's Total Cost

To whom it may concern:

In the movie (or should I say "educational sound film") program given here a few weeks ago, several combat documentaries were shown. It seemed to me that they were received, for the most part, in one of two attitudes: either with: "Oh, I'm getting tired of all these war pictures; after all, the war is over, isn't it?" or with laughter and exclamations in more exciting moments, often with a few sound effects, as if the whole thing were a theatrical production put on for sheer entertainment.

As a veteran, I was mildly surprised, even slightly shocked, I think. Most Americans, most of us right here in Houghton have already forgotten—if we ever knew—just what war means. With

(Continued on Page Two)

SCENES PORTRAY EUROPEAN NEEDS

Student Chapel Friday morning, January 11, climaxed the "Clothes for Europe" drive in the college. The program, which was under the direction of Professor Donald Butterworth, featured a student orchestra with Robert Procter as conductor, and a capable cast. The music, which was arranged and scored for this orchestra by Bob, was a series of preludes, the themes of which suggested what the audience was to hear in the play. The first prelude included a few bars from "Take me out to the Ballgame," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "The William Tell Overture" and "Orpheus unter weld."

In the first scene Dorine Olmsted portrayed the part of a Houghton College student who was unwilling to contribute clothes she no longer actually needed to the clothing drive. Margaret Roy and Barbara Robinson, her roommates, discussed the matter with her unsuccessfully after the delivery boy (Paul Sprowl) entered, laden with boxes which bore a prominent fashion-center label. Following the sweet strains of a cello solo in the second prelude, the heroine was herself, in a dream, among some poor French peasants (Marion Hagen, Merrill Jackson, Donald Lugtig, and Robert Wollcott) who were desperately war-stricken, but who had received help from American sources.

The theme from the French National Anthem was heard in the third prelude—and in this scene the heroine realized the importance of sharing with others.

Those who played in the orchestra were: Doris Potter, Ethel Anderson, Alice Wright, Gordon Talbot, Irene Titus, Evelyn MacNeill, Sally Pierce, Ruth Coldiron, Lois Hardy, Dean Gilliland, Martha Bowers, Carl Becker, Phyllis Perry, Laura Cobbe, Beatrice Fletcher, and Ted Smith.

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Veteran Castigates Current Campus Attitudes Toward War's Total Cost

(Continued from Page One)

total war only a few months behind us, with desultory fighting still breaking out in many trouble spots, in this armed truce, this, perhaps only temporary abatement we hopefully call *peace*, some of us have already pushed from our minds all recollection of the cost.

I will admit that the pictures themselves were partly to blame, particularly the air corps films, which made combat seem like an exhilarating sport, a little like big-game hunting, with a certain element of risk to heighten the excitement, but principally consisting of strafing troop columns, or better, a train—the locomotive explodes into such a satisfying cloud of smoke and steam—or better still, catching an enemy fighter in your sights—look! just see how he slowly spirals down, trailing black oil-smoke and flame, and what a brilliant flash of fire as he crashes into the earth!

Those of you who were civilians may have some obligations to those of us who fought; I don't know. But I'm sure of this: every one of us has an overpowering obligation to you, an obligation to tell you once and to reiterate, until it's burned into your brain as it is in ours, that war is not a gigantic sporting event; the battlefield is not an immense gridiron.

How glibly we say it! "War is hell." Actually, war is not unmitigated hell; there are moments of grim, ironic jest, when the whole thing seems like a grisly and obscene joke. But mostly war is waiting . . . waiting for the trucks that will move us to the front lines again . . . waiting in the rain's cold drizzle for chow that will be miserably meager and ill-prepared when it does arrive . . . waiting with bated breath as the mail clerk calls out the lucky names . . . waiting in a cold sweat, with straining ears, for the *banzai* charge that comes every night . . . waiting for the call over interphone, "Flak at twelve o'clock" . . . waiting for the hopelessly wounded man to die, so you can bury him and go on . . . waiting for the one with my name on it . . . war is waiting, always waiting, forever sweating it out.

