

THE HOUGHTON STAR

SOPHOMORE EDITION

VOLUME XXV

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NUMBER 24

Music Festival To Meet Here

Three Counties Represented in High School Groups

On May 17 and 18, Houghton will be the scene of activity for high school students of Alleghany and Wyoming, and Livingston counties. It is estimated that between 700 and 800 students forming bands, glee clubs and orchestras, will gather to show their accomplishments.

Early in December, at the recommendation of Dr. Carter, a group of music teachers and principals gathered in Houghton at a convention. As a result of the discussion there was formed the Genesee Valley Music Festival Association with Prof. Cronk as President.

In cooperation with several committees it was decided to have the Festival on Wednesday May 17, and Thursday May 18, and since the Tabernacle on the Camp Ground seats from 1500 to 2000 people, it was suggested as ideal for such a gathering.

Because of interest shown by the high schools, it was planned to devote two whole days to the Festival, Wednesday as Band and Orchestra Day, and Thursday as Choral day.

The plan of procedure is as follows: Each visiting organization will perform a group of two or three numbers of their own choosing. After all groups have performed, the singers or players will be massed into one group to perform standard numbers chosen by different musicians.

It has been thought best to do away entirely with the idea of a contest, since such affairs usually arouse feelings. The groups should perform for the love of music and not for personal glory. However, to aid the music teacher, there will be a group of judges who will listen carefully to each group, and who will, at the close of the Festival, present to each teacher criticisms and suggestions.

On Wednesday evening, the College Orchestra under Prof. Cronk will present a Symphony concert, and on Thursday evening, the A Cappella Choir will present a concert. These two concerts are given in conjunction with the college program and special rates will be given to Festival visitors.

Students Aid in Services at Levant Wesleyan Church

Sunday the services in the Wesleyan Church at Levant N.Y. were conducted by Houghton Students. The morning worship was under the direction of the pastor, Rev. Edward Elliott, pastor of the church. Mr. Harold Boon, a freshman, preached an inspiring sermon based upon the life of David. The College Quartet: Orven Hess, Alvin Barker, Malcolm Cronk and Willard Smith, furnished five special numbers during the service.

In the evening Mr. Barnard Howe gave a message on 'Abiding in Christ'. In both services, Professor Sorensen aided by playing his violin during the offering. The people were very well pleased with the ministry of the day. Both of these services were under the auspices of the Christian Workers.

CLASS PLANS PARTY FOR THE SENIORS

It has been the custom for many years for the Sophomore class to entertain their "big brothers and sisters", the Seniors. The present sophomores, not wanting to "fall short" of their predecessors, will hold this entertainment on Friday evening, May 12th, in the annex of Gaoyadeo Hall. Owing to the so-called "depression" the party will take the name of *Scotch*. You come and figure out how Scotch we really are.

Piano Professor Gives Interesting Recital

The music lovers of Houghton enjoyed a treat on Friday evening April 28th, when Professor Alfred D. Kreckman head of the piano department was presented in the first of the faculty series.

The program was varied and well chosen, the evening opening with Beethoven's Sonata in F minor (Op. no. 2, no. 1). In the allegro movement Mr. Kreckman displayed clearness of technique, while in the Adagio there were impressive ringing tones. The two other movements were Allegretto (Minuetto) and Prestissimo.

The second number, Nocturne in C minor by Chopin was one of the favorites of the evening, beginning with a richness of tone color, working up to a tremendous climax and closing with a fine pianissimo.

The Theme in Variations of Impromptu No. 3 by Schubert was a very intellectual number. The theme in the four variations were easily detected and developed with excellent technique and expression.

The Concerto in A minor (Op. 16) by Grieg with its dashing arpeggios and scales and development of theme, was a fitting climax for the evening's performance. Miss Lucy Mae Stewart played second piano.

We wish to express here our appreciation for Mr. Kreckman's work and congratulate him on a splendid evening's program.

TEMPERANCE WORKER ADDRESSES STUDENTS

Miss Lenadell Wiggins, National Director of Loyal Temperance Legion addressed the student body in chapel Monday morning. Miss Wiggins presented very clearly a strong case for the prohibition amendment. She made several striking statements, backing them up with amusing, but pointed illustrations.

A resume of her address follows: The fundamental assumption back of writing prohibitory laws is that civilized society has the right to protect itself. We do this in laws prohibiting morphine and other drugs. Two classes advocate repeal of such laws: those who want the drug and those who sell it.

Laws are to give liberty to the people, not to take liberty from them. To be free from law is to obey law.

The State has the right to control liquor because the State supports institutions for the physically unfit and abnormal, who attain such a state for

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To Professor and Mrs. Raymond Douglas was born May third a ten pound baby boy whom they have named Ellwood Smith Douglas. Congratulations Prof!

Radio Transmitter W8CTQ Installed

Just a Little Insight into the Radio Class

Within the past few months there has been a great deal of activity centering about the barred enclosure on the top floor of the high school building. It all began when Doc arrived with a truck-load of novelties looking like some of Buck Roger's equipment. Willing hands carried this apparatus up the many stairs and into the room where it now resides. Soon members of the Radio Class appeared upon the roof of the college building, who, if asked, heartily declared that they were putting up an aerial for the new radio station. Doc was often seen in the vicinity of the station, either gruffly reprimanding some innocent student of radio for a slight misdemeanor, or hanging his head out of the window to chat with some admiring member of that so-called fairer sex. But finally more or less of order came out of the chaos and the station was ready to operate.

In spite of all his failings, Doc is a licensed amateur radio operator, and by some means, fair or otherwise he has obtained a license for his Houghton station under the letters W 8 C T Q. This license permits him to transmit up to one thousand watts of power on any wave length from forty to eighty meters. He may transmit code or voice for amateur purposes or for sending or relaying certain types of messages, but he may not broadcast entertainment programs.

Besides a receiver and a powerful transmitter, the station contains two wave meters or devices for finding the frequency of transmission, a monitor for listening to the out-going signal, a control panel containing the sole switch turned in changing from transmitting to receiving, and myriads of accessories and junk. The frequency is crystal controlled, as in the most modern broadcasting station. The receiving set, having been recently built over, is now efficient and up-to-date. Both the receiver and the transmitter are entirely Doc's work even to the grinding of the oscillating crystal.

Amateur operators or "hams" can make "soap" of anything. They talk about the weather, about their signals and their sets, about each other, and about a thousand other foolish things. But they carry on this conversation in such abbreviated style that even if an ordinary mortal did understand the code he would make no sense whatever of the letters received. The following is an example of the language used: w 8 c t q d e w 8 l x r w 8 c t q d e w 8 l x r r g e o m r u x p e r c a l l s u r g l d t o h o o k u a g n o m u r s i g s g s o 5 r 9 h r w r k d a v l h r v e s t d e s c l d h e r o m h i h i g r u h r n w o m s o w a t s a ? a r w 8 c t q d e w 8 l x r k.

