

THE HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XXV

HOUGHTON COLLEGE, HOUGHTON, N. Y., OCTOBER 7, 1932

NUMBER 3

Ten-day Revival Season Brought to a Close

REV. CARTER TELLS OF CONVERSION

Sunday evening Mr. Carter preached to a full house. With many seated in chairs down the aisles and some standing, the large audience heard Rev. Carter relate the rest of his experiences in prison, as a continuation of the preceding Sunday evening.

Mr. Carter took his text from the account of Paul the Apostle's vision on the way to Damascus. "We can and do have visions even now," Mr. Carter declared.

With sorrow and disappointment we listened to revelations of circumstances and happenings in our prisons today. We never imagined that such gruesome attempts at punishment such as hanging up the prisoner by the thumbs, throwing them in dungeons and submitting them to all manner of torture were practiced in these modern times.

Mr. Carter's conversion was occasioned by the visit of two young women in a chapel service in the prison. As a college youth, Mr. Carter had said "no" to the call of God, had drifted into sin and had become the worst man in the state prison. In his emaciated condition, he again heard the call of God, but for weeks he felt that there was indeed no hope of his ever being received by God. The prison doctors and chaplains said it was useless for him to ever imagine that God would ever receive him after such a life of sin.

His condition became worse and worse. He could not speak above a whisper, his lungs were almost gone, he could not eat, he weighed 97 lbs., he was eaten up by consumption - in short, he was a human wreck. The doctors had given up hope of his life.

Thus in his last extremity, as a human skeleton, reviling God and attempting suicide, he saw a vision. For days and nights he fought, until finally he completely surrendered. Immediately, his voice came back, his health returned, and he has been telling the story of his marvelous conversion since.

So touched was the audience that the altar was full of earnest seekers for the light. It was indeed a wonderful service.

Sophomore Election Returns

Seventeen out of last year's Freshman class failed to return for their Sophomore year, but in spite of this fact the class has much good quality in its ranks. The election, which was held this week, was closely contested; the following officers were chosen:

President—Willard Smith
Vice-Pres.—Pritchard Douglas
Secretary—Magdalene Murphy
Treasurer—Paul Allen.
Faculty Advisor—Bessie Fancher.

It isn't the dog in the fight, but the fight in the dog that counts.



PIERCE E. WOOLSEY

Faculty Members Get Doctorates

Profs. Woolsey and Douglas Honored

Last Thursday in chapel, public recognition was tendered to Professors Douglas and Woolsey for the first time since they received their degrees of Doctor of Philosophy. Due to some error, explainable only by the fact that Professor Douglas is not the kind of a man who talks much about his own achievements, the fact that he has had his degree for some time and has not been mentioned in these columns for the first two issues. Our congratulations, now extended, are none the less sincere.

Professor Raymond Earle Douglas has been a member of Houghton's faculty, and a very active, popular member, for several years. He received his B. S. degree from Hillsdale College and his M.A. from the University of Michigan. For the past two years he has been on leave of absence, and we are very glad to welcome him back.

In former years, besides his regular work in his own department, Professor Douglas has taken a great deal of interest in extra-curricular activity, especially along literary lines. Prof. "Doug." has been found to be a splendid faculty guest on group practice of hikes—which is the highest of praise in the power of a student to bestow. We're wishing Professor Douglas—scientist and man—the best of luck, and greater successes to come.

To Professor Woolsey, also, the Faculty Advisor of the STAR, we extend the heartiest congratulations: this time not quite so belated. Professor Woolsey has just returned this week from the examinations at

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Former Teacher Dead

As the STAR goes to press we were notified of the death of Rev. C. B. Whitaker, at Hastings, Mich., on Thursday night. Mr. Whitaker was known and loved by many of the faculty and students, and we hear with deepest sorrow of his passing.

Seniors Take First Match

The class tennis tournament is now in full swing, with the champion Senior class having surmounted its first obstacle by eliminating the high school to the tune of 6-0, 7-5. Flint and Albino upheld the colors of the Dark Green and Buff, while Luckey and Crandall played for the High School.

It can hardly be said that the match displayed a high class of tennis, although at times the play was sparkling. Nevertheless, the High School could have furnished much more opposition had they pulled themselves together after the first disastrous set, in which they failed to take a game. To diminutive Jackie Crandall most of the credit must be given as to playing merit. Although Luckey bore most of the burden for the high school, the little fellow played some mighty fine shots, one of his best strokes being a lob that he places very neatly near the base line. Service for all players was poor, very few aces being scored, and first serve in most cases little more than a blind smash at the ball.

