THE BOULDER

1927

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The Boulder

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JUNIOR DEPARTMENT OF
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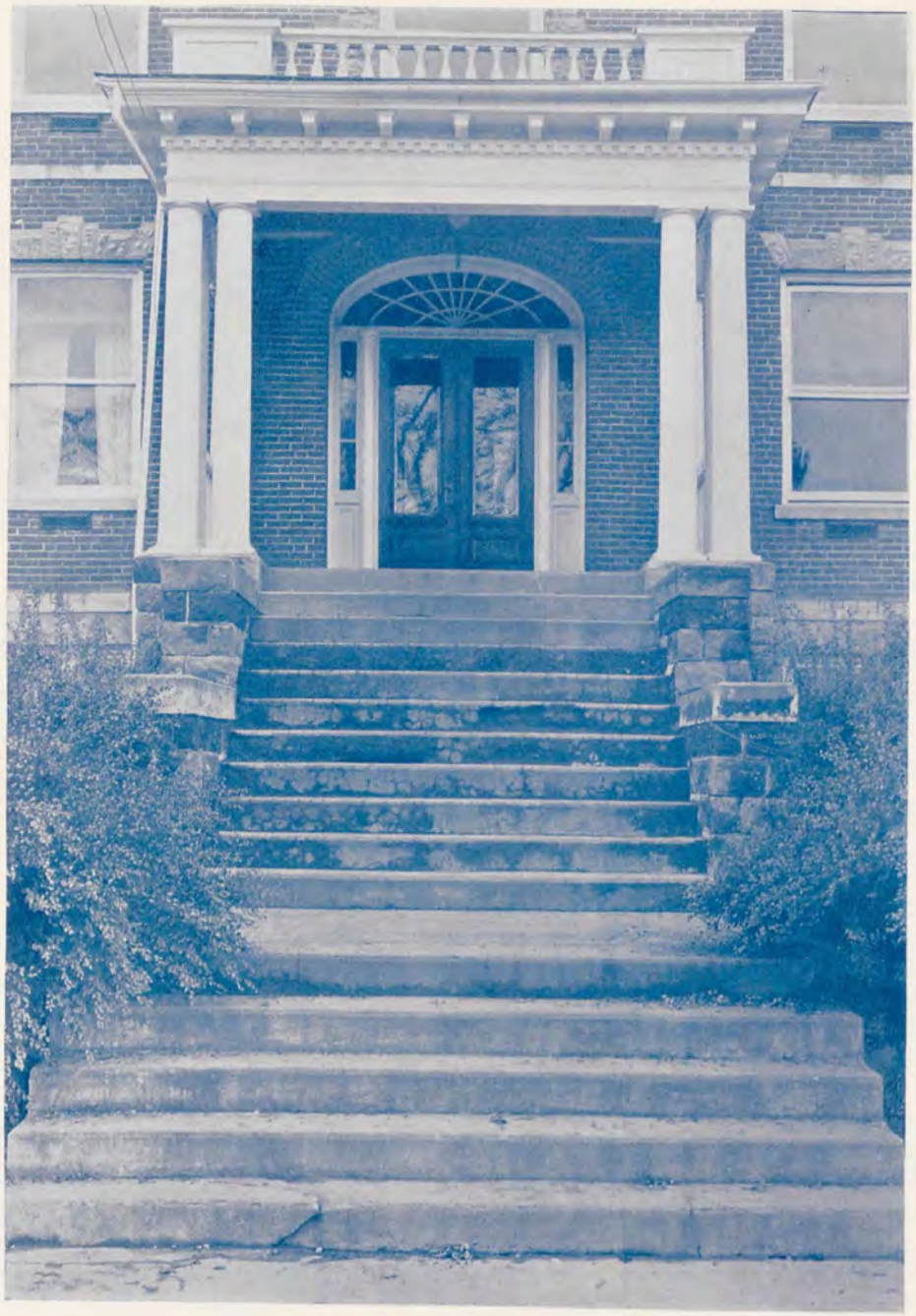
1927

VOL. IV



The gateway of knowledge
To the hall of success.

Foreword

INSPIRED by the gay realities of college life, formed by the ceaseless efforts of interested individuals, and moulded through the faithful endeavors of the Annual staff, this 1927 Boulder is at last a complete work. That it may strengthen old friendships, perpetuate college memories, and add enjoyment to some life, is our fondest hope, aim and desire.

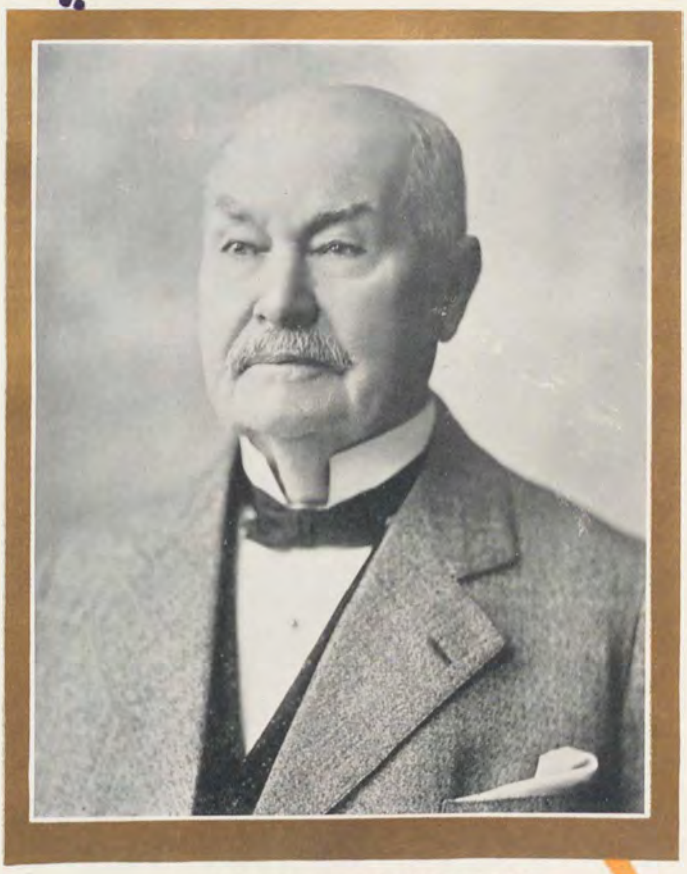
THE STAFF

A little humor now and then,
Is cherished by the best of men.

Begin "Just to be in Style" on Page Eighteen

Dedication

Distinguished bearer of a renowned and revered patronymic—a name whose connotation is doubly dear to every resident of Houghton village, and to every friend of Houghton College; worthy descendant of a noble parentage, and inheritor of an honorable tradition of service, whose life is a fitting complement to the example of a great father and to the influence of a gracious mother; constant supporter and generous benefactor of the institution which his father founded, who for many years has unostentatiously and materially contributed to its maintenance, and whose practical faith and encouragement made possible the early securing of a college charter; successful business executive and financier, who has recognized that a nation's greatest asset is its young manhood and womanhood, and that the most per-



LEONARD F. HOUGHTON

manent and profitable investment is in the education and development of Christian character; keen student of national affairs, and sympathetic observer of social conditions, representing the highest type of intelligent citizenship in a democracy, and of a consecrated layman in the church; and finally the sincere friend of the students, faculty, and townspeople, who has had a vital personal interest in every phase of community and scholastic life—an interest which was shared wholeheartedly by his devoted wife as long as she lived, and the scope of which may be indicated by the fact that he is the sponsor of the June Oratorical Contest, patron of the Willard J. Houghton Memorial Library, and donor of the monument which marks the grave of Copperhead on the campus, and which furnished the suggestion for the title of this annual publication,

THIS FOURTH YEAR BOOK OF HOUGHTON COLLEGE AND SEMINARY IS APPROPRIATELY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

The Boulder Staff

Virgil Hussey	Editor-in-Chief
Theos Cronk	Associate Editor-in-Chief
Oliver Christy	Business Manager
Perry Tucker	Assistant Business Manager
Lavay Fancher	Faculty Adviser
Merrill Linquest	Subscription Manager
Mary Perry	Snap Editor
Joseph Horton	Athletic Editor
Goldie Davidson	Literary Editor
Alta Albro	Organization Editor
Howard Bain	Art Editor
Ralph Jones	Joke Editor
Ruby Moore	Calendar Editor
Helen Kellogg	Copy Reader

Because of their zealous endeavors, good faith, and deep interest in the formation of this, the 1927 Boulder, we deem it a great privilege to name as honorary members of the Boulder Staff:

Harriett Remington, Utica, N. Y.
Frank O. Henshaw, East Aurora, N. Y.
Cassius Conner, Houghton, N. Y.
Harold Willis, Houghton, N. Y.

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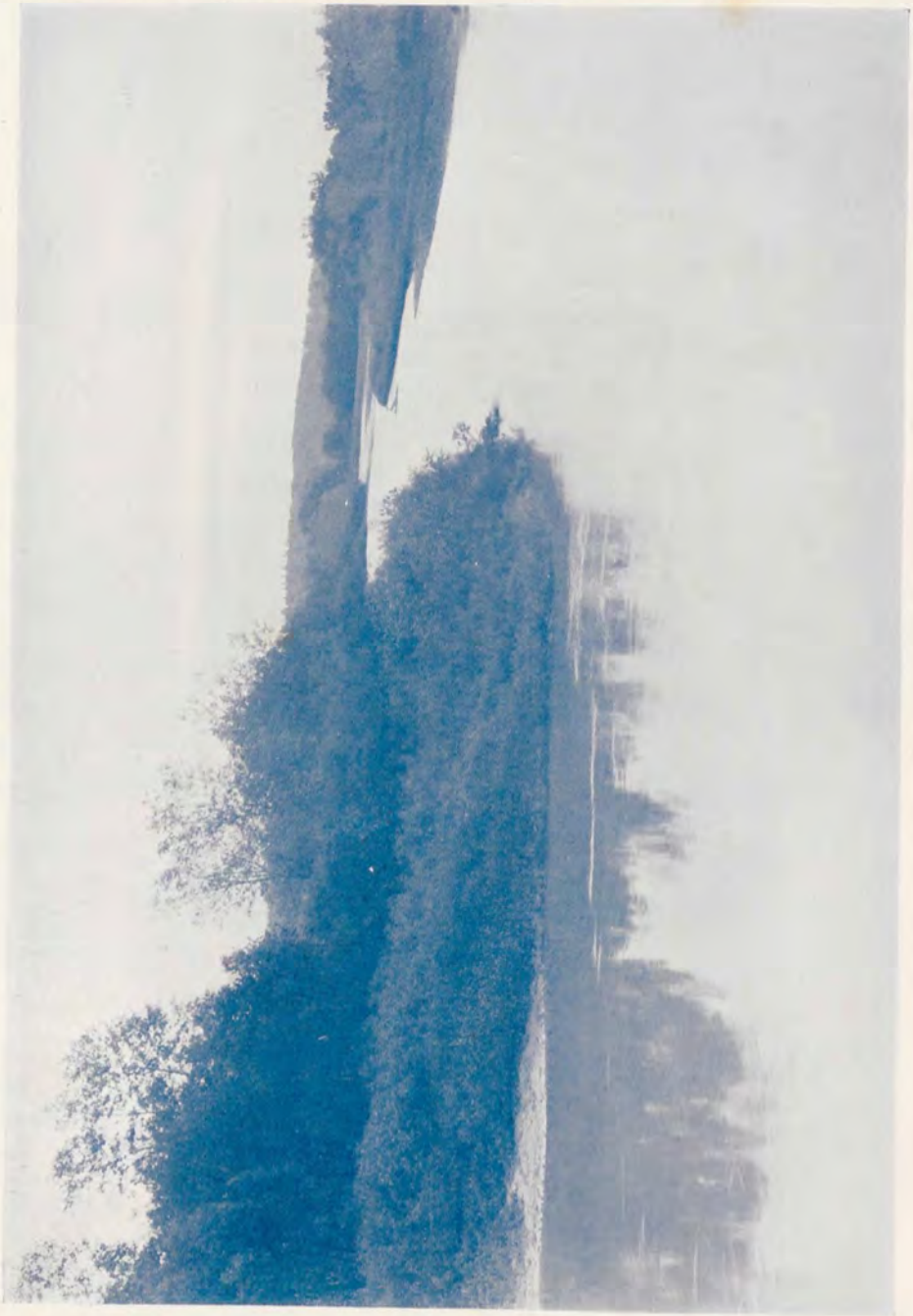


The old swimmin' hole
Where memories linger still.

PORTAGE FALLS
A poet's inspiration
An Indian's delight.

THE LAKE OF MOSSES
Frequently visited by those sentimentally inclined.

THE COVE

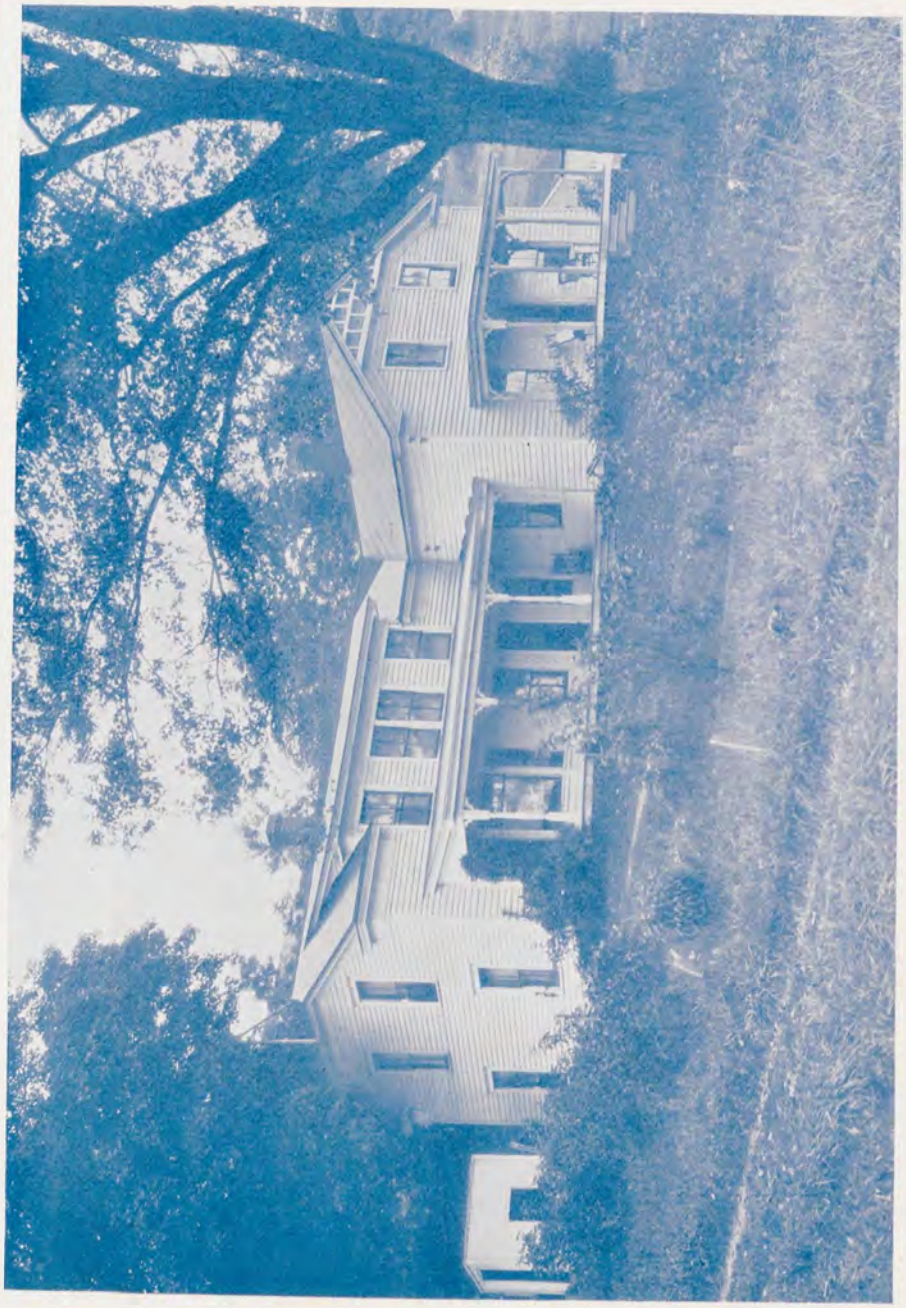
In summer—where beauty reigns,
In winter—where skaters frolic.

OUR PRESIDENT'S HOME

The abode of one whose character reflects righteousness, kindness, and wisdom.

OUR GYMNASIUM

Where many a scalp has been taken,
Many a battle fought.



HOME OF L. F. HOUGHTON
A man of admirable character,
A foremost college supporter.

Where nature is magnified,
And beauty enhanced.

What Are You Doing?

