

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

## '36 FRESHMAN EDITION '36

VOLUME XXV

HOUGHTON COLLEGE HOUGHTON, N. Y., APRIL 28, 1933

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### Houghton Students in a World of Need

Text of Address Given  
By Barnard Howe

The world this morning seems a place of utmost beauty, peace and truth. Yet we know that it is also the abiding place of crime, shame, and hatred. How great is the need of the world? Our answer to this question will do much in shaping the degree to which we will go in shouldering our responsibility in meeting that need. How great is the need of the world? In trying to formulate an answer in my own mind to this very question I found myself out in the great out-of-doors, under the stars. The glory of the heavens was marvelous to contemplate. But there was one star which seemed a little brighter than all the rest. And as I watched, suddenly it seemed to lose hold of its moorings and to glide swiftly out across the blue vault of heaven. As it travelled it left a trail of flaming glory behind it and then, suddenly, it was enveloped in a mad burst of flame and an instant later, disintegrating the comet fell to the earth in smoldering fragments. That was the answer to my question. That, to me depicted the need of the world, the need of a world—dying and near the cataclysmic verge of actual physical destruction.

(Continued on Page Three)

### Choir Sings in Niagara Falls and Buffalo

The choir trip last week-end was in every respect a great success. The group left the school at 1:30 and journeyed by bus to Niagara Falls where a vesper service was sung in the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church of which the Reverend Sylvanus Davies is the Pastor. A fair-sized audience was present to enjoy the program presented by the choir. Following the program a light supper was served by the ladies of the church before the choir started for Buffalo.

The evening concert was sung in the University Methodist Episcopal Church situated near the University Campus. A warm reception was given the choir here by Dr. Melvin J. Hill, pastor of the church and a college mate in Taylor University of Mr. Joseph Bain, uncle of Prof. Wilfred Bain. There was a capacity crowd present which was well pleased with the choir as shown by the enthusiasm displayed over the singing.

For the first time since the beginning of February, no choir concerts are scheduled for April 30th. This is aimed to give the choir members a longed for opportunity to rest and visit their homes, for we understand that the choir will probably be in demand every Sunday until the close of school. Happy landings!

### Professor Kreckman Gives Recital To-day

Professor Alfred D. Kreckman will present a piano recital Friday evening, April 28, in the college chapel. Professor Kreckman received his certificate from the Houghton School of Music in 1928, after which he attended the Eastman School of Music. There he studied under Max Landow, one of the best pianists of that institutions and was graduated in 1930. Since that time he has held a position as head of the piano department in the Houghton School of Music. He will present the following program:

Sonata in F Minor Op. 2, No. 1  
*Beethoven*  
Allegro  
Adagio  
Menuetto  
Prestissimo

Nocturne in C Minor  
Impromptu No. 3 (Theme and Variations)  
*Chopin*  
*Schubert*

Concerto in A Minor Op. 16  
Allegro molto moderato  
Allegro moderato molto e marcato  
*Grieg*

Accompanist: LUCYMAE STEWART  
—H.C.—

### CLUB REORGANIZES

There was once in the history of the Houghton College School of Music an organization called the Music Club. As those who were once members of such a club remember, it struggled along in a rather disorganized manner, demanding little interest and giving little benefit, until it finally died a natural death.

Recently a step has been taken by a group of music students to revive the Music Club. Now, however, there is a different purpose in mind for the Club will be formed for the exclusive study of Opera.

This newly organized Club will function as follows: The weekly meetings will convene at 6:30 on Monday evenings. They will first study the story and composer of the Opera, and then the complete Opera will be heard. There have been purchased two complete recorded Operas, "IL Trovatore" by Verdi and "The Barber of Seville" by Rossini.

The meeting will be conducted in a very interesting manner, and it is hoped that the Club will prove to be very beneficial in its educational values. The Club is open to everyone, both college and music students, interested in becoming more closely acquainted with Opera. The fee necessary for joining the Club is fifty cents per member, to be used in the purchasing of records.

The first meeting will be held May 1, in classroom No. 2 on the second floor of the Music Hall. All those desiring to attend this meeting are requested to deposit with the chairman of the meeting the designated fee of fifty cents.

### Annual Arbor Day Is Celebrated

When President Luckey announced in Tuesday's Chapel that if the weather were fair Wednesday would be Arbor day in Houghton, there was a general sigh of relief, though some expressed their hope of rain because they had Thursday classes. For the remainder of the day weather forecasts were heard everywhere, but fair weather Wednesday seemed to be the general consensus of opinion.

The 6:30 breakfast bell on Wednesday morning aroused the student body to the realization that the day was fair, so that in ten minutes nearly all were out for the morning meal. Even in Houghton, such things are possible, if not probable. At seven bells breakfast was over and operation on the campus commenced. To see some of the fellows work was a rare treat. As surprising as this may be, one of the Seniors accommodated his gang by appointing himself as unofficial timekeeper. Thanks, Joe! Mr. Merrill, too, informed his boss that carrying leaves was not such a bad job at all. We were a little surprised to see some of the fair maidens indulging in the activities of the day, but after they donned their caps and aprons, it was evident they too meant business. You should have seen Main and Gaovadeo when the girls had finished their tasks. Some fellows seem to have all the luck or?? We noticed that Charlie and Titus had the pleasure of helping the girls. After a long and toilsome morning noon arrived and the gangs willingly, thronged to the dorm for a cafeteria lunch. Once there, a considerable amount of difficulty was encountered in getting four people through the narrow doorway at once, but all efforts were richly rewarded by a delicious lunch—Prof. Stanley's seemed to be more than that!

