

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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NUMBER 6

Students Hear Dr. Mooney at Rushford H. S.

At 9:30 Tuesday morning Miss Fancher's Technique Class and Prof. Tucker's class in Principles of Education gathered in front of the College building where cars were waiting to take them to Rushford to attend the morning session of the Teachers' Conference of the First Supervisory district of Allegany county.

After some difficulty in getting the cars loaded, we were finally on our way, very much pleased at the thought of not having to attend classes the remainder of the morning.

At last when all the Houghton students reached Rushford, Supt. Tuthill introduced to the audience Dr. Edward S. Mooney, Jr., Supervisor of Training Classes, State Education Department. Dr. Mooney expressed his delight in receiving those from Houghton as he had worked for a number of years with President Luckey and Dean Fancher.

Since the theme of the Conference was Character Education, Mr. Mooney confined his talk to that topic chiefly, stressing particularly the training and kind of teachers we desire to have. He set up certain ideals in the educational system emphasizing mostly morality as found in the words of great educators such as Dewey, Thompkins, and others who said several years ago that morality should dominate the whole life of the school.

Furthermore, he mentioned the four principal duties of the school as being: to train for sound and vigorous bodies, to inculcate habits of reverence such as honesty and loyalty, to produce an attitude of mind indispensable to intelligent use of leisure time, and lastly, to emphasize worthy home membership.

George Counts, of Columbia, says within the next twenty-five years one fourth of the people in the country will be out of work all the time because of the complexity in industry. It is the duty of the teacher to train the child that he may be able to make use of this spare time. Many homes are breaking down due to the increase of divorce; hence it is necessary for the teacher in the school to have material at hand to serve as a substitute for the home.

Due to a new awakening in education and to the realization that something drastic must be done in future education, beginning next year in many places a change will be made in the qualifications for entrance to Teacher Training Institutions. Hereafter where scholarship and medical examinations have been the basis there will be combined with them a personality test and a personal interview. Here Dr. Mooney brought in the necessity of teachers moulding the lives of students by correcting their faults while in school, so the student will be better able to cope

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W. Y. P. S. and Y. M. W. B. Hold Convention

The Alleghany Conference W. Y. P. S. and Y. M. W. B. convention held in the Sandy Lake Wesleyan Church, October 21-23 was a real success. The church was filled throughout the services, many ministers and young people from the surrounding churches being present.

Prof. Charles L. White, formerly of Houghton gave a stirring address on present-day conditions in the home school and church. Mrs. Mary L. Clarke, General Superintendent of the Y. M. W. B. spoke in a most interesting and helpful manner on the "True and False Standards of Success". On Sunday morning Dr. Lavay Fancher delivered a message on "Fishers of Men", which was enthusiastically received.

Lively Basketball Season Planned

The class series will soon be in full swing. All the classes have had their first practices and from all indications the series is going to be interesting.

The seniors, the defending champions, have had some set-backs since last year. They have lost Miller who because of a slight physical ailment will be unable to play. "Bill" Mein, who was a speedy forward last year will also be missing from this year's squad. This leaves as the regulars from last year: Dolan, Flint and Ayer. The fifth regular will be chosen from Corsette, McGowan, Todd and Shipman, with Corsette likely to get the nod because of his height.

The Juniors will center their hopes on the following: Farnsworth, Burns, Weiss, Wright, Farwell, Pierce and Benjamin. They can be expected to put up a scrappy fight and cause a great deal of trouble.

The Sophs will have "Bob" Rork, McCarty, Smith, Nelson, Cronk, Moon, and VanOrnum, another scrappy outfit likely to cause trouble. Last but not least, the Frosh, possibly the new champions. Among their number we find Davis, elongated ex-Cuba center, Millard Fiske, brother of "Long Jim", Anderson, Goldberg, Wilson and Eyler. This is the team the Seniors will have to beat to keep their record clean. With out Miller, it looks as though they have a hopeless job cut out for them.

The High School will again be the weak team. The squad will be built around Babcock and Weigel.

The class series is always interesting and a great barometer for the Purple-Gold series. It is during this series that the first glimpse of the Frosh can be had when they are under fire. There is many a "flash" in practice who is just a flash in the pan, when he is in fast company.

Feeling is beginning to run high so come out next Wednesday and cheer for your team. Broaden your education and enjoy some wholesome entertainment.

Juniors Take First Set in Tennis Final

On Tuesday afternoon the rackets of "Chuck" Wright and Floyd Burns pounded out a 12 - 10 victory over the Seniors in the first set of the finals in the class tennis tourney. The Juniors thus have one count under their belts to add to their advantage when the match is continued Friday afternoon, October 28, at 3:30 P. M.

