

Gearhart.



The HOUGHTON STAR

VOLUME XIX

HOUGHTON, NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1927

NUMBER 27

Christ's Message to the Church

"The Heavenly Vision"

Last Sunday morning, Rev. Pitt, taking for his scripture lesson Rev. 1:1-2:5, and dealing especially with the verses found in the second chapter, spoke on Christ's message to the Ephesian church applying it to His dealings with churches and with individual Christians.

Concerning the message, Rev. Pitt said in part: If anyone else had commended this church as Christ commended it, it would have been elated. However, when God speaks we may not turn away when we desire, but we must await His last word, and when the Ephesian church heard the last words of the message they were not puffed up. It is possible to have all the qualities which this church had and yet to have left the first love.

What is the first love then? Evidently it is something which only God can gauge. God does not always cast men and women off when others think He does. Men may come to the place where they need to repent, and confess, and do their first works over again, and yet Christ may still be walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks and holding the seven stars in His hand. A man is wholly reprobate only when he ceases to remember that he was purged from his old sins. But before He does that He deals in infinite compassion, and in His message to churches and to individuals He always begins with commendation, continues with rebuke for sins, and ends with a word of hope.

In the evening Rev. McKinley spoke on the Heavenly Vision from six different points: those who have the vision, and its relationship to worldly amusements, to our life's work, to our life's choices, to life's decisions, and to the work of God. He made many striking statements: A heavenly vision begins in a clearly justified experience. We are never safe in judging our actions by the world's standards. We will get out of harmony with God when we are swerved from "thus saith the Lord." It is never safe to make a great decision regarding our lives unless we are in the spirit of prayer. There are many callings in life which we cannot follow consistently and keep the heavenly vision. If you take your stand, and stand there long enough, God will vindicate you.

The heavenly vision is greatly enhanced by the baptism with the Holy Ghost. If you have Jesus in your heart the matter of dress, and adornment will take care of themselves. You can only be happy as you keep your vision at all costs.

Christian Workers at Belfast

Mr. Clinton Donohue had charge of the meeting at the Baptist Church of Belfast Sunday evening. The song service was in charge of Mr. Howland who did his best to make the congregation feel the true spirit in which they had come. The same spirit was further manifested in the short testimony meeting which followed. The Male Quartet, including Messrs. Clark, Kreckman, Stevenson, and Bain, sang "Only Jesus".

Then followed a splendid sermon by Mr. Meredith from the text: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Mat. 11: 28-30. After Mr. Meredith finished, Mr. Donohue gave an altar call while the quartet sang, "Christ My Pilot Be." The group certainly enjoyed having this time of worship with Rev. Williams and his people.

New York Alumni Endow Chair of English Literature

Annual May Festival

On Friday evening, May 6th, the Annual May Festival will be given by the Music and Oratory Departments of Houghton College. This promises to be the paramount attraction of the Lecture Course Season. A widely varied but highly intellectual and entertaining program will be given, consisting of vocal solos, duet and Glee Club numbers, piano quartet and solo selections, and readings by members of the Oratory Department. The College Orchestra will also contribute a part of this complete program. This is a passing opportunity to hear the finest talent that has appeared in Houghton this year. The persons who take part in this May Festival are destined to be the world famous artists of tomorrow. Come and enjoy them now.

Baseball Series to be Resumed

Baseball enthusiasts will remember that the Purple and Gold baseball series which was interrupted with the games standing, Purple 3, Gold 0; the fourth game interrupted by darkness ending in a tie score.

The teams have been practicing again this spring and conditions, excepting the rainy weather, point to better baseball. The faculty kindly removed the severe eligibility rules for this one sport, so that baseball, of all the school's athletic events, will reveal the best talent of the school. Both teams will be strengthened by the return of veterans to the line-up. Mosher to the Gold and Lutz to the purple.

Probable batteries for the first game to be played Friday or Monday are: Purple, Lane and Worden; Gold, Mosher and Allen.

The Wail of the Haunted Trail

Third Prize Story of 1927 Literary Contest
Ruth Crouch

"You took the wrong road at the fork four mile back yonder," was the simple explanation of the girl's error. Then the bleary-eyed slouchy old fellow added in warning, "This is Hidden valley, and you took the road in that few folks hereabouts dare set foot on. Better git back along mighty smart, 'fore dark sets in. A person caught along that stretch much after dark don't need much but a coffin for the future." With that he emphatically kicked the curb with his wooden leg and turned away.