During the meal, President Luckey thanked every student for his splendid cooperation, and said that all would be well repaid by the enjoyment they would receive from the beautified campus.

K. G.

### JUNIOR STAFF

We are glad to announce the staff of the Junior editors of the STAR which will appear soon under the direction of Foster Benjamin as editor.

Assistant Editor—Floyd Burns  
News Editor—Roma Lapham  
Feature Editor—Winona Carter  
Sports Editor—William Joslyn  
Music Editor—Eileen Hawn  
Circulation—Mabel and Richard Farwell  
Managing Editor—Barnard Howe

The Freshmen join in wishing these the best of success.

### Brahms Quartet Presents Vocal Concert

On Monday evening, April 24, occurred the last number on the current Artist Series of the College. The Brahms Quartet, a group of four young ladies who specialize in vocal chamber music, presented a program of distinctive worth in the College Chapel. The personnel of the quartet is Francis Newsome and Nadine Cox sopranos; Lydia Summers and Elmer Markev, contraltos. Louise Osburne was at the piano.

The program was exceptionally pleasing. The ladies created a delightful atmosphere with their crinolene costumes which were entirely in keeping with the type of music which they sang. From the first number the audience was well aware of the fact that they were listening to a choral organization which was unusual. The smoothness of style and the exquisiteness of interpretation were immediately noticed.

The first group consisted of three numbers—the perfectly delightful Minnelied and Der Brautigan of Brahms and an old Latin hymn. The second group consisted of three a cappella numbers of the old madrigal school—Now is the Month of Maying (Morley), The Silver Swan (Gibbons), Ye Spotted Snakes (McFarren), and one accompanied number, the charming Lass with the Delicate Air by DeArne. This group, since it contained such favorites was undoubtedly the most pleasing group to the audience. There followed a group of folk songs which were sung in the native tongue and were therefore very interesting. A group of French songs and a group of lighter numbers (including the very popular Shorten Bread) concluded the program. Of course, there were several encores including the inevitable Carry me Back.

(Continued on Page Two)

### Prof. Sorensen's Pupils Will Give Recital Thursday

On May 4 at 1:30 in the Music Hall Professor Hans Sorensen is presenting several of his pupils in recital including the String Classes. The String Classes will be combined into one ensemble composed of violins, violas, cellos, and bass with Ivone Wright directing.

The following program will be given:

Violin Solo, "Bourree" *Handel*  
Cecil Elliott  
Violin Solo, "Le Springtime" *Ehrlich*  
Millicent Filer  
Violin Solo, "In a Rose Garden" *Ewing*  
Willard Smith  
Violin Solo, "Londonderry Air" *Marvin Eyler*  
Trombone Solo, "The Star of Bethlehem" *Adams*  
Richard Rhoades  
String Ensemble, "Sundown" *Franz C. Bornschien*

### Memorial Day of Prayer and Praise Services

#### 10th Anniversary Of Charter Commemorated

"Not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord." Thus in special chapel on Friday, April 21, we paused to look back with thankful hearts and then look ahead by faith into the coming years of ever widening efficiency and usefulness.

This was a special chapel! During the two hours we heard from the Dean of the College, Dr. LaVay Fancher, President Luckey, The Reverend Mr. Elliott of Levant, N. Y., Prof. LeRoy Fancher, Mr. Barnard Howe, and the Reverend Mr. Dean Bedford of Rochester, N. Y. There was presented a wide range of thought, an honesty of expression accompanied by a keen interest, and a strong hope for the future.

A marked interest was maintained throughout by the listeners who entered into the memorial service with enthusiasm. After a few moments of silent prayer, Howard Dietrich led the singing with Magdalene Murphy at the piano. At intervals during the service the student body was led in the singing of school songs including the Alma Mater. The college quartet rendered that favorite of so many—"Jesus, Rose of Sharon."

After the reading of appropriate verses from Deut. 8., by Prof. Frank H. Wright, Prof. LaVay Fancher spoke on the significance of the day on which the charter was granted. "That day was more momentous than we realized," he said. "It was similar to what we are going through now. Then it was for the charter, now it is for admittance to the Association of colleges."

"The granting of the charter marked the beginning of real growth in the college department. In 1920 there were 39 college students, in the year 1922-23 this became 56, and in 1923-24 the number jumped to 94. In those days some seemed blind, but others fasted, prayed, and in faith repeated, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' This day is spent in the same spirit—a fitting memorial day."