As is the usual case in tennis tournaments here, both sides seemed too tournament-conscious, and by no means played up to the standards that all four players are capable of maintaining. The Seniors played a slightly more consistent brand of tennis than the lower class, but lacked the brilliancy and hard playing that their opponents handed them. Wright was the outstanding player of the set, a position which he should hold by virtue of his accomplishment in winning the school singles championship last spring. His playing in this first set was erratic, nevertheless, and at times he was ineffective, losing his service through failure to place his smashes properly.

On continuation of this match on Friday, we expect the twice champion seniors to lose their title. Obviously the Junior team was not at its best in Tuesday's set, and if the Seniors could not take the set away from them in spite of greater steadiness, it looks as if Messrs. Flint and Albino will have to acknowledge the Juniors as their superiors in tennis unless a complete reversal of form takes place.

Harvest Day Locally Observed

The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society sponsored a community dinner which was held on the campground, Saturday, October 22. The occasion was the Harvest Day program given annually by the Missionary Society for the benefit of Houghton College. There were about one hundred people present.

At the close of the bountiful dinner, a very interesting program was in session: Rev. Pitt spoke on the advantages of community gatherings, and the tendency they have to develop community spirit. Mrs. Stanley Wright spoke on "Giving and Service". Mrs. Marvin gave a reading. President Luckey's talk was along the same line as Rev. Pitt's and expressed the idea of the value of community gatherings, and their aid in promoting Houghton College.

An offering, amounting to about thirty dollars was taken at this meeting. This money is given for the benefit of Houghton College.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6:33.

Faculty to Entertain Upper Class Students

On Friday night one of the annual events of the school year will take place when the Faculty will entertain the Junior and Senior men and women. The men will meet on the campground, and the women will have their shindig in the College dining hall. Miss Fancher tendered the formal invitation to Senior and Junior girls Wednesday after chapel. and Professor Douglas performed the same duty for the male Faculty members to the men Thursday.

All eligible to attend are urged to come out, for this is one of the few opportunities to see faculty members work. See them as their wives see them.

Houghton Aids in Harvest Day Program

Four Houghton representatives, Dean Fancher, Miss Rork, Miss Crone and Miss Waite, attended the Harvest Day Program which was held at Buena Vista, near Canisteo, N. Y. on Friday. This meeting was a gathering of Rev. McClintock's charges.

There was an afternoon and an evening session. The session in the afternoon was especially for the women of the Missionary Societies, to whom Miss Rork spoke concerning the privileges which Missionary Societies have in aiding Houghton College. This talk was both informing and inspirational with a true ringing challenge. After a solo selection by Miss Waite, the meeting was adjourned for the afternoon.

About five-thirty, a delicious supper, prepared by the women of the Missionary Societies was served, to which everyone did the utmost justice.

The evening session was opened by Rev. McClintock leading a rousing chorus. Two of the young people then led in prayer. Miss Waite sang "My Task". The remainder of the evening was given over to Dean Fancher who spoke particularly to the young people, in the interest of the W. Y. P. S. of which he is the head. His theme was "The Shadow of a Man". He said it is splendid to receive praise and laudation after a thing has been accomplished, and we are the victors; but it is the hours of heartache, discouragement and suffering, seemingly in the very face of disappointment, in which we work, that makes it possible for us to call ourselves victors. He gave as examples George Washington, Lincoln, and John Wesley.

Every young person present at this meeting gave his individual attention to Dean Fancher's talk, which left a deep impression on every mind.

At the close of Dean Fancher's talk, Miss Waite again sang "Only Believe". The meeting was then dismissed with a closing prayer by Rev. McClintock.

South American Missionary Talks Twice Tuesday

Rev. Harry Strachan, Interdenominational evangelist to all Latin America, gave such Spirit filled, Apostolic messages in the College Chapel Tuesday morning and evening as to cause some of the students to proclaim him the best speaker of the year.

He began his talks by first teaching a stanza of a hymn in Spanish in the singing of which the entire student body joined heartily.

Thirty years ago, Rev. Strachan began this particular kind of evangelism after four months of definite prayer for guidance. Latin America presents a unique field for such labor because twenty-one republics can be reached through the Spanish language. Brazil, which is larger than the U. S. A., is reached through Portuguese, which is akin to the Spanish.

Two remarkable incidents in his labors were given. In one city where the Governor, Chief Magistrate and other influential men welcomed him and gave him places for his tent, he was hindered by the mayor of the city. Finally the Chief Magistrate offered him the use of his own home and patio which was commodious and in the heart of the city. The priest, whose church was next door announced a service for the same evening. When Mr. Strachan's audience began the singing of the hymn, "Christo Mi Salvador", stones from the gallery were hurled into the tent. The Chief Magistrate soon had that disturbance quieted by calling the police. The service continued uninterrupted. Early in the morning, Mr. Strachan was warned by God to depart with was warned of God to depart with his evangelist to the top of a nearby mountain. When they had been there for an hour and a half in wonderful fellowship in prayer and study of the Word, they were interrupted by the appearance of three heavily armed men. These they mistook for enemies but later found to be friends and protectors. Later they were called to the foot of the mountain by the Chief Magistrate who told them of the riot, how his own property had been saved by the police, how the mob had gone to the hotel intending to kill the missionary, and how his absence alone had saved him. Then he understood why God had sent him to the mountain for safety.