Do you lazily nurse your knee and muse?
Do you contemplate your conquering thews
With a critical satisfaction?
But yesterday's laurels are dry and dead,
And to-morrow's triumph is still ahead;
To-day is the day for action.

Yesterday's sun: is it shining still?
To-morrow's dawn: will its coming fill
To-day, if to-day's light fail us?
Not so. The past is forever past;
To-day's is the hand which holds us fast,
And to-morrow may never hail us.

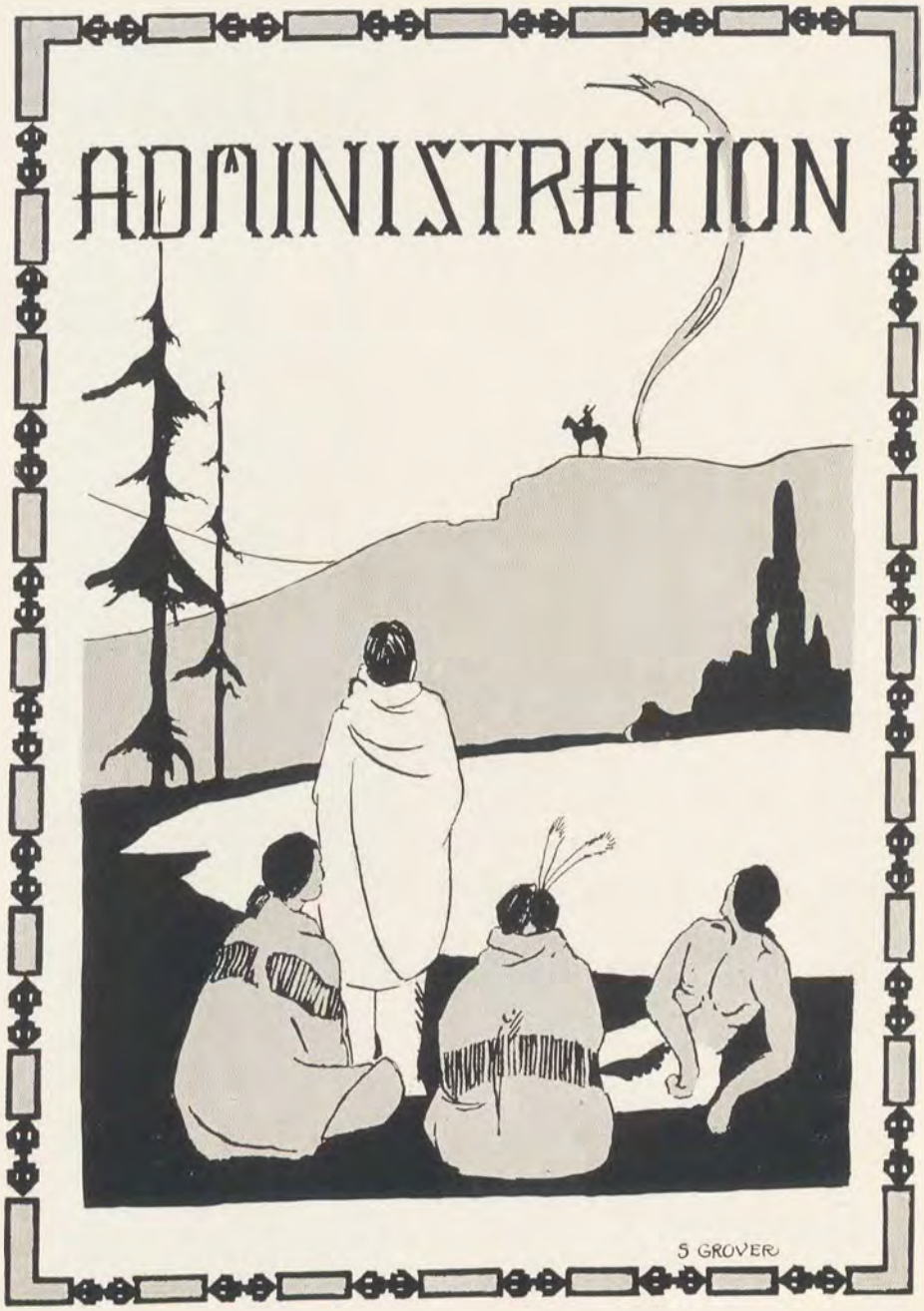
The present and only the present endures,
So it's hey for to-day! for to-day is yours
For the goal you are still pursuing.
What you have done is a little amount;
What you will do is of lesser account,
But the test is, what are you doing?

Edmund Vanus Cooke

Just To Be In Style

Although isolated from the outside world, Houghton catches at times the overflow of an exceptionally large wave in the ocean of novelty, and the latest of which we can report is the pernicious addition of *les petites moustaches* on the upper lip of some of our harmless-looking students. They say that they obtained an individuality by their acquisition. We believe it.

(Continue the article on page sixty)


ADMINISTRATION
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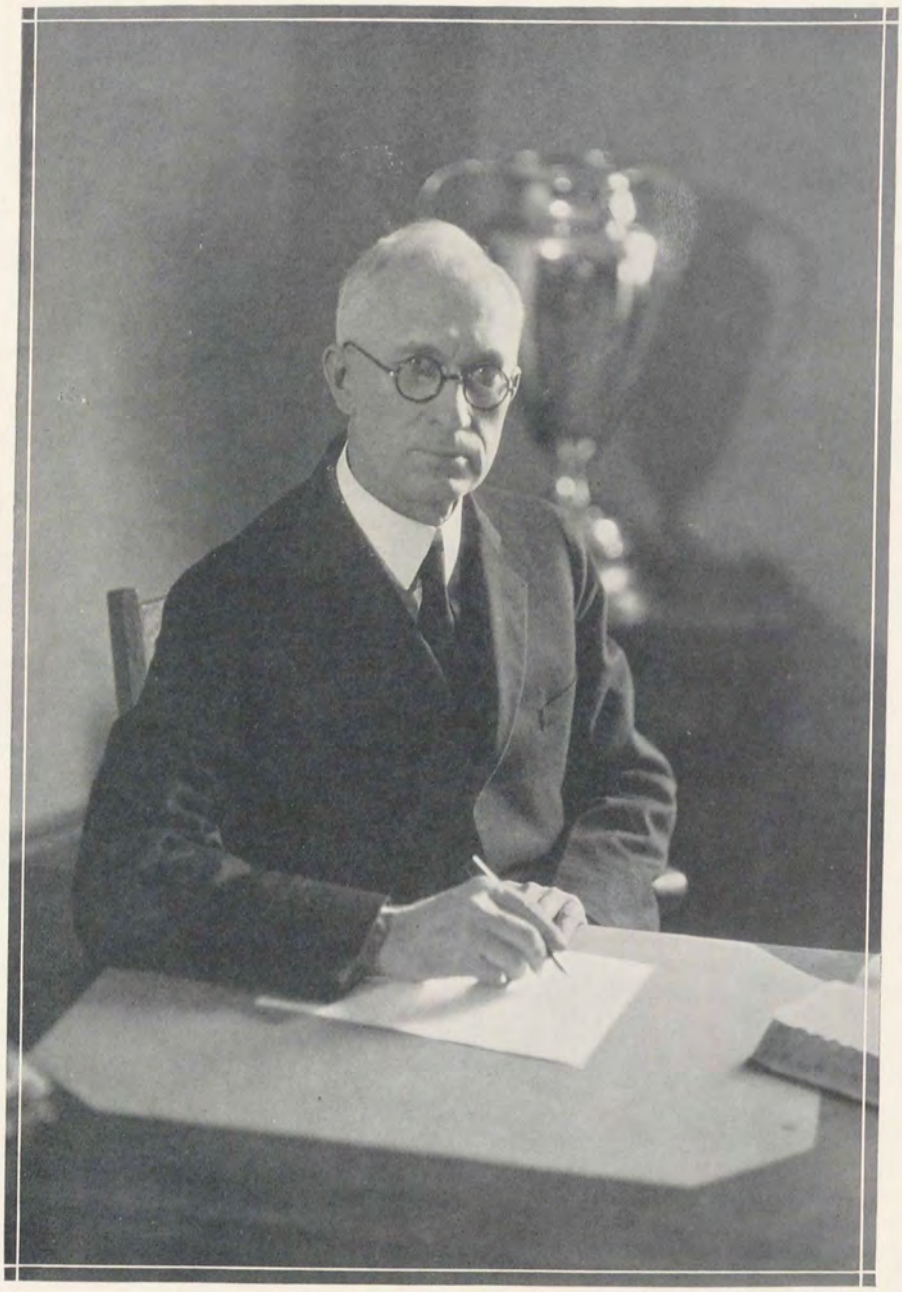


PRESIDENT JAMES S. LUCKEY, A.M., Pd.M.

W. LAVAY FANCHER, A.M.

Oberlin, 1914; University of Chicago, 1922.
Professor of Economics and Dean of College.

"The keen spirit seizes the prompt occasion, makes the thought start into instant action, and at once plans and performs, resolves and executes."

Characteristic—Judicious.

RACHEL DAVISON, A.B.

Houghton College.
Mathematics.

"May I reach that purest heaven, be to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony, enkindle generous ardor, feel pure love, beget the smiles that have no cruelty."

Characteristic—Earnest.

PIERCE E. WOOLSEY, A.M.

Ohio Wesleyan.
Latin, French.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine, and whose lips,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause."

Characteristic—Loyal.

JOSEPHINE G. RICKARD, A.B.

Houghton College, 1925.
English.

"Knowledge roams the creation o'er,
Telling what the ages say;
Silent Wisdom evermore
Holds the lamp to light the way."

Characteristic—Persevering.

CLAUDE A. RIES, A.M.

Asbury College, Syracuse University.
Hebrew and Biblical Literature.

"He kept his soul unspotted
As he went upon his way,
And he tried to do some service
For God's people day by day."

Characteristic—Faithful.

HELEN DAVISON, A.B.

Houghton College.
Dean of Women.
English.

"'I always did the best I could,'
This was the motto of her life:
She conquered evil thoughts with good,
Nor lost God's peace mid earthly strife."

Characteristic—Tender.

FRANK H. WRIGHT, A.B.

Oberlin College.

Dean of Theology, Dean of Men.
Philosophy and Theology.

"A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy."

Characteristic—Industrious.

DORAH L. BURNELL, B.S., A.M.

University of Nebraska.

Chemistry.

"A soul
So full of summer wealth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear and whole."

Characteristic—Friendly.

H. LEROY FANCHER, A.M.

Oberlin College, Cornell University.

Greek, German.

"Men of earnest thought and quiet contemplation exercise a wonderful influence over men of action."

Characteristic—Humble.

ELLA M. HILLPOT

New England Conservatory.

Piano.

"To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me."

Characteristic—Patient.

ALLEN M. BAKER, A.B.

Houghton College.
Physical Education, French.

"The body ought to be the soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate."

Characteristic—Energetic.

FRIEDA A. GILLETTE, A.B.

University of Rochester, Cornell University.

History.

"True worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by."

Characteristic—Veracious.

LELAND J. BOARDMAN, PH.D.

Oberlin College, Cornell University.

Physics.

"And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great, consistent;
Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

Characteristic—Honest.

BERTHA M. ROTHERMEL, B.L.I.

Emerson College.

Oratory.

"I'll keep my heart glad, true and warm;
I never will grow old."

Characteristic—Kind.

RAYMOND E. DOUGLAS, B.S.

Hillsdale College.

Biological Science.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence around me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever."

Characteristic—Observing.

CAROLINE A. BAKER

Librarian.

"A kindly act is a kernel sown,
That will grow to a goodly tree,
Shedding its fruit when time has flown
Down the gulf of eternity."

Characteristic—Thoughtful.

CHARLES B. WHITAKER

Bonebrake Theological Seminary.

Theology.

"Christ is come to be my Friend,
Leading, loving to the end;
Christ is come to be my King,
Ordering, ruling everything."

Characteristic—Steadfast.

CLARA BELLE LANG, A.B.

University of Michigan.

English.

"Violets ever hiding,
Take them now, and let them tell
Of friendship all abiding.
So may joys shine forth today,
Shedding fragrance on your way."

Characteristic—Modest.

PHILINDA S. BOWEN

Geneseo State Normal.
Principal of High School.
Latin.

"May you rule us long, and leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day!
May children of our children say,
She wrought her people lasting good."

Characteristic—True.

HERMAN BAKER, B. MUS. E.

Northwestern University. Special training with: John Finley Williamson of Dayton, Ohio; Homer Rodeheaver of Winona Lake, Indiana; and Le Roy Wetzel of Chicago.

Vocal.

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Characteristic—Dauntless.

CRYSTAL L. RORK, A.B.

Houghton College, Cornell University.

Science, German.

"I am more concerned about making a life than a living."

Characteristic—Confiding.

LOIS B. SMITH

Ohio Wesleyan College, Cornell University.

English, Drawing.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, low—an excellent thing in a woman."

Characteristic—Virtuous.

BERTHA A. GRANGE

Matron of Girls' Dormitory.

"Usefulness comes by labor, not by ease."

Characteristic—Vigilant.

JULINA S. HUBBARD

Study Hall Attendant.

"Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still
Whatever others do."

Characteristic—Loving.

College

Senior Chieftains

"None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders."

"Not self, but others," is the motto chosen by this group of big chiefs. Four years ago thirty-eight papooses entered the Houghton Reservation to secure higher education. Twenty-six of these have reached the rank of "big chieftain". We believe that our Alma Mater has influenced our lives in a way that will mean much to us in later years. We do not all know what professions the future may hold for us, but next year some will be teachers, preachers, and business men, while a few will continue their school work.

In our college days we sought to develop the fourfold life. For this reason we participated in the religious, the athletic and the social realms of our school as well as the scholastic. The class boasts of athletic stars. Our boys' basketball team gained second place in the class series while the girls' team was not so successful; nevertheless, they showed the spirit of real sportsmanship. Six of our boys and four of our girls played on the Purple and Gold basketball squads, while three members have been successful in tennis tournaments. Other branches of sport have been participated in with equal success. Besides this, we have supplied officers for most of the student activities.

Social functions have predominated from time to time. Especially in our senior year, we have enjoyed numerous parties and jolly frolics. These gatherings have ranged from early morning breakfasts to late midnight feeds, and from outdoor steak roasts to dignified formal banquets. It was during these seasons of fun that we became intimately acquainted and interested in each other.

With all our pleasure and fun we did not forget our object in coming here. In spite of our participation in school activities, we have not neglected scholastic standards, and a number of our members have appeared on the honor roll each time. During our senior year we have maintained the highest scholastic average. We are proud to say that two of our number will be on the faculties of our Wesleyan schools. Also, two are completing both the theological and college courses.

Perhaps the spiritual atmosphere has had the greatest influence on our characters. Our education has been directed by a faculty whose chief object has been to glorify God. Their spirit-filled lives have often inspired us toward the deeper things of life. Each member of the class of '27 is leaving with a greater conception of God, while the majority have a practical knowledge of His saving grace. Undoubtedly, the greatest source of the spiritual success of the group has been found in the class prayer-meetings, which have been held every Wednesday evening in the theological room.

The senior tribe has assembled at this scenic spot on the Genesee from various sections. Most of them claim the Empire State as their home, but some are from the Hoosier, the Keystone, and the Wolverine.

Regretfully, we leave our Alma Mater. Words cannot express our appreciation for what she has done for us, and we sincerely hope the links of the chain which bind us to her may never be broken.

PAUL STEESE

A.B., Mathematics.

Class President 1, 2, 3, 4; Purple Basketball 1, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 4; High Point Man in Track and Field 2, Boulder Editor 3, Star Editor 4, President Houghton Athletic Association 3, 4; Treasurer Houghton Athletic Association 2, Tennis 1, 2, 3.

"I would not waste my spring of youth in idle dalliance."

CLYDE MEREDITH

A.B., Philosophy, Psychology, Religious Education.

Class Vice-President 4, Purple Baseball 1, 4; Winner in Literary Contest.

"I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things, sorrow, misfortune, and suffering are outside my door. I am in the house, and I have the key."

Class of 1927

OFFICERS

President ..... Paul Steese
Vice-President ..... Clyde Meredith
Secretary ..... Katherine Jennings
Treasurer ..... Ernest Crocker

CLASS MOTTO
"Not self, but others."

CLASS COLORS
Old Rose and Silver

"The Freshmen know not, but they know not that they know not—show them."
"The Sophomores know not, but they know that they know not—pity them."
"The Juniors know, but they know not that they know—respect them."
"The Seniors know, and they know that they know—worship them."

ERNEST CROCKER

A.B., Philosophy, Psychology, Religious Education.

Boulder Editor 3, Star Staff 2, Gold Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, President Athenian Literary Society 2, Class Treasurer 4.

"If you have knowledge, let others light their candles by it."

KATHERINE E. JENNINGS

A.B., Latin and French.

Secretary of Athenian Literary Society 1, Star Staff 3, 4; Secretary Senior Class 4.