Having concluded his talk, the Dean introduced the "first President, the real President, our President." After a loud ovation, the President spoke briefly on the Foundation Stone of Houghton. "Willard J. Houghton, the founder, made it possible. He was of the Abraham Lincoln type, a man known for his ruggedness, his common sense and his great heart. Above all, he was interested in young people." He continued by mentioning the four foundation stones on which Houghton was built and is still building.

(Continued on Page Four)

# THE HOUGHTON STAR

Published weekly during School year by Students of Houghton College

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# EDITORIAL

This is the Freshman issue of the Star. We present it to you without any apologies, not because we think it above criticism, but because we have honestly tried to do our very best. We were chosen by our class to perform this duty, and as good sports, we have put our shoulders to the wheel and tried to make this issue one to be looked back upon with pleasure. We regret exceedingly that our editor, Walter Taber, has been ill and unable to help us, for we should have valued his advice and leadership to the highest degree. But we hope that you will receive this paper in the same spirit in which we present it to you, and if we have been faithful in the small tasks which have been assigned us, we trust that some day we may have larger duties to discharge as faithfully.

—THE STAFF

## Brahms Quartet (Continued from Page One)

to old Virginny (in a splendid arrangement by Deems Taylor) and Dvorak's lovely Songs My Mother Taught Me.

As was stated before the accompanist for the evening was Louise Osbourne. On the whole her accompaniments were artistic and pleasing although one noted a tendency to overpower the voices. As a solo she played the ever pleasing Harp Etude of Chopin and did very creditably.

One was impressed with the unity with which the group sang. There was no voice which was predominantly—no voice which failed to blend beautifully with the other voices. At times, they reminded one of a string quartette. Especially pleasing were their pianissimo effects. At times these were hauntingly beautiful. Their climaxes, however, at times lacked vitality and one felt rather unsatisfied. This is a very minor criticism when one bases his thought on pure enjoyment. After all if a concert is distinctly pleasing and ever delightful, should one pay attention to the slight imperfections which are bound to occur? No one can say that the Brahms Quartette presented anything but an enjoyable concert. One can pay them no higher compliment than to say that they very adequately maintained the high artistic standard which has permeated the entire Artist Series this year.

## CHAPEL

Each morning at the stroke of ten We march up to third floor again To hear a sermon or a speech Expounded far beyond our reach.

To watch Prof. Bain get up and lead Singing which sounds much indeed As though the chords we struck were hazy;

Perhaps we're only downright lazy. Dean Fancher then stands on the floor And reads announcements o'er and o'er.

Some make us laugh, some make us weep. (An excellent prelude for our sleep).

The President comes forward now. And with a low and graceful bow Presents to us some highbrow grad Who went to Houghton as a lad.

He rambles on for hours, it seems While we drop our heads, enjoy our dreams.

And even when Cronk starts to play Our thoughts are still far, far away

At last we must wake up again, As to the strains of a violin We march out quickly, two by two Glad that another chapel's through.

"The man who is singing carols in the street wants to know if you can help him, Sir."

"Impossible! I can't sing a note!"

# The Evangelical Student

## "Up and Doing While the Day Lasts"

I find letters from God dropped in the street and everyone is signed by God's name.

And I leave them where they are, for I know that whoso'er I go,

Others will punctually come for ever and for ever.

Walt Whitman

## Let Us Lay Aside

### Every Weight

We find in Hebrews 12:1 the words "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Paul here draws a splendid analogy of the Christian life and a contest on the cinder-track. It is evident that a great number of people enjoyed watching running races in Paul's time as they do today. Also we are well aware of the fact that the runner who desires to win a race picks with care his equipment so that it will not impede his progress while running. His shoes are made of the lightest material available and his athletic suit made of silk or light cotton.

Paul realized that the track runner had to be careful in these things, but he also knew that the Christian in order to win the race of life, must lay aside everything no matter how small, if it will hinder in our progress toward Christian perfection. Just as it is with a trackman, the Christian is watched by others, who desire to know how he will act "under fire". Christians, let us be careful in our every-day life so that we may run our race with credit to our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

## Hard-Hearted Unbelief

Unbelief means a hard heart. Faith can not enter such a heart, any more than water can enter granite or steel. The believing soul is porous to spiritual truth, affording easy entrance to the love of God.

We are not born with hard hearts, with hearts of unbelief. We harden our own hearts, as Pharaoh hardened his. That is why Christ upbraided his hearers with their unbelief and hardness of heart. They had brought it on themselves by their disobedience to God's will, by worldliness in their lives, by their persistent sins.

If we want faith, we can have it. You can not have it without working for it, but God will help you work. Faith is God's greatest gift to men. As we grow into the receptive mood, as the love of God softens our hearts like the spring rains, belief begins to spring up. It increases through the months, "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." Let us no more expect a harvest of faith without waiting and working.

Amos Wells

Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5:1

## FARSIGHTEDNESS

In this busy world where great accomplishments are flaunted in the headlines while less spectacular results are quickly overlooked, too often we permit ourselves to believe that our lives are failures unless we do the unusual. Especially is this true in our Christian lives when we have a heart desire to be leading lost souls to Christ by the thousands while even in Houghton we have companions who make no profession of Christianity. To neglect the least of our opportunities is to miss the triumph. Jesus said, "If any man desire to be first the same shall be least of all, and servant of all."