Knowing that if you asked the Doc himself you might get anything form no answer at all to the most incredible

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CHOIR TO BROADCAST OVER WHAM SUNDAY

The Houghton College A Cappella Choir will broadcast over station WHAM, Rochester, at 9:45 standard time, Sunday morning, May 7

SEVERAL SENIORS ACCEPTED POSITIONS

Of this year's Seniors the following have signed contracts to teach in the high schools: Ruth Brandes, Latin and English, Romulus; Harry Gross, English, Genoa; Clayton Frank Math, Fillmore. Those who have signed to teach in grade or district schools are: Lois Sweet, Edna Stratton, Esther Burns, Mary Maher, Farnice Miller, Stephen Todd, Harold Flint, Wesley moon, Lloyd McGowan, Theodore Brink, and Richard Aver. We offer these our hearty congratulations and hope that the many others who have prospects will soon sign contracts.

Annual Feature Will Be Given To-night

Friday evening marks the last of the Lecture Course series, the annual May Concert. As is the custom, the program will be comprised entirely of local talent and will consist of vocal, instrumental and oratorical numbers.

Due especially to the great growth of our Music School this year, we look forward with pleasure to the concert Friday evening. If the program approaches that of the Library concert this spring, it will be worth hearing.

Queer as it may seem, six of the performers on the program are Sophomores. We feel justly proud of our class.

The program follows:

Valses	Brahms
Country Gardens	Granger
Mabel Amadon	
Gertrude Wolfer	
Macbeth (original cutting)	Shakespeare
Ethel Barnett	
Rondo Capriccioso	Mendelssohn
Magdalene Murphy	
Humoresque	Dvorak
Harold Elliott	
Nora and the Twins	
Arthur Osgood	Walter Ben Hare
Star of Bethlehem	Adams
Richard Rhoades	
Fantasia, F minor	Chopin
Edith Noss-Arlin	
Welcome Sweet Pleasure T. Weelkes	
Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers	John Wilby
Fire, Fire My Heart Thomas Morel	
The Madrigal Singers of Houghton College	

SECOND CHOIR MAKES DEBUT

Houghton's Second Choir made its informal debut Sunday morning when they took the place of the regular choir in the Church service. They sang one number as a special, "Lo a Voice from Heaven Sounding" and surprised the rather critical audience by singing with quite fair proficiency. The choir is composed almost entirely of college students who have had little or no voice training. They are modelled after the first choir and also sing entirely A Cappella.

The Sophomore class has contributed ten of the number in the choir. We sincerely wish this choir the best of success in their future appearances.

Sophs Lead in Annual Contest

Judges Were Well Pleased With Essays

Friday's chapel brought to a climax one of the outstanding events of the school year—the Literary contest of 1932-33. The Sophomore class wrote a flaming page in the history of the contest and ousted the Freshmen from the limelight by winning five of the nine leading places. Of the remaining honors, two were won by Juniors, two by Freshmen, while the Senior class was not represented. None of the winners of short stories were Sophomores. We seem to remember several fine story writers in our class back in Freshmen English days; have they turned to other forms of expression or lost interest in Aesop's art? The list of awards follows:

STORY

1st: "Forgiveness" Velma Thomas
2nd: "Pierre Boulanger", R. Kotz
3rd: "The Old Fraternity Pen", W. Tabor.

ESSAY

1st: "Chasm Gazing", Draper Smith
2nd: "Just a Dream", Ethel Barnett
3rd: "On Being a Nurse", R. Sension

POEM

1st: "A Winter Twilight", Alma White
2nd: "Life", M. Murphy
3rd: "To A Robin", Loyal Baker.

The judges were pleased with the excellence of the essays, particularly, and found decision difficult.

The Literary Contest is the one opportunity Houghton affords to those interested in creative writing. Perhaps if more enthusiasm were displayed by the student body, this rather neglected field would receive more emphasis. It is a lamentable fact that upperclassmen show little active interest in the Literary contest. Every year the lion's share of the rewards go to underclassmen, generally Freshmen. It stands to reason that advanced students should be able to produce work of greater literary merit than people just entering college, yet obviously something is wrong in our thinking. Do, as Macaulay argues, philosophic studies unfit the individual for responding to the sensuous elements in life, for impressionistic writing? Our lack of poets seems to answer affirmatively. Poetry is the natural expression of the music of the soul, the form of expression most natural to youth; yet to produce sufficient good poetry to enter the contest, it became necessary to levy a poem on each member of the Sophomore English Class.

The Sophomores seem to have inherited the literary scepter from last year's Senior class, and to carry on this precedent might organize into a literary club open to all interested members of the class, non biased and non partisan in selectivity.

At any rate, we realize that there is yet much to accomplish in the way of raising Houghton Literary standards so we pledge ourselves with the support of the other classes to make 1933-34 a banner year in Houghton literary productions.

THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College

SOPHOMORE "STAR" STAFF

PAUL ALLEN	Editor-in-Chief
WILLARD SMITH	Managing Editor
ROSCOE FANCHER,	Feature Editor
HARRIET PINKNEY	Literary Editor
FLORENCE SMITH	Religious Editor
MAGDALENE MURPHY	Music Editor
DRAPER SMITH	Athletic Editor

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EDITORIAL

THE "LANTHORN"

Though I am not a member of the Owl's Club, I am vitally interested in their publication of the *Lanthorn*.

The *Lanthorn* is the only means of making available to the student body copies of the winning essays, stories, and poems of the Literary Contest.

It includes other literary work by the best talent of the school.

It is an attractive pamphlet representing the year's work at Houghton College.

It is the culmination of the year's work of one of the most active clubs on the campus.

It is distinctive.

It makes a fine souvenir.

Last year's *Lanthorn* was a distinct success. All the copies published were sold in no time, and more were wanted. With the experience of last year to build upon, the present club should be able to publish a still better *Lanthorn*. Last year's club intended that their edition should be the beginning of a custom. As a student body we are anxious that this custom be not only maintained but be made more successful and of greater value.

The success of this year's *Lanthorn* will doubtless decide whether or not the custom shall be continued in coming years; it will measure the interest of the student body in the literary activity of the school; it will in a large measure determine the position a literary club can maintain in Houghton.

Our fellow students of the Owl's Club are putting a great deal of hard work into this publication. Let each member of the student body express his interest and appreciation by subscribing for a *Lanthorn*.—P. M. A.