On one occasion when they had planned to hold services in the capital of Santa Domingo, their baggage which had been sent on a month in advance to Porto Prince at the opposite side of the Island, that it might be transferred to a small craft to Santa Domingo, no large vessel being in communication between the Canal Zone and that of the island, Mr. Strachan found on arrival that the tents had not been forwarded. This was a source of great disappointment

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DR. MOONEY

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with the world. The teacher was urged not to think entirely of his pay check and the praise he would receive because of getting a student successfully through Regents and to the point of receiving a diploma.

Also, Dr. Mooney gave us several requirements for efficient teachers, among them being: 1. the clear understanding of human nature and civilization involving the relation of education and crime, and taking the student into the laboratory of life where he meets different experiences; 2. the necessity of a teacher having a cultural background in both rural and urban activities and knowing their differences, so as to be able to understand child nature and prepare the student for community life. Too often the text is emphasized and the practical application neglected.

In conclusion Dr. Mooney particularly emphasized the future of education as applying to the teacher. We are living in a changing world and looking forward to a great tomorrow; students are to be able to cope with this changing condition; therefore it is the duty and responsibility of every teacher to give them certain controls, ideals and principles so that they will be able to adjust themselves to a changing situation. The teacher through the indirect method teaches the pupil what he is to become. Teachers, here is a challenge to you! Your pupil is the tomorrow in every field. What are you going to do to create happiness and true living in the life of your students?

Many of those attending also stayed for the next address which was

very ably given by Mr. Ward M. Hopkins, District Attorney of Allegany county.

Mr. Hopkins took for his topic, "Citizenship" stressing chiefly the qualities of good citizenship as: 1. Having an appreciation of what other people have done for us. The students must be grateful to his teacher and for the school, which is the plant for developing good citizenship, and to his fellowmen in general, as there is no "self-made-man". We too often forget what others have done for us. He cited the fact that Miss Crowley, for whom the whole program was dedicated, was an example of a good citizen.

Another quality of good citizenship is a willingness to help others. We have no respect for that person for whom his parents, friends, and community have sacrificed all only to have him receive a degree from a college and make a "mess of things". A favored group has greater responsibility, but too many students possess a spirit of indifference.

Fitness is also a quality of citizenship; not only physical fitness because there are large dwarfs and small giants, but also fitness in the community when applying for a job.

The character of a citizen should be a builder and here Mr. Hopkins recited two poems dealing with builders of bridges and temples. He gave credit to Miss Crowley for being a great builder of bridges over which many have crossed. It is the duty of every teacher to be a builder and although oftentimes we are not given credit for what we build, building it is everlasting.

EDITORIAL

FRESHMEN vs. SOPHS

There has been some mention in the Open Forum column concerning the spirit between the Frosh and the Sophomores. A good deal more telling than this is the reactions we get from conversations with the students.

Recently the Sophomore Class voted to have a special committee to enforce Frosh rules, and these rules were posted with the admonishment that they would see that the rules were enforced. Our comment here covers only two points, one for each class.

First: the Frosh should obey these rules and enter into the spirit of age-old tradition that the newcomer must first serve his apprenticeship before he becomes equal with the older members. The rules are neither hard nor unfair, and the fulfilling of them should weld the Frosh into a more cohesive unit than before.

Second: we recognize that the Frosh have a justifiable argument that the tug-of-war should be conducted, according to the custom of times past. We cannot see how the Sophs can attempt to carry out Freshman rules, and leave out one of the most important of the lower-class rivalry events.

—H. G.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Tonight is the annual affair when the faculty men and women play respective hosts to upper-class men and upper-class women. Each student is given the right to bring forth and air whatever grievance he may have concerning student life, in the hope that a better understanding between students and faculty will result.

Concerning these affairs, we would like to advance a few suggestions to both student and faculty members. Above all, stick to the point of discussion, and keep to the major points. Last year the ramblings of some of the extempore speeches were anything but edifying. Get your point across and leave it for the next speaker to take up—remember the story of the preacher who asked: "Friends, what shall I say next?" . . . and a little boy in the rear answered, "Thay 'amen' and thit down."

Harking back to last year again, we recall that in the men's meeting there was a committee formed to make some effort to put some of the better resolutions in effect . . . and that was the end of that. Students, if you think your point is worth something, don't content yourselves with merely talking about it, but see that something is done about it if something can be done about it.

—H. G.

WE RETURN TO THE FIGHT

Three times means out—well, this is the second time we've approached the subject of the bulletin board—we hope it won't have to be three times.

In spite of general agreement that the bulletin board did need improvement, nothing much seems to have happened, except for a slightly noticeable added neatness. Some enterprising soul has evidently taken up the job of removing hopelessly out-dated notices. For this, we are duly grateful.