## CHRIST WITH US

Every once in a while we glean some little thought from a portion of scripture which helps us when things are going rather hard. I think that is what we have the Bible for, don't you?

Two weeks ago we had a Sunday School lesson from Mark 9—the transfiguration of Christ. I have never fully understood just what this most interesting passage of scripture meant. What if that eighth verse part of the last phrase had been omitted? It would read "and suddenly when they had looked round about they saw no man any more save themselves. Yes, I have left something important out, and what is it? You know it should read, "and suddenly when they had looked round about they saw no man anymore save Jesus only with themselves. "What's he getting at?" you may ask.

The following verse begins "and a, they came down from the mountain he (Christ) charged them." Could we fully realize that Christ comes down from the mountain with us, things would be different. We all have our times of special blessing. Christ and heaven seem so near, the Christian life so fascinating and easy—but when it is over, do we realize that Christ hasn't vanished? When come down we feel that He has walked by us? That gives a new challenge to the hard place; the hour of temptation should be more easily borne. We saw Christ on the mountain—it was wonderful, but remember He came down too. He is with us now if we but keep our faith strong in Him.

## This Will Be Interesting to the Theologs

The aptness of John Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved.

"Sir," said a blustering lowlived man, who attempted to push against him and throw him down; "Sir, I never make way for a fool."

"I always do", replied Wesley, stepping aside and calmly passing on.

—Readers Digest

"My grace is sufficient for thee".

## THE MINISTRY OF THE RISEN CHRIST

"The raising of Christ from the dead was no truer a miracle than the vitalizing of the disciples with the power of the resurrection".

The setting of our Pastor's sermon was taken from the words of the apostle Paul as recorded in Rom. 8: 22, 23. The experience of groaning, suffering, and death is universal. The form of spiritual depression is upon every soul. There is no escape from the universal death upon all creation.

Jesus Christ was the first to be raised triumphant over all that was dead. In Him we have a way of escape and through His redeeming grace, we can be victorious over death.

After the resurrection the disciples were with Jesus and they walked, talked, ate, communed, and learned to know Him as never before. During the ten days that followed in the upper-room, they were hopeful, joyous, unwavering, and united as they waited for the descent of the Holy Spirit. The difference came through His resurrection. Had He not risen He would have been regarded merely as an ethical teacher and only the memory of his life would have continued but Christ's resurrection is the whole message of Christianity.

God answered the groaning of the disciples through the resurrection and their answer is His answer to the whole living race. Now the death and sorrow of all creation is swallowed up in the resurrection of Christ. The Holy Spirit sustains within man this hope of the resurrection and the same power that raised Jesus from the dead dwells in our hearts.

H.W.B.

## DAY OF PRAYER

The afternoon of Friday, April 21, was an afternoon of prayer and praise commemorating the tenth anniversary of the granting of the charter. Prayer meetings were conducted by college classes, by young people's Christian organizations, and by organizations of the adults.

Especially worthy of mention was the hour beginning at 12:30 p.m., devoted to fasting, prayer, and praise. The attendance at this service, led by Malcolm Cronk, was excellent. The presence of God prevailed the atmosphere of the meeting. The spirit of praise was so great that the period given to testimony had to be discontinued before all who so desired had an opportunity to praise God. The season of prayer was inspiring and encouraging. No one who entered into the spirit of the service could have been but deeply blessed and much uplifted.

The whole afternoon was highly profitable. As we waited before God with joyfulness, we were reminded anew of the many blessings God has so abundantly showered upon us and also of the responsibilities He has placed upon us, of the duties He has given us to perform. The period was like unto a resting place in a weary land.

—C.E.

Paging Orven Hess! We hear that Walter Damrosch considers tenors to be a disease. Sez which?



## Late Edition to Houghton Library

The Flying Carpet has been called Richard Halliburton's latest "Royal Road to Romance". The biplane "The Flying Carpet" carries Halliburton and his pilot over much of the same route which the author had previously covered on foot as recounted in his former work.

The pair fly over Europe and then by way of Gibraltar to Timbuctoo in Africa where they have an amusing experience with two little slaves which they purchase there. "The Flying Carpet" wings its way back to Paris whence it begins its flight across the main land of Europe and Asia. The author skillfully relates the many interesting and amusing events which happen during the several stops of the flight. One of the most amusing of these is the meeting of two Persian princesses. The two fliers look forward with great expectation to the time when they will see the two beautiful maidens and to the opportunity to take them for a plane ride. Alas, their hopes are short lived for the Persian beauties proved to be so large that only one could be allowed in the plane at a time; while at Punshire which is near the Persian Gulf, a German aviatrix joins them and receives the name of "The Flying Fraulein". This girl accompanies them as far as Siam where their paths diverge as the "Flying Carpet" wings its way alone to Borneo, the Philippines, and home.

—K.G.