WHITHER FORECAST

The verdant foliage of hills and campus have formed a conspiracy with the soft colors of feminine wardrobes to remind us that it is May, already, the busiest month in the entire college calendar.

All omens seem to forecast a May Concert. Boulder appearances. Move-up day, College Junior-Senior banquet, *Lanthorn* gleams, choir concerts, track and field events besides such incidentals as a music festival, oratorical splurges, Sophomore English themes, seven-thirty prison hours, May flowers and June bugs—all part of undergraduate life.

A few more nightfalls and the not-sufficiently-abused Frosh will be green no longer; while ye sophisticated Sophomores will be spending arduous hours assuming that superior, detached smile essential to upperclassmen. Before this month closes, the college highbrows will have piled up added glory. Soon the wail of tortured subjects will fortell coming destruction. But a little while and the senior flame shall have burst meteor-like into full radiance, soon to retire to the nameless embers of the great furnace of life. Some of our college teachers and friends will be leaving us—will these halls echo absent footfalls? Just a brief turn of the hourglass and this college year will be finished—another receding shore line. Whither then? May, 1933 and the May's to follow are cherishing the secret only to be revealed by time—the whither of our existence.—H. P.

Temperance Worker

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the most part by drinking alcoholic beverages.

Alcohol decreases efficiency. Factories with large machines, railroads and airplane lines do not permit their employees to drink—not even 3.2% beer. As one official said to one man applying for a job, "We don't care a whoop for you, young man, but for your efficiency as a member of the system."

Miss Wiggins urged us to investigate what is back of the writing of the 18th amendment in comparison with the proposed 21st amendment. She is confident that the 18th amendment will not be repealed.

MRS. THOMAS WILL GIVE PIANO RECITAL

Mrs. Velma Thomas, pupil of Professor Alfred D. Kreckman, will present a piano recital Wednesday evening May 10th at 8:15 in the college chapel. The program will be somewhat as follows:

Waltz in A flat Major	Chopin
Berceuse	Chopin
Waltz in G flat Major	Chopin
Gnomesreign	Liszt
Prairie Dusk	Guion
Hurdy Gurdy Man	Goossens
Concerto in D minor	Mozart

Alumni Notes

Arthur Mountjoy, better known as 'Troj', of Sharon, Pa., was in Houghton Friday. His friends and former classmates were delighted to see him.

Lucy Joslyn, Elinor Carpenter, and Mary K. Thomas, all of the class of '32 were here during the week-end.

David Cassener and his wife formerly Mildred Ellingwood, of New Jersey, both Alumni of Houghton were visiting Prof. La Vay Fancher, Monday.

Flora Breet, a returned missionary from Africa, is taking Mrs. Mary L. Clarke's place here while she is lecturing in the South.

The Reverend Cecil Russell, minister of the Rochester Conference, and his wife, formerly Grace Sherman, visited Houghton Tuesday and Wednesday.

Several members of the class of '32 have secured teaching positions for next year. Lloyd Foster is to teach Math at Portville; Herman Knowles, Grade School, Belfast; Esther Bravlev, Latin at Alexander; Golda Farnsworth, district school.

Lynn Russell

Mr. Lynn Russell who was graduated from the Houghton Seminary in 1932, has returned to Houghton. Mr. Russell is a journalist and poet of Fort Myers, Florida.

His reputation as a poet is steadily growing. At twenty-one he published a book of verse, *Hills of Gold*. He has contributed to many of the leading magazines and newspapers among which are *Hilltop*, *The Arcadian*, *Miami Daily News*, *Homestead Leader-Enterprise*, and the *Jacksonville Times-Union*. He has contributed a weekly essay and poem to the *American Eagle* for the past three years. From time to time during the last three years Russell Kay, Secretary of the Florida Press Association, broadcasted Mr. Russell's poem over the Tampa Station, WFLA, Clearwater.

He has contributed to several Anthologies of verse among which are: *Florida Poets*, both 1931 and 1932 editions, *Spring Songs*, *Songs that will Live Forever*, *Songs of the Open Road*, *Miami Muse*, etc. His name appears in the *American Author's Who's Who*, 1933 edition. He expects to publish another book of verse soon.

Mrs. Vivian Yeiser Laramore, Poet Laureate of Florida, states, "Lynn Russell at 27 is profound and deeply sympathetic...he can be a philosopher...and shows perhaps the most important two essentials of poetry, sincerity and simplicity."

KINSHIP

These have become of kin to me:
The wind, the sun, the untamed sea
And shell-filled stretches of sandy shore
That reach away to the tropic's door
I've watched the coconut palms bend low
And listen long to the winds that blow
Their salt-lipped kisses from unknown seas;
I've heard them whisper their mysteries
Of pirate's gold, of the reef-torn ships,
Of wives that praved with their grief-worn lips
For sailor husbands who found their graves
Below the crest of embracing waves,
I've heard the winds give a plaintive sigh
For ages past which have hurried by;
The symphonies of the aeons swell
Along this beach which I know so well.
The sun that warms me from day to day
Speaks knowingly in its silent way

The Evangelical Student

"Up and Doing While the Day Lasts"

Wait on the Lord

David said "Wait on the Lord: be of good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait I say on the Lord." How often we allow ourselves to become discouraged and to go around with discontent in our spirits. Many tasks confront us that we know must be done; but we fall back and say, "It can't be done." How impractical we make our religion. God has promised to help us in various sections of His Word, but still we do not trust Him even in small things. What a rich life we would lead if we would only thrust ourselves upon our Saviour and God. Let us Wait on the Lord and be of good courage because He shall strengthen our hearts.

Sin

The world is faced by an age-old problem. Sin is wrecking our governments; sin is blighting our intellects. Sin is increasing our death-rate. Sin is wrecking our homes. Sin is drawing the life-blood out of many individuals. Sin is denying the world's people of the joy of life. What a world we would be compelled to face if sin were the unchecked, ruling force. However, God in His great mercy has offered us an escape from the despair of sin. Jesus, the Christ, has freed men and is freeing men from sin's clutches. Surely the praises of our Lord should ascend to heaven continually.

Sunday Morning Sermon "The Light of Life"

"In Him was life; and the life was the light of men."

"Then spake Jesus again unto them saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Men show their utter incompetency in dealing with the affairs of men. They must have someone on whom to rely as a moral and spiritual competency.

In Jesus Christ is incarnated the absolute and original example of moral and spiritual competency.

Jesus Christ is the only resource that has appeared among men that offers enough to satisfy everybody. The whole world can hang on to it.

O, that the world would taste and see what Jesus Christ can be to all men who trust Him! With Jesus Christ the whole range of disaster and defeat in human life will be turned to victory.