To these two Indiana friends motorcycling to the home of the uncle of one of them on the border of Canada, this warning threat was food for thought as well as an instigation of fear and caution. Cora Brant had not become acquainted with the dangers of the borderline, for she had not visited her uncle for more than seven years. Keeping all thoughts of fear to themselves, however, the two hurriedly turned back into the narrow, swampy, wooded road that now seemed many times more desolate and gloomy after sunset and in the light of the mysterious words of their benefactor. Myrtle shivered and faced the murky depths, Cora expressed the feelings of both in a gruesome, "Wouldn't be surprised if he knew his stuff," and hurried after Myrtle. On their motorcycled and groaned sometimes carefully through a rough and swampy bog, often slowly around a blind corner under a dark covering of tall pines and low hemlocks, and occasionally speeding over a straight open stretch.

But since no mishap justified their anxious cares during the first half of their lonely journey.

(Continued on Page Two)

Attention Alumni 1901!

1901

College Department Senior Class: John Willett (First graduate of the college).

Preparatory Department Senior Class: Bessie Tucker, Marion Strong.

Theological Department Senior Class: Almond Dudley, Milton Remmele, Marie Stephens, John Willett.

1916

College Department Junior Class: Clarence Barnett, Nathan Capen, Carroll Daniels, Clare Dart, Ralph Kaufmann, Wilford Kaufmann, Belle Moses, Frances Woods, Pierce Woolsey.

Preparatory Department Senior Class: Arthur Bernhoft, Grace Beverly, Gratia Bullock, Carrie Coleman, Sulu King, Everett Lapham, Harold Luckey, Glen McKinley, Glenn Molyneaux, Lucy Newton, Dorothy Peck, Daisy Rogers, Ray Russell, Pearl Schonten, C. W. Stafford, Myra Steese, Edith Warburton, Fidelity Warburton, Mary Warburton.

Theological Department: (As a whole) Roy Allen, David Bunville, Elmer Davidson, William Gearhart, Harold Higginson, Lawrence Hill, Carl Hughes, William Kaufmann, Stanley Lawrence, Walter Lewis, Ernest Look, Francis Markell, Guy Miller, Harvey Miner, G. Beverly Shultz, Gerritt Visser.

Roll call, did you say?

Both present!

From the sight of roofs and walls, with here and there a bit of relieving green, from the clang, clang of much activity we hie us back to the romantic shores of the Genesee. This is true both in reality whenever possible and in imagination frequently.

Little did we dream in those good old "Senior" days how true the words of our class song would be "when the miles should really intervene." For it has been proved by some of the class members who have been apart these many years that distance has cemented rather than severed the friendship for now at least four of our number (including the president) have found their way to this metropolis and run together like so many drops of mercury.

Thus you see that we two, the Fancher sisters are environed by 1, 2's (or the absence of them) and other paraphernalia which go with the pedagogical profession. We are striving to at least keep pace with the treadmill of ever increasing demands made by the world of books in which we find ourselves, one of us at the University of Buffalo, the other teaching in a suburb.

We hope each member of the class responds to roll call with as much zest as he did to the maple sugar or to the horseback riding the day we had our spring hike, or with the same spirit that prompted him to defend his Senior tie from the raids of the Juniors.

Hurrah for the Class of '15'.

—Bess and Marietta Fancher.

April 23, 1927

Alumni Editor, Houghton Star.

Dear friend:

Now you hit the right idea in the April 15th edition—the roll call. Now I will be just one ahead of you. As president of the Theological class of 1916, call the class to answer the roll and am sure the entire class will respond. I might say the entire class has been continuous subscribers of The Star since entering Houghton and have continually responded with one another. We had one class reunion in

(Continued on Page Three)

A Memorial to Professor Smith

The fifth annual reunion of the New York-New Jersey Chapter of Houghton Alumni was held at one o'clock on April sixteenth in The Fraternity Club Rooms, 22 East 38th Street, New York City.

After a delicious luncheon, expertly served in a private diningroom well adapted to the size of our group, the president, Jesse I. Frazier, opened the business of the day. The minutes of last meeting were read and accepted and the report of the secretary on the number of announcements sent out, replies received and letters returned unclaimed, was read; and an appeal was made to each member to aid in keeping the addresses up to date.

The president, acting as toastmaster, introduced Ray Hazlett who recalled vividly Professor Smith as he and other students knew him when they were members of his classes. Again the simplicity, supreme patience and absolute integrity of the man most of us had known, deeply impressed us and we felt as someone said later that Professor Smith still lives.