## IMITATORS

With the end of the term fast approaching we realize that Commencement is not far off. Many of you will retire from these halls to assume your life's work. Your sojourn with us will soon be over. What then? As freshmen we would not attempt to lift ourselves above our humble position, but may we remind you of the words of the great exhorter, the apostle Paul, who, in Ephesians the fifth chapter, exhorts us—"Be ye followers", or, as another translator has put it, "imitators of God".

It is not unusual for us to hold as our ideal some great person who has made his mark in the world. We unconsciously imitate and pattern our lives after his. Let us as children look to our Heavenly Father and imitate Him in every grace but especially in His Love and forgiveness. As He forgives us let us forgive others. As He bears with our faults let us bear with others when they desire to be forgiven.

The only way we may do this is by receiving Christ into our hearts and by letting Him live His life out through us. We remember the incident recorded in Acts 4:1-13 when Peter and John had been taken into court for their actions. Verse 13 reads, "Now when they saw the boldness of Peter and John and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men they marveled and took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus". These men had been conversant with their Master, had trained under Him and now they were so much like Him that those in

court realized that they had been with Jesus. If we are to imitate Him we must know Him personally and have constant fellowship with Him. Then we may radiate His spirit and reveal to the world that we have been with Jesus. In these strenuous days through which we are passing may we not neglect Him but let us imitate Him who is the "author and finisher of our faith".

—H.W.B.

## Athletics

With the arrival of warm weather, activities in spring athletics have started with a rush. Track and field candidates, both boys and girls, are working out daily on the cinder track and in the jumping pits, while both tennis courts have been put in shape and are being used constantly. In just a few weeks the annual track and field meet will be held. While nothing is known concerning the abilities of any of the Freshmen girls there are several promising aspirants among the boys. Foremost among these is Millard Fiske who has already equalled the school record in the pole vault, "Bucky" Davis, elongated high jumper, Marvin Goldberg, a threat in the 100 and 440 yd. dashes, Emerson Wilson in the half and mile runs, Butterfield, also in the half and mile distances, and "Steve" Anderson in the 440. An interesting meet is looked for this year and if track conditions are favorable, there should be some records broken.

—H.C.—

## Literary

The Flame Prophecies  
by Elinor Weaver

Charles La Pon dropped wearily back upon the ancient bedstead that had served as a diary to note the coming and passing of the La Pon generations for the last three centuries. The look of fatigue and anxiety had disappeared from the old gentleman's countenance and a look of utter contentment had revealed itself. For the future of the La Pon estate had just been settled in an eccentric which was to be remembered in the eras to come as that queer La Pon will.

The next morning after the transaction a servant discovered that Charles La Pon had died during the night. That same contented smile was to stand forever as a symbol of his last satisfaction. A council of the best doctors in London had declared that his death had resulted from the natural effects of senility. The analysis of the post-mortem was taken for granted then, but in years to come it was to be questioned.

Years passed. La Pon lived and died. As yet no ambitious heir had been able to read the will since a mass of unintelligible letters always seemed to jumble themselves together before his eyes. As decades passed hope of ever deciphering the will was relinquished. In 1920 only one survivor of the La Pon lineage remained Charles La Pon IV, who was reluctant to leave the will unsettled as his forefathers had done.

"The old man was surely crazy. What sane man could ever have made such a jumble of letters?" dejectedly

mumbled Charles La Pon IV to himself as he eagerly puzzled over the aged document.

"Ah, Hank Dodgewood, the code expert, is the man who can help me. The phone, Chelzar."

As Charles sat in a brown leather lounging chair dreaming contentedly into the flickering picture flashes of the brownstone fireplace, he realized what a constant, honorable, and true friend he had in Hank Dodgewood, a person to be trusted in any emergency that might arise. His meditation was warded aside by a sudden spurt of flame. It seemed to serve as a prologue to the drama that was about to ensue. A large red flame, signifying patience to Charles, was combating a dying coal. The lifeless coal seemed to rend the living flame into thousands of small sparkling lights. The living flame seemed to be wrathful at this encounter and eager for revenge. With one final spurt she seemed to cast the lifeless one to its doom into cheerless and forsaken ashes. The drama of the flame entranced Charles. He perceived now that in order to achieve success in the magnitude of the task before him he would have to acquiesce in permitting the red flame of patience to subdue the lifeless coal of despair. He was abruptly aroused from his reverie by the chirping voice of Chelzar.

"Your highness, Mistah Dodgewood has arrived."

"Send him right in, Chelzar."

Hank Dodgewood sauntered lazily into the library and slapped his friend heartily on the shoulder, exclaiming,

"Well, Charles, old man, what's on your mind now?"

"You know the story of my lineage and that strange will. I never paid much attention to it until tonight. The case is interesting enough but that old jumble of letters has got my goat. Will you give it a look-over, Hank, and tell me what you think of it?"

"Of course, I'll do all I can. Where's the brain-teaser?" interestedly asked Hank.

Charles tenderly withdrew the will from its hiding place in the old vault. The mystery of four hundred years lay hidden in that wrinkled paper, yellowed with age. The surviving heir trembled as he thrust the will into the outstretched hands of his friend. It was the first time that the historic missive had ever been entrusted to anyone outside the immediate La Pons. Hank perceived his chum's mood and earnestly prayed for aid in that hour. Unselfishly he revelled in what the deciphering of such a will might mean to Charles.