Still, there are entirely too many personal notices, lost-and-founds, and the like. It isn't too much to suggest that at least these might be kept on one sheet of paper, or at the very least that those posting such notices take care of removing them. After a thing's been advertised lost for two weeks only the hopelessly optimistic can continue to hope—and such a profusion of notices, (while furnishing reading-material for between-class consumption) isn't exactly an asset.

Again we recommend placing care of the bulletin on an official status. Faculty supervision is necessary if the improvement noted is to continue and develop into anything like the way an Official College Bulletin Board should be operated.

—E.C.R.

MRS. NOAH IDENTIFIED

"Papa, can you tell me if Noah had a wife?"

"Certainly, Joan of Arc. Do not ask silly questions."

A FAN

"Johny, what are the seasons?"

"You mean in the United States?"

"Yes, of course."

"Baseball and football".

Chapel

Monday

W. L. Fancher conducted short chapel Monday. His text, taken from Matt. 7:2, was "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again". He illustrated with the story of the echo repeating after the little girl "I hate you" or "I love you". What the echo of Time shall say to us depends upon the reports that we send out from the classroom, athletic field, or from whatever place our duties call us.

Wednesday

The text of Dr. Small's message in chapel Wednesday was taken from I. Timothy—"Protect thy youth." His idea was that the development of character was as important in college as the development of mind. Whereas intellectual aims are continually shifting, character should be made on a firm foundation. The development of christian character should be one of the most important duties of a college.

Thursday

Thursday being President's day in chapel, President Luckey read the last verse in the 19th Psalm, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer."

Friday

Friday morning, chapel led by Prof. Sorensen, was one of the most interesting Faculty-led assemblies we have attended this year. By revealing to us a few pages from his own life, he showed us the power of Faith in correcting our bad habits. In closing he quoted Psalm 32, 1 & 2: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven; whose sin is covered."

"Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

—H.C.

Freshmen Learn To Write

At last Freshmen are learning how to write practical English. The first weeks have been spent in straightening out mechanical matters, such as preparing the folders that hold the compositions and receiving formal instructions on the matter of reporting on parallel reading. Although the old faculty ruling regarding spelling has been removed, it will be as troublesome as ever for those who are weak in this respect. The Freshman can escape much of this trouble by making over 95 in the first two or three tests, the first of which was given Monday. Thereafter spelling becomes for him a part of his composition work, and any undue carelessness in this respect may lead to failure in the entire course. Perhaps section A has most of the best students, though many equally as good are in sections B and C. The Freshman classes in English this year are being operated more as a unit than ever before. The present policy is to make, as far as possible, the amount of work, as well as the standard of marking, the same for all classes.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the faculty and student body of Houghton College for their kindness and sympathy at the recent death of my father.

Vivian Mills.

Open Forum

Club Attendance

Dear Editor,

What is the matter with us? We organize clubs and everyone seems to be very enthusiastic, but just as soon as they are properly started, the attendance dwindles away to a mere few. The others are not seen again until it is time to have *Boulder* pictures taken.

I have heard that it is quality and not quantity that is important. However, it seems to me that in this case quantity would help exceedingly to increase the quality. If those who would do some constructive criticizing, and to the right parties, the meetings would be of more interest to both members and visitors.

Several of our clubs have died because of lack of support and interest. There are a number of organizations in existence now, and if we want to see them come to an early death, let us continue our indifference. If not, let us support them with our attendance, interest, and co-operation.

A Student.

Concerning Christian Organizations

Dear Editor:

Before I came to Houghton I heard many glowing accounts of various Christian organizations that existed here. Among these accounts as I recall, the Christian Workers seemed to hold the most elevated position; and I dreamed of and anticipated the time when I could be a member of this organization. But to my great disappointment I have not found those glowing accounts verified. I wonder why.

The other day I heard a rather unusual term. I can not say as to whether it is a correct theological term for I am not a "theologian". But anyway, it was this—"Commercialized religion". That got me to wondering. Is religion in Houghton a bit commercialized? Is there ever an element of politics in Houghton's religious activities? If there is, little wonder is it that we are so lifeless in some of our organization. The one real live religious function is the students' prayer meeting. And did you ever think that that is about the only thing left that hasn't a whole paraphernalia of complicated organization and elected officers wrapped about it?

We've formed organizations in Houghton until God's Holy Spirit is out of a job. I haven't stated that as a fact. It is just something that I have been wondering about. I hope it isn't true. But I wonder if it might be!

I have no kick about who are the officers. I think we have been quite wise in their selection. And yet, we might just about as well elect a committee to see about all the different organizations. That would save time and would accomplish about all that we do anyway. Usually an officer in one is an officer in several others. So why bother about separate elections?