Tremain McDowell paid further tribute to the man whose influence will never die and included among Houghton's immortal men, President Luckey.

After a brief report of the affairs in Houghton, (the particulars of which may be found in the printed annual report,) President Luckey suggested a plan by which we could start a fitting memorial to Professor Smith. He explained the working of the Student Foundation founded by the class of 1926, and suggested that all the members of College Classes and Preparatory Classes during the years when Professor Smith was a member of the Houghton Faculty, might join in the Student Foundation. The amount pledged by each class would be placed in the proper place on a bronze tablet on the walls of Houghton College.

After considerable discussion of this plan, the president asked for other proposals. Ray Hazlett advocated the establishment of an Endowed Memorial Chair of English Literature in Houghton College. President Luckey immediately gave his hearty approval to this plan, suggesting that the plan for the payment of pledges be somewhat on the order of that used by the Student Foundation.

A motion was made and unanimously carried that a Chair of English Literature as a memorial to Professor Smith be endowed to the amount of \$50,000.00. A second motion was made and carried that any surplus over this amount be devoted to the establishment of a Smith Alcove of English Literature in the library of Houghton College.

Mr. Davy made the motion that a committee consisting of the president of this chapter and Ray Hazlett, be appointed to associate with President Luckey to put this plan into effect. President Luckey acquiesced to this and suggested that after other chapters have been organized, that this committee should confer with a representation from each of these chapters, at Houghton in the fall.

Then President Luckey, as chief executive of Houghton College, answered the question raised in regard to farther payment of pledges already made to the Endowment Fund by stating that all new pledges equal to or surpassing those formerly made would cancel all unpaid pledges to that fund.

Immediately six persons pledged \$500.00 to the Memorial Chair, payable in annual or

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THE WAIL OF THE HAUNTED TRAIL
(Continued from Page One)

ney, they soon gave more attention to their surroundings. Myrtle even found herself occasionally scanning the tree trunks for signs of beetles out of sheer habit. And here, it was Cora who first noticed a continuous channel along beside the road as if many logs had been dragged that way. But it was Myrtle who searched the woods wherever a smaller trail merged into the main one, long after Cora had branded the subject as insignificant. Evidently Cora was easily convinced that the trails were those made by loggers, but Myrtle was not satisfied with that bit of evidence alone, nor did she find more as they jogged on.

However, as Myrtle was thus preoccupied she thought it best to report none of her discoveries to Cora, not even when she was startled to find that the main log channel abruptly turned and circled into the woods. There too, the road seemed to broaden at once and to take on the appearance of much use, particularly of the use of motor vehicles. Our thinking little adventurer fell back to view the situation more thoroughly. Cora, unaware of her chum's action kept on for some distance, and then retraced her path in mounting perplexity and anger.

"Why the sudden halt? What can you see here to stare at? You haven't forgotten that old bird's promise about the coffin yet, have you?"

Myrtle started from her study upon mention of the coffin and at once set her machine in action. Cora hesitated a moment to watch Myrtle's unexplained actions, then shook herself into pursuit with the same reminder that had sent off her friend.

A half hour later, the two girls halted their sputtering engines before a large log cabin, fitted with windows and factory doors, but looking rustic enough with smeary, mud-filled cracks and crude masonry. But the owner of the abode, upon recognition of Cora showed the girls a welcome that mightily surpassed the appearance of invitation that the cabin gave. Such was the cordiality that reigned during the hearty meal and relaxation by the open fireplace that the adventure-primed couple lost no time in plying their host with questions concerning the inhabitants of the neighborhood and the reason for their odd warning. With amusement, horror, and keen interest they learned that a set of smugglers centering in Hidden Valley were believed to be running a profitable business of sneaking booze across the borderline. Nor were they much surprised to hear that the boundary was traversed somewhere by the Haunted Trail, the same deserted byway that they had just traveled twice over. The men always worked at night between twelve and one. Always at about that hour, any inhabitant of that neighborhood of foreigners for miles around quaked with fear if they chanced to catch a note of a shrill, trembling wail that resembled the terrified scream of a woman. These ignorant and superstitious folk had been led to believe that they heard the agonized cry of the ghost of an old grey horse, whose merciless owner had left it to sink to its grave in quagmire and quicksand while hauling logs.