"Ah an extraordinary document, Charlie, if it really is the paper that you think it," unexpectedly exclaimed Hank.

"If—, what do you mean by that if, Hank?"

"No questions now. Do you happen to have a magnifying glass of some strength around here?"

"Why, yes. There's an old one up in the stack room. I'll have it here in a minute," whispered Charles.

Hank studied the will diligently during Charles' absence. He beheld one possible clue. If that proved to be successful, the contents of the will

might be unravelled.

"This is certainly the shiniest paper I've ever seen," murmured Hank to himself.

"Here it is, Hank. I promised I wouldn't ask any questions, but you'll let me help you, won't you?"

"This glass has not yielded any of its power these long years, Charlie. It's—, Hurrah! I'm gaining ground. It's—, old man. Look here—do you see those light spots on the paper? I've got a hazy idea that the top of this paper was waxed. If that be so, we'll soon have the reason for that jumble of letters. Our job is to remove that outer surface."

"You're a wizard on wheels, Hank. Where did you ever learn such an art?"

"I didn't, Charlie. I just learned to use this old head of mine. A long time ago I read in a Novel, *Mysteries of the Ages* by Shannon, that the earliest known cipher code was done by use of the wax method that I've just told you about. Will you get me a piece of plate glass, a hundred-watt electric bulb, and a couple of blocks? We'll see if there really is anything to this discovery of ours."

Charles promptly returned with the specified articles and soon both were hard at work. They intended to accomplish their purpose by placing the will on the blocks above the plate glass under which the bulb had been fastened securely. Breathlessly the two observed their experiment. The drip, drip of the wax could be distinguished as it rolled slowly from the surface of the glass. To Charles it represented the years that had elapsed between the writing of the will and, perhaps, the discovery. Finally the paper was lifted. Charles blanched with the tense excitement of the moment. Hank trembled as he read these legible words:

"In the name of the good Lord Amen.

The seke die of October, un thousand five hundred twentie foure. I Charles La Pon of La Pon, Saxony, England, of sounde and capable memorie, doe mack and declare this mu late wille and in the mannere of the folloeing.

Thersoever vs capable of unvieling this texe I doe bequeathe the whole and the alle of mu propertie.

Item: The whole of the propertie (shalte this bee funde) wil bee funde buried deeplie betwixt the roome of stacke and the roome of bouckes.

Witnesses—Francise Brav, Charles Simons No. 1."

"Well?" inquired Hank.

"Well, yourself. I can't move, Hank. I know that I have taken leave of my senses and that me is not really me. I know the wall that is meant if I can only get to it," weakly whispered Charles.

"I hope you won't forget an old friend when you're rich, Charlie. I can just picture you. A country estate, saddle horses, a golf course of your own, twenty-three suits, ten silk hats, and I'll bet you'll even have spats," teasingly said Hank.

"Don't forget that the will stated that the property would go to the one that deciphered the mystery. You did that, Hank, so you'll be the one that will have to accept the La Pon lineage now."

"That's all bunk but we'd better find the hidden treasure before we begin arguing about it. It was in the wall between the stack room and the study room, wasn't it? You lead the way, oh thou usurper of the La Pon dominion."

Anticipating the greatest in fortune and in luck the two eagerly began their task. A loose panel was discovered in the wall through which access to the interior was gained. Flashing the faithful bulb to and fro in the labyrinth of small fissures they finally spied an insignificant object in the corner of the baseboard. By sawing into the wood and by removing the baseboard the mystery of four hundred years was at last in the hands of its rightful owner. Upon opening the box Charles found a note and also—a small book. The note read:

"Prie doe not take ver disappoinmente toe keenlie butte lette mu propertie, ou alle, continuallie leade ver toe eerlastin happiness."—C.L.P.

His "alle" was a book—a small book—as yellowed with age as the crinkled will had been. He opened it curiously and found a Bible inscribed in the original Hebrew.

"Well?", said Hank.

"Well, yourself," replied the crest-fallen Charles.

—Elinor Weaver

—H.C.—

## Houghton Students in A World of Need

(Continued from Page One)

Christ accused the people of His day of being unable to read the signs. "Ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

There are also signs in our own times if we can but read them aright; and this morning we are to think together concerning the proposition: "We are living in the last days"—

All about us men are living Christless lives. But in the first five verses of the third chapter of Second Timothy we find their lives described in great detail. The very times in which we are now living are delineated with unerring accuracy. Are not these the "perilous times" of which Paul is writing?

Apostasy by its very prevelance warns us that the last days are at hand. "The Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter days some shall depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." I Tim.

There has always been apostasy; was it ever as bad as today? Again in II Tim. 4:4 we read "They shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." Let us not be discouraged when we hear of the multitudes that are turning away from the faith, but let us rather remember that it is up to us to stem the tide, and to see that here and there the old, old story is told to those who will believe.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars... for nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows." Matt. 24:6. Wars—in China. Rumors of war in Russia and South America. Germany rising up against the Jew; France and England standing in awe

(Continued on Page Four)



Paul Barber is trying to compete with Atlas. Last Monday he insisted on holding up Math. class for fifteen minutes.