Then another thing the meetings (Mission Study for instance) have to run competition with every other meeting. Competition isn't exactly destructive. But it is better to limit it to the secular things of life, isn't it? Well, these are some of the things I've been thinking about lately. Maybe there's nothing to be done about them; I don't know.

A Christian.

Roars from the Lion's Den

Dear Editor,

Anyone who does not know the "He-Manor" is not properly acquainted with the Campus. It is a boys' dormitory in which the predominating classes are college freshmen, college juniors, and high school fellows. There is one College senior and one professor. As you would naturally expect, there are frequent upheavals of a minor nature. Fortunately, the hospital is near.

A junior is the boss of the place. He allowed the establishment of a democratic government with a president, a secretary-treasurer, a judge, and a senate, elected by the house.

Three weeks ago the Senior girls next door treated us to a party—waffles and syrup!—and last Friday night we paid them back. It is one of our principles always to get even.

Visitors are welcome at all hours, if they care to assume all risks.

And we'd like to know why this is the only boys' dorm on the Campus.

Yours truly,

The HE-MEN

—H C—

DR. STRACHAN
(Continued from Page One)

as every day counts in such an evangelistic effort. There was no way across the country and upon inquiry there seemed to be no way around. However, soon a German vessel took on both tents and owner. This conveyed them to the back of the island which seemed to the missionary to have no opportunity for services. The port proved to be a great market. Here also Mr. Strachan met some acquaintances who were praying for evangelistic aid. Great success attended the meetings and in the end the opening he first desired at Santa Domingo came about. He found later that word had come to Santa Domingo through a Spanish newspaper in Texas, of his planned campaign, warnings had been given and had the tent reached the port to which it was booked, it would not at that time have been entered. Thus God directed him to the back of island and in His own way opened the door to the capital city.

In conclusion Mr. Strachan told of a trip that he and his wife were making down a certain river when on the shore they saw a crowd around a man suffering with fever. The captain was prevailed upon to stop the boat and to take the man down to a certain hospital not many miles distant. In the heat of delirium the man, during siesta, jumped overboard. There were men and canoes within just a few yards of the drowning man. Though all on the boat called and called to those in the canoes to rescue the man they would not heed their importunities. At last one of the men in the canoes made a feeble attempt to rescue the man when he came up the third time, but his attempt was too late. Mr. Strachan told how he could not sleep until morning for seeing the piteous appeals of that drowning man and the indifference of those who could have helped. It seemed to him as if he would lose his mind over it, he felt so keenly, and then it seemed as if Jesus appeared to him and said: "Now you in your suffering over this man can realize how I feel as I look down upon the multitudes and call for witnesses to save them by telling them of eternal salvation, and men in their indifference let them go down to Christless graves". He said we in the U. S. A. are the men in canoes who could save our Latin

College Chorus Institutes Annual Custom

A new custom is to be initiated into Houghton life with the singing of the Messiah by the College Chorus this Christmas.

This oratorio, Handel's most successful and best known work, was composed in the year 1741 in twenty four days. It was first performed at a concert given for charitable purpose at Dublin, Ireland, in April, 1742, with Handel conducting the performance.

George Upton says of the work: *The Messiah* represents the ripened product of Handel's genius, and reflects the noblest aspirations and most exalted devotion of mankind. Among all his oratorios it retains its original freshness, vigor, and beauty in the highest degree, in that it appeals to the loveliest sentiment and to universal religious devotion, and is based upon the most harmonious, symmetrical, and enduring forms of art.

"The oratorio is divided into three parts. The first illustrates the longing of the world for the Messiah, prophesies His coming, and announces His birth; the second part is devoted to the sufferings, death and exaltation of Christ, and develops the spread and ultimate triumph of the Gospel; while the third part is occupied with the declaration of the highest truths of the doctrine—faith in immortal life, the resurrection, and the attainment of an eternity of happiness.

Everyone in the chorus feels the deep significance and solemnity of the existence of God, the surety of this magnificent piece of choral literature. With such a beginning as has already been realized, we anticipate a very successful and soul-stirring performance.

Senior Girls Entertain

By a return invitation, the girls of the Senior Dorm were entertained by the fellows of the He-Manor last Friday evening.

The guests arrived promptly at seven-thirty and were shown such marvels of housekeeping on the part of the boys that not a speck of dust or a necktie out of place was observed. True, an innocent appearing candy box caused some excitement—but boys must have pets!

After the inspection tour, games were played. Most of these were hilarious, just ask Christine about that new version of Post Office! An interesting questionnaire was given by "Prof" Eiss, and most of the guests highly enjoyed meeting the Fly Family. Following the games, refreshments were announced in the "upstairs dining room". The small tables were very nicely arranged with autumn-leaf place cards and candy favors.

The highlight of the evening was the refreshments,—and here the boys surpassed themselves. Chicken, and hot biscuits, "spanked" potatoes, pickles, coffee, jello, and cookies in abundance were served; it was almost enough to make some of the guests forget they were ladies.