The same errant and infallible competency will be shown in the lives of those who follow Him. The exigencies will now be met, not with their own failing strength but with the infinite moral and spiritual competency from within which is Christ.

The measure of achievement is the measure of his faith.

There must be a complete, personal adjustment to Christ. When we think and act without reference to Him we fail.

Correction

I wish to correct an error in last week's *STAR* edition. The book review was written by Lowell Crapo.

—K. G.

And I, who bask on the white sand floor,
Have listened long that I might learn more.

And these, I find are kin to me:
The wind, the sun, the untamed sea
And shell-filled stretches of sandy shore
That reach away to the tropic's door.

—Lynn Russell.

Let your hope be patient, without tediousness of spirit, or hastiness of prefixing time. Make no limits or prescriptions to God, but let your prayers and endeavors go on still with constant attendance on the periods of God's providence.

—Jeremy Taylor.

Something for Which to Praise God

It is our privilege to keep right amid all circumstances. The God who permitted Daniel to be placed in the Lions' den kept him while there. The God who called Saul of Tarsus caused him to go through perils of water, perils of robbers, perils by his own countrymen, perils by the heathen, and perils among false brethren, and yet God's grace was sufficient for him. If yours is a life filled with hardship and toil, thank God for it. Someone has said, "Hard things are tokens of God's blessings."

Harold Boon Preaches Here Sunday Evening

TEXT—Isaiah 30:21, "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, *This is the way, walk ye in it*, and when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left."

THE CALL—

Isaiah heard the voice of God cry: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" and he answered, "Here am I; send me."

On the road to Damascus Saul heard God speak, and asked, "Who art Thou, Lord?" "What wilt Thou have me to do?" He also responded to the voice of God.

To us who are seeking pleasure and self-satisfaction in the broad way that leads to destruction, the call comes. "This is the way, walk ye in it." If we go His way, we must pay the price.

GUIDANCE

God gives us His directions. Let us stop and listen for His voice. Many hear but are not willing to follow our directions. God will help us to be willing to go. We learn from the experiences of Job that it is not safe to trifle with God's directions.

GROWTH

Conversion is not all. A rich, flourishing spiritual life depends upon growth which comes from a life of intercession.

INDIVIDUAL

The Master leads each life in a definite way that He has planned. We are to follow in the ways of:

1. Separation
"Come out from among them and be ye separate." Because people are reading our lives instead of the Bible it behooves us to copy after the Christ life. If we want to go God's way, let us go entirely.

2. Righteousness
Sin shall not have dominion in our lives.

3. Humility
Christ was misunderstood. We must also be willing to be misunderstood.

4. Misunderstanding
A life that is willing to go, to stay, or to say whatever the Master wishes.

5. Complete Surrender
Let us cease striving to drown the voice of God. Listen and obey! "This is the way, walk ye in it!"

—H. C.

Card of Sympathy

We extend our sympathy to Ivone Wright, and Florence and Gordon Clark who mourn the death of their grandfather, of Michigan.

Sport Slants

Due to the wonderful co-operation shown by the student body, Arbor day the track and tennis courts are now in splendid condition. This is indeed a primary and most essential step in the attainment of a record-breaking track meet and a thrilling tennis tournament. Just such a track meet is what we are all hoping for because most of us realize only too keenly that many of our records are really quite unbecoming to a college our size. However our prospects appear excellent from all angles for the setting of many new records this year.

Concerning the superiority of either Purple or Gold it would be extremely difficult to say, for the teams appear remarkably well matched. Then again track meets always hold the thrilling possibilities of a dark horse or two, which makes it still more impossible to accurately foretell their outcome. For a supposed authority to make a definite, clear-cut prophesy which later turns out totally erroneous, is after all very near the height of professional embarrassment. Yet at any track meet there is a firm and deliberate segregation of the athletes from the parlor and various other types of competitors.

The Frosh-Varsity baseball game last Friday was, to say the least, a rather mixed up affair. The regular Varsity battery deliberately forsook their comrades, joining the Frosh, who in turn loaned one of their number to the rather sparse supply of veterans. However Fortune seemed to frown somewhat at the arrangement for the first time at the plate the "Tiger" was struck on the elbow by such a twister that he was practically disabled the rest of the game. With the loss of his regular catcher Farnsworth was at a disadvantage, and the Varsity proceeded to a comparatively easy victory with the final score 10 to 4.

To turn a bit facetious it is really alarming to notice some of our anomalous personalities losing (or perhaps gaining) a bit of their exotism on the track. If we had a walking contest, I wonder who would win? Then again there seems a contagious splurge of hirsute efforts and a few rare attainments, perhaps this is somewhat afield, yet it is distinctly a corporeal accomplishment, and the effect is really quite sporty.

JUST TO RENEW ACQUAINTANCES

Like the usual college class, we who as Freshmen were so populous have somewhat decreased in membership as Sophomores. Nevertheless, those gone are not forgotten. William French is now a member of the student body at Cornell. Paul Crumley, better known as "Peroxide", is now gracing the halls of Hartwick College with his cheery presence. Clifford Lamberton is continuing his studies at Potsdam College of Technology and Willard Stevenson at St. Lawrence University. Dominic Curcio has returned to the professor of a rural school teacher, but will no doubt be with us again next year. Several of our members have come into the field of business. Harlan Lane is now an employee of Young's Bakery at Belfast. William Morrison is employed at a store in Groveland, and Victor Sicks at Wallace in the store formerly his father's.

Devere Dodson at present has charge of a rural mail route at Friendship. Fillmore Training Class has allured from our midst Louis Shipman and Albert Roth. Francis Terry is attending a school of music in New York. A number are for the time being residing in their respective homes—Helen Link at Elvria, Ohio; Marian Taylor at Cambridge Springs, Pa.; Earl Hays at Whitehall, N. Y.;

Paul Johnson at Erie, Pa.; Basil Wells at Springboro, Pa.; and Alice Gearheart at Howell, Mich.

We are indeed sad to report that Kenneth Harvey has been seriously ill with pneumonia at his home in Canisteo.

We wish to extend hearty congratulations to Clifford Mix who so recently entered the realm of matrimony.

A General Survey

We aren't letting our edition of the STAR go by without touting ourselves for the benefit of all concerned. We are not being conceited, you understand. We know lots of things Frosh don't—why Freshmen are green, why dandelions are yellow and why Soph. English is harder than Fresh. Comp. But all this is a sideline. It's individualism that counts with us, brotha! Here we are!