The match afforded little opportunity to judge how well the Seniors will stand up if faced with real opposition, and by real opposition we mean the Juniors, if Wright decides to enlist his racket in the Junior cause. Teamed up with either Burns or Benjamin, there's no denying that the series then will be a hot affair, and it would be difficult to pick the winners, although the Seniors would merit a slight advantage on the odds through their easy disposal of the high school. The Freshman and Sophomore classes will be easy picking for either of the upper classes, as neither of the lower classes lists among its members any sterling players. Pitted against each other, the two lower classes ought to have a hot enough fight to last all afternoon. If the Frosh remember the indignities the Sophs forced on them on Initiation Day, they ought to be filled with the desire for revenge, and by wiping up the court with the Sophs they would at least have revenge in a measure.

Concerning the women's division of doubles matches, which are expected to begin soon, the Seniors again have a definite edge over: the other classes Miss Edna Stratton and Miss Genevieve Matthews, the Senior girls, are quite a sure bet to take the matches with the Junior girls, Miss Mable Farwell and Miss Roma Lapham figured as runner-ups, with a possibility of upsetting the older class. Again the two lower classes are eliminated as possible championship teams, the material in either class being not quite up to the calibre of the upper classes.

We do not know whether or not the full rounds will be played out in tennis, as is the case in basketball but we hope that this can be done since it insures a fairer chance for all classes, and labels the winner as

(Continued on Page Two)

Purple Takes First Game of Series

CORSETTE PITCHES EXCELLENT BALL

Christian Workers Resume Activities

Fruitful Year Planned

One of the most influential clubs in school activities is the Christian Workers Society. In the last two years there has been a noticeable decline in this societies activities, but last spring there was a general reorganization, and the Executive Cabinet of the Christian Workers expect to make the year of 1932-1933 one of the most fruitful in the club's history.

Willard Smith is the president, and under his direction those of the school who hope to do active Christian work this year will be afforded opportunities to serve the Master through the ministry of His Word, song, and testimonies. In past years the society has flourished greatly, and has won for itself a commendable reputation in the villages in the vicinity of Houghton. At one time the group was financially able to purchase a bus, and with this vast aid in transporting its members, the club put in its most active year.

All students who acknowledge Christ as their Savior and who desire to serve Him are welcome to join. An Executive Cabinet meeting will be held Friday, and the announcement soon will be made concerning the first meeting.

Noted Lecturer Here Next Month

Houghton is looking forward with pleasure to the visit of Miss Christobel Pankhurst, a noted lecturer on prophetic subjects, who will give a series of lectures on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 4, 5, and 6.

Miss Pankhurst comes from London, England. Her experiences as a leader of the woman suffrage movement in England before the war will prove both interesting and instructive to all her listeners.

This is Miss Pankhurst's second tour of the United States. She has given her prophetic lectures at many Fundamentalist Conventions, among them the World's Fundamentalist Convention in Columbus, Ohio, this summer. She has just returned from the Convention of Eastern United States held in Atlantic City.

Leaving Houghton, Miss Pankhurst plans to spend Monday and Tuesday as the main speaker of a Convention at Rushford. We are indeed fortunate to have such a lecturer at Houghton.

A bit of advice to the delinquent Frosh: Timely preparation saves much perspiration.

Last Friday the first of the Purple Gold baseball games was played, and if old man Pluvius will just pack his bags and move on, there will be another game to-day. At this writing it looks as though the old boy is going to be nasty and stay around a bit. Something like a mother-in-law in his habits, what?

The game last week was lots of fun. Yes, from the standpoint of the Purple—who won 19-4. How those boys fattened their batting averages. Hits were worth a dime a dozen they were so plentiful. The Purple lads were tired out from running the bases, but the Gold team, as far as base running was concerned, was as fresh as daisies at the end of the game. They seldom got on, so they didn't have to run. Balls!

"Big Shot" Corsette started on the hill for the winners and in addition to holding the opposition well in hand, also stepped to the plate and socked one on the button for a four-bagger. Harbeck was the Gold twirler and had considerable trouble in locating the plate. We are inclined to charge this up to nervousness as it is his first appearance in Houghton athletics. Better luck may follow him in his next start. Flint finished the game for the Gold and as usual the Purple had some trouble in hitting his slow curves.

The Purple team, as it is lined up, is without a doubt the best base-ball team Houghton has ever had. It has good pitching and catching, a good infield, and an outfield that is above average. They have plenty of power at the bat, but their base running could be remedied by practice and by competent coaches stationed at first and third bases. All in all it's a good team and more power to them.

Let's hope the sky clears, so that there will be a game to-day, and that the Gold will show greater opposition. Flint is expected to pitch for the Gold, and perhaps Wright will get a chance to gun for the Purple.

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Light Bearers Convene

On Sunday afternoon the Light Bearer's Organization continued its work among the students of this institution. A live song service was conducted by Miss Ruth Woodhouse of Batavia. One special selection was rendered by Misses Crouch and Babcock, after which Professor Stanley Wright brought the message from The Word. His talk was to all who are believers in Christ and he stressed especially the necessity of our attempt in the Christian way. Victory comes alone through effort put forth and the effort of any individual plus the strength of Christ makes a Christian Life powerful.