As dinner ended, Miss Burnell, the chaperone for the girls proposed a

brothers if we would. In conclusion he made an appeal to the student body asking all who were willing to go anywhere God might call them into service for Him to stand.

SPORTS CHATTER

Rogers Hornsby has again bobbed up as a member of the Saint Louis Cardinals. This man of many changes was once, in 1926 we believe, manager of the "Cards". Sent to the New York Giants, he was promptly sent to the Boston Braves, and then on to the Chicago Cubs, where he was let out of the managerial job this past summer. A great player always, but one who has had trouble wherever he has played, Hornsby has had quite an interesting career in major league baseball. No very substantial reasons have been given for his various changes. When the "Cards" sold him to the "Giants", after he had won a pennant for them, no reason was given. When the "Giants" and "Braves" sold him this was again the case. The Chicago "Cubs" authorities gave as a reason that it was "for the best interest of the team". A good reason no doubt, but not very enlightening to the cash customers.

It was rumored that when Hornsby won the pennant for St. Louis he felt somewhat too large for his hat, and demanded that Sam Breadon, the Cardinal owner, that Branch Rickey, the Red Bird Vice President be let out. Rickey stayed and Hornsby left. About a month ago there was a story going around that Breadon and Rickey had split, but it was denied. Figure it out for yourself, your guess is as good as ours.

Tulane, the "Green Wave" of the south took it on the chin again last Saturday. Auburn beat them. It looks as though the "Green Wave" has turned into a ripple.

What a game Purdue and Northwestern had last week. The game ended in a 7-7 tie and there were thrills aplenty. At the final whistle the ball was resting on Northwestern's one yard line.

Colgate is being touted as the greatest team in the East. Andy Kerr's boys have been clicking like a million, and look just about the same, according to most of the writers. They still have to face Penn State, Mississippi, Syracuse and Brown.

Michigan continues to march on to the Big Ten Crown. The Wolverines beat Illinois 32-0 Saturday. Purdue's tie with Northwestern leaves the path clear for a Michigan championship. Indiana, Chicago and Minnesota are the remaining conference games, and the Wolverines should win all of these.

How about swimming as a sport in Houghton? We haven't heard any remarks about it yet. Speak up somebody!

Wednesday is the day when the class series begins. All indications point to a whale of a series. Let us put some spirit into it this year. You people who sleep in the afternoon, wake up, you who loaf, come out to the games and you who study all of the time, let up for an hour. It will broaden your education and make you healthier in body, mind and spirit to get some clean, wholesome enjoyment.

By the way, what has become of all the pheasants in Allegany County? Have they left or are they getting smarter?

The following teams are the seven leading for the title in the Inter-collegiate race: Notre Dame, Southern California, Auburn (not the one in New York state), Colgate, Michigan, Columbia, and Tennessee. For all around ability these teams are out in front at this point in the season.

Wonder who will play Southern California at the Rose Bowl New Year's Day?

vote of thanks which was heartily seconded. The party was a success, and several of the guests have been heard to say that it was one of the most enjoyable they have ever experienced in Houghton.

Noblesse Oblige

The Duke: (to man at work in the Palazzo Vecchio): How came you here?

The Man: I await my companions, sire.

The Duke: Ah, the frescoes; yes, and the box you are making for pastime, how will it be used?

The Man: Flowers will be planted in it, sire.

The Duke: It will be filled with dirt. Why take such pains with it to make each joint and surface perfect?

The Man: I love perfect things.

The Duke: Eh? It is wasted effort. No one will observe its perfection. Its usage does not re-

quire such perfection.

The Man: But my spirit does.

The Duke: (scowling) Sirrah, what?

The Man: Do you suppose that the Carpenter of Nazareth ever made anything less well than He could? That He was ever satisfied with anything less perfect than it could be made?

The Duke: (angrily) Sacrilege! What is your name?

The Man: The Michelangelo, sire.

from the writings of
Archer G. Jones

—H C—
"My God shall supply all your needs". Phil. 4:19

—H C—
"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me". Gal. 2:20.



(Editor's Note: The local Fellow is back with us after an extended tour of the metropolitan districts, which he campaigned to see how sentiment was for Orven Hess for President. After seeing how reactions were in the large populous sections of Podunk, Caneadea, and Wiscoy, he has returned to his proper task, convinced that it's no use, evidently because of woman suffrage).

We begin this week's column by telling a little bed-time story of a bird dog that actually caught birds. The chief characters of this story, little ones, are three Seniors, who for political reasons we will call Buzzy Wuzzy and Fuzzy, but for whose real names you must go to Eddie Dolan.

The time is early Tuesday morning, the first day of the pheasant hunting season. Our three characters sneak upon the scene—a bird dog (all right, call him Guzy) goes before them. The hunters roam around, they fire their guns, make a lot of noise—and come back with one small bird. They tell their friends that they had gotten three birds, but the dog ate two. Curtain.