The girls' new "hang out"—dorm windows. (You must try it sometime)

Beverly has gone astray. Double association last week. Whoever woulda' thunk it?

Mildred Allen would like to know how many sang in the Brahms Quartette Monday night, four or five.

Times have changed and we fear that we are now "viewing with alarm the ancient trend of fashion" Catch on?

Another six-thirty breakfast. Well, "the early bird catches the worm". Let him have 'em. We don't eat 'em.

And then there was the story of the girl who took the "Tennis Court Oath". Guess who?

We were knowingly informed yesterday that Tennyson worked a whole afternoon on a single line. Tish, tish, some men have worked years on the same sentence.

Sammie: "Did you send for me, my lord?"

Lancelot: "Yes. Make haste. Bring the can opener, for I have a flea in my knight-clothes."

A word to the wise is sufficient. We suggest that the college go off the book-standard.

#### A TWICE TOLD TALE

Papa Fancher: "Roscoe, how did you get that black eye?"

Roscoe: "I was protecting a little boy."

Papa: "How noble! Who was he?"

Roscoe: "Me!"

We never realized that Titus cared so much for Jeanette but there are rumors of a June wedding.

Miss Burnell: "This is a dangerous experiment and it may blow up, so follow me closely."

Miss Davison: (after explaining a long and complicated equation) "And now we get  $X$  equals  $O$ ."

Pond Lily Harrison: "Whew, all that work for nothing."

Life would be dull if —

Miss Burnell forgot to wink.

Lucymae didn't talk about push-ups.

Miss Rickard didn't roll the "r" in experienced.

We couldn't be campused, it's about all the excitement we get.

Carl Stamp lost that school girl complexion.

Millard Fisk didn't skip classes on Saturday.

We didn't have tests to keep us interested in school.

Em Wilson should loose his brown derby.

Eddie Dolan lost the gentle art of talking while on the tennis court.

Bill Farnsworth didn't get so "catty" in Zoology lab.

President Luckey didn't give us some good fatherly advice.

A college man likes a girl beautiful but dumb—beautiful enough to please him and dumb enough to like him.

— H C —

#### Houghton Students in A World of Need

(Continued from page three)

and temerity at the thought of Italy and her dictator; Russia persecuting English subjects and England striking back at Russia with embargoes; famine, pestilence and earthquakes even in these our own United States

We can hear the cry of the times welling up around us. Degradation, shame, and crime; poverty, tyranny, and woe; the down-trodden, the widowed and the fatherless cry out and their cry is heard in every tribe, na-

tion and kindred. Fear, distrust and animosity are abroad in the land and their tones of grief and terror but swell the dissonance. But add to all this the moan and clamor of that vast army of the unemployed whose ranks swell numberless breadlines everywhere; add to it the wail of the farmers of this once happy land who are today striving to eke out a mere pittance, living as it were from hand to mouth; add to it the yearning cry of starving children everywhere and you have this cry of the times, a cry that is sounding out for leadership—but for leadership that can first look up, then lift up!

We are Houghton students. How does that fact alter our responsibility to the world? Why are our obligations greater than those of others?

Our college is set on this hill-top overlooking the wide and fertile plain of the winding Genesee, yonder. On her high perch she seems to draw the green skirts of her campus to herself in cool aloofness. The surrounding hills seem to gather her to themselves protectingly. And that one narrow, dusty roadway leading down over the bluff seems only to accentuate and emphasize our severance from society.

Aloofness? No, aloofness did not push back this beautiful bit of green sward, these old buildings and classrooms, these walks and paths; it is not aloofness that prompted this pseudo-separation from the world at large. Neither did a cold indifference to humanity and its problems, its sufferings and dire need cause her to withdraw unto herself.

In the two years of my sojourn here I have come to love Houghton dearly. I could not imagine Houghton College in an urban environment. God's great world of beauty all about lead me ever closer to Him and I remember with joy that He said, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate."

And we too, would we lead a life worth while, a life that will tell in this world of need, must be willing to "come out from among them and be separate."

If we, you and I are to answer the call of the times, of which we have been hearing and of which we shall continue to hear until you and I are willing to throw ourselves into the breach and span the gap—the gap that exists between our present sphere of usefulness in the world and the possibilities for service that will open up for us when we truly "leave all and follow Him."

Here is the reason for the uniqueness of Houghton. That reason is Christ and Him crucified. The crucified Christ is the only antidote for the world's troubles; and only as we prepare to present Him to a dying world can we hope to cope with this "cry of the times" of which I have been speaking.

Houghton has a mission to fulfill but she can only work out that purpose through the consecrated lives of her students.

We all must live in this needy old world. But we are Houghton students. Are we Houghton students in reality or do we merely matriculate here? Do we hear the cry of the times and long to wing back the answer in our own lives or are we priests and Levites passing by on the other side of the road?