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

CLINTON DONOHUE

A.B., Mathematics.

President College Student Body 4, Lecture Course Treasurer 3, Boulder Staff 3.

"With us was one, who, calm and true,
Life's highest purpose understood,
And like his blessed master, knew
The joy of doing good."

CRYSTAL L. RORK

A.B., Biological Science.

"The blessings of her quiet life
Fall on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew."

KENT WILLIAMS

A.B., Chemistry.

Treasurer Y. M. M. B. 4, Gold Track.

"Good actions crown themselves with lasting days,
Who well deserves, needs not another's praise."

RUTH WARBURTON

A.B., French.

Purple Basketball 2, President of Markee Cottage 4.

"The blythest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she."

CHARLES E. HOWLAND

A.B., History.

Gold Captain 4, Gold Basketball 2, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 4; Track 1, 2; Boulder Staff 3, Treasurer Houghton Athletic Association 4, Treasurer College Student Body 4, Houghton Harmonizers 1, 2; College Glee Club 4.

"Born for success he seemed,
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."

ETHEL KINGSBURY

A.B., History.

President of Gayeodea Hall 4.

"There is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as simple truth."

HARLAN SMITH

A.B., History.

Athenian, Purple.

"Every place is safe to him who lives with justice."

HAZEL A. SARTWELL

A.B., Modern Languages, Religious Education.

Vice-President Athenian Literary Society 3, Vice-President Class 3, Star Staff 2, Boulder Staff 3, Leader Mission Study Class 4, Student Volunteer.

"Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need—
The hands that never are afraid,
To do a kindly deed."

ARNOLD PITT

A.B., Physics.

Gold Baseball 1, 2, 4.

"O grant me, God, from every care,
And stain of passion free
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!"

IONE DRISCAL

A.B., History, Religious Education.

President Y. M. W. B. 3, President Athenian Literary Society 2, Purple Girls' Captain 3, Boulder Staff 3, Star Staff 4, Purple Basketball 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Class 1.

"It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere."

LLOYD L. TINGLEY

A.B., Mathematics.

Class Treasurer 1, Boulder Staff 3, Student Body Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3; Gold Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3.

"May heaven its choice blessings send
On such a man and such a friend."

BERNICE WRIGHT

A.B., French.

Winner Literary Contest 1, Boulder Staff 1.

"I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue."

FRANCIS COTT

A.B., Biological Science.

Star Staff 4.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea and music in its roar."

DORIS A. NEAL

A.B., English.

Athenian, Purple.

"To thy duty, now and ever!
Dream no more of rest or stay;
Give to Freedom's great endeavor
All thou art and hast today."

CECIL A. RUSSELL

A.B., English.

President Athenian Literary Society 3, Purple Baseball 3, Boulder Staff 3, Winner in Literary Contest.

"I have no secret but hard work. Labor is the genius that changes the world from ugliness to beauty, and the great curse to a great blessing."

DOROTHY LONG

A.B., Chemistry.

Star Staff 3, 4; Secretary College Student Body 3.

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

GERALD D. SCOTT

A.B., Mathematics.

Purple Basketball 1, 2, 4; Baseball 4, Boulder Staff 3, Class Treasurer 2, 3; Vice-President Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Houghton Harmonizers 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 4.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident tomorrows."

IVAH BENNING

A.B., Latin.

Vice-President of Class 2, Boulder Staff 3, Star Staff 3, Vice-President Y. M. W. B. 2.

"One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is, and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God."

WILBER L. CLARK

A.B., Greek.

Gold Basketball 2, 3; Baseball 4, Tennis 1, 3; Boulder Staff 3, Star Staff 4, Glee Club 4.

"I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as being so one's self."

PAULINE COOK

A.B., Latin.

Athenian, Purple.

"She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling."

GLADYS E. TAYLOR

A.B., English.

Winner in Literary Contest 3, Star Staff 4.

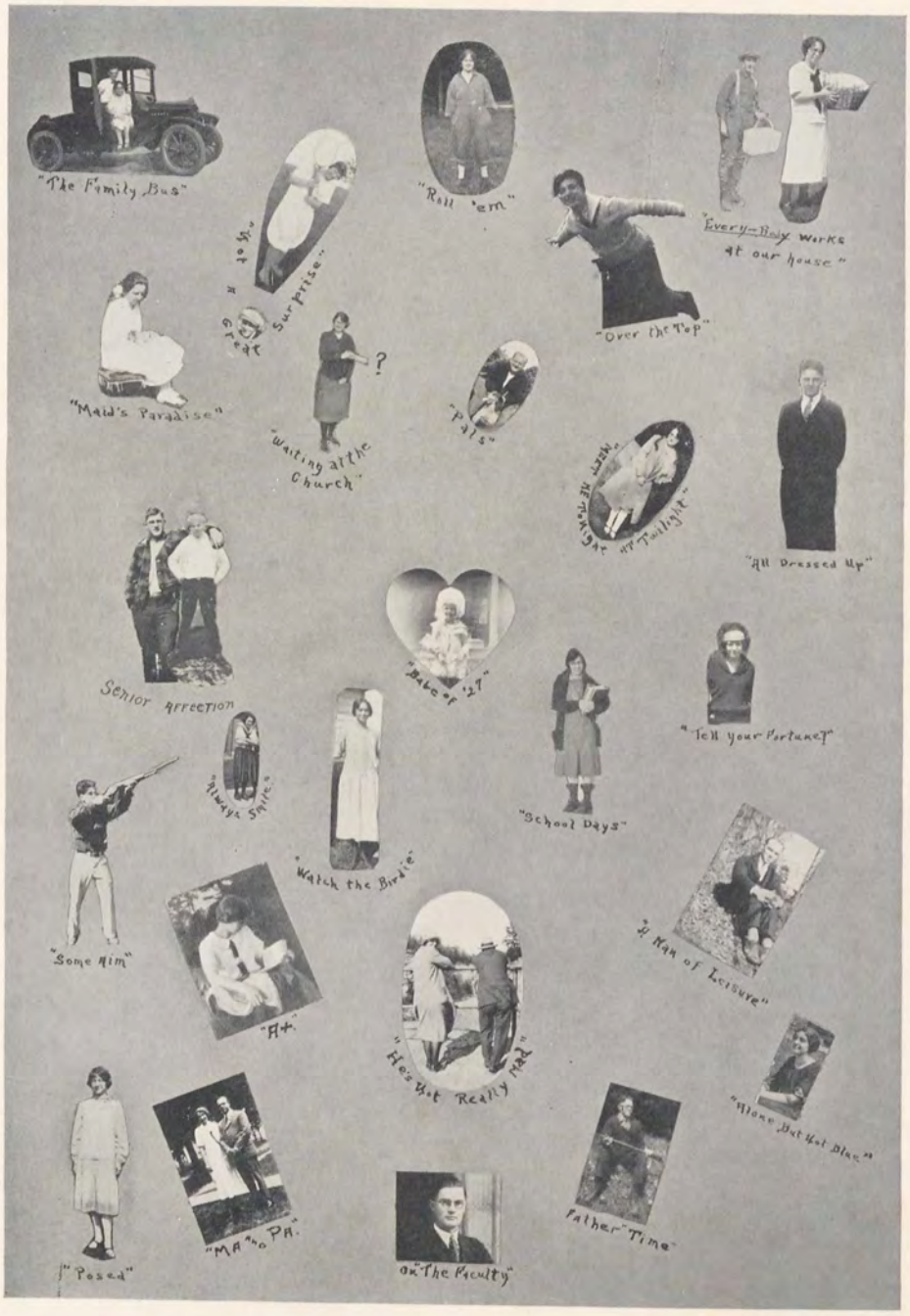
"My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack."

BERTHA G. WILLIAMS

A.B., Mathematics.

Star Staff 2, 3; Purple Basketball 4.

"The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And ah! that eye was in itself a soul."


"The Family Bus"
"Roll 'em"
"Every-Boy Works at our house"
"A Great Surprise"
"Over the Top"
"Maid's Paradise"
"Waiting at the Church"
"Pals"
"Tailgate at Twilight"
"All Dressed Up"
Senior Affection
"Babe of '27"
"Tell your Fortune?"
"Always Smile"
"School Days"
"Watch the Birdie"
"Some Aim"
"A Man of Leisure"
"A+"
"He's Not Really Mad"
"Alone But Not Blue"
"Posed"
"MA" "n" PA"
"Father Time"
"On The Faculty"

The Junior Braves

"Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear.
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces."

THE junior Braves with courageous and audacious spirits entered the College Halls for their third year. Their bold chief, Virgil Hussey, who had led this tribe for two previous years, called them together at the Council House near the Genesee (the Indian word for "pleasant banks") for their first meeting on the fifteenth day of the ninth moon.

It was decided that in case the chief was called away, Warrior Joseph Horton should assume the duties of leadership. Contrary to the usual custom among Indians, the maidens were given a voice in the affairs of their tribal government. They selected Celia Williams to record the events of their councils and conquests. To Alta Albro fell the task of guarding the wampum.

According to the tradition of the General Council, it was decreed that this tribe of Senecas should record the history of its members and that of the other neighboring Iroquois. At the Thanksgiving Festival, all joined in praise of the former warriors and of the living Senior chieftains who made it possible for the present tribes to gain success. During this ceremony, the Braves gathered before the council-fire and solemnly dedicated this year book, *The Boulder*, to Leonard F. Houghton.

After these preliminary exercises, they bent every effort to accomplish the task assigned to them. Long into the night they sat before their wigwams and camp-fires listening to the warriors' legends, which they gradually wove into a beautiful book. Intermingled with these lengends were true experiences encountered by various tribes. Other Braves crouched before their tepees, making pictures of Indian life for our book of out-door romance.

Let us disclose some of the activities of the Junior Braves during this year:

On the fifth day of the tenth moon, occurred the first war dance of this tribe to announce the coming festival given by the Braves for the benefit of the year book.

The maidens combated with some of the squaws in a game of basketball. The opponents were so evenly matched that the result of the contest was a tie. Peace continued between the factions.

The maidens and warriors of this tribe participated in contests with the surrounding bands.

The Tree Festival was given by the Braves in the fifth moon in honor of the Senior Chieftains. Wampum belts of friendship and love were exchanged.

Four times each moon, these faithful Braves met to offer praise to their Creator, "as according to the faith of their ancestors." They believed that it was natural to be honorable and truthful, and cowardly to lie. To thank the Great Spirit continually was the object of their prayer; they did not seek to instruct Him with regards to His control of earth or the celestial world, for they had faith that in his wisdom, He knew what was right and best.

Such was the faith of the Senecas. Our aim in higher education is to elevate not only ourselves, but mankind as a whole.

"John"
"Joe"
"Bon"
"Terry"
"Rufus"
"Van"
"Merrill"
"Helen"
"Silly"
"Ruby"
"Seeley"
"Ken"
"Chap"
"Virg"
"Bain"
"Goldie"
"Roonie"
"Elsie"
"Verna"
"Elder"
"Fluffy"
"Laurel"
"Archie"
"Jonsey"
"Mose"
"Christy"

The Sophomore Hunters

"Then he said to Hiawatha:
'Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!'"

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
Whence the pleasant, cool green campus
With its many stately buildings,
With the tall, dark pines behind them,
And the hills of joyful laughter;
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the warm and sunny Southland,
Came the students trooping, thronging,
With their eagerness for learning.
I repeat as I have heard it
From the lips of Pat-ee-aka,
The musician, the sweet singer,
In the green and pleasant valley
By the silvery Genesee,
Dwelt the man of mighty vision,
Dwelt the good man, Willard Houghton.
By the groves of singing pine trees
Did he found our much loved college.
Gay-o-dea Hall rose quickly,
And big tepee for the sportsmen.
In this school of many classes
There was one known as the Hunters
This, the class of twenty-nine
With its members thirty-two.
Big Chief Bill as sturdy leader,
Hess-ee-oka next to him,
Good Squaw Ida to keep records
And Gee Bee with wampum belt.
Braver than the bravest
Were the Hunters at the fight,
At the game of basketball renowned.
They stood there ready, waiting,
For their foes, the Senior Chieftains,
Having vanquished all the others;
Wildly glaring at each other,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The ancestral thirst for vengeance.
Off they quickly came victorious,
Celebrated at a feasting
In the home of Fox-ie-oo-ma.
Then again through murmuring forests
Came they to the Lake of Mosses,
There to eat and make them merry,
With the "Twins", most noble couple,
For their guides and faithful watchers.
In their studies came they second,
Ranking next to Senior Chieftains.
And four times every great moon
Did they meet in council chamber,
And give thanks to the Great Spirit
For His guidance and protection,
For His many gifts, and goodness,
To the class of many Hunters.

The Freshman Papooses

"There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews."

The fall of 1926 saw the tribe of Houghton College increased by the addition of fifty-five red-blooded "papooses." They were full of vigor and animation, and showed signs of great possibilities for the future when they would become full-grown braves. Such was the entrance of the largest class into Houghton College. They were a verdant but promising group of Freshmen.

The class entered into the various college activities with great zeal, and although they were but in their infancy and quite unsophisticated, they soon began to contribute to the success of the school. They have offered their time and talent to several activities. The class is represented in the Orchestra, the Glee Club, and the *Star* staff. Three Freshmen are officers of the Athenian Literary Society, while one is an officer of the Student Body.

The talent of the class has also been demonstrated in other fields. In basketball, the Frosh teams captured the women's class championship, and took third place in the men's class series. The captain of the Purple girls is also a member of the Freshman class.

The Freshies claim recognition not only in athletics but also in scholarship, for they have several representatives on the College Honor Roll.

However, scholastic achievement and athletic activity is not essentially our boast. For, recognizing the stable truth that the heights of true success are gained only through strong character, we have daily sought to add to our inner life, and to revive our spiritual beings. The standards of Houghton College are our standards, and her precepts our precepts.

That our class may continue its college career unbroken, and come off victorious at last, is our fondest hope and ambition.

MUSIC

Graduate of the School of Music

LEONA THOMAS

"Music is to me an ethereal rain, an ever-soft distillation,
Fragrant, and liquid, and wholesome to the soul,
As dew to flowers, an incomprehensible delight."

Many a time and oft has Leona delighted us with her perfect technic. We predict for her a most successful career.

Men will have, and must have, their pleasures. Social reformers and temperance agitators could not make a greater mistake than by following the example of the Puritans and tabooing all pleasure. They ought to distinguish between those that have a tendency to excess and vice, and those that are harmless and ennobling, encouraging the latter in every possible way. And first among those that should be encouraged is music, because it is always ennobling, and can be enjoyed simultaneously by the greatest number. Its effect is well described in Margaret Fuller's private journal: "I felt raised above all care, all pain, all fear, and every taint of vulgarity was washed out of the world." That is precisely wherein the moral power of music lies; for vulgarity is the twin sister of vice.

—HENRY T. FINCK.

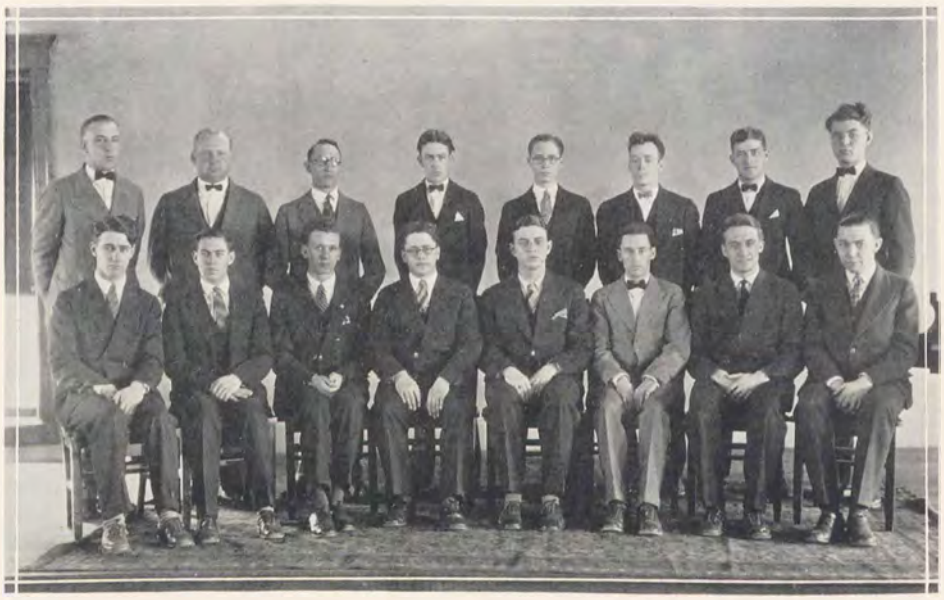
The Music Department

NO single period in the history of the Music Department has seen more progress than the current year. This is as it should be, for the Music Department holds a very important position in the affairs of Houghton College. After an inspection of this Department by Dr. Russell Carter, Who made a favorable report to the Department of Education, the state granted the school the right to give college credit for music. This enables one to make a major of twenty-four hours in music. Also, the college has received permission to put in a full curriculum of Public School music, which will be given next year.