The scene shifts ... (24, 32, 84, signals off) ... The time is now late afternoon. Our three heroes venture forth again ... Wuzzy after much effort shoots a partridge ... they bag nothing else and start on the journey home

And on the way home the bird-dog actually eats up the partridge! ...

Let's put out the light and go to bed...

Today's difficult problem: Whether to put all the butter on one muffin and enjoy it or spread it over two, and enjoy it maybe.

On Tuesday also was celebrated Mable Farwell's birthday. She is now old enough to know better.

Useless things about the campus: A Lover's Lane with no lovers on it.

Dedicated to S. W. W.:

Question: What is, or why is, the corporosity of a horse?

Answer: It is ... er ... ah ... primarily pediculous terminology.

However, its manipulation as technical verbosity relative to *Equus caballus* is self-exculpatory—even though provocative of horse-laughter.

Inside stories about prominent people must include the latest escapades of the two Careening Caneadea Comrades, Dick Hale and Keith Burr.

By special arrangement with their keepers these boys were on their way to school Friday morning, when they were stopped by a State trooper, such a nize big mans, childrun. He wanted to know all about their whereabouts the last twenty-four hours, and they told him ... which is proper and in accord with Em'ly Poster.

Then at the end he told them that they fitted the qualifications for a pair of chicken thieves he was looking for...

Now we know of course they aren't guilty—but if they are we wish we could have had the wishbones...

When we think of Miss Rothermel's lectures on gestures, we want to know if she ever saw Prof. F. H. Wright brush off the plaster that accumulates on the desk in room 15. To us it's a perfect sweeping gesture. To make it more sweeping we suggest a whisk broom.

We just can't resist the impulse to ask our readers what important individual emphasizes his statements by saying, "as sure as I'm a foot high... people." ... And how about a "heavy, heavy, heavy..."

Similes to be used when forceful expressions are called for:

So hard of hearing that he couldn't hear the person practicing in the next room of the new music hall.

So ambitious that he tried for an A in Suffermore English.

JUST FOR TODAY

Just for today I will make decisions and stick to them. I will try to think concisely and weigh my problems in the balance. I will not be swayed by trivial oppositions and adverse opinion. I will be strong.

Theologs Elect

At a recent meeting of the Theological Department, Alvin Barker was elected president. George Osgood is Vice-President and Mrs. Helen Dentler was elected as Secretary-Treasurer.

The Island from the Deep

By MALCOLM MACCALL

Should one once gain a reputation good or bad, he will find that many a day must pass ere he is rid of it. No man is more aware of this truth than I, sad to say.

Strangely enough, my reputation as a liar has spread among men who are themselves known to be, almost proverbially, a profession of liars—sailors.

I have been the object of jest in sea-faring gossip all the way from New York to Rio because of just one story—I say story, but it is not a story at all. It was the truth.

In this anecdote I shall endeavor to clear myself of this ill-repute by relating a straight-forward account of the incident, the telling of which has heretofore only served to further establish the aforesaid reputation.

It all began on one stormy night back in 1913 when the *Christobal* was coming up from Trinidad with a cargo of asphalt. About ninety miles south of Mona Passage we ran into one of those squalls which frequent the Caribbean during the late summer weeks. The old tub was pretty sluggish with all those tons of asphalt stowed away in her hold and I can tell you, mate, she was shipping plenty of sea.

I was in the wheelhouse, when word came that Manuel, a new hand whom we had taken aboard in Port of Spain, was bawling with the crew. I was familiar with the breed, a mixed-blood with the treachery of a bull. There was only one way in which I was accustomed to dealing with brutes of that type, so I donned a pair of brass knuckles and started below.

A bedlam of thumps, curses and shouts greeted me as I entered the forecastle. Two of the men were surging back and forth, belting each other savagely, while the crew had grouped about the contestants, shouting encouragement to one and the other.

Then I swung at Manuel. The blow struck him solidly on the side of the jaw and he dropped. The other seaman backed away, only too glad of my intervention. However, as I turned to ascend the companionway, out of the corner of my eye I saw the fellow on the floor recovering. He turned eyes of hate upon me and the gorilla-like features were made even more inhuman by a scowl of rage.

"A bad one," I thought, and dismissing the matter, turned my attention to crossing the wave-swept deck.

I had not progressed more than twenty feet when a warning shout sounded above the noise of the storm. I turned quickly and saw a man silhouetted by the light of the companionway. Close upon me was a dark figure.

Caught unawares as I was, a great comber struck me squarely in the back and I was carried bodily overside in a seething mass of black water. A moment later the blackness of the night had closed upon the receding hull of the *Christobal* leaving me alone in the vast Caribbean.

Now let me tell you here, mate my position was anything but enviable. There I was, tossed about by a mountainous sea, a hundred miles from land, over a thousand fathoms of murky water beneath me, and not

even cheered by the presence of a life-preserver.