All were helped and encouraged to progress in the life of prayer and of faith.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

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Campus Visitors

On Sunday Miss Kartevold entertained her sister Alice, and her friend Miss Iva Hasley, both of Attica, New York.

A former student, Roberta Rowell of East Aurora visited Houghton Monday.

FREEMAN—LAPHAM

Mr. Bert D. Freeman and Miss Nina R. Lapham were married at Warsaw, N. Y. on Friday evening September thirtieth. They returned Wednesday from a trip in Pennsylvania and visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lapham for a few days.

Tennis Tournament

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indisputable champion. To date standings are:

Men's division			
	W.	L.	Pc.
Seniors	1	0	1.000
Juniors	0	0	1.000
Sophomores	0	0	1.000
Freshmen	0	0	1.000
High School	0	1	.000

Purple-Gold Baseball

(Continued from Page One)
Driver as usual will be the noise behind the pitcher.

	A.B.	R.	H.
Purple			
Harrison 1st	5	3	3
Albro ss	5	4	4
W. Farnsworth 3rd	4	2	4
Rork C	4	1	1
Wright LF	4	1	1
Titus LF	1	0	0
Corsette P	3	4	1
Anderson 2nd	3	3	0
D. Farnsworth CF	4	0	0

Wilson RF	2	0	0
Osgood RF	1	1	1
Totals	35	19	15

Gold

Fant C & P	4	2	2
Burns 2nd	4	0	2
Dolan 1st	4	0	0
Vogal LF	1	1	1
Bannaman ss	3	1	0
Eiler 3rd	2	0	1
Moan 3rd	1	0	0
Davis CF	3	0	0
Fiske RF	2	0	0
Harbeck P	2	0	0
Totals	26	4	6

Hamers: Corsette. Three base hits. Farnsworth, Rork, Vogal, Burns. Eiler, Left on bases: Purple, 11; Gold 9. Hits off Harbeck, 12 in five innings; off Flint, three in two innings. Hit by pitcher: by Harbeck 2. (Corsette, Farnsworth); by Flint (Osgood).

Umpires: Driver—Plate, Wright and Ayer—Bases.

Profs. Received Doctorates

(Continued from Page One)

Cornell. Both his M. A. and B. A. degrees were earned at Ohio Wesleyan University. Professor Woolsey returns to us as head of the Modern Language Department. In his former years as a member of the faculty he has exhibited his splendid teaching ability, and his classes have proved to be among the most popular in the curriculum.

Both these men have been highly successful in their own fields, and Houghton is honored by their presence on the faculty. That the student body and fellow members of the faculty are appreciative of them, was surely indicated by the long-sustained applause in chapel after "Pete" Albro had led us in cheering them.

EDITORIAL

STUDENT COUNCIL

This year the Student Council will enter upon the fourth year of its existence as the representative governing body of the students of Houghton College. To those of us who have been here since the organization has been functioning, this year will determine to us finally whether or not the Student Council can justify itself as the voice of the student body.

Severe has been the criticism leveled at the Council in times before this, and much of the criticism has been merited. From the students' point of view, the Council has never done any effective work. Petitions to it have been lost sight of, and recently it failed so far that even regular meetings were not held. On the campus, student confidence in the Council is distinctly nil.

It is not our place to either uphold or deride this organization. Yet we can hardly help drawing attention to one major point. We realize that the power of the Council is limited, and oftentimes acts that it would like to have made effective are lost because of over-ruling by higher bodies. But this one thing can be done: *the students should have a report of Council doings.* We would not dream of sending members to congress, and being content with not knowing what they are doing there. Is it less reasonable to suppose that the interest of the students would be kept in its Council if they knew how well they were representing them?—H. G.

CONCERNING CLUBS

It is high time that the students of Houghton College give serious attention to the various clubs and organizations of the institution. They present opportunities for social contacts and responsibilities—essential features of genuine college life. The clubs are a vital part of the extra-curricular activities of the school, being originally instituted for the purpose of fostering the interest of the student in his or her particular field. The advantages which they offer of extension into each of the major phases of work present a challenge to the enterprising.

However, it has hitherto proved lamentable that the members frequently allow their interest to dwindle until the club is no longer worthwhile. Keeping up the interest demands the active co-operation of every member. One student should not attempt to join every club which the school affords, but should endeavor to give his best efforts to one or two. Let us join up, then, where our interest lies, and give all we've got—then we're sure to get the best results!

—M. E. M.

POLITICS IN COLLEGE

Of the youth of America, only a very small percent have the advantages of a college education. But it is this small percent that furnishes the material for the leaders and thinkers of the rising generation of every era. We, students here, have these advantages of study and contacts with able teachers and thinkers, and co-operation in group life. Because we are here, and for a little while rather "looking on" at life is no reason for our neglect of duties we owe to the larger community of which we are a part.