The Piano Department is still under the very able direction of Miss Ella M. Hillpot. During the past year this section of musical activity has grown rapidly. About sixty pupils are taking piano lessons at the present time, and forty students are registered in the Theory Department. Mr. Alfred Kreckman, who graduated from the Piano Department last year, is acting as assistant instructor.

The growth of the Vocal Department under the supervision of Professor Herman Baker, has been remarkable. About fifty-five students have registered for voice training during the year, which is an enrollment far in excess of the usual number. Professor Baker came to us for the first time this year, and expects to continue his work at Houghton another period.

Mention should be made here of the Houghton College Chorus, an organization of over ninety members, which was newly formed this year. On December 14, 1926, the chorus presented "Bethlehem" by J. H. Maunder. Evidence of Professor Baker's unusual ability as a musical leader has often been given through the efforts of the Orchestra and Glee club, two organizations of merit. We thank God for the progress made during the last year.



College Glee Club

Prof. Herman Baker, Director.

Ralph Jones	First Tenor
Wilber Clark	First Tenor
Paul Roy	First Tenor
Virgil Hussey	First Tenor
Alfred Kreckman	Second Tenor
John Kluzitt	Second Tenor
Lowell Fox	Second Tenor
John Mann	Second Tenor
Hollis Stevenson	First Bass
Charles Howland	First Bass
Joseph Shipman	First Bass
Joseph Kemp	First Bass
Wilfred Bain	Second Bass
Alton Cronk	Second Bass
Gerald Scott	Second Bass
Oliver Christy	Second Bass

THEOLOGY

VIOLA ROTH
PRESIDENT

"For me to live is Christ,
My life, my hope, my stay—
I trust in him alone
Each moment of the day."

GOLDIE DAVIDSON
VICE-PRESIDENT

"Little do ye know your own blessedness;
For to travel hopefully is a better thing
Than to arrive,
And the true success is to labor."

IONE DRISCAL
SECRETARY

"Wherever he may guide me
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing shall I lack."

HOWARD HORTON
TREASURER

"In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hides the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears."

HAZEL SARTWELL

"Dusky hands are bound in chains of want
and woe,
In the far-off heathen lands;
Shall we not in haste unto their borders go,
Set them free as God commands?"

CARL LUTZ

"Go, labor on while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away.
It is not thus that souls are won."

GEORGE GATES

"Savior, thy dieing love, Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord,
from thee;
In love my soul would bow, my heart fulfill
its vow,
Some off'ring bring Thee now, something for
Thee."

CLYDE MEREDITH

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee."

The Theological Department

Let my hands perform His bidding,
Let my feet run in His ways,
Let my eyes see Jesus only,
Let my lips speak forth His praise.
All for Jesus; all for Jesus.

Such is the earnest prayer and sincere purpose of each member of our School of Theology. We realize that a Christless education will damn one's own soul, and influence countless others towards destruction. We see examples of this on every hand in these "latter days." Nevertheless, while higher critics and infidels are attacking the deity of Christ and the inspiration of the Word of God, fundamentals of our faith, we are glad to lend all our strength to the forces of righteousness in our land. Under the wise guidance of a faculty of men and women, Spirit-filled and wholly consecrated to God, we have been able to escape these whirlpools of unsound doctrines that are engulfing so many, and become established in the Rock, Christ Jesus. We appreciate this as a privilege which is becoming scarcer every year in institutions of learning.

The graduating class this year numbers eight, of whom three also graduate from college this June, and three more will graduate from the latter school next year. Three of the class are prospective foreign missionaries, three will enter the ministry, one has chosen home mission work, and the other, Christian teaching. Besides receiving a high grade of instruction in the courses offered, they have been privileged also to gain some practical experience in preaching, singing, and conducting gospel services in the neighboring towns of Houghton.

We sincerely hope that this department which is, in the last analysis, the training school of the future leaders of our church, may continue to advance, ever holding high, not only its scholastic standards, but also the principles which its motto embodies—"Holiness unto the Lord."

Their Master's Call

AGAIN this year Houghton College and Seminary is blessed with the presence of a noble band of Christian workers, students preparing for Christian endeavor at home and in foreign lands. Out of sixty-seven who have heard the Master of Men calling, "Who will go?", fourteen have answered the summons to various missionary fields; thirteen to the ministry; two to Christian teaching; two to evangelistic singing; one to evangelistic work; one to Christian educational work; one to Christian endeavor work; one to religious journalism; another to personal work; and thirty-two uncertain for what specific work God wants them, have answered,

"Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where."

God has heard their willing answers, and has given them work during the past months. Pastors in adjoining towns have invited them to hold services in their churches. These services held number twenty-one in all, and include Sunday School activity, preaching services, Young Peoples' meetings, and some personal work in the homes. These workers have braved the stormy blasts, and endured many physical discomforts for the sake of carrying the glorious Gospel to hungry individuals. God has blessed their efforts in the salvation of souls, and He has set His seal upon their labors.

SEMINARY

The Senior Class

"All the world's a stage."

Scene I:— ACT IV.

HIGH School study hall—Mrs. Bowen speaking: "Inasmuch as the Senior class of last year—now deceased—did, in their last will and testament, will and bequeath to those who should prove worthy, all rights and privileges to use and to hold for such time as they should deem it wise so to do, those seats which are situated in the rear of this hall, it now becomes my pleasant duty to make the following assignments. Beginning in the southwest corner and proceeding in the direction North, each individual shall occupy one seat and in the following order: Ferguson, Kreckman, Roth, English, Strapp, R. Folger, Fero, Jennings, Cooper, Philips, Estabrook, Leasure, Lupton, Crandall, A. Folger, Weldon, Fancher, Ayers, Williams. Sherman, Wright.

Scene II: Six a. m. A day in early October. Up the creek back of the campus—wieners, mustard, beans, coffee, and marshmallows. What a feed! What pigs!

Eight a. m. City hospital, ward 4, banqueters pale as Banquo's ghost. Weldon and Williams in nurses' uniforms moving from cot to cot doing all in their power to alleviate the suffering. Nurses running with quart bottles labeled "poison", and large tablespoons.

Scene III: Eight p. m. Not the President's inauguration, just the Junior-Senior party. Gold and white very much in evidence. All the faculty present Heaps of fun and eats.

Tense excitement, breathless suspense. Announcement of class honors by Mrs. Bowen:

"Will Alfred Kreckman and Pearl Weldon please step forward? As a reward for faithfulness in your work, I am pleased to make known that you, Alfred Kreckman, are the valedictorian, and you, Pearl Weldon, are the salutatorian."

Dear old friends, we will offer you praise
For toiling so hard through your high school days;
As you blithely go your separate ways,
May you always prove that good work pays.

Scene IV: Bedford gym. Gold vs. Purple. Bedlam let loose. Senior throats are raw with shouting. Who is that manly figure racing with strong and swift strides toward the goal? See him swoop upon the pill! Watch it drop neatly through the basket while another roar greets our hero! The suspense is awful. Who is it? Why, no other than "Skeets", the speedy right forward of the Gold team, who most manfully upholds the honor of his side.

Scene V: Houghton University chapel, 1937. President Folger introducing famous alumni:

"Highly distinguished in the world of music, the greatest concert pianist of this generation, beloved by all music lovers, Alfred Pianissimo Kreckman, who will favor us with selections of his own composition. *The Great Kreckman.*"

"Our next speaker will be a famous birdman, the greatest living aviator, Mr. Grinnie English, whose flights in his new monoplane, "Bird Claws", are only exceeded by his flights of rhetoric."

Thus endeth Act IV.

ALFRED KRECKMAN

PRESIDENT

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

An excellent musician, graduate of our Piano Department, and valedictorian of his class. A bright, worth-while future awaits men of his character.

DONALD FERGUSON

VICE-PRESIDENT

"A person is never known until he is proved."

He has learned to make rocks serve as stepping-stones to success. Who does not like to meet this jolly fellow?

THELMA CRANDALL

SECRETARY

"Faithful, gentle, good,
Wearing the rose of womanhood."

Her sweet and gentle ways have won her many friends.

ALICE FOLGER

TREASURER

"Her memory long will live alone."
In all our hearts".

Her dark eyes snap with a determination. She is a good sport as well as a good athlete.

HOMER FERO

"A man not of words but of actions."

His cheery ways won him the honor of class cheer leader.

ETHELYN LUPTON

"Ready in heart and ready in hand."

Her smiles would shed sunshine on any weary soul.

ERWIN ENGLISH

"His smile will shorten many a weary mile."

He has gained the nickname, "Grinny", and certainly lives up to every letter of the word. However, he takes some time for study as well as play.

ESTHER LEASURE

"I will ever do my best."

Who cannot testify to her wonderful Christian influence on every life?

ELMER ROTH

"A Christian is the highest type of man."

One of our best Gold basketball players, Elmer is a true sport.

MARGARET WILLIAMS

"Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Through many difficulties, Margaret has steadily pursued her course until now she has gained her goal. She is a helpful and dependable classmate.

ROBERT FOLGER

"A man of resources, that's a man to make his way in life."

"Bob" is full of pep and vim. He is ready for every good time which come his way.

PEARL WELDON

"What shall I render unto the Lord,
For all His gifts to me?"

Her willingness to aid those in need and her sweet Christian experience has endeared her to our hearts. Pearl is salutatorian of her class.

HARVEY JENNINGS

"His heart is in his work."

His industrious air reveals the secret of his success.

COSETTE PHILLIPS

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths."

The pleasing smile of Cosette is welcomed everywhere. She likes fun, and is a good student.

LAUREN PINNEY

"A silent attitude is not necessarily a state of inaction."

This is the man of that real character which is not outward conduct, but quality of thinking.

PHYLLIS ESTABROOK

"Keep a bright lookout forward, and good luck to you."

Charming and sweet, Phyllis wins the friendship of those around her. She entertains them with her musical talent.

MINNIE WRIGHT

"Be diligent, work for a steady independence, and be happy."

Minnie is a cheerful lassie, who can always see some good in everything.

BEATRICE COOPER

"From the heart and not from the lips, this is the right sort of merriment after all."

When "Bee" laughs, you have to laugh with her, even if you do not feel like laughing. She is very popular, and is a true friend to everyone.

HERBERT STRAPP

"In thy wisdom, make me wise."

He is simply and staunchly true to his duty.

GRACE SHERMAN

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Grace is a conscientious student and a faithful friend.

EMILY DERBY

"Who knows the ways of the world
How God will bring them about?"

Emily is always good-natured and kind.

LILLIS FANCHER

"My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good."

Lillis takes the prize among her classmates for silence, but when you come to know her, you find her to be a true friend.

ALEDA AYERS

"Sweet is every sound, sweeter thy voice."

She joined our band this year, but has already proved that she is a good student, and has won many friends.

The Junior Class

"All the world's a stage."

ACT III.

Scene I:

Yes sir, we are the Juniors, a class of twelve good peppy members. Small we may be; but strength is not always denoted by size. United, we stand for that which is noblest and best in school life—good scholarship, moral integrity, and physical perfection. With Miss Gillette as our class mother, we are inspired to greater success as actors in the famous drama of educational activity.

Scene II:

The spooks and goblins of Hallowe'en entertained us royally. Not deeming it expedient to hold a party of our own, we appreciated the invitation extended by the Sophomores to join them in Hallowe'en festivities.

Scene III:

And the Juniors are really original. We were the first class to hoist our colors in the study hall. Several of the other classes followed our lead, but the Juniors may claim the honor of advancing the idea.

Scene IV:

The Junior class does not believe in idleness. During the class series, we erected our "Hot Dawg stand", and collected nearly enough funds to defray the expenses of the Junior-Senior banquet.

Scene V:

The Junior-Senior party given by the faculty on March 4th was a decided success. The faculty members proved to be excellent hosts; and this entertainment has produced a lasting impression upon our memories.

Scene VI:

The grand event of the year was undoubtedly the Junior-Senior banquet given by our class in honor of the higher classmen. As guests, we were fortunate to have President and Mrs. Luckey. The crowd assembled in the vocal studio, where the Juniors entertained. Dinner was served in the dormitory dining hall. Our only aim at this banquet was to serve and please our Senior friends.

Our Junior year has been full of joyful experiences, and we sincerely hope that our Senior period will be equally as pleasant.

The Sophomore Class

"All the world's a stage."

ACT II.

Scene I:

Hark! What do we hear? Familiar voices indeed! Sure enough, they are possessed by none others than teachers, chums, and classmates of former days. Can it be true that we have again assembled in the halls of dear old Houghton Sem?

Scene II:

Our brows are often wrinkled as we laboriously attempt to acquire a little precious knowledge. A few days after we have again begun our studies, we choose our officers, class mother, motto, and colors.

Scene III:

Hallowe'en has arrived. Orange and black bedecks the annex of the dining hall. The Sophomores are there with the Juniors as guests. The fun of fishing apples from a pan of water, and the pleasure produced by various other pranks which were performed, made this evening pass away too quickly.

Scene IV:

Here athletics enter in. A goodly number of our class are real athletes. Those of us who are not "professionals", do our part by cheering at the various games, and encouraging those who do take an active part. Several members of our class played in the Purple and Gold series this year.

Scene V:

The spring of the year has already come. The Juniors have put on their cloaks of dignity, and are inviting the Seniors to a banquet. Yes, the Sophomores must help them out. Seven of us had the—shall we say honor—yea! the privilege of waiting on this distinguished Junior-Senior group.

Scene VI:

Work and play have a prominent place in our lives, but in the midst of all this, we as a class, do not forget the One from whom every good and perfect gift cometh. We, as a class, aim to prepare ourselves by taking advantage of all the opportunities offered us, that we may help uplift humanity, and brighten the world. With this in view, we look forward with pleasant anticipation to the days which are to come.

The Freshman Class

"All the world's a stage."

ACT I.

Scene I:

The school year of 1926-27 opened with twenty-six enthusiastic freshmen. In September we met for organization, and the election of officers.

Scene II:

In October, we enjoyed our first social event, a wiener roast. Plans were made for a journey to the spring; but the day proved to be of a rainy nature, and we were forced to hold our hot dog roast in the camp ground dining hall. Our entire company, including the class mother, entered into the fun and frolic with surprising zest. Hot dogs never tasted better than they did that night, and an amazing number were consumed without any unfavorable results. Before breaking up, rousing cheers were given for the Freshman class, our class mother, and Houghton Seminary.

Scene III:

As Hallowe'en approached, this wide-awake class met in a dark and spooky attic for a general good time. After the first shock of meeting ghosts in every nook was over, a very enjoyable program was rendered, and the time soon came to disband.

Scene IV:

At the beginning of the second semester, some of our number left. Others joined our ranks, however, making a total of twenty-seven members.

Scene V:

In May we emphasized our joy for the return of spring by a picnic. The efficiency of the entertainment and eats committees was proved by the success of the afternoon. Stories were told, and games played around a blazing campfire. After once again cheering for our Alma Mater, class mother, and fellow students, the curtain dropped, thus ending the first act of dramatic Seminary life. If a good beginning is prophetic of a good ending, we are all certain that the remaining years of our high school career will be successful.

MY YOUR ARE!
COO-COO BUT
HELLO HOOK
WHAT RED DEVIL?
SON AND STARS
K. P.
AUNT BERTHA
WE'RE TOUGH
HOT DAWG
ROLL 'EM GIRLS
ASSORTED NUTS
HOLD ON!
EH! WOT?
"IT'S A FRIGHT"
"GADYADEO"

FEATURES

S. GROVER.

The Bowen Bachelors

MEMBERS

Charles Howland ..... "Chuck"
Lloyd Tingley ..... "Ting"
Volney Mosher ..... "Mose"
Howard Bain ..... "Squeedunk"
Paul Roy ..... "Elder"
Clifford Kingsbury ..... "Tyrone"
Hollis Stevenson ..... "Quincey"

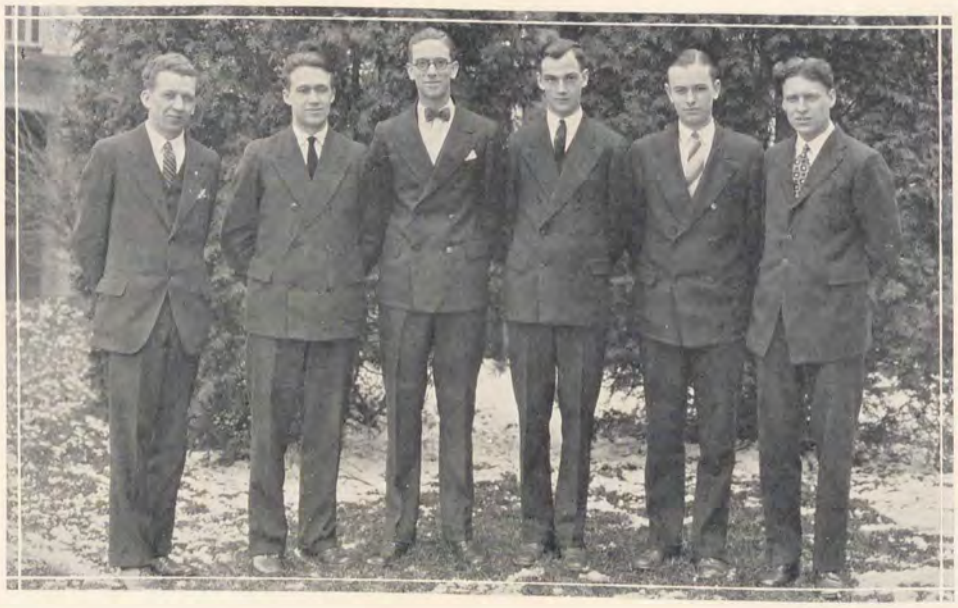
The athletic endeavors and successes of the Bowen Bachelors, mark a real advancement in the physical life of our institution. Though the changing years have caused many necessary substitutions within their ranks, nevertheless, these boys have always nobly upheld the honor of their group.