Look at our worthy president, known variously as "Smitty", "Willie" and "Gussie's own little honey, bunch". Did you ever see a more dignified countenance topping a choir surplice? (If you have, let us know. They need one in Gowanda). And you all know our Secretary, called "Murphy", "Pat", "Irish", and sometimes even "Magdalene" why, we couldn't say. Nice girl, and very intelligent, even if she is good-looking. If anybody can think of anything she can't do, tell us and we'll remedy it. No one has nicknamed Paul Allen yet—somehow, we can't imagine calling him anything like "Mike" or "Cecilia" or "Rasberry". It doesn't fit somehow. Keith Burr is our Boulder Editor—that's right, he has a stone face. We want to call him "Uncle", but he won't let us. And Sinclair Gannon—you know that song—"My sin was loving me, not wisely, but too well". Tsk, tsk, and he's been here only a year. Howdo, Sinclair.

We sort of like Malcolm Cronk—he can't help it if Prof. is his brother. We asked him what he thought of divorce and he said "It's the only way out". Not that it has anything to do with us, tho. No matter what you say about Rocky Fancher, he's a nice boy even if he does have S. A. (He didn't win the contest, tho). We don't quite know what to do with Dusty Rhoades—you know, he has been seen recently staring up at the sky, silently, and we almost believe he was thinking. (Tell us if we're wrong. We haven't recovered yet). Clissie is getting that way too—at intervals—there are times when Soph English wrecks one's mental equilibrium. "Here I are!" says Clissie. The Ancient Mariner has nothing on her—she would have stopped all three. We just can't pass up the opportunity to say how we love to hear Vera play tennis. We hear she has reached high "C". Never mind, Vera, we don't believe a word of it. Did you know that Janet and Purla are reducing? What does that make us? And we were just told that we looked like a thermometer when we drank pink lemonade. We hear that Ernestine is the diminutive of Ernest—somehow we vaguely recall someone named Ernest, but where does that diminutive come in? DeLauris and Alma differ—you know, differ? DeLauris says, "My, I'm warm. Put up the window." Alma says "Wait till I put my coat on. I'm cold." The funny thing is, they're both right. The difference is in volume.

We have downright admiration for chance when we see Willard Houghton and Stanley Hall walking out of chapel, but we do think nature played a dirty trick on them. Stanley says he likes to go places and do things, too, he can't seem to get going. Willard says he got started and can't stop! Too bad. Loyal Baker says his folks were being original

when they named him. We like the idea, but is the original part quite right? We wonder—(Don't tell us this either, we like to think).

That reminds us of Orven Hess—that word "think", ya know—it's so different. "Ladies and gentlemen," says Orven (cheers) "What this country needs (more cheers) is less chaperons (ditto) and more boodling!" Well, Orven, you're doing your part. Harriett wants to know what happens when two straight lines meet in a point. We refer her to more learned people than we are. Malcolm MacCall worked out the corollary to Einstein's theory last year. Now he wonders who wins when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. We'd say it would be an awful mess, but he says it would be perpetual motion. We wouldn't let that school-girl complexion crack at Carl Stamp pass—we wonder what Freshman girl he borrowed it from. (Now now, Oscar, we know we wouldn't end a sentence with a proposition).

We can't resist asking "Drape" Smith what face inspired that prize essay, "Chasm Gazing". As for "A Winter Twilight", we think Alma meant evening, but we aren't sure. We were recently congratulating ourselves that none of us came from Cuba, when we happened to remember Ila Underwood—at least she's listed as coming from Cuba and that's enough to ruin any girl's reputation. We like her, though; it isn't her fault. (P. S. We just found out; she lives in Friendship).

Our class is particularly noted for its feminine members; we dare you to produce another girl like Florence Smith anywhere—and that's the highest compliment you can give an, girl. We present to you as our prized couple, Gertrude Wolfer and Vernon Saunders—nuf said. And we'd like to present Loraine with a silver loving cup. (Now don't ask what for Oscar).

Mary Carnahan and Ethel Barnett have been granted positions as official supervising chaperons—problem: who chaps the chaperons? Did you ever hear about the third floor club? Ask Floss Lvtie; she thought it up. She just had her hair cut—she had to; it fell out of the window of her room. Do you, by any chance, know the King? His last name is Van Ornum. Someone's bright idea: "The king is dead; long live the king." Heard in expression club—Lauren Williams in a pianologue "Old Friend Wife" with Mable Amador at the piano. Rather nice, eh what? Have you heard the latest addition to Crvstal's vocabulary? The last one we heard was "putrid", but they say there's another one now. We just found that Artie Osgood sings in the second choir—we knew he was in it, but. Dottie Blake is getting good marks in her astrology course—especially in her observation of lunar effects on density. We always liked Mr. and Mrs. Dentler's rolls—we hear they mixed them with Oratory last year; now it's Mr. Dentler's practice sermons. We couldn't get anything on Kenneth Burr—he's one of those good boys—we bet he grows up and robs a bank. Gordon Clark is good, too—only he will argue with his teachers. Someone asked Lovedy if it was raining up where she was. Ethel Doty is the standing authority on fathers—we wonder what she knows about the sons. Ever hear of "Titus the Tiran"? He's connected with the Armstrong Heater Company. Lois Munger belongs to the same company. Bob Rork is thinking seriously of wearing spats. We recommend a bonnet for Prichard—don't take us wrong, Prichard of boy—we mean it would be almost appropriate. We nearly wept when we heard Dottie Miller singing "Have you Ever Been Lonely?"—we were doing Soph English at the time. Paul McCarty takes ZOOLOGY—now we know why he's such a cut-

The Mines of Antos

By Malcolm McCall, '35

A young man strode briskly down a corridor in the U. S. W. Technological Despatch building and stopped abruptly before a door bearing the sign: T. F. Bagley, President of the Antosian Radium Company. He paused briefly to straighten his tie and correct his appearance in general; then with a carefree flourish he pressed the button in the wall.

A faint hum sounded, and a small screen before him glowed iridescently. In a moment a man's face appeared. Piercing blue eyes surveyed the young gentleman swiftly.

"Glad you came promptly, Nat. Are you alone?"

"Quite," responded the visitor with a good-natured smile.

"Good!" came the voice. "Come in." The door sprang noiselessly ajar, and the young man entered. Bagley motioned him to a chair and with few preliminaries began talking.

"Nat, I'm afraid you're due for another scrap."

Nathan Carlon, Space Navigation Engineer and the company's "man of the hour", sat up straight at hearing this. There had always been a wholesome love of adventure in Carlon. His father before him had been a pioneer in the extension of the interstellar frontier back in the feverish days of the 3380s and '90s, and young Carlon had inherited all the fearless courage and aggressiveness of his sire. He passed a hand through his thick black hair, and his eyes danced.