Most of us, indeed, do know that there is a depression. It has been made manifest to us by a certain flatness in the region of our pocketbooks. We feel the depression and resent it, and harbor apathetic hopes that the next elections will relieve it.

But how much real thought do we spend on the possibilities of such relief? The platforms of every party point the only way out—or claim that, given a chance, they could do so. How much of what they claim are they in a position to make good?

The uneducated labourer or day worker will vote the ticket of the first one to come along and buy him a drink, or pay him for checking his ballot. That's excusable in him! But do college students—the thinking voters of today and tomorrow—spend much more thought on their politics today? Those of us who vote—do we vote as we do because of the party affiliations of the candidate?

This is an old, old cry, hoary and venerable in its age: "Think before you vote—then vote for the best man!" Old, true, but nevertheless a cry that should be heeded in these days of national crisis.—E. C. R.

First Student's Prayermeeting Held

On Tuesday evening the first College prayer service of the year was held in the College Chapel. President Luckey as leader showed the necessity of witnessing for Christ, both by prayer and testimony, and made this possible by asking that all be brief and thus unselfish.

One entire row of High School boys led in short sentence prayers that manifested a sincere spirit of worship. After the singing of several hymns an opportunity was given for testimony. During the hour 146 students witnessed for Christ in a definite expression revealing the joy and satisfaction of a life lived with Christ.

It was because of the co-operation of each individual participant that the prayer service proved a success, and it will be because of the support of each student that the meetings throughout the year will be remembered.

EXPRESSION CLUB PROGRAM LEADERS

October 17—Surprise Program
Edna Roberts, Mable Farwell.
October 31—Hallowe'en
Albert Eiss, Lauren Williams, Dorothy Richardson.
November 14—Anna Houghton Daughters
Entertainment Committee.
November 28—Pilgrim Program
Loyal Wright, Kenneth Wright, Ivone Wright.
December 11—Christmas Program
Wenona Ware, Orven Hess, Harold Boon.
December 19—Christmas Pageant
Pageantry Class.
January 9—New Year's Program
Ruth Brandes, Walter Davis, Marion Whitbeck.
February 1—Valentine Program
Winona Carter, Ila Underwood, Emerson Wilson.
February 27—Washington Program
Mildred Hunt, Mae Young, Spencer Moon.
March 13—Shakespearean Program
Dr. Small, Helen Baker, Betty Coe, Steven Todd.
April 17—Spring Pageant
Miss Rothermel, Izelda Wolfe, Mildred Stoddard.
May 1—May Day Festival
Christine Van Hoesen, Miss Rothermel, Mable Farwell, Purla Bates.
May 15—Parent's Day
DeLauris Brink, Vera Hall, Harriet Pinkney.
May 29—Social Tea
Officers of the Club.

ANNA HOUGHTON DAUGHTERS

The Anna Houghton Daughters will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. Raymond Douglass. Watch next week's STAR for an account of the early fall happenings of the society.

Teacher—"How many of you children want to go to heaven?"

Children all raise their hands except Johnny.

Teacher—"But, Johnny, don't you want to go to heaven?"

Johnny—"My mother told me to come right home after school."

A man-hater is merely a woman whose man-hunt has been unsuccessful.



Sports Chatter

Why not inaugurate swimming as a competitive sport in Houghton? We have a swimming pool which is superior to those found in many colleges. We have many among the Purple and Gold who are competent in the aquatic sport, and would welcome competition in this division of athletics. Swimming races and diving contests could be held which would increase interest in water sports and would induce many to learn to swim who would not otherwise learn. Swimming has long been looked upon as one of the most healthful of exercises. It is said that a swimmer uses more muscles while swimming than any other sport requires.

We do expect that swimming should be immediately put on the basis of a major sport such as basketball, track etc. but why not make it a minor sport?

The Sports Editor would welcome suggestions and criticisms in this matter. Communications in regard to swimming which show constructive suggestions or criticisms will be printed in this column.

Just about this time the members of the Chicago Cubs should be emerging from the headaches left in their camp by the Yankees, and adjusting their personal budgets to comply with the short end of the World Series purse. No doubt some of the Chicago boys had the winners share already spent, or had figured a way to spend it.

The series has showed one thing in the opinion of the writer, and that is—Chicago is just another ball team. They did not have the class befitting a champion. Their pitchers failed miserably, their brilliant infield was not so brilliant, and with one exception the National League Champions showed a decided lack of punch in the pinch. It's base hits with men on the bases that bring in the runs which wins games, and the Cubs couldn't seem to connect when men were in a scoring position.

The Yankees as a result of sweeping the series have established a record that will stand for a long, long time. Twelve World Series victories in succession is not likely to occur in the near future.