The Steese Gang

MEMBERS

Paul Steese ..... "Peter"
Carl Steese ..... "Cyrus"
Gerald Scott ..... "Baldy"
Lowell Fox ..... "Slater"
Oliver Christy ..... "Cod-Liver"
Virgil Hussey ..... "Two-Jerks"

Though time may pass away forever, though countless incidents of college life may quickly be forgotten, in the sure yet misty recesses of memory, Houghton College will long preserve the cheerful hilarity expressed in the campus war-whoops and songs of the Steese gang. Higher education should not be obtained on flowery beds of ease; neither should it be derived through painful text-book drudgery alone. A proportionate amount of both methods together provide for ample instruction.



The Chesterfield Boys

MEMBERS

Alvin Densmore ..... "Dizzy"
Joseph Horton ..... "Joe"
Gordon Allen ..... "Allen"
Wilfred Bain ..... "Wiffy"
Lauren Pinney ..... "Pin"
Alfred Kreckman ..... "Kreck"

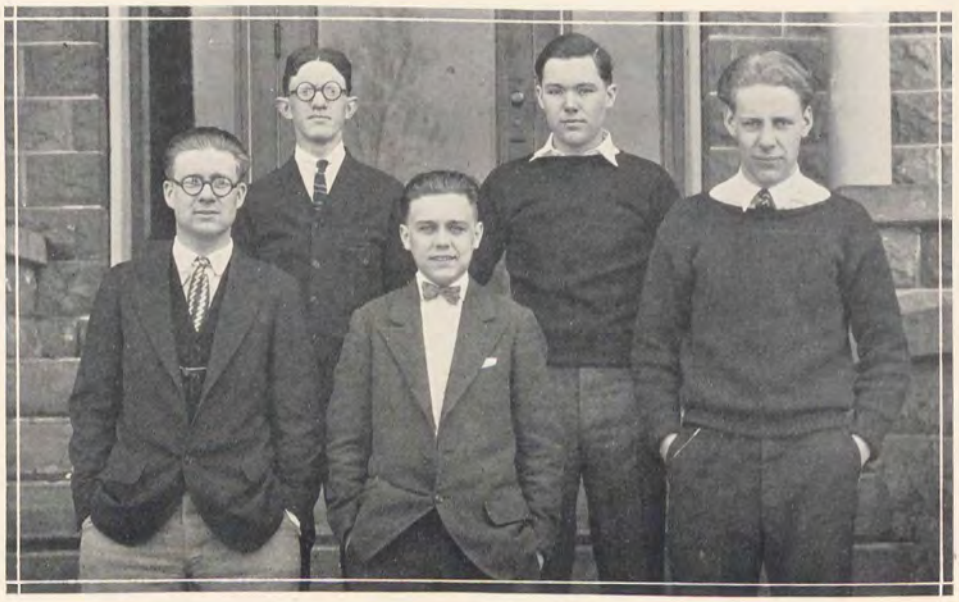
Filled with the vigor of youth, the zest of life, and the spirit of achievement, the Chesterfield Boys furnish several different college elements. As a whole, they are not overly hilarious, melancholy, or frivolous. Yet they possess a sufficient amount of each of these aforementioned characteristics to make them perfect examples of budding youth.

The Valley Gang

MEMBERS

Bond Fero ..... "Bunny"
Everett Dyer ..... "Ev"
Joseph Kemp ..... "Joey"
Servius Smith ..... "Serk"
Willet Albro ..... "Bill"
Nelson Dennis ..... "Denny"
Stanton Miller ..... "Stan"
Frank Lane ..... "Curley"

The athletic abilities of Lane and Albro, and the apparent jollity of the group as a whole, have brought the Valley Gang into prominence. Although "theoretically unorganized," they have temporarily united on several occasions, and each time have gloriously shown their mettle.



The Hussey House Boys

MEMBERS

Leon Worden .... "Andy"
John Brownly ......"Shortie"
Volney Mosher ....."Mose"
James Ake ....."Pat"
Jonathan Hodgin ....."Johnny"

Although a new campus group, nevertheless, the Hussey House Gentlemen have worked in well with the general arrangement of things. "Pat's" wise sayings together with "Andy" Worden's happy nature, have made this bunch popular.

Just To Be In Style

(Continued from page eighteen)

These mustaches wouldn't be so bad if they grew like cowslips, (over night) for then a fellow couldn't be so proud of one after he had it, as he can now after spending many laborious hours attempting to help it grow.

We hope the fellows find out soon, that they are just a passing fad; and that when they realize the eye strain involved in trying to see the fruits of their labor in the mirror, they will cease their foolish frivolity.

(Continue the article on page seventy-two)

Houghton College Calendar

SEPTEMBER

6.—First day of registration. Welcome home everybody!
10.—New Students Reception.
12.—Studious dummy on campus on Sunday morning.
17.—*Star* subscription campaign in chapel program.
24.—Oratory class puts on program in chapel.
Select couples hold wiener roast on camp-ground. Lots of thrills as lights are mysteriously extinguished.

OCTOBER

1.—Ake's bachelor apartments all lit up. Great party! Any women? Yea boy! College Seniors parade through dining hall during breakfast hour.
2.—Freddie Howland visits town. Ruth passes the candy on third floor of dorm.
7.—Help! Oh, my shin! Dorm suddenly merged in darkness.
8.—Station B-O-U-L-D-E-R. Everyone subscribe for the annual.
15.—Chapel program for "Bus" drive.
Mr. and Mrs. Butler appear in chapel. First lecture course number.
18.—"Bowen Bachelors" entertain us at Athenian society.
20.—"Hank" arrives in town for a short stay.
22.—Freshmen and "Steese Gang" stage first basketball game of season "Steese Gang" win.
29.—"Bowen Bachelors" defeat Genesee Valley team in basketball.
Freddie Howland and Volney Mosher visit Houghton to play basketball once again ? ? ? ?
30.—Great time at Sonyea. Beatrice Cooper as hostess. Scottie acts *scandicilous.*

NOVEMBER

2.—Dr. Carter, head of State Music Department, visits us. Anna Houghton Daughters give banquet in his honor.
12.—College and Seminary basketball teams stage most exciting game of season. College teams win.
Senior Spinsters exhibit their culinary skill to the Senior Bachelors by giving a sumptuous chicken dinner at Longs'.
14.—Christian Workers hold service at Gainesville.

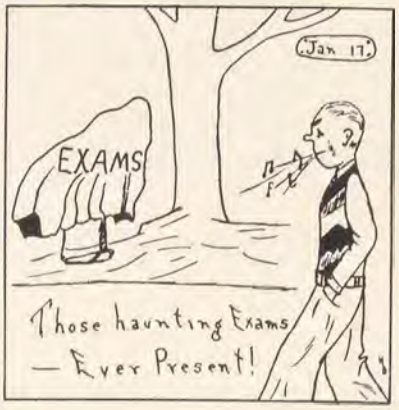
15.—Steese Gang reunion in Athenian. Lots of noise and fireworks.
17.—Students join the shovel, pick, rake, and window washing gangs. Fine Arbor day.
All hail to the Sophomores! Best the Seniors in basketball.
19.—Boulder Benefit Concert. Crowd welcomes back "Remmie" and "Hank." Each receives two encores.
22.—Theologs have charge of Athenian Society. Rev. Pitt gives interesting talk on "The Second Mile."

DECEMBER

10.—Senior Spinsters—coasting; Dot Crocker's—popcorn, candy, and apples; finally, a cyclone in the Bachelors' quarters.
13—Freshmen entertain Athenian Society with a mock trial.
14.—Houghton College Chorus presents the cantata "Bethlehem."
17.—Exciting yet horrible struggle between Faculty women's and Junior girls' basketball teams. Ends in tie.
18.—Madame Gray-Lhevinne makes her second appearance in Hougton.
20.—President Southwick of Emerson College reads "King Lear."
22.—Students say goodbye to college hill and depart for a merry Christmas.

JANUARY

6.—Students welcome ??? the resuming of their studies.
12.—Hungarian Court orchestra entertains an appreciative audience.
17.—Semester exams begin. "He laughs best who laughs last."
Flunk and the world flunks with you, Pass and you pass alone.



20.—Dr. Bates speaks. New proverb—Never criticise your neighbor until you have walked a mile in his Moccassins.
21.—Sophs eliminate Theologs in third game of class series. Theolog party in piano studio.
28.—Sophomores surprise "Foxie" with birthday party. Carpenter finds wedding ring in cake.
29.—Sighs of relief. Why? Swimming pool is full and the dorm has water once more.
30.—Merry Christmas, "Peter",—No, Happy birthday. The College Seniors congratulate you.
31.—Interesting chapel talk by President Leedy of Marion College.

FEBRUARY

2.—Another Senior arrives, Robert Coleman Meredith. Now we can interpret the telegram and smiles in ethics class.
5.—Molyneaux Valentine party. Yetter falls into fireplace toasting marshmallows.
9, 10, 11.—Everybody dressed up! Yes, they are taking pictures for the Boulder.

7.—Election of Athenian officers. Martha and Everett are not successful in seconding each other's motions.
Rev. J. J. Coleman gives chapel talk.
9.—Rev. Fairbairn arrives and revival opens.
16.—Revival fire falling. Many seek God.
22.—Dr. Forkell favors us with his famous lecture entitled "Jean Val Jean."
23.—Pike beats Arcade.
24.—College Seniors burst forth in the glory of their new distinctions.
25.—Library Benefit Concert.
26.—Pike wins from Bliss and becomes league champions.

MARCH

2.—Enthusiasm! First game of Purple-Gold series. Purple wins.
3.—H. S. Seniors help Mrs. Bowen celebrate her 60th birthday.
4.—H. S. Junior-Senior party in annex. Hurrah for Kreckman, valedictorian, and Pearl Weldon, salutatorian!
7.—Markee Sorority has charge of Athenian program.
18.—Purple win championship. Three cheers!
19.—Surprise birthday party for Miss Davison. Receives a beautiful gift, but it "goes off" under her chair and again at 2:30 in the morning.

23.—Edward Avis, bird mimic, entertains us.
24.—"Dizzy" Densmore picks up another pet phrase—"It's a fright!"
25.—"Party on campground. Scottie champion pancake eater. Beats Mosher by six.
26.—Midnight party to complete Boulder.

APRIL.

Spring vacation begins.
Easter program in chapel.

MAY

H. S. Junior-Senior banquet.
College Junior-Senior banquet.
Track and Field Meet.
Memorial Day.
Final exams.

JUNE

Recital of graduates from Music Department.
Baccalaureate sermon.
Oratorical contest.
Annual Commencement.

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are these: We needs must part again.

Loving Cup Awards
"Chug"
"John"
4th Prize
"Faith"
"Scottie"
2nd Prize
"Mort"
"Chuck"
1st Prize
"Ikey"
"Pete"
5th Prize
"T"
"Mose"
3rd Prize
"V"
"Stan"
8th Prize
"Ma"
"Pa"
6th Prize
"Phyl"
"Theos"
7th Prize
"Coz"
"Red"
9th Prize

ATHLETICS
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N

OFFICERS OF THE HOUGHTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PAUL STEESE, *President*

The old law still holds true which emphasizes the fact that the greatest element in sports is clean sportsmanship. "Peter" displays the characteristics of a true sportsman in an illuminating manner. He is undoubtedly Houghton's best.

GERALD SCOTT, *Vice President*

A little sunshine now and then is needed to make the world go 'round. "Scottie" can smile when everything apparently goes wrong. He lends a cheerful mood to Houghton's athletics.

VERA MATTOON, *Secretary*

"V" has repeatedly demonstrated her athletic prowess as a member of the Champion Purple Girls' basketball team. She represented no small factor in the Purple Girls' successful 1927 season.

ALLEN BAKER, *Physical Director*

Professor Baker's athletic ability is well-known to Houghton students. As a former member of the famous Gold team, he gained a name for himself. Now as physical director, he is earning a reputation for efficiency.

CHARLES HOWLAND, *Treasurer.*

The Gold men will lose a powerful leader and true sportsman when "Chuck" Howland graduates this June. May he be as successful in the great, wide world as he has been in Houghton on the basketball floor, the baseball field, and the cinder track.

Houghtons' Athletics

IT is said that the growth of athletics and the growth of a college go hand in hand. Houghton has been steadily growing since she received her charter, and true to the tradition, her athletic activities have each year been broadening. The Purple and Gold sides both received many new recruits this year, who are now filling the places left by those who graduated. The new men soon recognized our Purple-Gold system and its standards, and have shown remarkable support. This year, the teams were picked from a larger group of students than ever before, for the students took more interest in athletics and, thus, developed a greater affinity for school work. This proves that as our college develops, our athletics also grow.

Although the baseball series has not been finished, we have seen two teams put up a clean, honest endeavor to make theirs the winning side. Bad weather necessitated the postponement of the final games of the series until the spring season, but we are assured of the same type of interesting and exciting games, and that the best playing team will be victorious.

The basketball season was in no respect a disappointment. We saw the teams display skill and technique acquired only through many hours of strenuous practice. We saw them friendly toward each other in every respect, yet eager and determined to defeat one another. The purple boys for the first time in four years, organized a team, which with skilled pass work and scientific tactics, defeated the well-trained and fast-playing Gold men. These games were undoubtedly the hardest fought battles of many seasons, for the Gold were reluctant to give up their usually victorious position. The girls' basketball series, won by the Purple, was also a decided success. We were proud to see the same clean sportsmanship displayed in this season's basketball series that has always been displayed in Houghton. It is this which, in a way, speaks well for our class of students and what they represent.

When the warm, dry spring weather again comes, we expect to have some very interesting and exciting tennis tournaments. There seems to be no reason why the sets should not be as good or even better than usual. We are looking forward with interest to these events of agility and skill.

The outlook for the usual field day and its thrilling events is much better than it has been for a number of years. Very few students who may be classed as athletes have low enough marks to exclude them from entering the events. This means that the Purple and Gold sides will put forth their utmost to win. The field day will finish the season's activities of the Purple and Gold, and we look forward anxiously to know which side shall become champions of the year.

We are indeed glad that so many of the students have taken an active interest in the athletics of Houghton, for it is due to them and to their interest in the school that our system is so successful. We also realize that without the co-operation of the faculty, our athletic system would not function. We wish to thank them for their interest in our activities.

Nine rahs for Houghton's Athletics! May they never deteriorate. May they constantly rise to higher heights of success.

ATHLETIC LEADERS

LOWELL FOX

"Foxie" for the second time was recognized as the most efficient man to guide the Purple boys through their annual activities. He is a first rate contender in every branch of Houghton's athletics. His past records and his present popularity prove that the Purple group made no mistake in their choice of captain.

EILEEN LOFTIS

"Queen" Loftis, capable floor captain of the 1925-'26 basketball champions, was chosen to lead the Purple girls. If anyone doubts "Queen's" athletic ability, they should see her perform on the basketball floor and tennis courts. Her specialty is basketball in which her remarkable determination is of great value to her.

CHARLES HOWLAND

The Gold men elected Charles Howland, a Senior, to pilot them in their 1926-'27 athletic activities. The diminutive "curly-top" will be missed by the Gold next year, and his athletic achievements will not soon be forgotten. He is a star on the track and the basketball court.

ERMA ANDERSON

Erma Anderson, the versatile captain of the Gold girls in 1925-'26, was again selected as their leader. "Erm's" general athletic prowess —she ranks with the best in three branches of sport—as well as her ability as a leader, give her this foremost position with the Gold.

Champion Purple Basketball Teams

CHAMPION PURPLE BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM.
Albro, H. Fero, Kingsbury, Scott, Fox, Lane, Kemp, Austin, P. Steese.

CHAMPION PURPLE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.
Standing—Dyer, Mattoon, M. Ackerman, Driscal, English, Folger, Williams.
Kneeling—E. Loftis, Coach Steese.