Here is Houghton, a Christian college, and there is the world. Why do we linger? Can you not see that in these last days, in these last fragmentary periods of time just before the meteor bursts into that last spur of flame, just now we must be militant Houghtonians, militant Christians, militant Evangelists. Let us be real Houghtonians. Let us truly exemplify those who have gone before.

The purpose of every college is the training of leaders. We have come that we might be trained for position of responsibility and trust. But how can we hope to lead if now in our college days we refuse to be led? Let me reiterate again, it is only as we imbibe Houghton principles and ideals and give our whole-he-

support to the things for which Houghton stands that we can even hope to become leaders in any walk of life.

It will not be too long before you will in actuality be Houghton students in a world of need—where will you be, out there in front, blazing the trail, or down the line in the van guard? You are determining that when you reply to this question: "What do I think of Houghton?" As a Houghton student you have a duty—to yourself, your school and your Christ.

A greater Houghton is developing under our very eyes. This one word of warning. As a Christian institution she should make her appeal first of all to Christian students. We must remember the law of averages. Better that Houghton remain small than to grow at the expense of her testimony.

Houghton is becoming a greater Houghton. But as one Houghton student speaking to and for Houghton students, I have a deep feeling of assurance. We will, we shall work and toil to make Houghton what we believe she ought to be. And if we have been lagging just a bit, halting perhaps in the traces, we will resolve to go forward with new courage and enthusiasm to answer the call to the most daring adventure ever given.

It is up to you to prove yourself, real Houghtonians by saying with me—"my shoulder to the wheel, my brain and my brawn to the fight that Houghton may live on with untrammeled faith and dauntless courage, ever pointing a despairing race heavenward!"

#### Anniversary of Charter

(Continued from Page One)

"Houghton is marked by economy. It was founded to give poor boys and girls a chance." Equality is also a definite foundation stone. "There was always that democratic feeling of equality at Houghton. Favoritism is never to be felt. Clothes or pocket-book will make no difference here, for a man or woman will always be recognized." Houghton has been known for excellence. Intensive effort, accomplishment and the purpose to give an education of one hundred per cent value have prevailed throughout the years. Nothing below par has been recognized toward obtaining a degree.

Evangelism was the next quality mentioned. "Willard Houghton was the founder of an institution where emphasis is placed on the development of Christian character. The faculty and students are expected to be Christians." Concluding, he added a foundation stone of his own laying—energy—everything is within our reach if we work.

The Reverend Mr. E. L. Elliott one who has played an important part in the Wesleyan Methodist Church as missionary, pastor, and present President of the Lockport Conference, was introduced. He centered his remarks around the question, "For whom was Houghton built?"

Forcefully the speaker impressed upon us the fact that ideals exercise a controlling influence. By fitting illustrations he showed us that those who prized their ideals have succeeded. The apostle Paul was one who carefully kept to his purpose and ideal. "One thing I do," he wrote

In spite of loss and hardship, his purpose was strong until in his last hours he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, . . . ." and ahead lay the crown of reward.

Because Willard J. Houghton had ideals, Houghton Seminary was founded on ideals and committed to uphold the Christian faith and doctrine. "We owe a debt to others because they have labored, and we have entered into their labors. It would not have been possible to have anything but for the sacrifice of others. Thousands have given out of their poverty for Houghton. We must not forget our obligations to these." In conclusion the speaker added, "Houghton is meant for those who will cherish and appreciate these ideals and for all who will love them."

Professor LaVay Fancher then introduced his brother, Professor LeRoy Fancher, who spoke on "The First President."

"The letters C.P. (College President) must have been before the cradle over in Short Tract." The speaker felt that President Luckey had been cut out to be President of this college from his birth. "I prophesy that Short Tract will some day erect a monument to him. If it does not, it will be behind the times."

Professor Fancher told of the youth who, when he was converted and became an earnest Christian, felt it would be a privilege to enter the ministry but to whom it was revealed that his work lay in the field of Christian education. The years of preparation which followed were concluded by his obtaining degrees at Oberlin and Harvard.

In 1908, James S. Luckey was called to be President of Houghton Seminary.

Then followed the amazing detail of growth which has resulted from this great man's leadership. "He is largely the cause of changes; he does not lack vision. The charter too, is a direct result of his faith. He had a definite purpose, but his greatest problem was the others who seemed slow to fall in with him. His is a story of faith backed up by hard work, tact, salesmanship, and financial ability. "Yet he has a human personality." The speaker continued, "Yet he has a human personality. He never 'silence and sawdust' ". It was a fitting tribute to the one who has done so much for us all.

Barnard Howe then spoke as a representative of the combined Christian organizations of the student body. The complete text of this speech appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Reverend Dean Bedford of Rochester, N. Y. was the last speaker of the morning on the topic "Permanent Impressions of Houghton." Amusingly he admitted that his most tangible impression weighs one hundred forty pounds. The speaker told us that when he was a student here the importance placed upon definite Christian character made a deep impression. The emphasis laid on thoroughness had been of definite value to him. "I feel that I am an ultra-fundamentalist because of the element of thoroughness I imbibed at Houghton. I never knew one who thoroughly knew the Bible to reject it. Fundamentalists are not superficial thinkers."