What more proof is needed that baseball as played professionally is run on an honest basis? In the three series the Yankees have played the minimum of games to win. The maximum number would be twenty-one games, which would make nine games difference. As a low estimate let us say forty thousand spectators would attend the games on an average for the nine games. This would make three hundred and sixty thousand people who would have attended if those nine games had been played. Again taking a low average let us put the average paid admission at (\$2.50) two dollars and fifty cents. That would make a difference of just \$900,000 to the bank accounts of the team owners. If you were running a crooked business, would you pass up a chance to take this amount from the public? Let the skeptics

Chapel

Prof. F. H. Wright

On Tuesday morning, Prof. F. H. Wright, dean of Theology, conducted the chapel service. As a sequel to the religious effort of the past ten days, Prof. Wright's message was most timely. He realized that those who found Christ as a vital and living reality in their lives during these last few days need encouragement, strength and support. With this in view, he advised the conservation of our new found light, and the co-operation of our wills with that of the Master.

Professor Wright pointed out the necessity of taking everything to God in prayer and waiting until we received power from Him. He showed the advantages to be gained by "coming out from the world and becoming separate" in habits, in speech and in general conduct.

Throughout the message he showed to us that Jesus Christ is the one source of support that never fails and which makes possible growth in the Christian way.

Mr. Mac Donald Speaks

We were privileged to hear at our chapel service on Thursday morning, Rev. MacDonald, Secretary of the Society for Evangelizing Europe. Mr. MacDonald has lived and worked in personal contact with all classes of people in practically all of Europe, and this knowledge of circumstances there is extensive.

Mr. MacDonald says that there are 75 millions of Roman Catholics, and non-Christians. However, there have been many thousands converted to Christianity in the last few years. Living surroundings are frightful, education is practically "nil", and the condition of the lower classes is pitiful. Nevertheless, as best they can, they are responding to the gospel.

We usually think of Europe as a highly civilized and Christian land. We realize now that conditions there are little better than so called heathen countries.

Double Mixed Quartette

Wednesday evening the double mixed quartette sang at the County Missionary Convention in Rushford. The main speaker was Rev. MacDonald who was a chapel speaker on Thursday morning. He gave a very instructive message on conditions in Europe today.

The quartette sang: "Dear Lord and Master of Us All", "Come Ye Disconsolate", "Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken". These three hymns gave a spirit of quietness to the meeting which impressed everyone present. The personnel of the quartette is as follows:

Soprano—Helen Wiltzie, Mary Carnahan.

Alto—Gracia Fero, Lucymae Stewart.

Tenor—Kenneth Eyler, Howard Dietrich.

Bass—Alton Shea, Alden Van Ornum.

The more cheek a girl has the less blushing she does.

and cranks speak their piece, but we thoroughly believe in the honesty of the "National Game."

Open Forum

Class Preferences

Dear Editor,

I'm sure most of the students in Houghton were agreeably surprised when the announcement was given out that the STAR would print an Open Forum for the expression of student opinion. Hitherto, full expression has been limited because of lack of a medium of publicity.

With the beginning of a new school year a condition has arisen in our classes which could be remedied by merely a little sportsmanship on the part of several classmates. I am referring to the matter of class affiliation. Unfortunately, due to minus grade points, a number of our former class fellows have failed to become eligible members of the advancing class, but instead of joining and boosting the class to which they have been assigned, they have refused to join any. Naturally, this condition weakens every class function and there is an air of dissatisfaction over everything. If these few stray members of each class would add their support to that of those who are satisfied with their lot, each class would certainly have a more successful year. Let's boost our class even if we have to boost the same class two or three years in succession.

A fellow student.

Class Loyalty

Dear Editor:

There seems to be a good deal of feeling around school nowadays about these students who are rather "in-between" things as regards class membership. If one has failed to make the grade points necessary to go on with his class—and sometimes this failure is due to entrance credits or other reasons that are not at all the student's fault—should he turn to the next class with equal enthusiasm and pep? If he has any particular talents should he be eager to devote them to the new class?

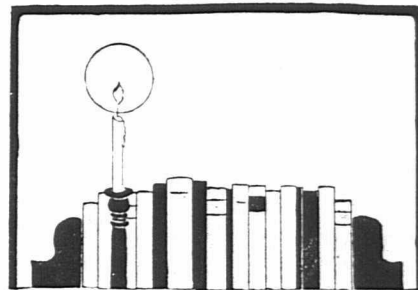
Some students seem to think that they should become active members of the new class, but many of the students in this equivocal position can not arouse enough enthusiasm for this change. They are naturally more interested in the class with which they began their school life. Many of them, too, are expecting to rejoin their own classes when the grade-point lists come out in January, and the change in the middle of the year is hard to make.

While some may think that the student of particular talent who refuses to devote his talent to the new class of which he is officially a member is a poor sport, it seems fairer to leave this decision up to the individual student. The faculty ruling on this point is that such a student may attend the class functions of the class of which he was originally a member but may not represent the class in any way or have a vote in the class elections. This seems a good solution, as it leaves the student his own choice, and enables him if he so desires, to keep up the contacts and associations with his original class which may mean much to him, as it is quite possible that he will in the end make up his deficiency, and graduate with his class.—Student.