Those who of dire necessity happened to pass by the swamp road at the evil hour reported their having distinctly heard the sounds of clanking chains, and the rumbling and grating of the heavy log that the spirit was alleged to always drag after him. Never could a border inhabitant be forced to seek for the truth bravely, or by threat of punishment. Cora's uncle, a preacher among these people, had been confined to his home with rheumatism for more than a month, even since he had begun to suspect crooked work. The smugglers, knowing the situation perfectly, thus felt very free to carry on their trade boldly for a short time at least. They knew that Everett Brant, Cora's uncle would be the only person to report, once he scented their game, but they also knew of the slowness of the operation of the federal and state forces. Thus Mr. Brant concluded his summary and comment upon the subject with a yawn, and the remark, "But it's been nearly a month now since I sent in word to the federal forces, so I 'spose maybe if you girls stick around a few days you'll see a little excitement. Wish I could have prowled around a little and taken a look at the wailing old mare the scart folks tell about. But, well—someone will get some fun out of it anyway." And again he yawned.

Taking the old man's sign of fatigue as a hint, the girls arose to retire. Long before slumber came, weary as they were, the two hearts united in the discussion of the day's discovery and the evening's revelation. Cora was inclined to merely sit back and watch the excitement, but Myrtle differed from her. Meek and unobtrusive though she might be, she was a live wire for adventure, and by that time she had a clue that she wished to work out. In order to accomplish her aim, it would be necessary for her to visit the solitary regions that they had twice traversed that afternoon, but how she was to do it she knew not. No one except Cora could accompany her, but Myrtle understood her friend well enough to know that beneath her boldness was a feminine cowardice that would shrink from the danger of it. With cleverness therefore, our younger friend dismissed the subject for the waking hours of that day with a—

"Now Cora, if you really did meet a bunch of wild men out there in the woods some night you wouldn't want to run and hide, would you? Guess you'd hardly want to miss all the fun on account of a 'scart-and-run-like-a-nigger' spirit that you'd rather not own!" In consequence, long after Myrtle slept, Cora lay awake that night admiring the pluck of her chum, wishing and almost resolving to conquer that failing which was bound to be hers in all most every emergency.

For several days following, Cora and Myrtle tramped miles over hill and plain in search of biological specimens, but always avoided the swamp in the vicinity of the Haunted Trail. At first they limited their hikes to daylight hours, but as time went on they became better acquainted with the land, and as their knowledge of surroundings increased their fear of

(Continued on Page Three)

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Attention Alumni 1901
(Continued from Page One)
Glens Falls in 1918 and hope to have another one in New York City this summer.

I have accommodations for guests so any Houghtonites coming to the big city and having no place to stop, I would be glad to see you and accommodate you.

With best wishes to Houghton and its "Star" I remain Sincerely
Elmer S. Davison
President Theological Class 1916

We certainly appreciate the Fancher Sisters' letter and thanks to Mr. Davidson for his words of encouragement.

Those on the above roll please answer "present" with a good letter. Let's have a rousing Alumni response with no "absents".

Mrs. Allen Perry of Obi visited her daughters, Nada and Mary Perry, Wednesday.

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THE WAIL OF THE HAUNTED TRAIL

(Continued from page 2)

lurking enemies lessened. Consequently, when profitable work in search of day-flying bugs and beetles, and winged insects slackened both were ready to contribute their night hours to the cause.

On the second night they ventured a little nearer the haunted swamp than usual because of an especially promising tree where night moths came to sip flowing sap. They started soon after dark so that they might secure their specimens and return home before the hour of the roving spirit. Guided by flashlight and compass they reached their destination in safety and were bountifully rewarded with insects. At about eleven o'clock they gathered up their apparatus and catch, and started homeward. For nearly fifteen minutes they proceeded in jubilant spirits relying upon their memories to direct them.

However, after several halts and increasingly nervous glances about her, Myrtle declared to her friend that their path seemed altogether strange. Although Cora refused to believe it she reached into her pocket for her compass. It was not there. She fumbled through other pockets thinking she might have changed it to one of them, but dug the bottom of the last one with an exclamation of dismay. She carefully researched each pocket with the same frightening results.