Baseball and Tennis Teams

BASEBALL TEAMS
Representatives of Purple and Gold

TENNIS TEAMS
Fox, Driscal, C. Steese, Lapham, Anderson, Pitt, Cole, Clark.

Athletic Hall of Fame

OF interest to alumni and present students alike will be the names of those who have gained honors in Houghton's Athletics. These athletes have given of their best, have won true fame for their Alma Mater, and have received the highest awards that Houghton is able to present.

LARGE LETTER MEN.

Harry Kitterman, 1922—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Charles White, 1922—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Frederick Howland, 1922—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Edward Williams, 1923—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Arden Burt, 1923—Star in basketball, tennis, track and field. *Purple.*
Frank Henshaw, 1924—Star in basketball, baseball, tennis. *Gold.*
Vanus Rosback, 1925—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Charles Howland, 1925—Star in basketball, baseball, track and field. *Gold.*
Paul Steese, 1925—Star in basketball, tennis, track and field. *Purple.*

LARGE LETTER WOMEN.

Eileen Loftis, 1926—Star in basketball, tennis. *Purple.*
Jean Eldridge, 1926—Star in basketball, tennis, track and field. *Purple.*
Ione Driscal, 1926—Star in basketball, tennis. *Purple.*

MEDAL MEN.

Edward Williams—*Gold.*
Keith Farner—*Purple.*
George Morse—*Purple.*
Paul Steese—*Purple.*
Arden Burt—*Purple.*

Just To Be In Style

(Continued from page sixty)

One of the girls in school told her sweetheart that he would have to choose between retaining either her or his mustache. Did she have tender skin or common sense? Perhaps a little of both.

Like grain in the field, these mustaches look better when they are ready to be cut than when they are attempting to reach maturity, and we believe grain should be cut when it is ripe. Therefore, as far as we are concerned, this little particle of fuzz looks better when it isn't.

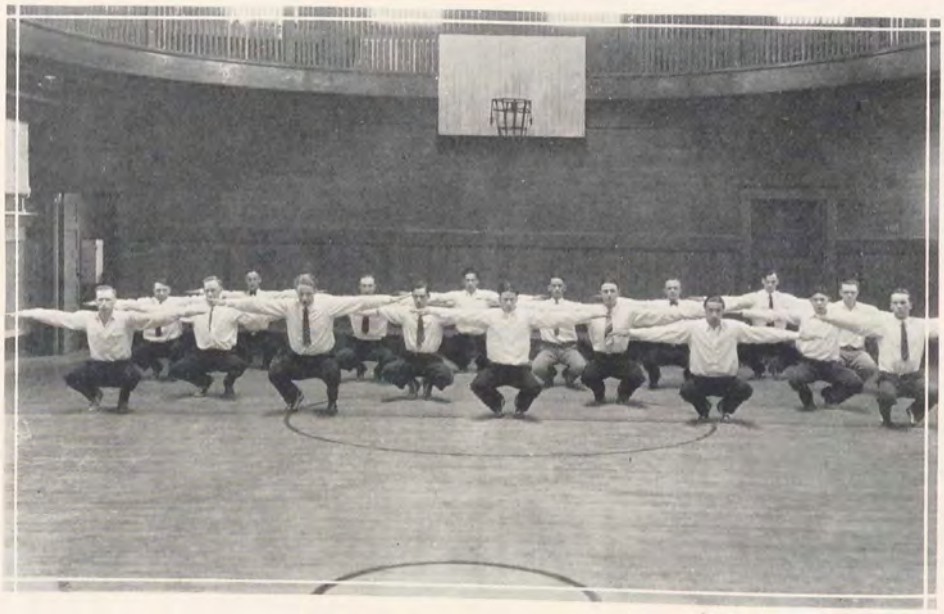
(Conclude the satire on page one hundred.)

Class Basketball Teams—Champs

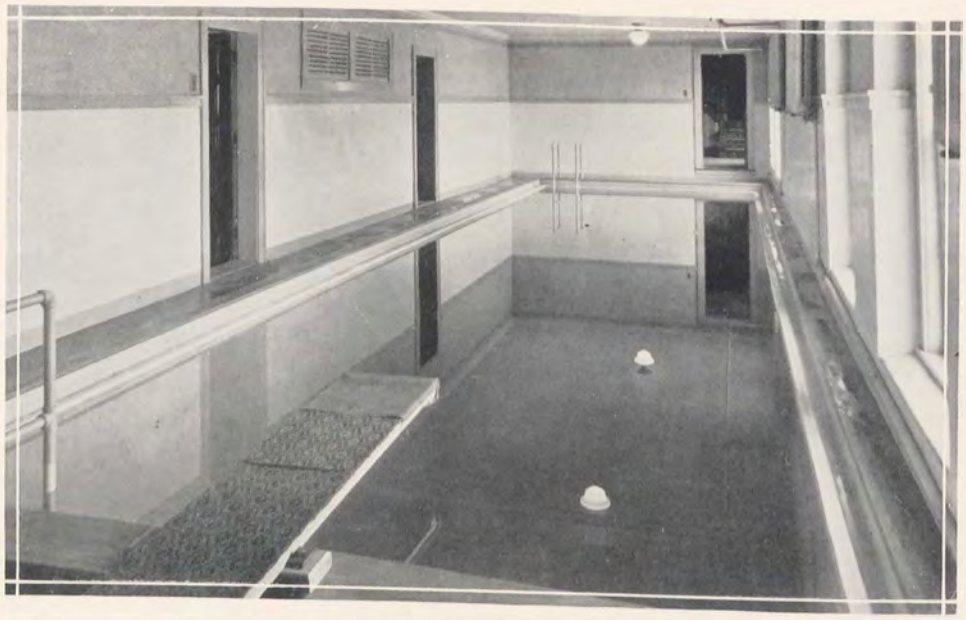
SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM——CHAMPS
Back Row—Thompson, Miller, Kingsbury, Kemp.
Front Row—Lane, Fox, Dyer.

FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM—CHAMPS
Rear—B. Brown, Beattie, Bacon, Dyer.
Front—Loftis.

Gymnasium Views



COLLEGE MEN'S GYM CLASS



THE SWIMMING TANK

ORGANIZATIONS

The Boulder

"A true Epitome of College Life."

THE advancement of Houghton College's annual publication, *The Boulder*, has been truly remarkable. Starting with a small, yet beautiful book of seventy-eight pages, *The Boulder* has in four years grown to a publication worthy of any school in the land. Each year the annual has been increased in size, until at the present time, it boasts of one hundred and twenty-eight pages.

We, as a staff, have striven with all our might to improve the year book, and believe that our efforts have not been in vain. It has not been an easy task. There have been many obstacles which we were forced to overcome. Nevertheless, through perseverance and a keen interest to see our labors bring forth fruit, we have been able to publish the present book.

In our experience as staff members, we have found that the greatest factor in assuring a successful publication, is a willingness to accept responsibility. Co-operation, as commonly employed, is an essential for a smooth-working editorial staff. Nevertheless, individual acceptance of responsibility independent of others, is a far greater asset. As a staff, we have attempted, not only to work together, but also to shoulder our individual tasks.

That this *Boulder* may act as a true representative of the Christian school of which we are a part, is our greatest desire.

Reading It In The Stars

"But who can count the stars of Heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?"

—Thompson.

OUR students no longer gaze hopefully at the heavens and vainly endeavor to read their future in the stars; they are more concerned with the present, and eagerly bend an intent eye on the *Stars* that fall from the College Press. Since the year 1909, our *Stars* have been shooting into many vicinities bearing the news of Houghton's interests,—her religious, social, intellectual, and athletic life, news of her alumni and comments from other school papers. Professor Le Roy Fancher was the wise man who christened the first *Star*.

The staff never realized how much effort, time and attention it took to form one *Star* until they tried it; then, when they gaze at the myriads of twinklers in the blue vault above, they gasp, and thank their *lucky stars* they don't have to put out that many. But the work becomes pleasure as they realize that the nostalgia-struck graduates eagerly look for each mail that brings news from the beloved Alma Mater. Houghton's students never forget her.

Hugh Walpole tells us, "The whole secret of life is to be interested in one thing profoundly, and in a thousand other things as well." We are profoundly interested in our *Star*, and have tried to help "Peter" make it the best school paper ever; likewise, we have found time to be equally as interested in the numerous other activities and duties that tend to make school life "the best days of all."

The Student Volunteer Group

THE Student Volunteer Movement is a national organization made up of groups of students in the different colleges and universities of our land who have seen the whitened harvest fields, and have accepted God's command, "Go ye." The purpose of the movement is not simply subjective. It aims to create missionary zeal in the hearts of those who are preparing for Christian work and to turn their attention toward the neglected areas of the globe.

Connected with this great national organization is a small group of enthusiastic young people in our college. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Robert Hess, they have been seeking to increase their knowledge of conditions existing in unevangelized nations today by a careful study of the great Moslem World. The results of their efforts have found expression in several programs rendered under the auspices of the Mission Study Class.

The volunteers are not idle while they prepare. Many of them are taking an active part in the extension work of the school and the Lord has blessed their efforts. We have reason to believe that among them are those who will go forth to bless the world and aid in making the kingdoms of the world the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

In the future, the volunteers will be glad to welcome to their group those students who have already heard the call, but whose present degree of preparation makes them ineligible.

The Athenian Literary Society

OFFICERS.

Firse Semester		Second Semester
William Sallberg	President	Ellsworth Brown
Clinton Donohue	Vice-President	Paul Roy
Mary Alice Sloan	Secretary	Martha Dyer
Ralph Jones	Treasurer	Faith McKinney
Laura Houghton	Chairman of Program Committee	Dorothy Long

AS Greece represents the aim of learning and culture of ancient civilization, so does the Athenian Literary Society outshine all other organizations of Houghton College. Since its formation in 1911, the society has had a continuous and steady growth until now its roll call exceeds eighty members.

The Athenian Literary Society meets every Monday evening in College chapel. Its aim is to give entertainment, instruction, and training for public work. The programs are always of high quality, and include studies in literature, musical numbers, debates, and studies in art. Frequently, the programs are rendered in co-operation with the Oratory and Music departments of Houghton College. Members of the faculty are often secured as speakers. One feature of this year's work was an art demonstration by Mr. Harry Wood, of New York City. Mr. Wood is illustrator for the *Ladies Home Journal* and several other magazines.

That the Athenian Literary Society is a success, and that it has a very real place in college life is attested by the fact that each Monday evening sees the chapel well filled with students and townspeople.

The Neosophic Literary Society

OFFICERS.

First Semester		Second Semester
Homer Fero	President	Donald Ferguson
Theos Cronk	Vice-President	Thelma Crandall
Esther Leasure	Secretary	Phyllis Estabrook
Margaret Loftis	Treasurer	Willard Smith

The leaves of the old Neosophic record book are soiled and worn by the many hands that have turned them, in years gone by. However, this book is very dear to the students, and even to the faculty of Houghton Seminary; for the Neosophic was the first literary society ever organized in Houghton.

The Neosophic Literary Society of Houghton Seminary was organized in the fall of 1884. The same constitution and by-laws as were made then are still in use, although a few revisions have been made. The regular meetings of this society were to be held on Friday evening of each week, commencing at seven o'clock, and continuing not later than nine-fifteen p. m. The entrance fee was twenty-five cents, while now it is only ten cents. The programs consisted of debates, musical numbers, and select readings. The society is proud of its past, but rejoices in the present. Although we give but one hour each week to our society, which is from six-thirty to seven-thirty o'clock every Monday evening, we are benefited by it, not only along literary lines, but also in spiritual ways.

Before we bring to a close this short sketch of our society, we must remember that there are many names in the old record book of which we are proud. Among the lists of society members appear the names of President Luckey; also the names of E. G. Dietrich and J. S. Willett, of the Board of Trustees. Moreover, the former Neosophic roll call is composed of the Who's Who of the church; pastors, missionaries, and laymen. If these men and women found it worth their while to belong to this society, surely we, the students of Houghton Seminary, ought to be inspired to do greater things by joining this society, just as other students have been inspired in the past.

The Oratory Department

THE Oratory Department relates itself to all other phases of work both within the individual and throughout the college, thereby making the student a fit subject for his task in the great, wide world.

In the individual, it develops the physical being through its physio-psycho-therapy, and brings about freedom and co-ordination of muscles, producing poise and erect bearing in the body which is always attractive in both teacher and public speaker. The vocal exercises not only develop pleasing qualities in the voice, but also perform their task of muscle-tone and mental hygiene. With health produced in both mind and body, the memory selections now play an important function by bringing about co-ordination of mind and body. With these vital results, oratory serves as a splendid health tonic.

Oratory in its perfect form is an art in which the soul expresses itself through the physical and mental agents, and has the spiritual hypnotic power to film the varied pictures of creative imagination on the minds of many individuals of an audience. Oratory deepens the spiritual life, for as the eyes are the windows of the soul, so the voice is the trumpet of the soul and registers the depth and power of sincerity from within. It reveals a man's self to himself, and creates a keen desire to mold life after the great pattern, in order that the truth revealed may be upon the highest plane of art. With body, mind and soul in perfect co-ordination, the student of oratory is ready to attempt great tasks for God in the class room as a teacher, in the pulpit as a preacher, and on the public platform as a lecturer.

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The Mission Study Class

Among all the school activities in Houghton, Mission Study has its own peculiar delights. This year we have gone on a world tour with the great missionaries. We have treked the trackless jungles of Africa with David Livingston, braved China's perils with Robert Morrison, suffered the tortures of a slave-driver's prison with Adoniram Judson. Hope, courage, and inspiration were gained as we studied the lives of these great men.

The Student Volunteers put on four programs which gave us glimpses of the Moslem world. The life and religion of Mohammed and the Moslems of Arabia, Africa, and India were all pictured to us in an effective manner. The last program, in which four students appeared in the native costumes of India, Arabia, and Persia, was particularly impressive.

Another feature was a talk by Miss Rothermel on Dr. Grenfell's work in the Labrador. As Miss Rothermel had spent a summer in Dr. Grenfell's hospital, she was able to give us a very vivid account of the great missionary and his accomplishments among the fisherfolk of Labrador.

The Mission Study Class has been a decided success. The programs have been both entertaining and inspirational; the attendance has been large; and each one who has attended feels that he at least has caught a glimpse of that flame which sends forth the Taylors, the Livingstons, and the Morrisons to be blessings to the world.

The Senior Y. M. W. B.

There are several different phases to the religious life in Houghton College and Seminary, one of which is the Senior Y. M. W. B. True to its name of Young Missionary Worker's Band, this organization has been faithfully endeavoring to train young men and women for foreign work, and in the past quarter of a century forty missionaries have been sent from Houghton to carry the gospel to darkened lands. Thus, our band has been represented in Africa, India, Japan, and South America, and is represented in India this year.

The total Band membership is one hundred and thirty-nine. The first Tuesday evening in each month, a program is rendered by the members of the Band. These services consist of spirit-filled talks upon the qualifications of missionaries, why we are going to be missionaries, the needs of the various fields, the results of the work as shown by letters from the natives themselves, and other similar topics. The final program of the school year is given annually on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday. The address is usually given by a returned missionary, and at this time pledges are taken for the support of Mrs. Hazel Banker, our representative in India. Also, we are supporting one native worker and one native preacher in Japan. Through the Sunday School we are caring for three native Japanese children. The total receipts for the year are eight hundred and eighty-eight dollars. Surely God has been using this institution in the futherance of His Gospel and we praise Him for it.