Wake Up, Sophs!

Dear Editor:

From all appearances one would not gather that we have a Freshman class in Houghton. The little boys



Library Notes

A good reading acquaintance should be part of the college inheritance of every student. A good book a week should not be too high an average reading-list for most students of college grade. These might easily include some of the outside reading done for classes, but good fiction, or reading along the lines of special interest to the student, should not be neglected. We shall try, from time to time in these columns to give special place to worth-while books in the library, to authors with whom acquaintance should be valuable, or other phases of literary life. Perhaps some of the books or authors we recommend will be familiar to the majority of students, but there may be some who will find this column helpful in making selections for reading material during their leisure hours.

The Young Revolutionist, by Buck

Mrs. Buck, the author of this book, has spent a large part of her life in the China of which she writes and she is therefore qualified to deal with her subject. She knows the heart of China as it can only be known through long contact, and in her books, she reveals the pulsing of that heart to her readers. Her second novel, *The Good Earth* is one of the finest novels of recent years, and has attained immense popularity. *The Young Revolutionist* is a picture equally as clear, equally as good, of

the Chinese youth. Mrs. Buck has a style that is immensely pleasing and a talent for presenting her ideas in a singularly graphic way so that every detail stands out in the imagination of the reader.

The story is of a young Chinese lad, one Ko-sen, a humble farmer's son. Ko-sen is a lover of things out doors, of the fields and farm-life, and his own family, but he knows little or nothing of the immensity of the China beyond his own village. He is an easy prey, consequently, for the Chinese equivalent of our "soap-box" orator, when he flees from the temple of the priests to which he has been dedicated. Like many another Chinese youth, he joins the ranks of the revolutionists, not really understanding what it is he is fighting, or what for. Out of the chaos of new impressions and words and ideas—after the horror of the battle—Ko-sen is left with none of the illusions instilled into him by his youthful Captain of the Revolution, but with a clear, real sense of nationality, a love for his country, and a toleration and understanding of the hated white "Jesus - doctor" in whose hospital his friend had died.

The Young Revolutionist is a vividly powerful image of China today—ignorant and trammelled by ages of superstition, but nevertheless, reaching out eagerly as Youth is ever ready to do for a new knowledge and a new faith.

E. C. R.

and girls of that classification go about with the bearing and air of joint owners. The little green caps with their yellow (gold?) buttons seem to have found a resting place in the bottoms of trunks. (It must be remembered that it has not yet been decided whether or not those same caps shall be devoted of their decoration.)

Where are the Sophs? Aren't you going to assert your questionable authority? Has death or insomnia entered your ranks? Has the spirit departed?

Wake up, Sophs; your reputation is at stake. It is your chance to uphold our opinion and yours. Don't let your class be the deadest. Show some life.

An Upperclassman

Class Sweaters

Dear Editor:

Now that the Junior class is deciding about its sweaters, it seems an opportune time to introduce a subject already discussed among the three lower classes. Shall we have a standard college sweater, in place of the changing class sweaters?

In the past each class has had a different color combination. Nearly all of the "non-clashable" combinations have been used. New combinations are priced high and often are not satisfactory.

Many other colleges have a standard school sweater, acquired by the members of each class in their Junior year. A school sweater is more readily recognizable by the public and more highly appreciated by the wearer than the class distinction.

If the three lower classes are in favor of introducing a standard school sweater, the present is the time to proceed. What is the opinion of the students?

—A Junior.

More Pep!

Dear Editor:

Have you noticed how nicely each student goes about his work, seemingly with the one purpose of getting it done? There is little loitering in the halls and as a result, despite revival meetings, there seems to be a big improvement in scholastic work over other years.

In fact everyone is so intent on the expedient discharge of personal responsibilities that school pep, group co-operation and loyalty have become qualities known only to our predecessors.

Instead of being an object of interest, the Purple - Gold baseball games seem to be series of gymnastic stunts performed by eighteen men and an umpire. Rather than exciting a little spirit and loyalty for the Purple or Gold side, a ball game has become a

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Have you noticed Orven Hess' new hair-cut? He has to get up five minutes earlier to put in the part. One of the fair co-eds wants to know if Orven's moustache will be frizzy.

Heard in the bookstore:
"John" Farwell: "Gee, Henry, I like your hair."
Henry Weiss: "Well, I'm rather attached to it myself."

We hear that the Boulder advertising staff has a new motto: "You furnish it—we spread it." This could be used on the local bull board.

Love, my dear child, is the last word in a letter asking for money.

Now if this depression were only as temporary as a permanent wave.

Here's one that'll stump the brightest among you: Why doesn't Robby ever unbutton his sweater? We're waiting anxiously for spring to see if that'll have any effect. And another thing, there's a rumor around that some noble soul has offered to pay Robby anything within reason to answer "Here" to roll - call just ONCE.