"Nothing to do but go back and look for it. We're lost if we go ahead," she sullenly yielded at last. So back they went in silence and unrelieved anxiety. Halfway back to the tree, nearly there, and arrived. Still no compass. For more than ten minutes they searched around the tree. The circle of footprints under the tree, that probably concealed their guide to safety was worn to thrice its former depth but to no avail. Cora glanced at her watch and noted that time had sped on until it was but fifteen minutes of the fatal hour. Cora shuddered and Myrtle looked anxious. With no little trouble had Cora maintained her composure up until this time. When her friend's mind had been allowed to drift, Myrtle had several times seen her glance furtively into the depths of the silent darkness toward the swamp. Now she burst forth with deep concern.

"Come on, we've got to beat it. If we can't make it to the house, we'll at least have put a hot trail behind us." Seeing the wisdom of Cora's proposal, Myrtle set out after her disappearing companion.

They stumbled on, searching for familiar signs, but seeing none they comforted themselves by suggesting that they might be going, all right, merely traveling a little at one side of familiar ground. Ten minutes of twelve and on they traveled. They strained hopefully ahead but were greeted only by new scenes and strange paths. Under trees and trees stretched their footsteps into a trail, and around the dial raced the minute hand. Midnight! Cora stopped still and cowered as though expecting to hear a terrific cry and see an apparition pass. Myrtle halted with her, half in fear, but more in amused interest. For three minutes they moved not a limb, searching the inky blackness, waiting, wondering. Myrtle stirred, Cora breathed deeply and sought her chum's hand. Cautiously they started forward again, fearing lest a snapping twig should bring upon them disaster, of what nature they knew not.

(Concluded Next Week)

Do You Know That

Miss Ruth Baker and Miss Marian Baker of Syracuse have been visiting Professor and Mrs. Baker for several days.

Mr. M. C. Cronk went to Buffalo Thursday to get his new Chevrolet sedan.

Hazel Fuller, who attends Genesee Normal spent the Easter vacation with her aunt Mrs. Inez Young.

Mr. and Mrs. William Purdy, and two sons of Venie Center, and Mr. E. Robertson and Mr. Byron were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke over the week end.

Doris Ferrengton of Obi visited Nada and Mary Perry over the week-end.

Mrs. George Harris of Cuba has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wilson Robbins.

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J. S. Luckey, A. M., Pd. M.

President

Houghton, New York

Our Musical Talent

The musical talent of Houghton College appeared at its best at the recital given in the chapel Monday evening. The program showed the devotion of the teachers to their profession as well as the ability and talent of the students who took part. The public had the privilege of judging Miss Hillpot's talent as a musician in the effective climax of the program when she and one of her pupils, Mr. Alton Cronk played the Concerto in A Minor by Grieg.

Professor Baker in his first year with us has added much to Houghton's music department by his interest and ability in training his students.

During the evening, Mr. Cronk had ample opportunity to prove his ability as accompanist. He succeeded beyond question. The following program was given.

Piano Solo Rondo by Beethoven
Goldie Davison

Vocal Solo Pale Moon by Logan
Arleen Dibble

Piano Solo Solfeggietto by P. E. Bach
Wilfred Bain

Vocal Solo Caro Mio Ben by Giordani
Joseph Shipman

Piano Duet IL Trovatore by Verdi
Leona Thomas
Anna Duggan

Vocal Selections Liebingsplitzen by Mendelssohn and O, Dry Those Tears by Teresa Del Riego

Jane Williams
Piano Solo Troika en Traineaux by Tchaikowsky
Anna Duggan

Vocal Solo Mate O'mine by Elliot
Hollis Stevenson

Vocal Solo Eye Hath Not Seen from The Holy City by Gaul
Leona Verbridge

Piano Duet Concerto in A minor by Grieg
Alton Cronk
Miss Hillpot

A MEMORIAL TO PROFESSOR SMITH

(Continued from Page One)

semi-annual payments during a period of twenty years or less, thereby assuring payment of \$3,000.00 of the \$50,000.00 which is our goal.

The next motion made and accepted was that each member of the chapter be assessed fifty cents as annual dues to meet necessary expenditures of stamps and paper and to help cover the cost of sending a delegate to Houghton in the fall.

The chairman put before the group the election of officers for the coming year. Mr. Davy made the motion that the present officers be retained for another year. This motion was seconded and carried.

Then was adjourned the fifth annual meeting of the New York-New Jersey Chapter which, in the words of President Luckey, was epoch making in its importance to Houghton. Everyone felt deeply the significance of the movement launched by the group and its reaction upon the Houghton of the future.

Grace Bedford McCoy, secretary.

Mrs. M. D. Warburton and two grandsons of Bellville is the guest of her daughter, Ruth Warburton.

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