And at home, war is the war department telegram opened with fumbling fingers, and the faintly breathed, "Thank God, at least he's still alive . . . the empty place at Christmas dinner . . . the war bride with the baby his father has never seen . . . the gold stars in the flag at the front of the church . . . and everywhere aching loneliness for distant sons and sweet-hearts and husbands.

And when the fighting is over, war is the leg-less veteran selling newspapers on the street corner . . . the seeing-eye dog leading a young man in the prime of life . . . the one-armed street-cleaner, who used to play the violin . . . all the husbands who are different somehow, who go off into a dark corner of their minds, where not even love can follow them.

What I'm trying to say is this: war is the most heinous of all crimes against society. Let's not forget it.

Let's keep fresh in our minds the squalor and fear and hate and loneliness and death that are war.

Sincerely,

Warren Woolsey.

Alumni News

Just so we won't get too far behind, let's glance at some Alumni news.

Members of the Senior class will remember Louise Lauster, Rural Valley, Pa. Last July she was married to William Evick of Youngstown, Ohio. The couple are living there now.

Lt. j-g. Frank Houser and Cpl. Alvin Ramsley got together recently "somewhere in the Pacific." Frank's primary interest is in getting home (Al probably wants to also), marrying Helen Esther Baker ('45), and studying Sociology!

Dr. Dudley Phillips will be remembered by the older students, who will be interested to know that he is interning at the Maryland General Hospital in Baltimore. His wife, the former Ila Grandy, is teaching in one of the Baltimore Junior High Schools.

Esther Pritchard ('45), now working in the Wesleyan Methodist Publishing House in Syracuse, has a poem in the January Wesleyan Youth Magazine, which is celebrating its 10th anniversary this month.

Rees Pritchett ('45) was another holiday casualty and as a result of his illness missed his med. school exams. Anything but make-up exams!

We have just heard that Jim Hughes ('44) is back in the states on convalescent leave. It seems Jim contracted a bad case of asthma and was sent home to recuperate.

Student Opinions Give Vets Choice

The construction of Deer Hall for the returned veterans who are entering school next semester has caused widespread discussion on the campus. Many of the students feel that the veterans, who have been living under military discipline and in army barracks, should be given the privilege of enjoying a room in a private home. If the veterans were given the opportunity to live in a home-like atmosphere, it would necessitate the moving of some of the present men students into Deer Hall so that rooms in private homes might be available to the veterans.

Student opinion as to what course of action should be taken varies.

Exum Clement, a member of the senior class, believes that the fellows in the private homes should be willing to volunteer to go to Deer Hall if the veterans desire to live in the private homes.

Rachel Kratz, a member of the class of '47, says, "The returning servicemen should be given first choice, considering the sacrifices they have made for us."

Another member of the class of '47, John DeBrine, believes that it is a good idea to give the returned veterans first choice.

Viola Blake, speaking as a representative of the sophomore class, agrees with the upperclassmen in that "It's a good idea."

June Helfer, a member of the class of '49, believes the servicemen should be given rooms outside of the barracks because barracks life would undoubtedly resemble the army life from which they have just returned.



It seems to be the only right thing to do . . . to let me, Witchie, write for this column (which has usurped my name) once in awhile. This is, I think, the second time I have had direct communication with you without that interfering "middle-man" Chi-wee. She always does misrepresent me. She unjustly shows me in the public eye as an . . . (how I hate to say it) . . . illiterate. There was a time when I spoke cuphoniouly. My choice of words was truly genius and not verbose. But one day a worthy colleague (another shadow) told me that in promulgating my esoteric cogitations I should beware of superficial sentimentalities and platitudeous ponesosities. So I quit! That was enough said, I thought, and to this day I only speak in "two letter words." I suppose one would say that I am repressed. But now that is explained and I'm happy. I ain't illiterate.

Many of you spoke to me this past week about last week's rambling column. The reason why the last paragraph didn't make sense was because that wasn't the end. The moth-eaten pun thought up by my "friend" Chi-wee took such a long time to tell that it didn't all fit in the column. One of these days when you least expect it she'll probably try to sneak that "episode" and unfinished pun back into the column. (Horror!—would that by then I should be buried 6 feet under.)