"You mean that another attack has been made upon the mines?" he asked, vainly concealing his eagerness.

"Yes. But this time it is different. The Xunarites have some new secret, and unless they are checked—Nat, the very foundations of our United States of the World are at stake." Bagley's face was suddenly haggard. It was plain that the trouble was very, very serious.

"This morning I received the report that our own men are joining them. I could scarcely believe it. Volkman's shift, the men who hated the Xunarites most bitterly—have nearly all turned traitors, attacking their fellows like crazy men. I want you to start tonight for Antos. Take as many ships as you wish, but remember you've got to get things straight at the mines. You probably realize what would happen if we were cut off from radium for a period of, say, two months. Every machine would become silent, and we would then be hopelessly marooned upon Earth, with starvation and rebellion raging in no time. You had better get prepared for the trip, Nat. I don't want any delay."

"I'll do my best," said Carlon, rising. "I know you will, my boy, and remember what it means to all this."

Bagley waved an arm in the direction of an enclosed balcony which overlooked the city.

Receding far into the distance great buildings towered—colossal snow-white shafts projecting above a network of spans. At many levels, traversing the strands of the giant web like ants, myriads of long low vehicles sped to and fro in a never-ending stream. Myriads, also, of aircraft darted like bats among the white spires of the buildings. Through the windows floated the distant under-toned whisper of a thriving city of the year 3416 A. D. with its mighty machinery, its stupendous power, and its scurrying life.

"Yes," murmured Nat, suddenly misty-eyed. "For all this."

As Carlon stepped into the corridor, he beheld a girl standing near the entrance of the Transit-tube. She smiled at sight of him.

"Why, Helen!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"We could make a swell pun on the sun rays in Vivian's hair. And in this glittering galaxy of gestic (we mean jests) we must not omit Charlie Benjamin—you can see how he got there! If we've forgotten anyone, excuse us—we're goin' home—we're tired. . . ."

"Just doing a little spying," she replied, tilting up a small chin defiantly. Carlon looked puzzled.

"I don't understand. The girl's brown eyes took on a pleading light."

"Please don't be cross with me, Nat. I simply had to come. I was afraid that Mr. Bagley might be intending to send you off to those horrid old mines again. The last time that you went you narrowly escaped being killed."

She seemed about to cry, so Carlon took her hands and looked down at her tenderly.

"Come, cheer up, honey. I shall be perfectly safe. Why, don't you think that your great, big boy-friend can watch out for himself?"

"But it's true, isn't it, that you are going again?" she asked sorrowfully. Carlon hesitated; then he tried an attitude of unconcern.

"Oh, yes. They've been having a little trouble lately—nothing serious. By the way, it's nearly luncheon time—what do you say to having a little munch and sip?" The girl brightened and clung to his arm affectionately as he signalled for the Transit-cage.

There was the usual bustle of activity at the space port. Millions of candle-power illuminated the grounds. Emanation batteries were being loaded. Mechanics were making a final inspection of the delicate mechanisms. Astro-physicists were going over the schedule-cards for the last time.

The superintendent was visibly surprised when Carlon stated that he would take only one ship. He shrugged resignedly—Carlon had always seemed to know what he was doing.

The *Macedon*, Nat's favorite craft, was trundled out into the open, its almitte hull gleaming like silver in the glare of the lights. Carlon went aboard, pausing at the hatch for a last wave of farewell to Helen.

A moment later, the ship, responding to the controls, trembled slightly as the Earth's gravity was nullified and the power waves began to take effect. Then the whole terrain fell away beneath the *Macedon* and dwindled into a diminutive relief map.

A few hours later the ship floated in the interstellar void where there is intense cold and matter is so scarce that atoms are nearly an inch apart. Aside from the great, swollen ball of bronze that was the sun and the two ghostly shadows that were Moon and Earth, there were only the distant, unblinking pinpoint of light that were the stars.

Three weeks later the *Macedon* picked its way through a steadily increasing maze of celestial bodies. Great, flaming giants and cold, dead, lifeless worlds—all bent on the same destination—Antos.

This interminable land of fire, earthquake, and destruction—Antos—so far as scientists have been able to calculate, is the great graveyard of the Universe. All things are destined to eventually crack up on its desolate, inhospitable surface. Through this fact it has come to be called "the floor of the Universe." Its very mountains are composed of the debris of planets and suns which have crashed during the past eternity of time.

That its surface is solid, and that it is accessible to walk upon without one being dragged down by the immense gravity of the mass, is accountable by the fact that the close proximity of millions of stellar bodies exerts a tremendous gravitational opposition.

Being constantly swept by hot sulphurous gases, Antos is kept stripped bare of all vegetation and animal life. Its one redeeming feature, however, is that it is rich in that precious element, Radium, which forms constantly as a result of the incessant cosmic radiations shot upward out of the inferno deep within the mass.

The *Macedon* sank slowly through the hot, poisonous atmosphere of Antos. Then suddenly there loomed a great huddle of framework through the haze of gas. Car-

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Sophistics

Prof. Tucker's little Alfred praying: "Lord, do help Satan. He is such a naughty little boy!"

Because of too intimate relations with that extremely low social class—the Freshmen, there is talk among the Sophs of excommunicating—"Dag nab it, shut up, you consarned worm!"

The question of the origin of certain slang terms was being discussed in French class. Someone mentioned the apparently innocent term 'blazes' to which Prof. replied, "Blazes, yes, what blazes?"

And then you've heard about Cort's army.

The recent warm weather has brought forth the many green things of our beautiful campus. Freshmen may be seen at all hours of the day scattered hither and yon against the less sickly hue of the verdant grass.

Little Eldred, watching Dusty Rhoades play a trombone solo: "That man can't seem to get his instrument the right length. Why didn't he adjust it before he started to play?"

Once a year, as yesterday, the girls put aside custom and cosmetics and come forth in their true colors. They call it pig-tail day.

Prof. Cronk nominated Dottie Miller for parking committee at the music festival. Pardon, Mr. Molyneux, did I hear you move that the nominations be closed?

Miss Davison in Advanced Analyt. using the room for illustration: "To get to that corner up there, I go across the floor and up the pipe"—Shades of our monkey ancestors!

We wonder if the male section of the choir won't soon begin to sound strained. At the same time we fear that the dorm may be forced to purchase (or resurrect) a supply of moustache cups.

The Mines of Antos

(Continued from Page Three)

lon and several members of the crew donned the light metal suits which made life possible upon the turbulent Antos. When the ship had come to rest, the party stepped out of the pressure-equalizing chamber into a land of chaos.