Five million to the first brilliant young inventor who'll invent an invention that will keep Merrill fastened in one position, without wiggling, for sixty consecutive seconds.

We learned in another of Prof. Woolsey's classes that Rousseau wrote "Plutarch's Lives". Now ask us who's buried in Grant's tomb.

Brown hair is stronger than red hair. Black hair rates third for strength. You know how weak any blonde is! That reminds us. Have you noticed the high percentage of golden locks in the Freshman Class? Oh ye males! However the Sophomore girls reconcile themselves by the fact that although gentlemen prefer blondes, they generally marry brunettes.

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wonderful opportunity for translating "Chaucer".

A committee on tennis also seems to be a thing of other years. It would seem that one is not necessary, unless we show a greater interest in the game. Athletics are, in themselves, a check against a dead school spirit, but if there is no interest and enthusiasm the spirit is already dead.

Due to the lack of proper publicity many students do not know that we have athletics in Houghton. Do the students realize that the annual Purple - Gold baseball series is now being held? Do they realize that class tennis, which anyone may enter has started? Why aren't games announced and given proper emphasis? Let's get going and overcome this inertia!

College life, without athletics and a general genuine interest in them group co-operation, and general pep is void.

—A Junior.

Nothing disturbs a woman's poise like her avoirdupois.

Rev. Carter Speaks on Heredity

Rev. Thomas Noah Carter addressed the heredity class Saturday morning, October 1.

He introduced his lecture by giving a summary of his own heredity. Mr. Carter is the eighth Thomas Noah Carter in direct lineage. The Carters originally came from the north of Ireland. A plague had swept over Ireland and out of a family of twelve children, Thomas Noah Carter I. was the only one left. His mother dedicated him to the ministry and vowed that out of each generation there should be a Thomas Carter who would preach the Gospel. In the eight generations there is only one instance where a Thomas Carter in direct lineage did not preach. At the present time there are eleven Thomas Carters preaching in the United States. His mother comes from a Scotch Presbyterian family which dates back several generations.

After entering Mercer University Mr. Carter refused to preach. He became involved in a minor crime for which he had to serve time.

In prison he was placed in the

same cell with a hardened criminal who educated him for a criminal career. Having gone deep into a life of crime, God saved him. Mr. Carter believes that he had a good heredity, but that he wrecked it. However, after he was saved, God healed his body, and Mr. Carter believes that God over-ruled heredity in this case. He stands as a transformed man by the power of God, - body, soul and spirit.

One of the interesting cases he related is that of a man who has held a high educational position. An eminent psychologist says concerning him, "for seven generations in his family on one side and three on the other the members have all ben half-wits." Out of nine children this man was the only normal child. He became president of one of the outstanding Christian colleges in America. This man personally said to Mr. Carter, "I give the credit for my whole intellectual career to a missionary who came to our home when I was seven years old. I believe God gave me a new mind."

Dr. Hobson, an authority on the evil effects of "dope", has the record of 1,918 cases of people who have used "dope" for a period of three years or more. "Dope" attacks the brain, making the persons moral degenerates. Medical science is unable to help the victims in any way. Out of these, according to Mr. Hobson, nineteen "got real religion" and somehow there was a re-birth of the neurons of the brain. Mr. Carter was one of these nineteen.

Although Mr. Carter does not discredit the facts of heredity, yet he believes God may over-rule them.

Beyond the Purple

[Editor's Note: This story by Foster Benjamin is one of the most unusual we have read in student composition. We are printing it in its entirety, concluding it in the next issue.]

Certainly no one can deny the six facts which I shall name, for I have absolute proof for all of them. It is true, beyond shadow of doubt or unbelief that:

1. On the eleventh day of March 1931, I was given a physical examination before a clinic of doctors, several of whom are of nationwide repute and I was found to be perfectly normal, except for a long scar running diagonally across my left forearm.
2. On the twenty-third day of the same month and year, I was again examined by the same group of doctors. I was found to be left handed (I had been right handed): the long scar was now on my right arm, and the other was perfectly whole. My heart was on the right side; in fact I was apparently turned inside out, - completely reversed so to speak!
3. In the Smithsonian Institute there is a watch which, it is safe to assume, has not its like in the world. The numbers on the face are placed anti-clockwise: where one should be is eleven, and where two ordinarily would be, is now ten. And when the watch was made, it was exactly similar to any other watch. That timekeeper was presented by me to the institute in the hope that the mystery which it involves might be cleared.
4. Up to the seventh of January of this same year, Eric Bjohnson and I roomed at 13 Univer-

sity Walk, Ann Arbor, Michigan, where we were attending the university. On that day Eric was last seen walking over the hill that shuts the college laboratory from sight of the rest of the campus and the city. That was the last time that Eric was seen on this earth!