I suppose you know all the news outside of Houghton. There are, I hear, "several" strikes and rumors of more. That isn't what bothered me! I read something that should interest every red-blooded (and "blue-blooded" New England) American. The gobs are getting new uniforms! Those bell-bottomed, almost pocketless suits are out. But what bothered me was that there'll be no more "square collars." I had always contended that if I "joined" I'd choose the Navy. But alas, . . . those square collars were the only things that would have protected my auditory appendages from the wind and cold.

Speaking about my, uh . . . imposing ears reminds me that I can point out the merits of them to you. A group of energetic girls are going to help to put the last touches on Deer Hall . . . and I'm going to wield a paint brush. It will be, no doubt, the first building in history to be painted without the use of either hands or feet. Guess what?

I'll have to be redundant if this column isn't packed full of words soon. The end seems far and I'm out of words. Once a month is enough for me! (That, dear Witchie, suits me fine . . . you can write once a month in *your* column. Only I warn you it ain't fun! hee hee . . . two fiendish cackles, if you please . . . Love, Chi-Wee.)

Ken Clark, speaking as a returned veteran, states, "I think it would be appreciated by the veterans if rooms in homes were made available for them." However, he believes that life in Deer Hall will be better than the army life from which these men have just returned.

Weddings, Showers, And an Engagement

Ortlip-Armstrong

The Rev. and Mrs. C. I. Armstrong of Houghton, New York, announce the wedding of their daughter Doris Ruth, to Stephen J. Ortlip, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Willard Ortlip, Fort Lee, New Jersey. The ceremony will be at two o'clock, Tuesday, January 22, in the Wesleyan Methodist Church at Houghton. The student body is cordially invited.

HC

Armstrong Shower

Doris Armstrong was literally "roped in" to a party in her honor Monday night, January 14. While on her way to Aileen Shea's she was lassoed and led to the home of Doris and Betty Jackson for a variety shower. Thirty-eight guests were present.

HC

Douglass-Reed

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Reed of Corning, New York, announce the engagement of their daughter Josephine to Mr. Roderick B. Douglass of Lockport, son of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Douglass of Syracuse. Miss Reed was graduated from Houghton Bible School, and has been assistant Matron at Houghton for the past three years. Mr. Douglass is a former Houghtonian and was graduated from Syracuse University. He is now employed with the Harrison Radiator Division of General Motors as a mechanical engineer. Plans are being made for a summer wedding.

HC

Acevedo-Carlson

On August 31, 1945, Miss Eleanor Carlson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Carlson, of Akron, Ohio, became the bride of William Acevedo of Medellin, Colombia, South America.

The marriage was solemnized in the Methodist Church in Columbus, Ohio, by the Rev. James Thomas. The bride wore a street-length dress of pink chiffon with a corsage of gardenias.

Mrs. Acevedo teaches 6th grade in Portville, New York, and the groom is a member of the class of '49.

HC

Shower for Chess

Mrs. Robert Luckey entertained 20 girls at a bridal shower on Saturday, January 12, in honor of Miss Roberta Chess. Miss Chess, a member of the class of '46, plans to be married this summer to Larry Birch, an ex-member of the class of '46, now serving in the U. S. Naval Reserve Corps.

HC

ART CLUB CHANGES MONTHLY MEETING

At the Art Club meeting Monday night, the members mentioned with despair the bulletin boards in the Arcade. They decided to do something about making them more presentable and practical.

It was also decided to change the meeting night from the second to the third Monday night of each month.

Marie Diller, president of the club, showed pictures and explained cubism and surrealism in Art.

CHOIR BEGINS SEASON

By Dean Gilliland

With Professor Butterworth professionally clad in his five-buckle boots, we knew everything was ready and one by one the cars made their departure from the home town Sunday morning and headed toward Silver Springs.

Arrival at the Methodist Church in Silver Springs meant a rehearsal—and it was imperative, for everyone needed to make his voice realize that a concert was to be given in a very few minutes.