The incessant grumbling of the elements smote upon their ears. Earthquakes shook the ground under foot. Clouds of dust and yellow-green gas drifted about. Along the horizon lay an ominous red pall of gas and flame; the later breaking out skyward in great sheets from time to time. The figures of miners, grotesque in their safety-suits, moved about the shaft entrances pursuing their work quite heedless of the tumult about them.

Carlton met MacPherson, the mine overseer, in the main office. The Scotchman was visibly relieved at his arrival. He had always placed a great deal of confidence in young Carlton's ability as a strategist, and he lost no time in briefly acquainting him with the difficulty at hand.

"Carlton, there have been things happening which threaten not only our work but our very ownership of the mines. The Xunarites have returned and are definitely bent on possession. They not only covet our position here but want our equipment and methods. We are practically powerless to cope with them, for we do not yet know where they are quartered nor where their planet is located. A short time ago they commenced an entirely new method of attack—one which is setting the entire force on their nerve's edge. Come with me a moment."

MacPherson led Nat into an adjoining room where a figure lay upon the floor, completely trussed. The man lay motionless, staring straight ahead glassily. He showed no signs of being aware of their presence.

"Caught him in the act of smashing the food-synthesizing apparatus," spoke MacPherson gruffly, "It took a dozen of

us to tie him up—he was a madman."

Carlton examined him closely. The fellow's breathing was regular, but it was the eyes which spoke plainly of his condition. They were the eyes of the mad—madness mere pinpoints surrounded by a blood-flecked white. One other thing was noticeable: a slight scar encircled the cranium just within the hair-line.

Nat turned to the overseer.

"How many of the men are like that?"

MacPherson thought a moment.

"The last count was eight. There may be more by now," he added fearfully. As if to verify his words, a tumult was heard outside and through a window could be seen an approaching knot of men. They were dragging a fighting, struggling miner to the office.

"Sizzlin' comets!" exclaimed Carlton.

"This is a tough situation."

"He just murdered the foreman of shaft no. 8," explained one of the men to MacPherson, "knocked a hole clean through his safety-suit."

Upon examining the man, Nat found the same peculiar facial expression and cranial scar that he had found upon the other.

At the space-port of the Antosian Radium Company in Great New York, a wrathful young lady stood, arms akimbo and feet apart, glaring at the superintendent with blazing eyes. The superintendent was speaking.

"But Miss Mason, you don't seem to realize that Antos is no place for a lady."

"I don't care whether it is or not. I'm telling you that I'm going, and when I say I'm going, I mean it!"

The superintendent shrugged despairingly.

"Very well, Miss Mason, but I warn you that we shall have to punch every kilowatt hour from your technocards for the next ten years."

An hour later, a trim and powerful space-cruiser faded into the ether over Great New York.

For a long period of time Carlton haunted the area about the mines, prying into anything and everything in an attempt to get some clue. There was no way of coping with an enemy that struck unseen, and the constant passing of time, together with the hopeless prospect of retaliation was goading him to desperation. Then—finally—a theory presented itself.

Carlton obtained from the overseer a complete schedule of the various mining routines and studied them carefully. Shaft no. 8, he observed, was the outer-most one of the group. After pondering a moment he jumped to his feet and drew on his safety-suit.

As Carlton strolled about the premises he noticed that visibility was very poor—a couple of hundred feet was probably the ultimate range. Arriving at Shaft no. 8, he inspected the location thoroughly. Recalling something that MacPherson had said about the difficulties with which they had met in drilling shaft no. 8, because of hard rock, Nat was suddenly taken with a hunch.

He circled the shaft at a radius of perhaps three hundred yards and presently came upon a huge, jutting, mass of rock. It reared to a height of nearly eighty feet, and slanted into the ground as a vein, running downward in the direction of the shaft. Carlton skirted it, inspecting every inch of surface. Rounding a projection of rock he was agreeably surprised to come upon the yawning mouth of a cavern. Cautiously he explored it with his flash, discovering a narrow, steep passage following the vein.

Carlton feverishly hurried back to the shaft and made a descent. When he returned a half-hour later, he was smiling triumphantly. His hunch hadn't failed him.

With weapons, a flier, and one of the men to aid him—too many might spoil his plans—he returned to the rock, and the two hid themselves in such a position as to command a view of the cavern mouth.

They had waited for hours, and Nat was upon the point of dismissing the affair as just another crazy idea, when his companion suddenly seized his arm. A small flier was descending a short distance

from them. The men witnessed breathlessly the landing of the craft and the appearance of two figures clad in safety-suits. The Xunarites stood momentarily cautiously glancing about, then they walked directly to the cavern and disappeared.

Carlton was elated—he had played his hunch and won. The miner was for killing them when they returned, but Nat would not have it—killing them would defeat their own purpose. Briefly he outlined his plan: they would follow the Xunarites and find their location—that was of prime importance—and if possible, rescue their victim. Once they had discovered the whereabouts of the enemy, something could be done; but until then they could do nothing.

The two ceased talking as three figures emerged from the aperture: the Xunarites carrying a miner between them. The enemy had no sooner entered the flier than Carlton and his companion had climbed into their craft and were ready for pursuit.

Then they were off, Carlton keeping far enough in the rear to avoid detection, yet close enough to keep them always in sight—it would have been easy to lose them amid the clouds of vapor and gas. The Xunarite flier did not show speed, for there was the even-present danger of colliding with some massive, towering, mountain peak—Antos was studded with just such fragments from the skies.

It was a game of hide and seek that they played across the wastes, the elements beating against them in a mighty, roaring song of destruction. Carlton was obliged to shout into his radiophone to make himself heard.

"Look, they are descending!"

The altimeter was dropping slowly. Thru the blur the men could see the faint outline of a giant space-ship directly ahead.

Now was the time to act swiftly, thought Carlton, and with a sudden burst of speed he brought his craft close under the hull of the space ship and landed it.

The enemy flier was just preparing to land when the two stood ready for them, electro-guns in their hands. They must risk discovery by the giant craft beside them; also by the flier. If fortune favored them—Carlton was seized with a daring idea.

The Earthmen waited for the Xunarites to come within fair range before they opened fire. Then there were two brief "chumpfs"—sounds like those given by the shorting of high-tension wires, and two lavender halos of leaping flame struck the Xunarites squarely in their chests. They stood for a split second like two immobile statues, and then, their middles collapsing like melting snow, they fell headlong to the ground.

In a suppressed voice, Carlton quickly made known to his companion his plan of attack. The two hurriedly carried the kidnapped miner—who appeared to be suffering from the effects of a paralysis ray—to their flier. Then, steeling themselves for what might come, they returned to the air-lock portal and rapped loudly upon its glistening metallic surface. The door slid back for them, being controlled by someone in the ship.