Editorial

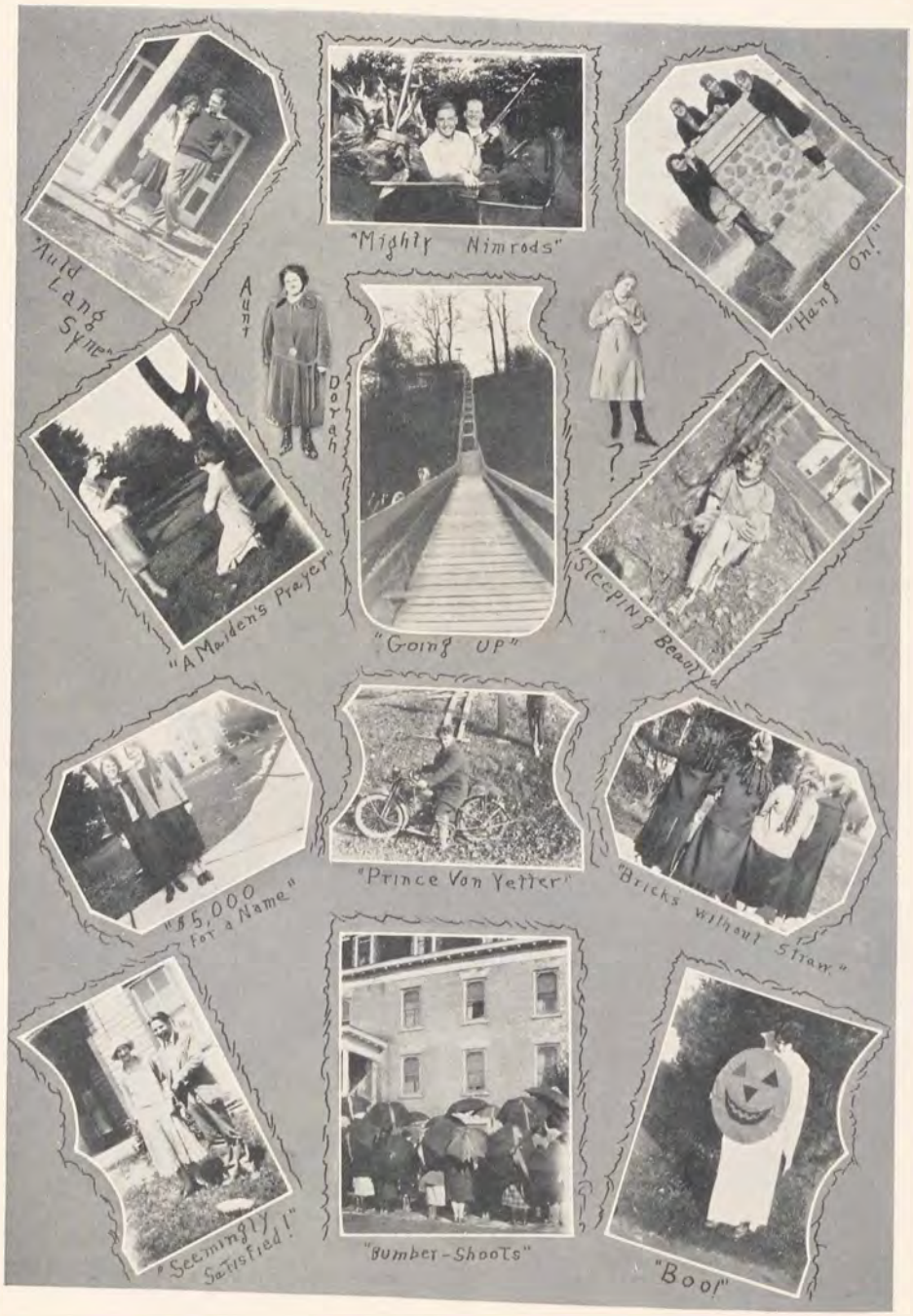
THE realization that we are directly or indirectly responsible to others for happiness, health, and even life itself, may seldom be registered within our consciousness. Yet the powerful connotation of that word *responsibility* still remains, an influence which determines the ultimate success of every career. Who brought the comforts of our present civilization? Those who have gone on before. What produces the bread which nourishes our bodies? The labor of hands not our own. Where can we find the cause for everyday advantages? Hidden in the past responsibility gladly born by others.

Throughout the United States of America today, the cry for men who will shoulder responsibility and march gallantly forward to success, is becoming more and more distinct. How many weak hearts we see faint at the call! Afraid to perform their duty? Unwilling to do their part? Yes, paralyzed at the thought of carrying out the project alone. And thus, innumerable tasks are shifted to the already over-burdened back of another. Perhaps all men are not equally fitted for the same duty, perhaps some are weaker than their neighbors; but when the demand for action comes, instead of sullenly shirking, how much better it is to nobly respond, "Here am I. I will do my best."

When the great World War was at its height, men found little chance to quaver. They were forced to accept the commands of superiors, and to fight for the honor of their country. Yet, granting the element of force and necessity, even beyond these factors, we see the willing spirit of patriotic men. For as a great, united whole, we find comparatively few attempts to shun obligation, few instances where trust was ill-placed. Men felt their responsibility, understood the expectations of loved ones, and determined to carry their share of the burden.

But now that the dove of peace again commands our respect, we find people lazily settling down to their individual work in their own little spheres, and the old axiom "Don't put off 'till tomorrow that which can be done today," becoming positive in its aspect and meaning. We will grant that in many instances, perhaps in the majority of instances, this is not so; but all too large a number of individuals show these tendencies towards laxity. They seem unable to comprehend the importance of their mission in life, unable to understand that, in one sense of the word, their work is a complement of all other human endeavor, and is necessary to make the wheel of life run smoothly.

Students, the greatest fault of the human race is the shirking of responsibility. When someone who has a right to do so, asks you to accomplish a specific task, don't say half-heartedly, "Let Jack do that." Muster your will power and self-confidence, realize the hindrance that objection will cause to the one who asks you to labor, then smilingly say, "I'll try." Be responsible for starting the task, be responsible for finishing the work, and be responsible for delivering the product on time. Whether the call be from God or man, *don't shirk responsibility.*


"Auld Lang Syne"
"Mighty Nimrods"
"Hang On!"
Aunt Dorah
"A Maidens Prayer"
"Going UP"
?
"Sleeping Beauty"
"$5,000 for a Name"
"Prince Von Yetter"
"Bricks without Straw"
"Seemingly Satisfied!"
"Bumber-Shoots"
"Boo!"

LITERARY
CONTEST
J. BAIN

Fourteenth Annual Literary Contest

PRIZE WINNERS FOR 1927.

Roberta Molyneaux .....Poem
Vivienne Crippen .....Story
Ivan Benning .....Essay

REALIZING the value of literary qualities to the young man or woman who wishes to make a success in life, Henry R. Barnett has established this, the Literary Contest, to cultivate through competition those qualities. He has presented the college with a beautiful loving cup upon which the names of the prize winners are engraved.

This year's contest was a large one, and produced many noteworthy pieces of literature. In deciding the essays, one of the judges remarked concerning the winning article, "It is a fine production, well thought up, and well written."

Many are the names engraved upon the loving cup. Many are those who have given of their best and won. If space would permit, it would be interesting to enumerate those who have been successful in the past. Suffice it to say, however, that the literary contest has been a decided success in the past, and we expect it to improve in the future.

Blow, Winds, Blow

By Roberta Molyneaux. *First Prize Poem.*

Blow, winds, blow,
And carry me with you
Wherever you go.
Blow, winds, blow.

Blow, winds, blow,
You are my friends
And I love you so.
Blow, winds, blow.

Blow, winds, blow,
Thy hands are gentle,
Thy kisses are sweet.
You tug at my heart
You pull at my feet.
You toss me about
In the arms of your love.
You fill me with rapture
And wines from above.
Sometimes you chide me,
Sometimes you scold,
And often your words
Are bitter and cold.
They pierce through the flesh,
I shrink from their sting;
The lash of the whip
No more pain could bring.
But then in the spring,
When your frenzy is past
You fondle and woo me
And love me at last.

Blow, winds, blow,
And carry me with you
Wherever you go.
Blow, winds, blow.

Blow, winds, blow.
You are my friends
And I love you so.
Blow, winds, blow.

O! Somno Crudele

By Vivienne Crippen

First Prize Story

I AWOKE with a start, possessed of a feeling that something terrible had happened. I was trembling with fear; fear of—I knew not what. Sitting up I looked at my watch. By the faint moonlight, I was able to see the hands. It was two o'clock! I lay down again, determined to shake off my foolish fears and go to sleep. But sleep would not come to me; apparently I was not to forget my fears so easily.

Why had I awakened so suddenly, feeling that there was evil abroad? Perhaps prowling burglars had roused me from my sleep. But no! I could hear no sound; everything was shrouded in the dead quiet of night. Ah! at last there came to me what seemed for the time the answer to my question. I must have had a troubled dream. But as I tried to recall my dream, my mind seemed absolutely blank. Try as I might, I could not rid myself of the conclusion that something had gone wrong that night.

Realizing that it was useless for me to attempt sleeping, I picked up a book and started to read. For perhaps ten minutes I scanned the pages, not knowing what I read. My nervousness was increasing, and I was sure that before long I would be completely overcome. The immense stillness affected me and I strained my ears for some sound that would break the monotony of it. I could hear only the regular ticking of the grandfather's clock in the hall.

At last, desperate, I resolved to awaken my father. Just to know that he was awake would dispel my fears at once. Slipping on my bath robe, I went out into the hall. At the farther end of the corridor I came to Daddy's room. Softly I tapped on the door. He did not answer. Still louder I knocked, but still I heard not the reassuring sound of his voice. Each time after I called to him, I listened. There came no sound from within. Alarmed, I opened the door. Snapping on the light I looked toward the bed. It was empty. Nor had it been slept in that night.

Where could Daddy be? He surely had come home, for never did he stay out so late. Ah! perhaps he was down stairs reading. Strange I hadn't thought of that before. I ran down the stairway swiftly. Yes, there was a light in the living room. How he would laugh when I told him how frightened I had been.

Entering the room, I glanced toward the fireplace. In his customary chair before it sat Daddy, seemingly asleep. I ran to his side; but as I looked at

him, my heart stopped beating. Blood covered his shirt and there was a terrible gash on his throat. He was dead! Murdered! For there on the hearth beside his chair lay a bloody razor that had done the deed. Horrified, I screamed.

Then I must have fainted, for the next thing I knew I was lying on the davenport, and bending over me was Dr. Green, our family physician. In the corner of the room stood Mrs. Barnes, our whimsical housekeeper, talking to a man I took to be a detective. When he saw that I had recovered, he came over and started to question me. I told him my story, but he acted very queer and looked at me suspiciously. What! did he suspect me of murdering my own father? Well, they couldn't prove me guilty of a deed I hadn't done. He had no right to form opinions so quickly. However, after a few minutes he left, saying that an inquest would be held in the afternoon, and that I would be expected to be present.

Dr. Green, seeing that I was very upset, advised me to call up my Aunt Sue and to get her, if I could, to come over and spend the rest of the night with us. Calling her up, I received the reassuring answer that she and Uncle Bob would be right over.

One-thirty p. m. saw me again in the living room, where the inquest was being held. I was the first one called upon to speak. In careful detail I told how I had awakened in a nervous state of mind, had gone to call my father, and had finally discovered him sitting in his chair, his throat gashed. "How did I account for that strange feeling I had awakened with—that feeling that something had happened?" they asked me.

"At first, I could not account for it," I explained, "but soon I decided that I must have had a bad dream. I could not recall it at the time, but this forenoon it came to me distinctly." I did not intend to tell them of my dream, for it was so dreadful that it made me shudder to think of it. Anyway, what difference could a little detail like that make?

"Would you mind telling us what you dreamed?" the detective asked me.

"It was too awful—I could not relate it," I tried to explain.

"I must insist that you tell it," he said half-kindly. "It may prove important, you know."

Bracing myself for the ordeal, I began: "I dreamed that I was upstairs in my room reading, when I heard someone at the front door. I ran to the head of the stairs arriving there in time to see a man enter the hall, a man I thought to be Mr. Carnahan, the scoundrel that had cheated my father out of half a million dollars two years ago. 'How dare he enter the house of his worst foe?' I asked myself. I walked down the stairs noiselessly, and with my eyes followed his every move. I saw him go to the library table, open a drawer,

take out some papers, then go to sit down in Daddy's chair. Oh! how I hated him! I would kill him, I decided. He had no right to be snooping through other people's papers and he'd have to suffer. Silently, I stole back upstairs, into the bathroom and got Daddy's razor. Then''—I could not finish, but sank weakly into my chair.

''Continue,'' ordered the detective, and too exhausted to object, I went on.

''Then—then,'' I stammered, ''I came downstairs and into the dining room. There he sat with his back toward me, looking over the stolen papers. Silently I crept up behind him, and with the ugly razor gashed his throat. I thought he screamed (ah! I seem to still hear ringing in my ears the echo of his cry). Then satisfied that I had done my duty, I went upstairs to bed. That is all I have to tell. Now has that helped to solve the mystery any?'' I asked anxiously.

''The mystery is already solved as far as I am concerned,'' said the detective, and then abruptly, ''Mrs. Barnes, repeat what you told me this morning.''

Dazed, I listened to the words that fell from the housekeeper's lips. She had seen me during the night, apparently walking in my sleep, she said; but since she had been warned not to wake me when I was found meandering like that, she had not interfered. She saw me go down stairs, carrying in my hand something that shone. Curious to know what I was about, she followed me. Breathlessly she watched me enter the living room and wield that awful razor that had meant my father's death. Frightened lest she be suspected, she had run to her room. Crouched there in the darkness, she had heard me leave my room, go to Daddy's door, and finally go downstairs. Anxiously, she had listened to see what affect the scene downstairs would have upon me. On hearing my scream, she had run to the living room where she found me lying in a dead faint. After calling the doctor and notifying the police station, she had tried to puzzle out the situation. At last, light came to her, she said. I had killed my father.

Ah! I understood it clearly, then. In my sleep I mistook my beloved father for the man I so despised.

Oh! Sleep, thou art cruel. Thou, not I, brought cruel death to the one I loved best; and now, thou hast forsaken me. Come back, Oh! Sleep, and erase from my troubled heart these awful memories.

No Midas' Touch About It

By

Ivah Benning

First Prize Essay

"A saleswoman, did you say? Everybody's selling books this summer. Well, I wish you success—it's a good experience. Famous men made their start that way." At that remark I glowed with satisfaction over the choice of work I had made. I saw a picture of myself, a renowned, distinguished woman—a woman who knew humankind so well that she could artfully reach the hardest heart armored with prejudice, jealousy, fear, or sorrow. I dreamed of myself as being loved and respected both for my unbounded benevolence and for my kindly heart. Oh, yes, I was sure that salesmanship was going to give me that insight, that tact, that polish, in fact that complete equipment so indispensable to a leader.

Besides this future advantage of salesmanship, I expected some immediate recompense. "Oh, certainly," they said, "you can make good money. So-and-so made one hundred twenty-five dollars in eleven days." This time I had a vision of a month or six weeks' vacation. Wouldn't it be grand? In no time I would have enough money accredited to me to finance my last year of college and then—oh, I'd take a real vacation! Air castles towered and sparkled wondrously. At last I had found a job just suited to the needs of my purse.

Buoyant with hope and anticipation, and quaking with fears (especially when alone), I set out for the city where my adventurous career awaited me. My fellow partner-to-be had preceded me, and had wisely or unwisely refrained from sending me a report of her efforts. The night I rejoined her and heard of her marvelous success, I scarcely slept, so anxious was I for the dawning of that morning which would open the world to me. To say that I walked ten miles that day is to give a most conservative estimate of the distance. Although my feet felt as though I had been making some long, weary journey for penance's sake, yet I was elated with joy over my achievements. I had made more money on my first day than my sister saleswoman had ever made in the same length of time. Inasmuch as the first day is always the poorest, I saw myself quitting in a week or two, rich as Croesus.

Pecuniary returns were not the only results of my new avocation. As the days passed by, my brain grew wiser, my body more weary, and my hopes more forlorn. Money came about as dependably as Hoodle-bug on the "Pennsy". Sunburns painfully afflicted my soft white skin, so continously made to blush with constant indignation at the strenuous kisses of the sun. Blisters, sores, and callouses shackled my feet, so that my shoes which had been too large were strained to the

utmost limit to contain them. Furthermore, my left arm and shoulder, although accustomed to carrying Snyder and Martyn, James' Psychology, McEvoy, Ovid, and Graves, were not used to doing so, for eight or nine hours daily with no let-up. Writer's cramp I had heard of before; a salesman's cramp I had now acquired.

Since it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and variety is the spice of life, my city was the world. In it I saw the best and worst side of humanity and in many cases the worst side of the best people. Sometimes, faces appeared at the door, so stony and cold that one would think that the Gorgon's gaze had changed them into marble. A few times I was mistaken by misinterpreting the reflections on the face, that oft-accounted mirror of the soul. Even when I couldn't make a sale, I found it supreme pleasure, yes, and something of a feat, to turn a frowning face into sweetest smiles by a compliment for some choice flower, a prized piece of work, or the little dimpled cherub cooing at his mother's side.

One time after being materially encouraged by a doughnut, I was sent to a minister who kindly wrote me an excellent recommendation for my books. On another occasion I was directed to a preacher who very saucily and abruptly told me to withdraw. I shook the dust from my feet while I wondered at the sample of his ministerial hospitality. I was far more successful in an interview with another young preacher. He, too, at first treated me most coldly and was intent upon closing the door, but with determined emotion I said to myself, "Young man, you're going to treat me with courtesy before I leave or my name isn't——" It was like breaking ice on the Hudson Bay the twentieth day of January, but I succeeded beautifully in reducing his foreboding face to one of smiles. He acknowledged my honest appearance, wished me increasing success, and hoped I would not think ill of him for his refusal to grant me references. I bowed myself away, in my own estimation, a veritable conqueror.

Upon reaching the entrance of a certain house, I rang the bell, and as usual began my talk the moment the lady appeared. She stopped me abruptly and began to close the door, so I asked her the name of the next resident. Her answer was, "Can't you sell without knowing the names? I never tell anyone's name!" There was an emphatic bang, and lo, I stood gazing at the closed door.