Procter, not wishing to experiment with an organ dated 1760, ushered us in with the piano. The first concert was an adventure, and at its close we were satisfied for it was a good sample of what would come. At least we were elated that the performance merited a wonderful Sunday dinner, and we honestly confessed we were glad to be in the choir as we wiped beef gravy from our chins and sank our teeth into apple pie.

After making clear our appreciation, the choir caravan moved on, this time not far enough to let the heaters warm the cars. We felt a sense of royalty as

we invaded the Castile Community Church about 2:30. No one was there to hinder entertainment, so a certain few of the infantile members of the male section found great pleasure in the sandbox in the nursery! Others passed the hour of idleness by explorations of the Castile municipality, but the easiest thing was to sit and wait.

At 4:30 the fury of getting lined up began, as notes of the prelude met our ears. With a word of prayer and expectant spirits we mounted the stairs and presented ourselves to the community of Castile as best we could.

The church in Warsaw was beautiful, and after dropping our suitcases we found it proper to stretch our weary frames out on the thick, soft seat cushions. Yes, we were tired. In all sincerity the choir had a pre-concert prayer meeting, for we sensed our dependence on Him. He never fails—and His strength became our strength as we stood to sing. The concert was good, we sang in His Spirit and to His glory.

KEEP 'N TRACK



BY RUTHE MEADE

What gives this week, fellas?

Oh, you heard about that reunion in New York, too. Well, we didn't get any of the "gory" details—just a bit of who was there . . . Jim Hughes, Bob Oehrig, Ken Kouwe, Ries Pritchett, Ed Mehne—plus Glenda 'n Phyl 'n the gals to "liven" things up. Yeah, any party with those kids needs no formal presentation. You can find news of Jim in the Alumni column, and I guess Ed is waiting for the Army to make up its mind about med schools. 'Guess you all knew Ken is home for good—in fact he spent a couple days around Houghton just before vacation.

Remember when Glenn Barnett mentioned seeing Al Smith out in Okinawa . . . back a few months? Last week we caught up with Glenn and now we hear that Al's ship is docked at Iwo Jima for temporary duty. It seems they were on the list for coming home and being decommissioned . . . but after an 800-mile journey toward the U. S. they were told to pull in. We surely hope they can come the rest of the way—but soon!

Captain Robert Stanton, '40, was the guest of Warren Woolsey for a while during vacation. He's on leave from the China-Burma-India theatre, but hopes to be out by spring or early summer. Warren says that Bob was a communications officer with the 11th Bomb Group.

It's been a long time since we've heard anything from Pvt. Bob Harper. It sounds as though he has been having a fine time in the Lord—"I went to a Bible reading up in chapel 8 and it turned into a prayer meeting besides. There were about 7 of us there and we had a wonderful time before the throne of grace. I met Max Fancher at the service club around six and from there

we went to the chapel . . . The chaplain gave a talk on prayer and then said we should use the time for praying. So after that we went to prayer and had a lovely season of prayer . . . tomorrow afternoon I'm going into Clarksville Youth for Christ. Yes, we have one down here and we even hope to start a G. I. one in the camp on Sunday night. That's something else to pray about."

Bob is now at Camp Campbell, Ky., and has been there since the first of November. He has had various jobs . . . it is still uncertain whether or not he will be serving overseas in the Army of Occupation.

. . . And here's a really swell letter from our own "Dinky" (Pvt. Robert Dingman in 'not-so-private life') down at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. He says:

"I have just finished a 45-day furlough (sigh) and now I'm in the process of being reassigned. We have a lecture a day on "Soldier to Civilian" and stuff along that line and it drives me frantic 'cause I haven't a chance of getting out at all for another 19 months. I long for the day when I can come back to Ho'ton again. It'll be wonderful to be a lowly frosh."