Those aboard the *Christobal* were all probably aware of my plight but was no hope of rescue, since the coming-about of a heavily laden vessel in such a sea would have been utter folly.

Resigned thus to my fate, I divested myself of my heavier clothing and shoes since they tended to make swimming more difficult.

As I slowly treaded water, being determined to hold out as long as possible, countless thoughts flitted through my mind. Whatever my reflections, they would be time and again driving out to be replaced by realizations of my impending fate.

The sea would take on a weird glow from time to time and I thought vaguely of the schools of little phosphorescent fish which caused it. I knew that by and by I should go mad with it all.

It was while entertaining such happy thoughts as this that I noticed a change come over the sea. All about me the waves ceased their tossing. In their place occurred a churning of the water, and many diverse surface currents made their appearance.

Then a great black jumble of ooze, rocks and weeds thrust itself out of the sea like some huge monster and in my bewilderment I was flung against something hard, losing consciousness.

When I awoke, the sun was high overhead, beating down with a merciless heat. My first inclination was to take stock of my surroundings. Weak as I was from hunger and the exertions of the past night, I rose from the ooze which nearly buried me and looked about.

It is impossible to write a fitting description of the awesome spectacle which confronted me. The entire landscape was one of desolation. Low rolling hills stretched away for miles in every direction, covered with black ooze, jagged rocks, thick marine weeds, and dead fish. A great volcanic upheaval had exposed the ocean floor.

A day and a night I passed in that waste before my reason commenced to fail. I wandered aimlessly across those horrible hills, mumbling meaningless sounds through swollen lips. It was a nightmare. Once, out of the slime whipped great arms, blotched and writhing, to seize me and drag me down. I tottered back with a cry of fright which was a mere croak, and fled uncertainly in another direction.

Then from the summit of a rise I saw the bulky outlines of a ship fast in the mud a short distance down the slope.

With a croak of childish glee I slid and clambered over the rocks toward the wreck. A dozen times I must have fallen before reaching it. Then, as I stood there beside the crazily leaning hulk, I saw something which shocked me into partial sanity. In small white letters at the bow, the name *Christobal* wavered and danced in my distorted vision!

It took all the remaining strength in my bruised and emaciated frame to crawl across the slanting deck and into the galley which, I vaguely reasoned, held food and drink.

Hours later I awoke from a sleep of exhaustion, still weak but sane. Then I commenced an exploration of the ship. None of the crew could be found aboard, but there were the unmistakable signs of a hasty departure. The belts had been taken and also the boats—all but one which

hung unevenly from its davits. All evidences seemed to show that the vessel had foundered shortly before the occurrence of the upheaval. From appearances, the crew had all deserted in safety, but I have since learned that none were heard from.

After spending several days at the wreck, during which time I greatly recuperated, I decided to set off in the dory with an abundance of rations and make a try for dry land. The problem of getting the dory to the sea across a half mile of uncertain footing was overwhelming. Yet if I did not leave, food would eventually fail and I would be marooned without even the luxuries of a Crusoe.

For three days I worked incessantly, moving the dory a few inches at a time on improvised rollers toward the distant blue strip of sea between the hills. It is doubtful whether I would have ever reached it had not a timely phenomenon occurred.

With a sound as of distant thunder the ground shook and trembled and commenced to sink. The sea surged in through the valleys and in a few seconds I was being tossed about in a veritable maelstrom of water that threatened to overturn my frail craft.

Then, before my eyes, hills, rocks, weeds and all sank beneath the surface of the Caribbean, returning from whence it had come.

When, after being picked up by a ship shortly afterward, I related my adventures as I have written them, I was disbelieved. My friends still disbelieve, but how else may I account for the myriads of fine wrinkles which line my face and the sudden whitening of my hair?

Truth in the Heart

"Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden parts thou shalt make me to know wisdom". Psalm 51:6.

David had wronged Uriah and his wife, but believed that all this had been covered up with the murder of Uriah. However, it is impossible to hide anything from God, or keep God from expressing his indignation and displeasure through whomever he will. God sent Nathan to reprove David and David is stricken with remorse. The fifty-first Psalm is a record of his confession.

When David disobeyed God, he destroyed his friendship with God. In his confession, he prays for a renewal of this friendship because he is conscious of the fact that he has lost it.

God wants truth in a man, because he wants his fellowship. He so loved man that He gave His only son to save man. However, He does not only love man, but wants his fellowship and friendship.

God's truth is deeper than man's truth. It is expressed in thoughts, words and deeds. "Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts". The first step toward securing this is confession of a lie. A lie is everything meant to deceive. When Satan tells the truth, it is a lie, because it is meant to deceive. Anything that does not want to come to the light is a lie in the sight of God.

A man must be more than a clean man. At best, a clean man is just a negation. God cleanses man for a purpose—for service. "Thou shalt make me to know wisdom". The whole process of Christian living is to be made to know. God puts wisdom to work in man.