The Earthmen hesitated only long enough to procure a firmer grip on their electro-guns, before they stepped within the air-lock, and passed, similarly, through another door which led into the interior of the ship. They found themselves in a narrow, metal-walled corridor which ran the length of the vessel, ending at the control room—Carlton guessed—at the nose of the ship. In this direction the men bent their steps, their nerves keyed to the breaking point.

The door of the control-room was partially ajar and the sound of voices came plainly to Nat's ears. Peeping cautiously through the crack he beheld a scene which confirmed his erstwhile suspicions. A tall mongolian-featured Xunarite was working upon a small piece of mechanism at a table cluttered with various surgeon's implements.

Nearby, a man sat at a dials control board, his head encased in a shining crystal helmet from which ran a number of cables, their ends ramifying into a switch-board.

"Great Jupiter!" ejaculated Carlton softly, "the master surgeon and his remote-

control operator!" It was his move and he made it.

Sensing danger in some uncanny way, the tall Xunarite whirled, reaching for the tube which hung at his belt. Midway in the act, Carlton got him. He tottered uncertainly, an expression of surprise momentarily crossing his face, then he crashed forward—a mass of seared flesh which twitched once only, and settled into a rapidly forming pool of blood.

The operator, his attention engrossed by his apparatus, had no inkling of what had happened until he found himself looking into Nat's threatening weapon. Being totally unarmed and at a disadvantage, he raised his arms in sign of surrender.

It was an astonished and dumbfounded Xunarite whom Carlton compelled, at the end of the electro-gun, to open the way out of the ship. As the Earthmen gained the exterior, they saw their guide stagger and fall. The gas! Carlton had forgotten, in his excitement and haste that their prisoner was wearing no protective safety-suit.

Cries, and the patter of running feet behind them, stirred the men into new action. The fumes which had overcome their prisoner were penetrating into the interior of the ship and had aroused the crew. Discovery was imminent. As they gained the flier, they heard the air-lock go shut with a clang.

Speedily the little craft took off, Carlton throwing in the homing control. As the flier climbed in altitude, seeking the level for which the delicate clock-work control unit had been set, the men breathed more freely.

Then—as they levelled off at 9000 meters—a ribbon of fire seared past them and went writhing into the depths. It had come suddenly and unexpectedly, and with a sound like the hissing of a thousand snakes.

The Earthmen did not need to glance behind to know that the monster of the Xunarites was speedily bearing down upon them. Carlton urged the flier to its top-most speed as another bolt churned the clouds about them. The pursuers were drawing closer. In an attempt to maneuver out of range of the stabs of fire, Nat sent his craft into a rushing, headlong dive.

Doom was near at hand and the Earthmen sensed it. It would soon be over and their dust would find a final resting place on a remote, desolate world, to mingle with the dust of the ages.

Then it was that providence intervened. Looking back, the fugitives witnessed an astounding sight. The enemy craft was dissolving into a shapeless blob of molten metal, and even as they stared it went plummeting from sight, setting the vapor into miniature whirl-pools in its wake. Then, for the first time, they saw a lithe, gray space-cruiser nosing her way through the clouds. Along her side was the inscription: "THOR—G.N.Y.—EARTH."

In the office of overseer MacPherson, Nathan Carlton was explaining.

"The Xunarites possessed the most inhuman method of warfare designed. They gained access to one of the mines through a hidden passage and kidnapped the men." He hesitated, looking at the circle about him fearing the effect of his next words. "The men they took were decremented and in their skulls were implanted mechanisms which, being remotely controlled through thoughts projected by ether-waves, gave the proper stimuli to the chief nerve terminals of the brain. The individual was then reduced to a robot—ahuman robot."

The Thor was homeward bound, and Nat and Helen were gazing back at the hazy outlines of the land that throughout eternity would ever be the same: chaotic, sulphurous, death-dealing Antos—graveyard of the ages. This, Nat vowed would be the last he would see of it for all time. Then remembering his deliverance from death at the hands of the Xunarites, he turned to Helen with a question.

"How did you, aboard the Thor, recognize my friends the Xunarites?"

Helen laughed. "Why dear, nobody on Earth ever saw such a ship as theirs—with its funny fish-like shape and all

It was simply a case of putting two and two together, and—poof! We spoiled it."

Carlton smiled, then grew meditative. "But whatever brought you all the way across the Universe—surely you weren't traveling for your health?"

"Call it a woman's intuition if you wish," she replied laughingly, then as she grew sober and looked at him with eyes full of love she added, "....or perhaps it was you."

A Student Committee

On Friday there met a combined group of the three Christian organizations—Y.M.W.B., W.Y.P.S., and Christian Workers. There was a rather small representation indicating a lack of interest among the Christian students.

It is evident that there is some misunderstanding regarding the Student Committee on Religious Affairs. Its membership consists of the first three officers of each organization and the pastor. The purpose of this committee is to unify, vitalize, and make effective the Christian activities on the campus.

They have the planning of one entire Sunday evening service per month and supervise and help in the other services.

Christian students, let us band together and support with our prayers those who take part in our religious services!

Former Student Dies

Notice recently came of the death of Mrs. Elvira Lawrence Bushnell, former student and office assistant of this school. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved friends and relatives.

Sorensen's Pupils Give Recital

Recital of Prof. Sorensen's students was given Thursday afternoon at 1:30 in the Music building. The main feature of the program was a number by the combined string classes. Prof. Sorensen is to be congratulated on the success of his pupils.

W 8 C T Q

(Continued from Page One)

story imaginable I have endeavored to find the true translation of this gibberish and here it is:

W 8 C T Q from W 8 L X R. Your message received correctly and completely. Good evening old man. Thanks for your call. I'm sure glad to hook you again, old man. Your signal strength is 5, readability 9 (the highest possible). I worked a young lady yesterday and called her old man. Ha, ha, ha! I have nothing more here now, old man, so what say? To W 8 C T Q from W 8 L X R. O.K., standing by for your signals.

It is the custom among "hams" to send cards to each operator they "work" containing information about his signals and about the receiving station. W 8 C T Q has received about thirty of these cards and has sent out about the same number during the short time she has been in operation. The total number of stations worked according to the log is over one hundred. Besides stations in this state and Pennsylvania the log contains reports from Florida, Oklahoma, North Carolina, Missouri, Kentucky, California, and numerous other states.

Though the law does not permit the handling of radio-gram traffic in all countries by "hams" there are many nations in which it does including this country and Canada. By Doc's special request we are advertising that this radiogram service is free of charge. Therefore if any of you have a word to say to your brother in New York, your sister in California, your cousin in Panama, your aunt in Canada, or your great uncle on Mars, just come around and make it known.