Dinky has really gotten around since he went in in October, '44. After making the usual run of Dix, Blanding, Meade, etc., here in the states, he left for England, France and Germany—arriving via box-car and truck in Euskirchen, Germany, sometime in March of '45. "My first action (rifeman on an armored car) was in the drive to close the Rheur pocket which developed into the largest trap of the war. I saw quite a bit of action for the short time I lasted. I took part in infantry night patrols and mechanized reconnaissance patrols, going as far as 20 miles behind German lines in order to get information needed. I was seriously wounded while we were operating as infantry . . . rifeman and radio operator on a jeep. We had just taken a town and were crossing a field in which we knew Germans were dug in. I then embarked on a tour of eight hospitals lasting six months. I expect to be a clerk here . . . some fun!"



Faith in Action

BY VIRGINIA SWAUGER

Hank Brandt, sophomore ministerial student, says, "It dawned on me in September of '43 that I was working in church for my own glory and, in general, living for myself. I was too busy to read the Bible." Then, determining to seek first the kingdom of God, he began to study the Bible, which, he says, soon revealed that he knew nothing about the fruits of the Spirit, Galatians 5:22 and 23. So he presented himself to God to use for His glory.

On starting a new job, he discovered that the thirteen men in his department were all hardened carousers. They drank, gambled, lusted, cursed, and worked dishonestly. This would be a real test for his new stand in Christ. He had been working with them but a few days when they began to argue about some statement in the Bible. They were wishing they had a Bible to prove or disprove the statement when Hank threw his Testament on the table. The effect was amazing. No one dared to touch it. This act branded Hank and one by one they asked him what he believed.

The men were planning a New Year's Eve party. Hank told them he was spending it in church. He prayed earnestly that their party would be such a flop that someone would get sick enough of such a life to seek the Lord. The next day at work everyone was angry and out of sorts. Everything had gone wrong at the party. Hank got to talking to the loudest, hardest drinker of the bunch, who invited him to his home so that he could present Christ. Hank says, "I stumbled through some Scripture, and to my surprise he accepted Christ." The next day at work he was transformed—no more drinking, smoking, no cursing. Everyone was astounded.

Later that winter he met an instructor from Wayne University. She had melancholy spells and was under the care of a psychologist. Hank was enabled by the Spirit to give her some Scripture that helped her to cast her care utterly on God. She called up her psychologist to tell him that she didn't need him anymore and would be glad to help him if she could.

In the summer of '44 Hank felt that he ought to go to a school. The question was whether or not the draft board would release him. Almost everyone, especially the men at work, told him he would land in the army. He prayed that God would close the door to college if it were not His will. He came to Houghton to look it over, registered, and the next day heard that the school needed someone to occupy Steese House. It seemed to be the leading of the Lord. Two months later the draft board approved his coming. God can handle draft boards! Hank testifies, "So far He has given us constant peace and freedom. He has supplied all our needs. I am amazed at the power of God that can bring hardened sinners to their knees in tears. 'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.'"

Miller's Sports Spasms

By Dave Miller

Ever since listening to numerous unsavory remarks about referees, fouls, etc., which inevitably attend nearly all basketball games, I have been fighting off the insatiable urge to write a parable properly depicting the epic struggle. However, I've finally succumbed to this inordinate urge. The result is a cross between George Ade and James Thurber.

Once upon a time there was a basketball team of Considerable Note. They lived in a town called Sterling (which stands for indisputable character). Each man on the Sterling Five was famous for his Clean Play. However, the Cleanest and Best player of the Five was Val Or (also the handsomest).

A short distance from Sterling, was the town of Cheatville (or "will cheat," as one of the members of the Sterling Five sagaciously put it). This wicked town also had a team but, in contrast to Sterling, of odious notoriety. It was common knowledge that Cheatville won all their games by felonious methods. Between Sterling and Cheatville there was Bitter Rivalry.

One year it happened that both teams had Unblemished Records. The very last game of the Season was to be between Cheatville and Sterling for the County Championship. A Great Excitement burned in the Two Towns.

The very largest Gym in the neighborhood was rented for the evening and even the standing room had been sold out long in advance. It turned out later that an unknown Salesman (probably from Cheatville) sold 23,000 counterfeit tickets to unsuspecting Sterling citizens.