5. On the night sometime between April twelfth and thirteenth, a fire, caused presumably by lighting, wrecked the electrical laboratory of the university. Prof. Nesbitt, who was in the building, was never heard of, nor could any trace of him be found. When the explosion and subsequent fire occurred, people remarked upon the purplish cast given to the side of Lab Hill, and the air, instead of having any odor of ozone, as is usual after a lightning discharge, smelled like a damp, cold tomb.
6. Professor Nesbitt, shortly before his decease, was known to have been working on such posterous matters as the fourth dimension and relativity. Unfortunately all his data and the accounts of his experiments perished with him in the conflagration.

For some time after the disappearance of my roommate I wondered vaguely where he might be. It was not until three weeks and four days later, on the fourth of February, that anything made me acutely anxious about my venturesome chum. On that day I saw in the morning edition of Ann Arbor's BLAST this advertisement:

WANTED: An athletic young man, to devote himself entirely to my needs. Plenty of adventure and fame guaranteed. Nesbitt 579-632.

which meant that Prof. Nesbitt wanted to hire someone for another of his hairbrained ideas. I remembered with some uneasiness that I had come into our room early the Wednesday that Eric disappeared and found him studying the want-ads of the ppaper.

With growing concern, I dug the old newspaper from a dusty pile of rubbish in the cellar. I opened it, and sure enough, the same advertisement was there. Professor Nesbitt, I decided, could tell me the whereabouts of my pal and roommate.

II

"Well, young man, what do you think of Einstein?" asked Professor Nesbitt, casually - too casually, I thought.

I looked at the man before answering. Small and dark he was, almost swarthy. A thin, pinched nose arched out from his two catlike eyes, and turned to the left, as if to preserve the ferretty impression he gave. His hair, of a nondescript, dingy hue, was straggling down his forehead. A rat I thought coldly, a mean, treacherous rat.

"Well, the scientist is beyond me, but the football player Einstein is one sweet player". I told him with as much flippancy and nonchalance as I could assume, because of my dislike and growing fear of him.

"No! No, the first I meant!"

"Well, I'm no scientist: I came to see about the position you advertised."

"Take one of those balls", he directed, pointing to a pile of red tennis balls in the corner, "and throw it across the room through that coil. He pointed to a coil stretched across the end of the lab.

I did so expecting it to bound back but withal, impatient to find my com-

rade. I was aroused, however, from my indifference. The ball did not come back!

"Throw another," he commanded. The result was the same. Sixteen balls I threw with all the force I had acquired as varsity pitcher: one returned. Nesbitt took one of the remaining balls, and cutting it into halves, showed me the interior, it was a brilliant yellow. Then he exhibited the ball which had returned from this nameless place, and I saw with astonishment that it was yellow.

"Turned inside out, you might say", observed the professor, and we went from the coil to a couple of stools in one end of the laboratory.

"This then, is my theory. Some place there is a different world from ours. My coil is the only gateway to it. First I want you to take those provisions and a rope and pistol, with a package which I have provided for you and throw them through the 'door of space'."

It took me but a few moments to accomplish that, and soon I was again standing before him, wondering what this fool was trying to do. I was not long in suspense.

"Now, he said, "you jump thru, too. Explore the place; note the size, the shape, the characteristics, and the inhabitants. No", he explained, seeing I was about to speak, "I can not go myself, for none but I know how to keep the space open for you to return. And besides, I am not so young and adventurous as I used to be. I really would not dare to make the attempt."

"No! You old maniac! I will not risk my life in any fool experiment of your contrivances."

"Ah! I'm sorry. Think of the glory that would be yours. Columbus would be a nonentity compared with you if you should discover, say, the land of the fourth dimension."

"I don't care if I should be a De Gama, Magellan, Newton, and Einstein all in one. I should not agree to such a scheme," I replied vigorously.

"I had one young-", but he broke off and would say no more. It was not necessary: those four words were enough to give me what I thought was a clew to Eric's disappearance.

But what should I do? I considered. If I should accept, I might not get out alive, but I might find my chum. If I refused, I would know no more than before. I decided, then, and there, to go through with it. Accordingly, I took a long breath and started to walk through that gate of the unknown. The wretch detain me. "Wait," he cried, "not that way for you must take a good long jump." Upon this point he seemed very insistent, altho I didn't see why. Making me promise to come back and tell him all about it, he threw open the switch and the purple light began to grow.

When it was large enough for a man to walk through easily enough, I stepped back, and crouching to gain speed, I sprang through the light. Imagine, if you can, springing toward a wall, and having the wall suddenly gone. I felt a dizzy, sickening sensation of falling through limitless expanses of space. I saw a grey outline, then something rose up and smote me, and I knew nothing of what followed.

(To be continued.)

LOST and FOUND

Lost: Yellow Parker Pen. Edna Roberts.

Found: Parker Pencil. Apply to Magdelene Murphy.