This woman like many others showed open hostility to my occupation, but some people, either because of a more cowardly or timid disposition told justifiable lies, justifiable because some people are not entitled to the truth. While wildly attempting to create interest in a certain lady, she informed me that she had no children for whom to purchase my book. I departed, but when I reached the sidewalk I was met by a bright, open-faced child who unceremoniously approached me. I took her to be a daughter of the family next door. In answer to my questions, I discovered instead that she was the daughter of the very woman who had rashly declared she had none. The little maid had

seized my hand and was skipping gaily by my side ready to talk and chum with me. I was so impressed by the adverse attitude of mother and child that I noted the woman's number, Mrs.————of 340 Main Street.

The children, if not always so credulous and trustful as the little lass above mentioned, never failed to be friendly to me. Some walked beside me while we chatted about a fond toy or favorite sport. Once a little girl threw a kiss at me; several persuaded their mothers to buy. The lessons I learned from the children were decidedly beneficial in my work. To meet one of these jewels was to chance upon a delicate, fragrant flower lifting its cheery head from the midst of barren surroundings. Often I breathed a prayer, as one of the little folks left me, that I might keep that human touch so loving and warm in my breast, and never let it grow wasted and warped by years, as so many older people have apparently done.

Fortunately for me and my scanty store of patience, some age-mellowed spirits still glowed with love and tenderness. A former missionary to India gave me a royal welcome. After a bit of wholesome advice, she added these words, "God bless you! You have brought a heap of sunshine to me, my child. I feel rested, indeed. Your bright eyes and smiling face bring cheer wherever they go." I was pleased and yet perplexed to know the reason why more did not see as she did. To many I appeared to be a dangerous personage, or perhaps a carrier of some contagious disease whose grip was fatal.

The days slipped by, crowded with novel excitement. My friend and I had canvassed the city from the lake to the hill, and even into the suburbs. Because we were received with more hospitality in the latter, we straightway canvassed all within our reach. With bags full of lunch, pocket-books and prospectuses, we set out daily. We divided our territory for the morning and met at noon at some appointed corner. What a pleasure it was to hunt for some out-of-doors dining parlor! Beside a brook, on a hill, under a tree, in sight or out of sight, it made no difference to us so long as we could find a resting place wherein to satiate our much-demanding appetites.

Don't for a minute think that we did not furnish amusement for the citizens of these little burgs. Children knew us, as well as those of former days knew the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and spoke to us as old-time friends. Peculiar and curious glances met us from every direction until we were unconscious of everything but ourselves and our tremendous problems.

We walked as much as time and distance permitted, for remember pennies make dollars. Oddly enough, more than one kind-hearted stranger took us in and thus proved himself a twentieth century Samaritan. The effects of these long tramps stayed by me night and day. Besides, the words gathered from the numerous interviews traversed unbidden the paths of my brain. I never realized before how much alike people speak, whether Swedes, Italians, Jews,

Germans, English, or haughty Yanks. "Not just now", "I don't think so", "I can't afford it", "Maybe later", "I have to ask my husband", rang in my ears until I vowed they would never pass my lips.

"I have to ask my husband", reminds me of a good joke on myself. I was met with, "Haven't I seen you before in———? Your husband died, didn't he?" I blushed and declared she had never seen me and that I had never had a husband to die.

When the time for the first delivery arrived, you should have seen my friend and me. Books are heavy, you know, and attempting to carry ten or or a dozen is like trying to use one's self for a dray horse. Why not take a car? Well, why didn't we? We could never have reached the high car step without losing a couple of our books or all of them, besides bringing upon our heads the curses of the motorman and words of like nature from the crowd. To top it all, nearly everyone managed to be out. Sometimes we were greeted with excuses more varied and numerous than you could guess. Perhaps they had forgotten so that there was no money on hand, or some misfortune had unexpectedly taken it all. Again, the husband's reproof or absolute command forbade the poor woman to take her order. Fortunately for the "Adam" that he was not present to hear the blame his "Eve" heaped upon him. At other times, we found receptions fit for royalty.

Book-selling is a wonderful life, full of adventure, exploration, discovery. But its chief benefits lie in making one realize that street salesmen have a little more feeling than stone walls (I shall always have fellow sympathy for the poor wretches) ; that dark, prison-like doors shut from view beings as forbidding as themselves, and that mere housekeeping is one of the most delightful occupations in the world. How I did enjoy meeting "comfortable folks"; what a delight it was to enter the door of a light, cheery cottage-home; how pleasurable indeed to transform a dirty room into a clean one, arranging the chairs that couldn't close the door in my face, and washing the dishes that never said, "I can't".

I simply have no affinity for "polite begging". Two weeks suffices me!

HUMOR
S. GROVER

"Gipsies"
"Wind-Swept"
"Snow-Birds"
Laura Jane
Ruth
"Bio-Chem. Lab"
Mary Alice
"At Work"
"No Soap"
"Oh! Boy"
"Brothers"
"Ex-Convicts"
"Good Grip"

College Katalog

(As It Should Read)

General Inflamation

History and Location

Houghton Cottage was established in 1492, a short distance from Rochester and all points east. It is favorably located two miles beneath the waters of the Genesee river. The mountainous section of the campus, however, sometimes appears above the rushing torrent. Train connections with Houghton are excellent. The "Hoodlebug" usually runs twice a year.

Purpose

The manufacture of matches is the avowed purpose of Houghton Cottage's existence. Students usually enter singly, but depart in pairs. Success has marked its every effort.

Advantages

The Cottage is prepared to provide any course that two or more students desire to elect, the teacher being chosen by the students, subject to the immediate dismissal for any interference with social activities. In this last feature Houghton stands as a pioneer in America. The system has resulted efficiently in reducing the amount of work done to a minimum.

Horticultural Contests

Each year the students conduct a Horticultural Contest open to all undergraduates. For this a prize has been established, furnished by the income from what is called the Conscience Fund, contributed by the class of 1520. The student who presents the most successful mustache receives first prize of fifty dollars, the next most successful one draws twenty-five plunkers. It is customary for the winners to pool the proceeds and go get a shave.

Lectures

At frequent intervals lectures are given in the cottage chapel by men of note (and some who can't read a note). The dean of the school leads the public music.

Social Life

The students are given as much liberty as any group could wish. The events of a social nature take place on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, ONLY. They are under as much supervision as it is possible for one pair of chaperones to give a sixty-room "frat house" or large hall.

Expenses

Cottage Fees:

To provide a minor part of the expense of maintaining the cottage, for paying off the national debt, and building a canal across the middle portion of the U. S., the following fees are required:

Tuition—$95 (will be asked for every two weeks).

Athletic fees—$20 (admits the student to $5.00 worth of games).

Any other fees the faculty can think of will be charged.

COURSES

Astronomy—This course is designed to meet the needs of young ladies who are ordinarily caged in the "Dorm", and for their gentlemen friends. Laboratory exercises are held in pairs on any convenient park bench on a moonlight night.

Zoology—This course is recommended to meet the need of prospective butchers. Thorough training is given in dressing chickens (not in the latest styles tho'), killing cats, etc.

Chemistry, General—Advised for Frosh who wish to appear as high brows to the rest of the student body. There's always a large class.

Chemistry, Organic—This course is especially recommended for future bootleggers. A very detailed study of alcohol and antidote is given.

Economics—Learn to make one dollar answer for two (persons). Plan for the future. Let the events of the past guide us in the present.

English—The various courses, especially Soph English, increases the expostulatory vocabulary. Other courses improve the ability to express all sentiments in either poetry or prose.

Modern Languages—Necessary for all students desiring to put a few things over on his next door neighbor, and to be able to express his true thoughts at the same time.

History—A detailed, chronological record of all those few important events which have taken place outside of Houghton.

Mathematics—This course is to help all Freshmen to change their minds about majoring in Math. Required of all Frosh; but upperclassmen take it at their own risk.

Oratory—A good course to develop your lungs, learn some good stories, and attempt to cultivate your memory. Special attention given to farmers in the art of stopping horses by shouting, "Whoa!"

Music—Courses filled with thrills and trills. Runs down the keyboard very popular. Better penmanship developed by proper finger movements. Enjoyable courses; something doing all the time, except during the rests.

Physics—A course filled with many an electric thrill. A successful completion of the course is a sufficient recommendation for a Ph.D. Credit—Seventy hours.

Sociology—All too short a time to become acquainted. Class association granted in the A. M. Special laboratory periods each afternoon and on certain designated evenings. Course growing rapidly. One must sign up in advance, not later than June 1st. See instructor for pre-requisite courses.

Gloom Chasers

Found on Freshman English Papers

A blizzard is that which is found in a butcher shop chicken that has not been properly dressed.

Italy exports makaroni, beens, and Italians to the United States.

The United States gets the ivory but not the soap from Africa.

George Washington got married so he could be father of his country.

The equator is a belt running around the earth giving off heat as it goes.

Miss Burnell in Bio-Chem—"What physiological principle was involved when we made candy?"
Yetter—"Gastric disturbances."

Prof. Wright taking roll in Bible class—"Where is Hodgins?"
Worden—"He's sick."
Prof.—"I wish you fellows would report it when any of the boys are sick. You know I don't live with the boys like the ladies dean does."

Evan—"Did Moses have a bad headache?"
Prof. Wright—"No, why?"
Evan—"Well, you just said that God gave him two tablets."

Katherine Snyder in Zoology—"What kind of animals are hydraulic rams?"
Prof. Doug.—"Those are the birds that grow steel wool."

Peter, shouting at the top of his voice—"Sixty miles an hour. Are you brave?"
Iky, as she swallowed another pint of dust—"Yes, I'm just full of grit."

Van Wormer, struggling over a Latin sentence—"Rex fugit, the king flees."
Mrs. Bowen, impatiently—"Translate that sentence differently."
Van Wormer—"The king has fleas."

Prof. Douglas—"Why do they rush wounded people to the hospital?"
Ruby Moore—"To prevent affection."

Miss Rork—"Stop looking out of the window."
Phyl—"I see a nice looking young man."
Miss Rork—"Oh, who is it?"

Prof. Woolsey—"What are the principal parts of possum?"
Alton—"Head, legs, and tail."

Martha—"Chuck took my arm all the way home last night."
Faith—"Mercy! Did he bring it back?"

Dean Davison—"Beatrice, I hope you will go to church this morning. The pastor's subject is, 'An Hour With Favorite Hymns'."

Bee—"I'm sorry, but I have an engagement with my own favorite him this morning."

Cook—"Did Pres. Luckey give you a recommendation?"
Ivah—"Yes, but it's no good."
Cook—"What did he say?"
Ivah—"He said I was the best student that the school had ever turned out."

Prof. Baker at breakfast—"I have a bad headache this morning."
Mrs. Baker—"I'm sorry, dear. I hope you will be able to shake it off."

Teacher, to boy sitting idly in school—"Henry, why are you not writing?"
Henry—"I ain't got no pen."
Teacher—"Where's your grammar?"
Henry—"She's dead."

Prof. Boardman explaining the principle of the soap film—"This film is only two molecules thick. It is the thinnest thing on earth."
Curly Lane—"Aw, and I thought Glad Brown was."

V—"What is puppy love?"
Stan—"It's the beginning of a dog's life."

Miss Rickard in Eng. 9—"We will now look at Rossetti's poultry." (poetry)
Everett to Martha—"Does your church allow you to wear jewelry?"

Just To Be In Style

(Continued from page seventy-two)

There is a species of monkeys in West Africa that have yellow whiskers. They are called mustaches.

We don't teach evolution here from books nor from professors' thoughts. Why try to link up Houghton with these monkeys by apein' them.

The end.

King speaking of Paul Roy's character—"Why, you can mop up the floor with the little Deacon and he will come up saying 'Amen'—if Mrs. Bowen doesn't say it first."

Eating cherries at the supper table:
Ruth Van Dusen—"There's a pit."
Ila Shelenberger—"Look out or you'll fall in it."

Tailor—"Do you want a cuff on your trousers?"
Scottie—"Do you want a slap on your mouth?"

Prof. Ries—"What are some different kinds of verbs?"
Willis—"Oh, adverbs, I guess."

Freshman (First ride in Hoodlebug)—"What would happen if we had an accident?
Wise Senior—"That depends entirely on the kind of a life you have led.'

Scottie—"Cod-Liver, now that you know what a collective noun is, give an example."
Christy—"A vacuum cleaner."

Teacher in English class—"Johnny take this sentence, 'Lead the cow from the pasture', what mood?"
Johnny—"The cow did."

Excited Frosh—"What bell is that?"
Wise Soph—"The one right there on the wall."

Miss Rickard—"We can't accept this peom. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."
Austin—"Oh, I see. Something wrong with the meter."

"Failed in Latin, flunked in Math,
They heard her softly hiss,
I'd like to find the one who said
That ignorance is bliss."

Jane Williams—"Chug, will you get me that new piece 'The Stolen Rope'?"
Chug—"How does it go?"
Jane—"Tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum."
Chug—"Oh, you mean 'The Lost Chord'."

"Would you like to be able to sing as well as I do?" asked Tubby of a young child he was entertaining.
"O, no," she replied.
"And why not?"
" 'Cause," explained the child, "I wouldn't like to have people say such horrid things about me."

Equipment for an E Student

1 sweet smile for a drag with the Prof.

10 big words for same.

1 good line to hand first teacher.

1 more good line to hand second teacher for fear that she compares notes with the first.

Midnight oil for use just before exams.

1 litle card, the product of midnight oil, for ditto.

3 headaches for excuse to ditch.

1 late choo-choo, sick relative, etc., for same.

1 pony for whole class.

1 pair tortoise shell rimmed glasses for effect.

1 book by Dante, to carry under your arm, and read occasionally when another particularly dumb student is reciting.

College Favorite

My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
I sing of thee!

Thru from my Freshman year
You brought me on to here,
I could not pass without you near,
Source of every "E."

Martha (writing a biology paper)—"How do bees get rid of their honey?"

Faith—"Search me."

Martha——"By celling it of course."

Cosette—"Your honor, I tried to warn him, but the horn wouldn't work."

Judge—"Well, why didn't you slacken your speed instead of running him down?"

Cosette—(a light dawning on her)—"Why, oh—oh, I never thought of that before."

The Freshman furrowed his brow over the exam paper, "what is a canard?"

At last he wrote—"Something you canardly believe."

Izzy—"Who's the greatest contortionist in the world?"

Dizzy—"Oliver Twist."

Lane—"Did you ever read 'The Skyscraper'?"

Yetter—"No."

Lane—"You ought to; there are eighteen good stories in it."

Dear Beauty Doctor:

I would like to know what to do when I send flowers to a young lady and she wears them for a date with another man.

Hopefully,
Clement Carpenter.

Too bad, Carp! Try somewhere else.

Marion—"I wonder why they call radio fiends 'bugs'."

Joe—"Huh, I suppose it's because they all have antennae."

ADVERTISEMENTS

S. GROVER.

Houghton College

College

RECOGNITION

Houghton College is chartered and accredited by New York State.

Students may use New York State scholarships.

Graduates receive the degrees of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science with diplomas signed both by the officials of the College and of the State.

Graduates may receive the College Limited Teachers' Certificate without taking examinations.

COURSES OF STUDY

There are seventy courses of study classified under the following departments: English; Foreign Languages, both Modern and Ancient; History; Economics; Political Science; Sociology; Philosophy; Psychology; Religious Education; Music; Mathematics; Physics; Chemistry, and Biological Science.

These furnish the prescribed courses preparatory to professional study in business, medicine, law, and dentistry, and give advanced credit in courses leading to the degrees of Civil Engineer; Electrical Engineer; Chemical Engineer, and Mechanical Engineer.

School of Theology

The School of Theology aims to give adequate preparation to all those who are planning to enter the field of the ministry, evangelistic work, missionary work, Sunday School work, or any other form of Christian work.

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d. Students who are candidates for the Diploma of Graduation in Public School Music.

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"Why, that dad-burned old cow of mine hed a tarnation way of flippin' her tail around, so I tied a brick on it."

Autographs

The Last Word

When the midnight oil is burning low,
And the night is almost spent,
When the numb, cramped fingers move full slow,
And the back is badly bent,
Then we wonder, blankly wonder—
Is the toiling all worth while?
Will we ever be rewarded?
Will the hard world ever smile?

When the Profs all crab and scold us well
For exams which we have missed,
When out of a merchantman's door we fell,
By the toe of a nailed boot kissed,
When an ad seemed like a gold mine,
And just as hard to get,
Then we felt that life was useless,
That death was our best bet.

When no one could think of a verse or a joke,
When no one would give us a lift,
When every student appeared near broke,
With April approaching swift,
When copy was scarce as hen's teeth,
No money coming in,
It looked as though we'd perish,
That Failure would surely win.

We were tired, and weary, and really blue
Through the moments of doubt and fear,
But the most of our work was pleasure true,
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