The evening of the Game finally arrived amid Great Fanfare. But to the Consternation of his Teammates and Sterling Citizens, it was made known just before the game started that Val Or had been stricken with an insidious attack of hives. A great sigh of dismay went up from the Sterling rooters. (Sighing was also heard from the twenty-three thousand Sterling citizens stand-

Frosh Girls Hand Out 18-12 Defeat to Seniors

The yearling lassies caught the Senior girls sleeping and slipped over a 18-12 beating, the evening of January 11th. Lombard and Drew were snapping them in for the Frosh, and Perry got going for the Seniors in the second half, but, by and large, it was a slow, sloppy game. Armstrong and Taylor were outstanding in defensive play.

PROF. MORELAND DISCUSSES EVOLUTION FOR PRE-MEDS

(Continued from Page One)

Austin H. Clark, of Washington, D. C., says, "Fossils of rocks are exactly the same as animals of today. Once an animal of that kind always an animal of that kind." He further says that all animals can be traced back to approximately the same time.

Dr. Moreland asked, "Shall we believe such a far-fetched idea as evolution or would it be better to believe that God did create all at one time?"

ing Frustrated at the door of the gym.) Nevertheless a substitute was found and the game proceeded.

As had been expected, the Cheatville team played rough and unfair basketball. It was also quite clear to Sterling Fans that the ref was definitely biased. Plain fouls were committed with utter disregard by Cheatville players without recognition from the ref and fouls were called on Sterling players which were Absurd.

In spite of their clean-cut game the Sterling five, sorely in need of Val Or, were 15 points behind going into the last quarter. Despondency was rampant among Sterling Rooters.

Suddenly a great shout went up from the Sterling Fans. Standing grim and white in the doorway was Val Or. His sickness had passed.

Fear fell upon Cheatville. There was even palor in the face of the ref as he acknowledged the entrance of Val Or into the game.

Every Citizen in Sterling leaped to his feet, tingling with pride as they watched Val Or sink point after point. Cheatville was sick with Fright.

The thunderous roar increased as the gap narrowed down—now 9—7—5—3—1 point behind. There were but seconds left in the game, and Cheatville began to Freeze the Ball.

But suddenly with lightning speed Val Or dashed between two villainous Cheatville players. He snatched the ball from their Astonished Hands.

Realizing the shortness of time and acting cool-headedly, he stood right where he was and shot—a tremendous heave that left his hands just before the whistle sounded for the end of the game. Sterling Screamed.

The ball got caught up in one of the rafters and Cheatville won 57-56.

Moral: Never play in a gym with low rafters.

Junior Girls Lose To Sophomore Six

The Soph Lassies were "on" Wednesday night, January 9th, to lead the way. The Junior women fought hard, only to find themselves 1 point behind as the whistle blew the close of the game. Rhebergen and Wentzell for the "Maroon and White" worked an excellent combination. The Junior guards were outstanding, for their cooperation and hard fighting.

Juniors	Fg.	Ft.	Fouls	Pts
Fancher	8	0	3	16
Thornton Mil.	0	1	1	1
Warren	2	1	1	5
Humes	0	0	3	0
Bey	0	0	0	0
Hoffman	0	0	1	0
Conley	0	0	2	0
Sophs	Fg.	Ft.	Fouls	Pts
Rhebergen	6	0	4	12
Wentzell	5	3	1	11
Anderson E	0	0	1	0
Anderson A.	0	0	1	0
Taylor	0	0	2	0
Canfield	0	0	3	0
Pierce	0	0	1	0

Juniors Frsh0.8

STANDINGS OF THE INTERHOUSE LEAGUE

	W	L	PTC
Hazlett	2	0	1000
Spizinctums	1	0	1000
Homesteaders	1	1	.500
Smitherenes	0	3	.000

Frosh Clean Up Fighting Juniors

The Junior men gave the undefeated Freshmen a scare when they took the lead 20-17 at the half Wednesday evening, January 9th. The third quarter, the Frosh men got back in stride with a 5-point lead. The game ended with an 18-point lead for the Freshmen. The Juniors played only five men with no substitutions.

Frosh	Fg.	Ft.	Fouls	Pts.
Cuest	12	3	2	29
Barnett	5	3	3	13
Markell	4	1	3	9
Montzingo	2	0	1	4
Juroe	1	0	0	2
Spencer	1	0	0	2
White	0	0	2	0
Juniors	Fg.	Ft.	Fouls	Pts.
Flower	1	6	0	18
Kalle	5	5	1	15
Teachout	1	1	3	3
Burgess	1	0	1	2
Terpe	0	1	00	1

Don't Let your Dollar Down



"Tests may come and tests may go, but we go on forever," the "we" referring to our noble advertisers in Houghton. If, in the coming two weeks, you have a bit of spare time, you may look up some of the following offers:

The little Giftie Shoppe which is attached to Mr. Cronk's store has in possession, but will gladly sell to you varieties of soaps, lotions, and cologne made by Woodbury and Cashmere Bouquet. Mr. Cott comes through again—with a huge selection of toothpaste to choose from. He can give you your favorite brand.

"Something new has been added" at the College Inn.. Delicious fruit cocktail sundaes which are good and good for you.

At the Word-Bearer Press you may now obtain Helen Rex Keller's latest edition of the *Reader's Digest of Books*. This is a fine edition for any library.

We have song and chorus books which contain most of those hard-to-find songs at Paul's Gospel Press.

Forget your worries and cares at the Pantry with a "just-like-home" shortcake with fresh whipped cream. There's another treat awaiting you at the Pantry. Freshly popped, well seasoned popcorn to munch on as you study. Five and ten-cent sizes.

Wanted—two extra slats for room 104 in the dorm. Lizzie Dayton is now occupying top deck of the bunk beds and poor Nancy is a little worried about the "two slats between her and extinction."

JUNIOR QUINT TAXES SCRAPPY PREPSTER FIVE

The crowd that filed out of Bedford Gym Friday night were sure they had seen the most exciting game of the year. Having trailed during the first three quarters, the Juniors staged a rally that brought them within one point of a tying score with only seven seconds to play. Thus the High School, having won 54-53, is still challenging the college teams for the lead in the second round.

During the first half the High School outplayed the Juniors and when the buzzer sounded the half time score stood at 27-19. Excitement increased during the second half when the Juniors took the floor with increased vigor and improved their score within five points of the Blue clad five during the third quarter.

As for the Juniors, it was Flower who led the attack and played his usual game of splendid defensive and offensive work. Scoring honors went to Dave who tallied over half of the Juniors' fifty-three points. The Prepsters' leader in offensive play was Max Nichols, scoring sixteen points.

HOUGHTON INDIANS KNOCK OFF WARSAW

The Houghton Indians knocked off Warsaw 52-50 in their third game of the season. The game was played on the Warsaw court the evening of Thursday, January 10.

The Warsaw Quintet was a fast-breaking, smooth-passing aggregation and held the lead for most of the game, but in the last few minutes of play, Houghton pushed out ahead and maintained the margin until the final gun. Snappy Warsaw passwork gave Houghton's zone defense considerable trouble, but the Braves' offense was clicking better so that Warsaw never forged ahead more than three or four points. Best all-round performance of the evening was turned in by Houghton's John Sheffer, with Eyler and Luckey also acquitting creditably.

The next encounter will be on the Fillmore court the evening of Saturday, January 26, when the Indians meet the Wyoming team. Those desiring transportation meet at the College Inn at 7:30.

Homesteaders Win

Last Saturday afternoon a persistent Homesteader quintet surged from behind to bind the Smitherenes to the cleaners for the 3rd straight time this season. The score at the final whistle was 34-26.

The Prep combination found themselves in difficulty early in the game. At the half the Smitherenes had a 9-point lead which constantly threatened to increase. A stiff man-to-man defense was employed by the losers during the first two periods.

Homesteader forward Lennox was largely responsible for the late 3rd and 4th period rush which resulted in their victory. Lennox was high scorer with 19 points. Chief in a losing cause was Caes, who accounted for 12 tallies for the Smitherenes.